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Boston
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## HUNGER AND THIRST.

Hunger is one of the beneficent and terrible instincts. It is, indeed, the very fire of life, underlying all impulses to labour, and moving man to noble activities by its imperious demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is Hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron-ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison-houses, barracks, and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which with stealthy power is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labours at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilisation becomes impossible; for our higher efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labour, which he hates, and will always avoid when possible. And although this seems obvious only when applied to the labouring classes, it is equally though less obviously true when applied to all other classes, for the money we all labour to gain is nothing but food, and the surplus of food, which will buy other men's labour.

If in this sense Hunger is seen to be a beneficent instinct, in another sense it is terrible, for when its progress is unchecked it becomes a devouring flame, destroying all that is noble in man, subjugating his humanity, and making the brute dominant in him, till finally life itself is extinguished. Beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we might also place a picture of the ferocities it evokes. Many an appalling story might be cited, from that of Ugolino in the famine-tower, to those of wretched shipwrecked men and women who have been impelled by the madness of starvation to murder their companions that they might feed upon their flesh.

What is this Hunger — what its causes and effects? In one sense we may all be said to know what Hunger is; in another sense no man can enlighten us; we have all felt it, but Science as yet has been unable to furnish any sufficient explanation. Between the gentle and agreeable stimulus known as Appetite, and the agony of Starvation, there are infinite gradations. The early stages are familiar even to the wealthy; but only the very poor, or those who have undergone exceptional calami-

ties, such as shipwreck and the like, know anything of the later stages. We all know what it is to be hungry, even very hungry; but the terrible approaches of protracted hunger are exceptional experiences. From materials furnished by sad experiences, both familiar and exceptional, I will endeavour to state the capital phenomena and their causes.

In every living organism there is an incessant and reciprocal activity of *waste* and *repair*. The living fabric in the very actions which constitute its life, is momently yielding up its particles to destruction, like the coal which is burned in the furnace; so much coal to so much heat, so much waste of tissue to so much vital activity. You cannot wink your eye, move your finger, or think a thought, but some minute particle of your substance must be sacrificed in doing so. Unless the coal which is burning be from time to time replaced, the fire soon smoulders, and finally goes out; unless the substance of your body which is wasting be from time to time furnished with fresh food, life flickers, and at length becomes extinct. Hunger is the instinct which teaches us to replenish the empty furnace. But although the want of food, necessary to repair the waste of life, is the primary cause of Hunger, it does not, as is often erroneously stated, in itself constitute Hunger. The absence of necessary food causes the sensation, but it is not itself the sensation. Food may be absent without any sensation, such as we express by the word Hunger, being felt; as in the case of insane people, who frequently subject themselves to prolonged abstinence from food, without any hungry cravings; and, in a lesser degree, it is familiar to us all how any violent emotion of grief or joy will completely destroy, not only the sense of Hunger, but our possibility of even swallowing the food which an hour before was cravingly desired. Further, it is known that the feeling of Hunger may be allayed by opium, tobacco, or even by inorganic substances introduced into the stomach, although none of these can supply the deficiency of food. Want of food is therefore the primary, but not the proximate, cause of Hunger. I am using the word Hunger in its popular sense here, as indicating that specific sensation which impels us to eat; when the subject has been more fully unfolded, the reader will see how far this popular sense of the word is applicable to all the phenomena.

We can now understand why Hunger should recur periodically, and with a frequency in proportion to the demands of nutrition. Young animals demand food more frequently than the adult; birds and mammalia more frequently than reptiles and fishes. A lethargic boa-constrictor will only feed about once a-month, a lively rabbit twenty times a-day. Temperature has also its influence on the frequency of the recurrence: cold excites the appetite of warm-blooded animals, but diminishes that of the cold-blooded, the majority of which cease to take any food at the temperature of freezing. Those warm-blooded animals which present the curious phenomenon of "winter sleep," resemble the cold-blooded animals in this respect; during hybernation they need no food, because almost all the vital actions are suspended. It is found that, at this temperature of freezing, even digestion is suspended. Hunter fed lizards at the commencement of winter, and from time to time opened them, without perceiving any indications of digestion having gone on; and when spring returned, those lizards which were still living, vomited the food which they had retained undigested in their stomachs during the whole winter.*

Besides the usual conditions of recurring appetite, there are some unusual conditions, depending on peculiarities in the individual, or on certain states of the organism. Thus during convalescence after some maladies, especially fevers, the appetite is almost incessant; and Admiral Byron relates that, after suffering from a month's starvation during a shipwreck, he and his companions, when on shore, were not content with gorging themselves while at table, but filled their pockets that they might eat during the intervals of

* Hunter: *Observations on Certain Parts of the Animal Economy.*

meals. In certain diseases there is a craving for food which no supplies allay; but of this we need not speak here.

The animal body is often compared with a steam-engine, of which the *food* is the *fuel* in the furnace, furnishing the motor power. As an illustration, this may be acceptable enough, but, like many other illustrations, it is often accepted as if it were a real analogy, a true expression of the facts. As an analogy, its failure is conspicuous. No engine burns its *own substance* as fuel: its motor power is all derived from the coke which is burning in the furnace, and is in direct constant proportion to the amount of coke consumed; when the coke is exhausted, the engine stops. But every organism consumes its own body: it does not burn food, but tissue. The fervid wheels of life were made out of food, and in their action motor power is evolved. The difference between the organism and the mechanism is this: the production of heat in the organism is not the *cause* of its activity, but the *result* of it; whereas in the mechanism the activity originates in and is sustained by the heat. Remove the coals which generate the steam, and you immediately arrest the action of the mechanism; but long after all the food has disappeared, and become transformed into the solids and liquids of the living fabric, the organism continues to manifest all the powers which it manifested before. There is of course a limit to this continuance, inasmuch as vital activity is dependent on the destruction of tissue. The man who takes no food lives like a spendthrift on his capital, and cannot survive his capital. He is observed to get thin, pale, and feeble, because he is spending without replenishing his coffers; he is gradually *impoverishing* himself, because Life is waste; for Life moves along the stepping-stones of change, and change is death.

If we examine the blood of a starving man, we shall find its elementary composition to be precisely similar to that of the same man in his healthy state, but the *proportions* of that composition will be greatly altered; the globules—which may be denominated the nutritive solids of the blood—are much diminished in quantity, the inorganic constituents, which are the products of destroyed tissues, much increased. In fact, these inorganic products, like the pawn-tickets found in the spendthrift's desk, are significant of the extravagance and the poverty which point to ruin.

We cannot say how long such a spendthrift life may continue, because Time has no definite relation to the phenomena of starvation; these depend on certain specific changes going on in the body, which may occur with indefinite rapidity. Within the same period of time the whole cycle of change necessary for destruction may have completed itself, or only a few of the stages in this cycle may have been gone through; a man under certain conditions will not survive six days' fasting, and under other conditions he will survive six weeks. But if we cannot with any precision say *how long* starvation will be in effecting its fatal end, we can say *how much* waste is fatal. From the celebrated experiments of Chossat on Inanition,* it appears that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of 0.4. That is to say, supposing an animal to weigh 100 lb., it will succumb when its weight is reduced to 60 lb. Death may of course ensue before that point is reached, but not be prolonged after it. The average loss which can be sustained is 40 per cent; sometimes the loss is greater, especially if the animal be very fat; thus in the *Transactions of the Linnæan Society*, a case is reported of a fat pig which was buried under thirty feet of chalk for one hundred and sixty days; his weight fell in that period no less than 75 per cent. Curiously enough, as an illustration of what was just said respecting Time not being an index, fishes and reptiles were found by Chossat to perish at precisely the same limit of *weight* as warm-blooded animals, but they required a period three-and-twenty times as long to do it in: thus if the experiment be performed of starving a bird and a

* CHOSSAT: *Recherches Expérimentales sur l'Inanition.* 1843.

frog during the warm weather, although both will perish when their loss of weight reaches 40 per cent, the one will not survive a week, the other will survive three-and-twenty weeks.

Having clearly fixed these principles, we may proceed to consider the many remarkable cases of *prolonged fasting* which appeal to the credulity of the public, and which find a place even in very grave treatises, as well as in the less critical columns of newspapers. Are we to believe these marvels, or reject them? and on what grounds are we justified in rejecting them? Such questions the reader will frequently be called upon to answer; and as a contribution towards the formation of a definite and philosophical judgment, I will state some of the most striking cases on record, and the physiological principles implied in them.

The human body is in many respects so different from that of animals, especially in its complexity, that we can draw no very accurate conclusion from *their* powers of enduring abstinence; but after all, the differences will only be differences of degree, and the same physiological laws must regulate both, so that we may be certain of the effect of abstinence on man not being *essentially* dissimilar to that on all other warm-blooded animals. Let us therefore first see how the case stands with animals. The experiments of Pommer establish that carnivorous animals resist starvation longer than the herbivorous; birds of prey longer than birds feeding on seeds and fruits. I think we might *a priori* have deduced this conclusion from the known differences in the *intervals* of recurring Hunger, and in the different quantities of food eaten by the two classes. The carnivorous animal eats voraciously when food is within reach, but having satisfied his appetite, he remains several hours before again feeling hungry; and in a state of nature the intervals between his meals are necessarily variable, and often much prolonged, because his food is neither abundant nor easy of access. The herbivorous animal, on the other hand, has his food constantly within reach, and is almost always eating, because an enormous amount of vegetable food is needed to furnish him with sustenance. The lion, or the cat, becomes inured to long abstinence; the rabbit or the cow scarcely knows the feeling. It is clear, therefore, that the one will better endure long fasting than the other. Chossat's experiments on eight-and-forty birds and animals show that the average duration of life exceeded nine days and a half—the maximum being twenty days and a half, the minimum a little more than two days. The young always die first, the adult before the aged: this is true of men as of animals. Some of the simpler animals exhibit remarkable powers of endurance. Latreille pinned a spider to a cork, and after four months found it still alive. Baker kept a stag-beetle three years in a box without food, and at the end of that period it flew away. Muller relates that a scorpion not only survived the voyage from Africa to Holland, but continued without food for nine months afterwards. Rondelet kept a fish three years without food, and Rudolphi a *Proteus anguineus* five years! Snakes, we know, live for many months without eating; and Redi found that a seal lived, out of water and without food, four weeks. In these cases, except the fish kept by Rondelet, the animals were quiescent, and did not waste their substance by the ordinary activities; and with regard to the fish, some doubts may be entertained whether it did not find worms and larvæ in the water.

Passing from animals to man, we find that death arrives on the fifth or sixth day of total abstinence from food and drink. But this is a general statement to which various exceptions may be named. Much depends on the peculiar constitution of the individual, his age, health, and other conditions. Some die on the second and third days; others survive till the tenth, eleventh, and even sixteenth days. Again, considerable differences will result from the different situations in which the men are placed—such as those of quiescence or activity, of temperature, moisture, &c.

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"Admitting," says M. Bérard, "that there has been deception in some of these cases, and that the love of the marvellous has presided over the narration of others, we cannot refuse to believe that some are authentic. Every year such cases are registered. In 1836, M. Lavigne invited me to visit a woman of fifty-two, who, after having reduced herself to a glass of milk daily during eighteen months, had taken nothing in the shape of food or drink during the last five months. In 1839, M. Parizot communicated to me the fact of a girl at Marcilly who had taken no solid nutriment for six years, and for the last five years no liquid or solid. In 1838, M. Plongeau wrote to me to say that he had seen a woman at Ayrens, aged eight-and-forty, who during the last eight years had received no nourishment whatever."*

It is rather startling to find so learned a physiologist as M. Bérard recording such cases, and trying to explain them. The possibility of deception and exaggeration is so great, that we are tempted to reject almost every one of these cases rather than reject all physiological teaching.

The following is one of the most extraordinary of the cases which are repeated by modern writers with confidence. Janet M'Leod, after epilepsy and fever, remained five years in bed, *seldom speaking*, and receiving food only by constraint. At length she obstinately refused all sustenance, her jaws became locked, and in attempting to force them open two of her teeth were broken. A small quantity of liquid was introduced by the aperture, none of which she swallowed, and dough made of oatmeal was likewise rejected. *She slept much*, and her head was bent down on her breast. In this deplorable state she continued four years, without her relatives being aware of her receiving any aliment except a little water; but after a longer interval she revived, and subsisted on crumbs of bread with milk, or water sucked from her hand.

Attention is called to the two facts of Janet's seldom speaking and sleeping much, because, supposing the case to be true, they materially affect the question. In a state of such quiescence as is here implied, the waste of the body would be reduced to a minimum, consequently the need of food would be minimised. Nevertheless, in the present state of Physiology, I think we are justified in asserting that some deception or exaggeration, not now ascertainable, is at the bottom of this as of all similar cases; and until a case free from all suspicion shall have been produced for the satisfaction of Science, we are bound to deny the probability of such stories; since that which all our knowledge shows to be in itself contradictory, and, as far as we can judge, *not possible*, must necessarily have the highest improbability, and can only be accepted on the most rigorous evidence. Either we must give up our Physiology altogether, or we must reject these stories.

For observe, on the one hand, several of the reported cases of long fasting

* BERARD: *Cours de Physiologie*, 1848, vol. i. p. 538.

have been subsequently proved to be impostures, and this naturally throws a suspicion over all similar cases. On the other hand, physiological laws, established by induction from thousands of facts tested in every variety of method, pronounce these cases to be not possible; and we are called upon to decide whether it is more probable that these inductions should be wrong, or that some imposture or exaggeration should lie at the bottom of the narrated marvels? There cannot be a moment's hesitation as to which alternative we must accept; but the reader will naturally desire a clear conception of the physiological contradictions which I have asserted to be implied in these marvellous narratives—the more so as many professed physiologists do not seem to be aware of them.

Supposing the *waste* of the body to be reduced to a minimum by the perfect quiescence in which the patients remained, we must still bear in mind that this diminution is not total arrest of waste. The patient scarcely moves, seldom speaks, and sleeps much. Very little destruction of tissue will take place, compared with the amount destroyed by the same person in ordinary activity, and very little food will be needed to repair such waste; but although *comparatively* small, the amount of waste will be *absolutely* large; we cannot say how large it will be, we can only say that it must be large. Let us fix our attention on only two sources of this waste, and the proof will be evident. The production of animal heat is only possible through a large amount of chemical change going on in the organism; it is produced by "direct combustion" (according to the chemical school of physiologists), by "the disengagement of heat in chemical compositions and decompositions" (according to another school), and according to all schools the high temperature of the body depends on organic processes, which necessarily imply waste of tissue. The warmth of the bed in which the patient lies is not sufficient to preserve her temperature at its proper height; she must burn her own substance to keep up her animal heat; and when we think of the high degee of temperature maintained during a period of four years, solely by the combustion of the body itself, we shall see at once that it is utterly *impossible* any organism, during so long a period, could sustain such waste without repair. Here, then, is the dilemma: either Janet M'Leod *did* maintain the ordinary temperature of the body during these four years, in which case she must have destroyed more tissue to produce that heat than she could have had originally; or she did *not* maintain the ordinary temperature, in which case she would have died from the very want of this animal heat, since all organisms perish when their normal temperature is considerably lowered.

Let us now consider the second source of waste. Janet breathed during these four years; gently, we may suppose, and with no deep inspirations, yet constantly, day and night without interruption. Now, what does this breathing depend on? It depends on the constant interchange between carbonic acid in the blood, and oxygen in the air. Unless there were carbonic acid in the blood, no exchange could take place, no breathing could be effected. Every moment, therefore, some small portion of carbonic acid must be separated from the blood, and replaced by oxygen. Whence came this carbonic acid? From destruction of tissue. Directly, or indirectly, carbonic acid was produced in the act of waste. Its presence implies waste, and the act of breathing implies a continuous supply of such waste. That this is no hypothesis, but the simple expression of the facts, every physiologist knows. It may be rendered generally intelligible by referring to what is observed with the hybernating animals. The dormouse begins its winter sleep well clothed with fat. It never moves for months; its respiration is slow and feeble, but it does breathe, and the waste of its fat, which this breathing causes, is very noticeable at the close of winter. Now, if we suppose Janet to have been in a state of "suspended vitality" analogous to that of the dormouse, we shall still have to admit that her breathing alone would gradually waste her substance;

and however slow that waste may be supposed, it cannot have been such that four years would not have exhausted the whole body. Every time she moved in bed, every time she spoke, every time she raised her hand, the rate of waste will be accelerated. It is found that a slug kept without food loses one-eleventh of its weight in six weeks. We cannot admit that, even in a bed-ridden girl, the vital activity would be slower than in a slug; and we know from Chossat's experiments that the loss of four-tenths of weight destroys all animals.

From these general considerations, which might be multiplied, I affirm that, unless all Physiology is a delusion, the marvellous stories of four years' fasting, and the like, are impostures; and the affirmation is strengthened by all the cases we know in which the motive and possibility of deception are eliminated. Thus when men have voluntarily starved themselves to death, they have never survived three months. Granié, who murdered his wife, starved himself in the prison of Toulouse, and expired on the sixty-third day, during which time he drank water, and occasionally ate a little. The religious enthusiast, whom Dr. Willan refers to, lived only two months, although he occasionally sucked an orange. They only survived thus long, because in abstaining from solid food, they did not also abstain from liquid. Life is considerably prolonged if liquid be taken. Redi found that birds kept without water as well as food lived only nine days; those to whom he gave water lived twenty days.* I cannot, however, agree with those physiologists who, like Burdach and Berard, attribute this sustaining power of water to the organic particles suspended in it; because such an amount must necessarily be quite inadequate to supply the loss of an organism whose waste is rapid; and we must remember that an animal dies of *Thirst* even more rapidly than of Hunger; so that when water is withheld, the death is hastened by the complication of two causes. Now Janet M'Leod, and other persons said to have lived without food or drink, were under the pressure of these two causes, and sustained that pressure, we are told, four years!

We are thus forced to reject all narratives of absolute fasting prolonged over three months; and having considered the effects of total abstinence, we may now inquire into the effects of partial abstinence. An animal deprived of food perishes whenever its loss of weight reaches a certain point; and, curiously enough, *insufficiency of food* causes death at precisely the same point, *i. e.* as soon as the original weight is reduced to six-tenths. Men, therefore, reduced to an insufficient allowance, whether from famine, shipwreck, or siege, will inevitably perish unless the allowance be increased, just as if they had received no food at all, only they will be longer before they succumb. An important lesson is contained in this fact, and one which should never be forgotten in the management of prisons, schools, or workhouses.

Terrible are the aspects of starving men; and it is well that we should know these aspects, lest we be the dupes of impostors, or confound the truly wretched with the professional mendicant. The first noticeable point is the excessive thinness of starving men, which is not the leanness of lean men, but manifests itself as unmistakable emaciation. The face is always lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes—oh! what an expression in the eyes! never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it: all the vitality of the body seems centred there, in feverish brightness; the pupil is dilated, and the eye is fixed in a wild stare which is never veiled by the winking lids. All movements of the body are slow and difficult: the hand trembles; the voice is feeble; intelligence seems gone; the wretched sufferers, when asked what they feel, have but one answer, "We are hungry."

There is one remarkable fact with reference to starvation which may here be noted, and that is the resistance opposed by the nervous substance to the effects of emaciation. Instead of being the first to suffer

* Redi: *Osservazioni intorno agli animali viventi.*

from deficient food, as its complexity and the lateness of its appearance in the animal series would lead us to suppose, the nervous tissue is the last affected. From the experiments of Chossat we learn that, in 100 parts, 93 were lost of fat, 52 of the liver, 42 of the muscles, 16 of the bones, and only 2 of the nerve-substance, by the time starvation has terminated in death. The idea of our solid bones, principally composed of inorganic matter, losing eight times as much as our semi-liquid nerves, which are so predominantly organic in their structure, will seem very paradoxical; and the paradox is increased when we learn that, in spite of fat being beyond all proportion the most destructible tissue in the body, Von Bibra finds the fat in the brain scarcely affected in starvation, although the fat in the muscles has been greatly wasted.* It is this which enables us to explain the sleeplessness of men and animals suffering from hunger. A starving man has been known to remain seven days and nights without sleep. This nervous excitability, which often manifests itself as delirium, probably arises from the disengagement of the brain from those organic activities which in the normal state call so largely on its energies; for, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to show, the energies of the brain are not expended only on intelligence and emotion, but likewise, and to a great extent, on the functions of nutrition and locomotion. Considering the brain as a centre or fountain of influence, we may detect three streams in which the influence flows — a nutritive stream, a locomotive stream, and a sensitive stream. If the demand from the nutritive stream be large, the supply to the sensitive and locomotive streams will be proportionately reduced. Deep thought or anxiety disturbs the digestion and circulation; violent and protracted exercise amounting to fatigue, incapacitates for thinking; the habitually trained athlete is nearly an idiot, the over-eater little better. When, therefore, a man is starving, the amount of nervous activity usually expended on his nutritive system is disengaged, and as his feebleness diminishes his muscular activity, the amount of nervous influence usually expended on locomotion is reduced, leaving the brain with all this surplus activity, to prey upon itself: sleeplessness and madness naturally result.

Respecting the agonies endured by starving men, we have little accurate information. When those who have undergone the horrors of starvation are preserved, and attempt to recount them, they cannot do more than give vague indications; for there is nothing more difficult to describe than the sensations of the alimentary canal, even during the continuance of the sensation; and how difficult it is to describe them when past, may be conceived by any one who attempts to do so in his own case. Most of the narratives we have, are recorded by men little accustomed to analyse their sensations, and we must be content to fix our attention on the general characteristics of these narratives. From these cases two may be selected.

Goldsmith says that the captain of a wrecked vessel told him that "he was the only person who had not lost his senses when they received accidental relief. He assured me his pains at first were so great as to be often tempted to eat a part of the men who died, and which the rest of his crew actually lived upon. He said that, during the continuance of this paroxysm, he found his pains insupportable, and was desirous at one time of anticipating that death which he thought inevitable. But *his pains gradually ceased after the sixth day* (for they had water in the ship, which kept them alive so long), and then he was in a state rather of languor than desire; nor did he much wish for food except when he saw others eating. The latter part of the time when his health was almost destroyed, a thousand strange images rose upon his mind, and every one of his senses began to bring him wrong information. When he was presented with food by the ship's company that took him up, he could not help looking at it with loathing instead of desire;

* Canstatt: *Jahresbericht*, 1854, p. 119.

and it was not till after four days that his stomach was brought to its natural tone, when the violence of his appetite returned with a sort of canine eagerness."*

The next case is peculiarly valuable, as being the daily record of a man who voluntarily starved himself. He was a merchant, whose losses so preyed upon his mind that he resolved on suicide; and after roaming about the country from the 12th to the 15th of September 1818, dug himself a grave in the wood, and remained there till the 3d of October, when he was found, still living, by an innkeeper. Hufeland, who records the case, says that, after an abstinence of eighteen days, the man still breathed, but expired immediately after a little bouillon had been forced down his throat. On his person they found a diary, written in pencil, from which the following are extracts:—

"*Sept.* 16.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury it, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book, and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation because bad men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since I have said I die of starvation.

"*Sept.* 17.—What a night I have passed! It has rained; I am wet through. I have been so cold.

"*Sept* 18.—The cold and rain forced me to get up and walk; my walk was very feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

"*Sept.* 19.—The cold, the length of the nights, the slightness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

"*Sept.* 20.—In my stomach there is terrible commotion; hunger, and, above all, thirst, become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. Would that I could lick up the water from the mushrooms now!

"*Sept.* 21.—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst, I crawled with great labour to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump, near the inn where I bought the beer.

"*Sept.* 23.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. To-day thirst made me go to the pump; the water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening; nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

"*Sept.* 26.—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could scarcely trace these lines to-day.

"*Sept.* 29.—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me. I bowed to him. He returned my salutation. It is with great regret I die. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time . . . ."

This pathetic case illustrates, as indeed all other cases do, the truth that Thirst is far more terrible than Hunger. His resolution was not strong enough to resist the desire for drink, yet he never seems to have faltered in his determination to refrain from food. It will be further noticed that he ceases to complain of the cold when thirst sets in fiercely, because then fever had also supervened.

The sensation of Hunger is at first rather agreeable, but it quickly becomes unpleasant if prolonged. The sense of keen appetite is delightful, but that "sinking in the stomach" which ensues, soon passes from an uneasy sensation into positive pain. The pain soon becomes acute; and if food be still withheld, we feel as if the stomach were being torn by pincers. A state of general exhaustion, feverishness, headache, light-headedness, often flaming into madness, follows. The whole being seems possessed by one desire, before which even the energetic instinct of maternity has been known to give way, and mothers have disputed with their companions for the flesh of their dead children.

But let us avert our eyes from such scenes, and turn them on that of the eight colliers, who were shut up in a pit for one hundred and

* *History of the Earth*, vol. ii. p. 126.

thirty-six hours.* The first day they shared between them half a pound of bread, a morsel of cheese, and two mugs of wine, which one of them had brought into the mine, and refused to keep for himself alone. Two of the men had eaten before descending into the mine, and they generously declared that they should not die sooner than the others, and would not share the small supply of food. It is very remarkable that these men, who for five days had no nourishment whatever, declared, when they were rescued, that their abstinence had not greatly inconvenienced them. If we knew more of the circumstances we might explain this now inexplicable fact.

Having considered the subject of Hunger under these general aspects, we may now endeavour to answer the question—What causes the sensation of Hunger?

It has been seen that the absence of food needed to repair the waste of tissue is the primary cause; but it has also been seen that this primary cause may exist without the existence of that sensation known to us as Hunger. All animals need food, but we have no ground for supposing that polypes, jelly-fish, and other simpler animals destitute of a nervous system, feel the sensation of Hunger; we must therefore seek for some more proximate cause of this sensation. The popular notion is that Hunger arises from emptiness of the stomach, which, according to some physiologists, allows the walls of the stomach to rub against each other, and the friction causes the sensation. It is easy to show the inaccuracy of this hypothesis, but two facts will suffice here: first, the stomach is always empty some time before Hunger is felt; secondly, it may be empty for days together—in illness—without the slightest sensation of Hunger being felt.

Another notion is that the gastric juice accumulates in the stomach, and attacks its walls. Such a cause would certainly be ample for the effect, and I know but of one objection to our accepting it, namely, that the fact on which the explanation rests is unfortunately a fiction; the gastric juice does *not* accumulate in the empty stomach, but is only secreted after the stimulus of food.

A more ingenious explanation has been propounded by Dr. Beaumont, whose name is always cited when Digestion is under discussion, because he was enabled to enrich science with many valuable observations, made on a patient who had a hole in his stomach, produced by a gunshot wound. "During the hours of fasting," says Dr. Beaumont, "the gastric juice is slowly being secreted in the follicles and retained in their tubes, thereby distending them; this distention, when moderate, produces the sensation of Appetite, when more powerful, of Hunger." There are several analogies which give colour to this explanation. Thus, milk is slowly accumulated in the breast, and the sense of fulness, if unrelieved, soon passes into that of pain. But ingenious as the explanation is, a closer scrutiny causes us to reject it. Out of many arguments which might be urged, I will mention only two—one anatomical, and one physiological. If the gastric juice were accumulated in the tubes, there is no anatomical obstruction to its immediate passage into the stomach, and the distention would be obviated. Nor have we any good ground for supposing that an accumulation does take place; for Dr. Beaumont's argument that it *must* take place, because it flows so abundantly on the introduction of food into the stomach, would equally prove that tears must be accumulated in advance, because they gush forth so copiously on the first stimulus of grief, and that saliva must be accumulated, because it flows so freely whenever a stimulus is presented. While, therefore, Dr. Beaumont's explanation wants an anatomical basis, it is still more directly at variance with the physiological fact, that when food is injected into the veins or the intestines, the sensation of Hunger disappears,

* This case is quoted by LONGET in his *Traité de Physiologie*, 1857.

although the stomach is as empty as it was before, and the tubes as distended as they were before.

The fact last named would dispose us to believe that want of food was, after all, the proximate as well as the primary cause of Hunger, did we not know that tobacco, opium, and even inorganic substances, introduced into the stomach will remove the sensation. Humboldt tells us of savages who eat clay to allay their hunger; and we all know how the first mouthful of food takes away the sharpness of the sensation, although two or three hours must elapse before the food will really have *entered* the body. For we must remember that food in the stomach is as much *outside* the organism as if it were in the hand. The alimentary canal is nothing but a folding in of the general envelope, like the inverted finger of a glove, and until the absorbent vessels carry the food from the stomach *into* the circulating system, the food remains *outside*.

Here, then, are two noticeable facts: we may relieve the sensation of Hunger without directly acting on the stomach, the mere supply of food to the blood sufficing; and we may relieve the sensation simply by acting on the stomach, the want of food being as great as before. Do not these facts indicate that Hunger must be related to the *general* state of the system, and to the *particular* state of the stomach? If we once regard the subject in this light, we shall be easily led to perceive that although the general state of the system, under deficiency of food, is the primary cause of Hunger, it is only the cause of it in as far as it produces a certain condition of the stomach; and this condition of the stomach is the proximate cause of the sensation. I think this mode of viewing it will extricate us from the difficulties which have been brought forward in the many discussions as to whether the stomach, or one part of the nervous system, is the *seat* of Hunger. The stomach is the seat of the sensation, just as the eyes are the seat of the sensation of sleepiness; the general state of exhaustion which causes the eyes to droop heavily, and the general state of the system which causes the stomach to produce the sensation of hunger, are equally the origins of the two: and as in sleepiness we may relieve the sensation by bathing the eyes with cold water, yet this will not relieve the general exhaustion; so in hunger, we may relieve the sensation by opium, or even clay, but this will not relieve the general state of the system which produced the sensation.

Although it is evident that the general state of the system must be felt, and to it we owe those daily variations in comfort which we express in the terms "vigour," "gladness," "lassitude," "depression," &c., physiologists have not assigned a name to such sensations. The time will come when it will be found necessary to distinguish the Systemic Sensations (or those arising in the system in general), from the Organic Sensations (or those arising in the separate organs), as these latter are distinguished from those of the five special Senses of Hearing, Sight, &c. In a popular exposition, such as I am now employed on, the current terms must be accepted; and although, therefore, strict accuracy would lead us to say that Hunger, as a Systemic Sensation, is caused by want of food, to repair the waste of tissue, and as an Organic Sensation, it is caused by a specific condition of the stomach; yet, following popular language, we must say that Hunger is a sensation having its seat in the stomach; and all the arguments or experiments which attempt to prove that its seat must be elsewhere, have reference to the general state of the system, but not to the specific sensation known to us as Hunger.

If we examine the stomach of a fasting animal, we shall find it pale, and in a condition of obvious *atony*. The blood has retreated from the smaller vessels, and circulates only in the larger channels. But no sooner is the organ stimulated by the introduction of food, or any irritant substance, than this pale surface becomes visibly congested, turgescent, and its secretions pour forth abundantly. With this rush

of blood to the stomach the sensation of uneasiness is carried away. Hence we may conclude that Hunger is in some way dependent on the state of the circulation in the stomach.

*Thirst* closely resembles Hunger in being a general or Systemic sensation, although it is usually considered only as a local and Organic sensation —the dryness of the mouth and throat. This dryness of the throat and mouth, so familiar to us all, is produced by a deficiency of liquid in the body; but it may be, and often is, produced when there is no deficiency in the general system, nothing but a local disturbance, this disturbance producing a local sensation. Wines, coffee, spices, &c., create a strong feeling of thirst, yet the two first increase the quantity of liquid instead of diminishing it. And we know how ineffectual liquid in any quantity is to quench the feeling of Thirst under some conditions, especially after long suffering.

Andersson, in his travels in Africa, describes the sufferings of his men and cattle, adding, "even when the thirsty men and animals were let loose in the water, although they drank to repletion, the water seemed to have lost its property, for our best endeavours to slake our thirst proved unavailing."* The long continuance of Thirst had produced a certain feverish condition which could not be immediately relieved when the system received its necessary supply of liquid; this shows that although deficiency of liquid is the primary cause of Thirst, the proximate cause must be some local affection which has been induced.

On the other hand, this local sensation is so dependent on the system, that if water be injected into the veins or the intestines, Thirst disappears, although the mouth and throat have not been touched. A humid atmosphere prevents Thirst; a bath relieves it, because the water is absorbed through the skin. On this principle, Franklin grounds his advice to men who are exposed to scarcity of drink: they should bathe themselves in tubs of salt water, he says. This would undoubtedly relieve their thirst, but it is a plan which would be excessively dangerous in shipwrecks, unless food were abundant, since the abstraction of so much heat as would follow a bath would in all probability be fatal.

As deficiency of food to supply the waste of tissue is the primary cause of Hunger, so deficiency of water to supply the waste which goes on incessantly in the excretions, respiration, and perspiration, is the primary cause of Thirst. Every time we breathe we throw from our lungs a quantity of water in the form of vapour; and we are made sensible of this when the breath condenses on the colder surface of glass or steel, and when, as in winter, the atmosphere is sufficiently cold to condense the vapour on its issuing from our mouths. This is only one source of the waste of water: a more important source is that of perspiration, which in hot weather, or during violent exercise, causes the water to roll down our skins with obtrusive copiousness. But even when we are perfectly quiescent, the loss of water, although not obvious, is considerable. It is calculated that there are no less than twenty-eight miles of tubing on the surface of the human body, from which the water will escape as *insensible perspiration;* and although the amount of water which is thus evaporated from the surface must necessarily vary with the clothing, the activity, and even the peculiar constitution of the individual, an average estimate has been reached which shows that from *two to three pounds of water* are daily evaporated from the skin. From the lungs it is ascertained that every minute we throw off from four to seven grains of water, from the skin eleven grains. To these must be added the quantity abstracted by the kidneys, a variable but important element in the sum.

It may not at first be clear to the reader why an abstraction of water daily should profoundly affect the organism unless an equivalent be restored. What can it matter that the

* Andersson: *Lake Ngami*, p. 38.

body should lose a little water as vapour? Is water an essential part of the body? Is it indispensable to life? Not only is water an essential part of the body, it might be called the *most* essential, if pre-eminence could be given where all are indispensable. In quantity, water has an enormous preponderance over all other constituents: it forms 70 per cent of the whole weight! There is not a single tissue in the body—not even that of bone, not even the enamel of the teeth—into the composition of which water does not enter as a necessary ingredient. In some of the tissues, and those the most active, it forms the chief ingredient. In the nervous tissue 800 parts out of every 1000 are of water; in the lungs 830; in the pancreas 871; in the retina no less than 927. Commensurate with this anatomical preponderance, is the physiological importance of water. It is the carrier of the food, the vehicle of waste. It holds gases in solution, dissolves solids, gives every tissue its physical character, and is the indispensable condition of that ceaseless change of composition and decomposition on which the continuance of life depends.

Such being the part played by water in the organism, we can understand how the oscillations of so important a fluid must necessarily bring with it oscillations in our feelings of comfort and discomfort, and how any unusual abstraction of it must produce that disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of Raging Thirst—a disturbance far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta—a case frequently alluded to, but which must be cited here at some length on account of its physiological bearing:—

The Governor of Fort-William at Calcutta, having imprisoned a merchant—the well-known Omychund,—the infamous Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, on the look-out for a pretext, marched against Fort-William with a considerable force, besieged and took it, and imprisoned the surviving part of the garrison in the barrack-room named the Black Hole. The letter in which Mr. Holwell, the officer in command, describes the horrors of this imprisonment is printed in the *Annual Register* for 1758, and from it the following extracts are made:—

"Figure to yourself the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and exhaustion, crammed together in a cube of eighteen feet, in a close sultry night in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air. . . . We had been but a few minutes confined before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To gain the former it was moved to put off their clothes; this was approved as a happy motion, and in a few moments every one was stripped—myself, Mr. Court, and the two young gentlemen by me, excepted. For a little while they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage; every hat was put in motion to gain a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down

on his hams. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than that of others, or who had been more exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs when the word was given to rise—fell to rise no more, for they were instantly trod to death or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were made to force the door, but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire on us. For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face close between two of the bars I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period so strong a urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison that I was not able to turn my head that way for more than a few seconds at a time.

"Now everybody, except those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious. *Water! water!* became the general cry. An old Jemmantdaar, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring us some skins of water. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid it being brought; but the clamour was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. I flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the night; but now the reflection which gave me the greatest pain was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale. *Until the water came I had not myself suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive.* We had no means of conveying it into the prison but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself, and Coles, and Scott supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation: the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cupful left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only seemed to feed the flame. Oh! my dear sir, how shall I give you a just conception of what I felt at the cries and cravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation, however unavailing, calling on me by the tender considerations of affection and friendship. The confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing; many, forcing their way from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their passage who had less strength, and trampled them to death.

"From about nine to eleven I sustained this cruel scene, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broke with the weight against them. By this time I myself was near pressed to death, and my two companions, with Mr. Parker, who had forced himself to the window, were really so. At last I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give everything up, I called to them, and begged them, as a last instance of their regard, that they would relieve the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead, amounting to one third, and the numbers who flocked to the windows; for by this time they had water also at the other window. . . . I laid myself down on some of the dead, and, recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My thirst now grew insupportable, and the difficulty of breathing much increased; and I had not remained in this situation ten minutes before I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of heart, both, to the most exquisite degree. These obliged me to get up again, but still the pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I had hoped, but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air would and could only give me. I instantly determined to push for

the window opposite to me, and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it—with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained a second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. *In a few moments the pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased*, but the thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud '*Water for God's sake.*' I had been concluded dead; but as soon as the men found me amongst them, they still had the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, '*Give him water!*' nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it till I had drunk. *But from the water I had no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it;* so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event. I kept my mouth moist from time to time by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt-sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell like heavy rain from my head and face; you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. . . . . I was observed by one of my companions on the right in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had the address to begin on that sleeve first when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished, and our mouths and noses often met in contact. This man was one of the few who escaped death, and he has since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. No Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.

"By half-past eleven the much greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness but the ranks near the windows. They now all found that water, instead of relieving their uneasiness, rather heightened it, and Air! air! was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard was repeated to provoke them to fire on us, every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted laid themselves down, and quietly expired upon their fellows; others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks; and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. Many to the right and left sunk with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held by our heads over a bowl of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn until suffocated; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other. I need not ask your commiseration when I tell you that in this plight, from half an hour after eleven till two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man with his knees on my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head; a Dutch sergeant who had taken his seat on my left shoulder, and a black soldier bearing on my right; all which nothing would have enabled me to support but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all round. The two latter I frequently dislodged by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and, as he held by two bars, was immovable. The repeated trials I made to dislodge this insufferable encumbrance upon me, at last quite exhausted me, and towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having borne truly, for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth.

"I was at this time sensible of no pain and little uneasiness. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the reverend Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. Of what passed in the interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account."

At six in the morning the door was opened, when only three-and-twenty out of the hundred and forty-six still breathed. These were subsequently revived. Although the principal cause of this mortality must be ascribed to the vitiated atmosphere rather than to Thirst, we nevertheless see some of the frightful phenomena of Thirst exemplified in this narrative. Death by asphyxia (from vitiated air) is generally peaceful, and not at all such as is described in the foregoing. Attention is moreover called to certain passages

in italics. These show that the sensation of Thirst is not merely a Systemic sensation dependent on a deficiency of liquid in the system, but a specific sensation dependent on a local disturbance: the more water these men drank, the more dreadful seemed their thirst; and the mere sight of water rendered the sensation, which before was endurable, quite intolerable. The increase of the sensation following a supply of water, would be wholly inexplicable to those who maintain that the proximate cause of Thirst is deficiency of liquid; but is not wholly inexplicable, if we regard the deficiency as the primary, not the proximate cause; for this primary cause having set up a feverish condition in the mouth and throat, that condition will continue after the original cause has ceased to exist. The stimulus of cold water is only a momentary relief in this case, and exaggerates the sensation by stimulating a greater flow of blood to the parts. If, instead of cold water, a little lukewarm tea, or milk-and-water had been drunk, permanent relief would have been attained; or if instead of cold water a lump of ice had been taken into the mouth, and allowed to melt there, the effect would have been very different—a transitory application of cold increasing the flow of blood, a continuous application driving it away. If, therefore, the reader is ever suffering from intense thirst, let him remember that warm drinks are better than cold drinks, ice is better than water.

We must not, however, forget that although, where a deficiency of liquid has occasioned a feverish condition of the mouth and throat, no supply of cold liquid will at once remove that condition, the relief of the Systemic sensation not immediately producing relief of the special sensation, nevertheless, so long as the system is in need of liquid, the feeling of thirst must continue. Claude Bernard observed that a dog which had an opening in its stomach drank unceasingly, because the water ran out as fast as it was swallowed; in vain the water moistened mouth and throat on its way to the stomach, thirst was not appeased because the water was not absorbed. The dog drank till fatigue forced it to pause, and a few minutes afterwards recommenced the same hopeless toil; but no sooner was the opening closed, and the water retained in the stomach, from whence it was absorbed into the system, than thirst quickly vanished.*

After learning the physiological importance of water, and remembering how the water is continually being removed from the body in respiration, perspiration, and the various excretions, we are greatly puzzled by the great variations which animals exhibit in the quantity they drink. The difficulty is not explained by a reference to the food of the animals, some vegetable feeders requiring large quantities of water, while others subsist for months without drinking, the supply they receive in the vegetables they eat being sufficient for their wants. Dr. Livingstone found the elands on the Kalahari Desert, although in places where water was perfectly inaccessible, with every indication of being in splendid condition, and their stomachs actually contained considerable quantities of water. "I examined carefully the whole alimentary canal," he says, "in order to see if there were any peculiarity which might account for the fact that these animals can subsist for months together without drinking, but found nothing. Other animals, such as the dūiker (*Cephalopus mergens*), the steinbuck (*Tragulus rupestris*), the gemsbuck (*Oryx capensis*), and the porcupine, are all able to subsist for many months at a time by living on bulbs and tubers containing moisture. Some animals, on the other hand, are never seen but in the vicinity of water. The presence of the rhinoceros, buffalo, and gnu, of the giraffe, zebra, and pallah (*Antelope melampus*), is always a certain indication of water being within seven or eight miles."† The only solution of the difficulty which presents itself to my mind is, that

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* Claude Bernard: *Leçons de Physiol. Expérimentale*, ii. 51.

† *Missionary Travels in South Africa*, p. 56.

animals which can subsist long without drinking, do not lose more water by evaporation and excretion than can be replaced by their vegetable food, since that they *require* the same amount of water as other animals for the performance of all their functions is physiologically certain. It has been observed that in persons who voluntarily abstain from drinking, the excretions were diminished to a minimum. Sauvages, in his *Nosologia Medica*, mentions the case of a member of the University of Toulouse who never knew what thirst was, and passed several months, even in the heat of summer, without drinking. Another case is cited by the same author of a woman who took no liquid for forty days. M. Bérard thinks that the marvellousness of these facts disappears when we remember how much liquid is contained in all food;* but I am rather disposed to doubt the accuracy of the facts than to accept such an explanation; at any rate they are facts so very exceptional as to have little bearing on our general argument.

The effects of Thirst are first a dryness of the mouth, palate, and throat; the secretions become less copious; the mouth is covered with a thick mucus, the tongue cleaves to the palate, the voice becomes hoarse. Then the eyes flash fire, the breathing becomes difficult, a feverish excitement, often passing into delirium, comes on. Sleep is fitful, and distressed by dreams like those of Tantalus. The men shipwrecked in the "Medusa" dreamt constantly of shady woods and running streams. It is to be noticed that the sensation of Thirst is never agreeable, no matter how slight it may be, and in this respect is unlike Hunger, which, in its incipient state of Appetite, is decidedly agreeable. The bodies of those who have perished from Thirst show a general dryness of all the tissues, a thickening of the humours, a certain degree of coagulation of the blood, numberless indications of inflammation, and sometimes gangrene of the principal viscera. According to Longet, Thirst kills by an inflammatory fever, Hunger by a putrid fever.†

Such are Hunger and Thirst, two mighty impulses, beneficent and terrible, monitors ever vigilant, warning us of the need there is for Food and Drink, sources of exquisite pleasure and of exquisite pains, motives to strenuous endeavour, and servants to our higher aims. We are all familiar with them in their gentler aspects; may the reader never know either in its dreadful importunities!

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* Bérard: *Cours de Physiol.*, ii. 504.

† Longet, *Traité de Physiol.*, 1857.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART VIII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

### CHAPTER V.

The most submissive where they love may be the most stubborn where they do not love—Sophy is stubborn to Mr. Rugge—That injured man summons to his side Mrs. Crane, imitating the policy of those potentates who would retrieve the failures of force by the successes of diplomacy.

Mr. Rugge has obtained his object. But now comes the question, "What will he do with it?" Question with as many heads as the Hydra; and no sooner does an Author dispose of one head than up springs another.

Sophy has been bought and paid for—she is now, legally, Mr. Rugge's property. But there was a wise peer who once bought Punch—Punch became his property, and was brought in triumph to his lordship's house. To my lord's great dismay Punch would not talk. To Rugge's great dismay Sophy would not act.

Rendered up to Jasper Losely and Mrs. Crane, they had not lost an hour in removing her from Gatesboro' and its neighbourhood. They did not, however, go back to the village in which they had left Rugge, but returned straight to London, and wrote to the manager to join them there.

Sophy, once captured, seemed stupefied; she evinced no noisy passion—she made no violent resistance. When she was told to love and obey a father in Jasper Losely, she lifted her eyes to his face—then turned them away, and shook her head, mute and incredulous. That man her father! she did not believe it. Indeed, Jasper took no pains to convince her of the relationship, or win her attachment. He was not unkindly rough—he seemed wholly indifferent—probably he was so. For the ruling vice of the man was in his egotism. It was not so much that he had bad principles and bad feelings, as that he had no principles and no feelings at all, except as they began, continued, and ended in that system of centralisation, which not more paralyses healthful action in a state, than it does in the individual man. Self-indulgence with him was absolute. He was not without power of keen calculation, not without much cunning. He could conceive a project for some gain far off in the future, and concoct, for its realisation, schemes subtely woven, astutely guarded. But he could not secure their success by any long-sustained sacrifices of the caprice of one hour or the indolence of the next. If it had been a great object to him for life to win Sophy's filial affection, he would not have bored himself for five minutes each day to gain that object. Besides, he had just enough of shame to render him uneasy at the sight of the child he had deliberately sold. So, after chucking her under the chin, and telling her to be a good girl and be grateful for all that Mrs. Crane had done for her, and meant still to do, he consigned her almost solely to that lady's care.

When Rugge arrived, and Sophy was informed of her intended destination, she broke silence—her colour went and came quickly—she declared, folding her arms upon her breast, that she would never act if separated from her grandfather. Mrs. Crane, struck by her manner, suggested to Rugge that it might be as well, now that she was legally secured to the manager, to humour her wish, and re-engage Waife. Whatever the tale with which, in order to obtain Sophy from the Mayor, she had turned that worthy magistrate's mind against the Comedian, she had not gratified Mr.

Rugge by a similar confidence to him. To him she said nothing which might operate against renewing engagements with Waife, if he were so disposed. But Rugge had no faith in a child's firmness, and he had a strong spite against Waife, so he obstinately refused. He insisted, however, as a peremptory condition of the bargain, that Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane should accompany him to the town to which he had transferred his troop, both in order by their presence to confirm his authority over Sophy, and to sanction his claim to her, should Waife reappear and dispute it. For Rugge's profession being scarcely legitimate and decidedly equivocal, his right to bring up a female child to the same calling might be called into question before a magistrate, and necessitate the production of her father in order to substantiate the special contract. In return, the manager handsomely offered to Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane to pay their expenses in the excursion—a liberality haughtily rejected by Mrs. Crane for herself, though she agreed at her own charge to accompany Losely if he decided on complying with the manager's request. Losely at first raised objections, but hearing that there would be races in the neighbourhood, and having a peculiar passion for betting and all kinds of gambling, as well as an ardent desire to enjoy his £100 in so fashionable a manner, he consented to delay his return to the Continent, and attend Arabella Crane to the provincial Elis. Rugge carried off Sophy to her fellow "orphans."

And Sophy would not act!

In vain she was coaxed—in vain she was threatened—in vain she was deprived of food—in vain shut up in a dark hole—in vain was the lash held over her. Rugge, tyrant though he was, did not suffer the lash to fall. His self-restraint there might be humanity—might be fear of the consequences. For the state of her health began to alarm him—she might die—there might be an inquest. He wished now that he had taken Mrs. Crane's suggestion, and re-engaged Waife. But where *was* Waife? Meanwhile he had advertised the Young Phenomenon; placarded the walls with the name of Juliet Araminta; got up the piece of the Remorseless Baron, with a new rock scene. As Waife had had nothing to say in that drama, so any one could act his part.

The first performance was announced for that night—there would be such an audience—the best seats even now pre-engaged—first night of the race week. The clock had struck seven—the performance began at eight. And Sophy would not act!

The child was seated in a space that served for the green-room, behind the scenes. The whole company had been convened to persuade or shame her out of her obstinacy. The king's lieutenant, the seductive personage of the troop, was on one knee to her, like a lover. He was accustomed to lovers' parts, both on the stage and off it. Off it, he had one favoured phrase, hackneyed, but effective. "You are too pretty to be so cruel." Thrice he now repeated that phrase, with a simper that might have melted a heart of stone between each repetition. Behind Sophy's chair, and sticking calico-flowers into the child's tresses, stood the senior matron of the establishment—not a bad sort of woman—who kept the dresses, nursed the sick, revered Rugge, told fortunes on a pack of cards which she always kept in her pocket, and acted occasionally in parts where age was no drawback and ugliness desirable—such as a witch, or duenna, or whatever in the dialogue was poetically called "Hag." Indeed, Hag was the name she usually took from Rugge—that which she bore from her defunct husband was Gormerick. This lady, as she braided the garland, was also bent on the soothing system, saying; with great sweetness, considering that her mouth was full of pins, "Now, deary—now, dovey—look at ooself in the glass; we could beat oo, and pinch oo, and stick pins into oo, dovey, but we won't. Dovey will be good, I know;" and a great pat of rouge came on the child's pale cheeks. The clown therewith squatting before her with his hands on his knees, grinned lustily, and shrieked out—"My eyes, what a beauty!"

Rugge, meanwhile, one hand thrust in his bosom, contemplated the diplomatic efforts of his ministers, and saw, by Sophy's compressed lips and unwinking eyes, that their cajoleries were unsuccessful. He approached, and hissed into her ear—"Don't madden me! don't!—you will act, eh?"

"No," said Sophy, suddenly rising; and, tearing the wreath from her hair, she set her small foot on it with force. "No! not if you killed me!"

"Gods!" faltered Rugge. "And the sum I have paid! I am diddled! Who has gone for Mrs. Crane?"

"Tom," said the clown.

The word was scarcely out of the clown's mouth ere Mrs. Crane herself emerged from a side scene, and, putting off her bonnet, laid both hands on the child's shoulders, and looked her in the face without speaking. The child as firmly returned the gaze. Give that child a martyr's cause, and in that frail body there would have been a martyr's soul. Arabella Crane, not inexperienced in children, recognised a power of will, stronger than the power of brute force, in that tranquillity of eye—the spark of calm light in its tender blue—blue, pure as the sky; light, steadfast as the star.

"Leave her to me, all of you," said Mrs. Crane. "I will take her to your private room, Mr. Rugge;" and she led the child away to a sort of recess, room it could not be rightly called, fenced round with boxes and crates, and containing the manager's desk and two stools.

"Sophy," then said Mrs. Crane, "you say you will not act unless your grandfather be with you. Now, hear me. You know that I have been always stern and hard with you. I never professed to love you—nor do I. But you have not found me untruthful. When I say a thing seriously, as I am speaking now, you may believe me. Act to-night, and I will promise you faithfully, that I will either bring your grandfather here, or I will order it so that you shall be restored to him. If you refuse, I make no threat, but I shall leave this place; and my belief is that you will be your grandfather's death."

"His death—his death—I!"

"By first dying yourself. Oh, you smile; you think it would be happiness to die. What matter that the old man you profess to care for is broken-hearted! Brat, leave selfishness to boys—you are a girl!—Suffer!"

"Selfish!" murmured Sophy, "selfish! that was said of me before. Selfish!—ah, I understand. No, I ought not to wish to die—what would become of him?" She fell on her knees, and, raising both her clasped hands, prayed inly, silently—an instant, not more. She rose. "If I do act, then—it is a promise—you will keep it. I shall see him—he shall know where I am—we shall meet!"

"A promise—sacred. I will keep it. Oh, girl, how much you will love some day—how your heart will ache! and when you are my age, look at that heart, then at your glass—perhaps you may be, within and without, like me."

Sophy—innocent Sophy—stared, awestricken, but uncomprehending. Mrs. Crane led her back passive.

"There, she will act. Put on the wreath. Trick her out. Hark ye, Mr. Rugge. This is for one night. I have made conditions with her: either you must take back her grandfather, or—she must return to him."

"And my £100?"

"In the latter case ought to be repaid you."

"Am I never to have the Royal York theatre? Ambition of my life, Ma'am! Dreamed of it thrice! Ha! but she will act, and succeed. But to take back the old vagabond—a bitter pill! He shall halve it with me! Ma'am, I'm your grateful—"

## CHAPTER VI.

**Threadbare is the simile which compares the world to a stage. Schiller, less complimentary than Shakespeare, lowers the illustration from a stage to a puppet-show. But ever between realities and shows there is a secret communication, an undetected interchange—sometimes a stern reality in the heart of the ostensible actor, a fantastic stage-play in the brain of the unnoticed spectator. The Bandit's Child on the proscenium is still poor little Sophy, in spite of garlands and rouge. But that honest rough-looking fellow to whom, in respect for services to Sovereign and Country, the apprentice yields way—may he not be—the crafty Comedian?**

Taran-tarantara—rub-a-dub-dub—play up horn—roll drum—a quarter to eight; and the crowd already thick before Rugge's Grand Exhibition—"Remorseless Baron and Bandit's Child! Young Phenomenon—Juliet Araminta—Patronised by the Nobility in general, and expecting daily to be summoned to perform before the Queen—*Vivat Regina!*"—Rub-a-dub-dub. The company issue from the curtain—range in front of the proscenium. Splendid dresses. The Phenomenon!—'tis she!

"My eyes, there's a beauty!" cries the clown.

The days have already grown somewhat shorter: but it is not yet dusk. How charmingly pretty she still is, despite that horrid paint; but how wasted those poor bare snowy arms!

A most doleful lugubrious dirge mingles with the drum and horn. A man has forced his way close by the stage—a man with a confounded cracked hurdy-gurdy. Whine—whine—creaks the hurdy-gurdy. "Stop that—stop that mu-zeek," cries a delicate apprentice, clapping his hands to his ears.

"Pity a poor blind—" answers the man with the hurdy-gurdy.

"Oh you are blind, are you? but we are not deaf. There's a penny not to play. What black thing have you got there by a string?"

"My dog, sir!"

"Devilish ugly one—not like a dog—more like a bear—with horns!"

"I say, master," cries the clown, "Here's a blind man come to see the Phenomenon!"

The crowd laugh; they make way for the blind man's black dog. They suspect, from the clown's address, that the blind man has something to do with the company.

You never saw two uglier specimens of their several species than the blind man and his black dog. He had rough red hair and a red beard, his face had a sort of twist that made every feature seem crooked. His eyes were not bandaged, but the lids were closed, and he lifted them up piteously as if seeking for light. He did not seem, however, like a common beggar; had rather the appearance of a reduced sailor. Yes, you would have bet ten to one he had been a sailor, not that his dress belonged to that noble calling, but his build, the roll of his walk, the tie of his cravat, a blue anchor tattooed on that great brown hand—certainly a sailor—a British tar! poor man.

The dog was hideous enough to have been exhibited as a *lusus naturæ*,—evidently very aged—for its face and ears were grey, the rest of it a rusty reddish black; it had immensely long ears, pricked up like horns; it was a dog that must have been brough from foreign parts; it might have come from Acheron, sire by Cerberus, so portentous, and (if not irreverent the epithet) so infernal was its aspect, with that grey face, those antlered ears, and its ineffably weird demeanour altogether. A big dog, too, and evidently a strong one. All prudent folks would have made way for a man led by that dog. Whine creaked the hurdy-gurdy, and bow-wow all of a sudden barked the dog. Sophy stifled a cry, pressed her hand to her breast, and such a ray of joy flashed over her face, that it would have warmed your heart for a month to have seen it.

But do you mean to say, Mr. Author, that that British Tar (gallant, no doubt, but hideous) is Gentleman Waife, or that Stygian animal the snowly-curled Sir Isaac?

Upon my word, when I look at

them myself, I, the Historian, am puzzled. If it had not been for that bow-wow, I am sure Sophy would not have suspected. Tara-tara-tara. Walk in ladies and gentlemen, walk in, the performance is about to commence! Sophy lingers last.

"Yes, sir," said the blind man who had been talking to the apprentice. "Yes, sir," said he, loud and emphatically, as if his word had been questioned. "The child was snowed up, but luckily the window of the hut was left open: Exactly at two o'clock in the morning, that dog came to the window, set up a howl, and—"

Sophy could hear no more—led away behind the curtain by the King's Lieutenant. But she had heard enough to stir her heart with an emotion that set all the dimples round her lips into undulating play.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A Sham carries off the Reality.

And she did act, and how charmingly! with what glee and what gusto! Rugge was beside himself with pride and rapture. He could hardly perform his own Baronial part for admiration. The audience, a far choicer and more fastidious one than that in the Surrey village, was amazed, enthusiastic.

"I shall live to see my dream come true! I shall have the great York Theatre!" said Rugge, as he took off his wig and laid his head on his pillow. "Restore her for the £100! not for thousands!"

—Alas, my sweet Sophy; alas! Has not the joy that made thee perform so well, undone thee! Ah, hadst thou but had the wit to act horribly, and be hissed!

"Uprose the sun and uprose Baron Rugge."

Not that ordinarily he was a very early man; but his excitement broke his slumbers. He had taken up his quarters on the ground-floor of a small lodging-house close to his Exhibition; in the same house lodged his senior Matron, and Sophy herself. Mrs. Gormerick, being ordered to watch the child and never lose sight of her, slept in the same room with Sophy, in the upper story of the house. The old woman served Rugge for housekeeper, made his tea, grilled his chop, and for company's sake shared his meals. Excitement as often sharpens the appetite as takes it away. Rugge had supped on hope, and he felt a craving for a more substantial breakfast. Accordingly, when he had dressed, he thrust his head into the passage, and seeing there the maid-of-all-work unbarring the street door, bade her go up-stairs and wake the Hag, that is, Mrs. Gormerick. Saying this, he extended a key; for he ever took the precaution, before retiring to rest, to lock the door of the room to which Sophy was consigned on the outside, and guard the key till the next morning.

The maid nodded, and ascended the stairs. Less time than he expected passed away before Mrs. Gormerick made her appearance, her grey hair streaming under her night-cap, her form endued in a loose wrapper—her very face a tragedy.

"Powers above! What has happened?" exclaimed Rugge, prophetically.

"She is gone," sobbed Mrs. Gormerick; and, seeing the lifted arm and clenched fist of the manager, prudently fainted away.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Corollaries from the problem suggested in Chapters VI. and VII.

Broad daylight, nearly nine o'clock indeed, and Jasper Losely is walking back to his inn from the place at which he had dined the evening before. He has spent the night drinking, gambling, and though he

looks heated, there is no sign of fatigue. Nature, in wasting on this man many of her most glorious elements of happiness, had not forgotten a herculean constitution — always restless and never tired, always drinking and never drunk. Certainly it is some consolation to delicate invalids, that it seldom happens that the sickly are very wicked. Criminals are generally athletic—constitution and conscience equally tough; large backs to their heads — strong suspensorial muscles — digestions that save them from the over-fine nerves of the virtuous. The native animal must be vigorous in the human being, when the moral safeguards are daringly overleapt. Jasper was not alone, but with an acquaintance he had made at the dinner, and whom he invited to his inn to breakfast; they were walking familiarly arm-in-arm. Very unlike the brilliant Losely — a young man under thirty, who seemed to have washed out all the colours of youth in dirty water. His eyes dull, their whites yellow; his complexion sodden. His form was thickset and heavy; his features pug, with a cross of the bull-dog. In dress, a specimen of the flash style of sporting man, as exhibited on the Turf, or more often, perhaps, in the Ring; Belcher neckcloth, with an immense pin representing a jockey at full gallop; cut away coat, corduroy breeches, and boots with tops of a chalky white. Yet, withal, not the air and walk of a genuine born and bred sporting man, even of the vulgar order. Something about him which reveals the pretender. A would-be hawk with a pigeon's liver—a would-be sportsman with a Cockney's nurture.

Samuel Adolphus Poole is an orphan of respectable connections. His future expectations chiefly rest on an uncle from whom, as godfather, he takes the loathed name of Samuel. He prefers to sign himself Adolphus; he is popularly styled Dolly. For his present existence he relies ostensibly on his salary as an assistant in the house of a London tradesman in a fashionable way of business. Mr. Latham, his employer, has made a considerable fortune, less by his shop than by discounting the bills of his customers, or of other borrowers whom the loan draws into the net of the custom. Mr. Latham connives at the sporting tastes of Dolly Poole. Dolly has often thus been enabled to pick up useful pieces of information as to the names and repute of such denizens of the sporting world as might apply to Mr. Latham for temporary accommodation. Dolly Poole has many sporting friends; he has also many debts. He has been a dupe, he is now a rogue; but he wants decision of character to put into practice many valuable ideas that his experience of dupe and his development into rogue suggest to his ambition. Still, however, now and then, wherever a shabby trick can be safely done, he is what he calls "lucky." He has conceived a prodigious admiration for Jasper Losely, one cause for which will be explained in the dialogue about to be recorded; another cause for which is analogous to that loving submission with which some ill-conditioned brute acknowledges a master in the hand that has thrashed it. For at Losely's first appearance at the convivial meeting just concluded, being nettled at the imperious airs of superiority which that roysterer assumed, mistaking for effeminacy Jasper's elaborate dandyism, and not recognising in the bravo's elegant proportions the tiger-like strength of which, in truth, that tiger-like suppleness should have warned him, Dolly Poole provoked a quarrel, and being himself a stout fellow, nor unaccustomed to athletic exercises, began to spar; the next moment he was at the other end of the room full-sprawl on the floor; and, two minutes afterwards, the quarrel made up by conciliating banqueters, with every bone in his skin seeming still to rattle, he was generously blubbering out that he never bore malice, and shaking hands with Jasper Losely as if he had found a benefactor. But now to the dialogue.

JASPER.—"Yea, Poole, my hearty, as you say, that fellow trumping my best club lost me the last rubber. There's no certainty in whist, if one has a spoon for a partner."

POOLE.—"No certainty in every

rubber, but next to certainty in the long run, when a man plays as well as you do, Mr. Losely. Your winnings to-night must have been pretty large, though you had a bad partner almost every hand;—pretty large—eh?"

JASPER—(carelessly).—"Nothing to talk of—a few ponies!"

POOLE.—"More than a few; I should know."

JASPER.—"Why? You did not play after the first rubber."

POOLE.—"No, when I saw your play on that first rubber, I cut out, and bet on you; and very grateful to you I am. Still you would win more with a partner who understood your game."

The shrewd Dolly paused a moment, and leaning significantly on Jasper's arm, added, in a half whisper, "I do; it is a French one."

Jasper did not change colour, but a quick rise of the eyebrow, and a slight jerk of the neck, betrayed some little surprise or uneasiness; however, he rejoined without hesitation—"French, ay! In France there is more dash in playing out trumps than there is with English players."

"And with a player like you," said Poole, still in a half whisper, "more trumps to play out."

Jasper turned around sharp and short; the hard, cruel expression of his mouth, little seen of late, came back to it. Poole recoiled, and his bones began again to ache. "I did not mean to offend you, Mr. Losely, but to caution."

"Caution!"

"There were two knowing coves, who, if they had not been so drunk, would not have lost their money without a row, and they would have seen *how* they lost it; they are sharpers—you served them right—don't be angry with me. You want a partner—so do I; you play better than I do, but I play well; you shall have two-thirds of our winnings, and when you come to town I'll introduce you to a pleasant set of young fellows—green."

Jasper mused a moment. "You know a thing or two, I see, Master Poole, and we'll discuss the whole subject after breakfast. Arn't you hungry?—No!—I am! Hillo—who's that?"

His arm was seized by Mr. Rugge. "She's gone—fled," gasped the manager, breathless. "Out of the lattice—fifteen feet high—not dashed to pieces—vanished?"

"Go on and order breakfast," said Losely to Mr. Poole, who was listening too inquisitively. He drew the manager away. "Can't you keep your tongue in your head before strangers? the girl is gone?"

"Out of the lattice, and fifteen feet high!"

"Any sheets left hanging out of the lattice?"

"Sheets! No!"

"Then she did not go without help—somebody must have thrown up to her a rope-ladder—nothing so easy—done it myself scores of times for the descent of 'maids who love the moon,' Mr. Rugge. But at her age there is not a moon—at least there is not a man in the moon; one must dismiss, then, the idea of a rope-ladder—too precocious. But are you quite sure she is gone? not hiding in some cupboard? *Sacre!*—very odd. Have you seen Mrs. Crane about it?

"Yes, just come from her; she thinks that villain Waife must have stolen her. But I want you, sir, to come with me to a magistrate."

"Magistrate! I—why?—nonsense—set the police to work."

"Your deposition that she is your lawful child, lawfully made over to me, is necessary for the Inquisition—I mean Police."

"Hang it, what a bother! I hate magistrates, and all belonging to them. Well, I must breakfast; I'll see to it afterwards. Oblige me by not calling Mr. Waife a villain—good old fellow in his way."

"Good! Powers above!"

"But if he took her off, how did he get at her? It must have been preconcerted."

"Ha! true. But she has not been suffered to speak to a soul not in the company—Mrs. Crane excepted?"

"Perhaps at the performance last night some signal was given?"

But if Waife had been there I should have seen him; my troop

would have known him; such a remarkable face—one eye, too."

"Well, well, do what you think best. I'll call on you after breakfast; let me go now. *Basta! basta!*"

Losely wrenched himself from the manager, and strode off to the inn; then, ere joining Poole, he sought Mrs. Crane.

"This going before a magistrate," said Losely, "to depose that I have made over my child to that blackguard showman—in this town too—after such luck as I have had, and where bright prospects are opening on me, is most disagreeable. And supposing, when we have traced Sophy, she should be really with the old man—awkward! In short, my dear friend, my dear Bella"—(Losely could be very coaxing when it was worth his while)—"you just manage this for me. I have a fellow in the next room waiting to breakfast; as soon as breakfast is over I shall be off to the race-ground, and so shirk that ranting old bore; you'll call on him instead, and settle it somehow." He was out of the room before she could answer.

Mrs. Crane found it no easy matter to soothe the infuriate manager when he heard Losely was gone to amuse himself at the race-course. Nor did she give herself much trouble to pacify Mr. Rugge's anger, or assist his investigations. Her interest in the whole affair seemed over. Left thus to his own devices, Rugge, however, began to institute a sharp, and what promised to be an effective investigation. He ascertained that the fugitive certainly had not left by the railway, or by any of the public conveyances; he sent scouts over all the neighbourhood; he enlisted the sympathy of the police, who confidently assured him that they had 'a network over the three kingdoms;' no doubt they have, and we pay for it; but the meshes are so large that anything less than a whale must be silly indeed, if it consent to be caught. Rugge's suspicions were directed to Waife—he could collect, however, no evidence to confirm them. No person answering to Waife's description had been seen in the town. Once, indeed, Rugge was close on the right scent; for, insisting upon Waife's one eye and his possession of a white dog, he was told by several witnesses that a man blind of two eyes, and led by a black dog, had been close before the stage, just previous to the performance. But then the clown had spoken to that very man; all the Thespian company had observed him; all of them had known Waife familiarly for years; and all deposed that any creature more unlike to Waife than the blind man could not be turned out of Nature's workshop. But where was that blind man? They found out the wayside inn in which he had taken a lodging for the night; and there it was ascertained that he had paid for his room beforehand, stating that he should start for the race-course early in the morning. Rugge himself set out to the race-course to kill two birds with one stone—catch Mr. Losely—examine the blind man himself.

He did catch Mr. Losely, and very nearly caught something else—for that gentleman was in a ring of noisy horsemen, mounted on a hired hack, and loud as the noisiest. When Rugge came up to his stirrup, and began his harangue, Losely turned his hack round with so sudden an appliance of bit and spur, that the animal lashed out, and its heel went within an inch of the manager's cheek-bone. Before Rugge could recover, Losely was in a hand-gallop. But the blind man! Of course Rugge did not find him? You are mistaken; he did. The blind man was there, dog and all. The manager spoke to him, and did not know him from Adam.

Nor have you or I, my venerated readers, any right whatsoever to doubt whether Mr. Rugge could be so stolidly obtuse. Granting that blind sailor to be the veritable William Waife—William Waife was a man of genius, taking pains to appear an ordinary mortal. And the anecdotes of Munden, or of Bamfylde Moore Carew, suffice to tell us how Protean is the power of transformation in a man whose genius is mimetic. But how often does it happen to us, venerated readers, not to recognise a man of genius, even when he takes no particular pains to escape detection! A man of genius may be for ten years

our next-door neighbour—he may dine in company with us twice a-week—his face may be as familiar to our eyes as our arm-chair—his voice to our ears as the click of our parlour-clock—yet we are never more astonished than when all of a sudden, some bright day, it is discovered that our next-door neighbour is—a man of genius. Did you ever hear tell of the life of a man of genius, but what there were numerous witnesses who deposed to the fact, that until, perfidious dissembler, he flared up and set the Thames on fire, they had never seen anything in him—an odd creature, perhaps a good creature—probably a poor creature;—But a MAN of GENIUS! They would as soon have suspected him of being the Cham of Tartary! Nay, candid readers, are there not some of you who refuse to the last to recognise the man of genius, till he has paid his penny to Charon, and his passport to immortality has been duly examined by the customhouse officers of Styx! When one-half the world drag forth that same next-door neighbour, place him on a pedestal, and have him cried, "O yez! O yez! Found a man of genius! Public property—open to inspection!" does not the other half the world put on its spectacles, turn up its nose, and cry, "*That* a man of genius, indeed! Pelt him!—pelt him?" Then of course there is a clatter, what the vulgar call "a shindy," round the pedestal. Squeezed by his believers, shied at by his scoffers, the poor man gets horribly mauled about, and drops from the perch in the midst of the row. Then they shovel him over, clap a great stone on his relics, wipe their foreheads, shake hands, compromise the dispute, the one half the world admitting, that though he was a genius he was still an ordinary man; the other half allowing, that though he was an ordinary man, he was still a genius. And so on to the next pedestal with its "Hic stet," and the next great stone with its "Hic jacet."

The manager of the Grand Theatrical Exhibition gazed on the blind sailor, and did not know him from Adam!

## CHAPTER IX.

The aboriginal Man-eater, or Pocket Cannibal, is susceptible of the refining influences of Civilisation. He decorates his hair with the skins of his victims; he adorns his person with the spoils of those whom he devours. Mr. Losely introduced to Mr. Poole's friends—dresses for dinner; and, combining elegance with appetite, eats them up.

Elated with the success which had rewarded his talents for pecuniary speculation, and dismissing from his mind all thoughts of the fugitive Sophy and the spoliated Rugge, Jasper Losely returned to London in company with his new friend, Mr. Poole. He left Arabella Crane to perform the same journey, unattended; but that grim lady, carefully concealing any resentment at such want of gallantry, felt assured that she should not be long in London without being honoured by his visits.

In renewing their old acquaintance, Mrs. Crane had contrived to establish over Jasper that kind of influence which a vain man, full of schemes that are not to be told to all the world, but which it is convenient to discuss with some confidential friend who admires himself too highly not to respect his secrets, mechanically yields to a woman whose wits are superior to his own.

It is true that Jasper, on his return to the metropolis, was not magnetically attracted towards Podden Place; nay, days and even weeks elapsed, and Mrs. Crane was not gladdened by his presence. But she knew that her influence was only suspended—not extinct. The body attracted was for the moment kept from the body attracting, by the abnormal weights that had dropped into its pockets. Restore the body thus temporarily counterpoised to its former lightness, and it would turn to Podden Place as the needle to the Pole. Meanwhile, oblivious of all such natural laws, the disloyal Jasper had fixed himself as far from the reach of the magnet as from Bloomsbury's remotest verge is St. James's animated centre. The apartment he

engaged was showy and commodious. He added largely to his wardrobe—his dressing-case—his trinket-box. Nor, be it here observed, was Mr. Losely one of those beanish brigands who wear tawdry scarfs over soiled linen, and paste rings upon unwashed digitals. To do him justice, the man, so stony-hearted to others, loved and cherished his own person with exquisite tenderness, lavished upon it delicate attentions, and gave to it the very best he could afford. He was no coarse debauchee, smelling of bad cigars and ardent spirits. Cigars, indeed, were not among his vices (at worst the rare peccadillo of a *cigarette*)—spirit-drinking was; but the monster's digestion was still so strong, that he could have drunk out a gin palace, and you would only have sniffed the jasmine or heliotrope on the dainty cambric that wiped the last drop from his lips. Had his soul been a tenth part as clean as the form that belied it, Jasper Losely had been a saint! His apartments secured, his appearance thus revised and embellished, Jasper's next care was an equipage in keeping; he hired a smart cabriolet with a high-stepping horse, and, to go behind it, a groom whose size had been stunted in infancy by provident parents designing him to earn his bread in the stables as a light-weight, and therefore mingling his mother's milk with heavy liquors. In short, Jasper Losely set up to be a buck about town; in that capacity Dolly Poole introduced him to several young gentlemen who combined commercial vocations with sporting tastes; they could not but participate in Poole's admiring and somewhat envious respect for Jasper Losely. There was indeed about the vigorous miscreant a great deal of false brilliancy. Deteriorated from earlier youth though the beauty of his countenance might be, it was still undeniably handsome; and as force of muscle is beauty in itself in the eyes of young sporting men, so Jasper dazzled many a *gracilis puer*, who had the ambition to become an athlete, with the rare personal strength which, as if in the exuberance of animal spirits, he would sometimes condescend to display, by feats that astonished the curious and frightened the timid—such as bending a poker or horse-shoe between hands elegantly white nor unadorned with rings—or lifting the weight of Samuel Dolly by the waistband, and holding him at arm's-length, with a playful bet of ten to one that he could stand by the fireplace and pitch the said Samuel Dolly out of the open window. To know so strong a man, so fine an animal, was something to boast of! Then, too, if Jasper had a false brilliancy, he had also a false *bonhommie;* it was true that he was somewhat imperious, swaggering, bullying—but he was also off-hand and jocund; and as you knew him, that sidelong look, that defying gait (look and gait of the man whom the world cuts), wore away. In fact, he had got into a world which did not cut him, and his exterior was improved by the atmosphere.

Mr. Losely professed to dislike general society. Drawing-rooms were insipid; clubs full of old fogies. "I am for life, my boys," said Mr. Losely,

> "'Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
> Or pain from Beauty's eye?'"

Mr. Losely therefore, his hat on one side, lounged into the saloons of theatres, accompanied by a cohort of juvenile admirers, their hats on one side also, and returned to the pleasantest little suppers in his own apartment. There "the goblet" flowed—and after the goblet, cigars for some, and a rubber for all.

So puissant Losely's vitality, and so blest by the stars his luck, that his form seemed to wax stronger and his purse fuller by this "life." No wonder he was all for a life of that kind; but the slight beings who tried to keep up with him, grew thinner and thinner, and poorer and poorer; a few weeks made their cheeks spectral and their pockets a dismal void. Then as some dropped off from sheer inanition, others whom they had decoyed by their praises of "Life" and its hero, came into the magic circle to fade and vanish in their turn.

In a space of time incredibly brief, not a whist-player was left upon the field; the victorious Losely had trumped out the last! Some few whom Nature had endowed more

liberally than Fortune, still retained strength enough to sup—if asked;

"But none who came to sup remained to play."

"Plague on it," said Losely to Poole, as one afternoon they were dividing the final spoils. "Your friends are mightily soon cleaned out; could not even get up double dummy last night; and we must hit on some new plan for replenishing the coffers! You have rich relations; can't I help you to make them more useful?"

Said Dolly Poole, who was looking exceedingly bilious, and had become a martyr to chronic headache, "My relations are prigs! Some of them give me the cold shoulder, others—a great deal of jaw. But as for tin, I might as well scrape a flint for it. My uncle Sam is more anxious about my sins than the other codgers, because he is my godfather, and responsible for my sins, I suppose; and he says he will put me in the way of being respectable. My head's splitting—"

"Wood does split till it is seasoned," answered Losely. "Good fellow, uncle Sam! He'll put you in the way of tin; nothing else makes a man respectable."

"Yes—so he says; a girl with money—"

"A wife—tin canister! Introduce me to her, and she shall be tied to you."

Samuel Dolly did not appear to relish the idea of such an introduction. "I have not been introduced to her myself," said he. "But if you advise me to be spliced, why don't you get spliced yourself?—a handsome fellow like you can be at no loss for an heiress."

"Heiresses are the most horrid cheats in the world," said Losely: "there is always some father, or uncle, or fusty Lord Chancellor whose consent is essential, and not to be had. Heiresses in scores have been over head and ears in love with me. Before I left Paris I sold their locks of hair to a wig-maker—three great trunksful. Honour bright. But there were only two whom I could have safely allowed to run away with me; and they were so closely watched, poor things, that I was forced to leave them to their fate—early graves! Don't talk to me of heiresses, Dolly, I have been the victim of heiresses. But a rich widow is an estimable creature. Against widows, if rich, I have not a word to say; and to tell you the truth, there is a widow whom I suspect I have fascinated, and whose connection I have a particular private reason for deeming desirable! She has a whelp of a son, who is a spoke in my wheel—were I his father-in-law, would not I be a spoke in his? I'd teach the boy '*life*,' Dolly." Here all trace of beauty vanished from Jasper's face, and Poole, staring at him, pushed away his chair. "But,"—continued Losely, regaining his more usual expression of levity and boldness—"But I am not yet quite sure what the widow has, besides her son, in her own possession; we shall see. Meanwhile, is there—*no* chance of a rubber to-night?"

"None; unless you will let Brown and Smith play upon tick."

"Pooh! but there's Robinson, he has an aunt he can borrow from?"

"Robinson! spitting blood, with an attack of *delirium tremens!*—you have done for him."

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow?" said Losely. "Well, I suppose it can—when a man has no coats to his stomach; but you and I, Dolly Poole, have stomachs thick as pea-jackets, and proof as gutta-percha."

Poole forced a ghastly smile, while Losely, gaily springing up, swept his share of booty into his pockets, slapped his comrade on the back, and said—"Then, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain! Hang whist, and up with *rouge-et-noir!* I have an infallible method of winning—only, it requires capital. You will club your cash with mine, and I'll play for both. Sup here to-night, and we'll go to the —— hell afterwards."

Samuel Dolly had the most perfect confidence in his friend's science in the art of gambling, and he did not, therefore, dissent from the proposal made. Jasper gave a fresh touch to his toilette, and stepped into his cabriolet. Poole cast on him a look of envy, and crawled to his lodging—too ill for his desk, and with a strong desire to take to his bed.

## CHAPTER X.

"Is there a heart that never loved,
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?"

If there be such a heart, it is not in the breast of a Pocket-Cannibal. Your true Man-eater is usually of an amorous temperament: he can be indeed sufficiently fond of a lady to eat her up. Mr. Losely makes the acquaintance of a widow. For farther particulars inquire within.

The dignified serenity of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, is agitated by the intrusion of a new inhabitant. A house in that favoured locality, which had for several months maintained "the solemn stillness and the dread repose" which appertain to dwellings that are to be let upon lease, unfurnished, suddenly started into that exuberant and aggressive life which irritates the nerves of its peaceful neighbours. The bills have been removed from the windows — the walls have been cleaned down and pointed — the street-door repainted a lively green — workmen have gone in and out. The observant ladies (single ones) in the house opposite, discover, by the help of a telescope, that the drawing-rooms have been new papered, canary-coloured ground — festoon borders, and that the mouldings of the shutters have been gilt. Gilt shutters! that looks ominous of an ostentatious and party-giving tenant.

Then carts full of furniture have stopped at the door—carpets, tables, chairs, beds, wardrobes—all seemingly new, and in no inelegant taste, have been disgorged into the hall. It has been noticed, too, that every day a lady of slight figure and genteel habiliments has come, seemingly to inspect progress—evidently the new tenant. Sometimes she comes alone; sometimes with a dark-eyed handsome lad, probably her son. Who can she be? what is she? what is her name? her history? has she a right to settle in Gloucester Place, Portman Square? The detective police of London is not peculiarly vigilant; but its defects are supplied by the voluntary efforts of unmarried ladies. The new-comer was a widow; her husband had been in the army; of good family; but a *mauvais sujet;* she had been left in straitened circumstances with an only son. It was supposed that she had unexpectedly come into a fortune—on the strength of which she had removed from Pimlico into Gloucester Place. At length — the preparations completed —one Monday afternoon, the widow, accompanied by her son, came to settle. The next day a footman in genteel livery (brown and orange) appeared at the door. Then, for the rest of the week, the baker[9] and butcher called regularly. On the following Sunday, the lady and her son appeared at church.

No reader will be at a loss to discover in the new tenant of No. — Gloucester Place, the widowed mother of Lionel Haughton. The letter for that lady which Darrell had intrusted to his young cousin, had, in complimentary and cordial language, claimed the right to provide for her comfortable and honourable subsistence'; and announced that, henceforth, £800 a-year would be placed quarterly to her account at Mr. Darrell's banker, and that an additional sum of £1200 was already there deposited in her name, in order to enable her to furnish any residence to which she might be inclined to remove. Mrs. Haughton, therewith, had removed to Gloucester Place.

She is seated by the window in her front drawing-room — surveying with proud though grateful heart the elegancies by which she is surrounded. A very winning countenance—lively eyes, that in themselves may be over-quick and petulant; but their expression is chastened by a gentle kindly mouth. And over the whole face, the attitude, the air, even the dress itself, is diffused the unmistakable simplicity of a sincere, natural character. No doubt Mrs. Haughton has her tempers, and her vanities, and her little harmless feminine weaknesses; but you could not help feeling

in her presence that you were with an affectionate, warm-hearted, honest, good woman. She might not have the refinements of tone and manner which stamp the high-bred gentlewoman of convention; she might evince the deficiencies of an imperfect third-rate education; but she was saved from vulgarity by a certain undefinable grace of person and music of voice —even when she said or did things that well-bred people do not say or do; and there was an engaging intelligence in those quick hazel eyes that made you sure that she was sensible, even when she uttered what was silly.

Mrs. Haughton turned from the interior of the room to the open window. She is on the look-out for her son, who has gone to call on Colonel Morley, and who ought to be returned by this time. She begins to get a little fidgety—somewhat cross. While thus standing and thus watchful, there comes thundering down the street a high-stepping horse — bay, with white legs — it whirls on a cabriolet — blue, with vermilion wheels — two hands, in yellow kid gloves, are just seen under the hood. Mrs. Haughton suddenly blushes and draws in her head. Too late! the cabriolet has stopped — a gentleman leans forward, takes off his hat, bows respectfully. "Dear, dear!" murmurs Mrs. Haughton, "I do think he is going to call; some people are born to be tempted—my temptations have been immense! He is getting out — he knocks — I can't say, now, that I am not at home—very awkward! I wish Lionel were here! What does he mean — neglecting his own mother, and leaving her a prey to tempters?"

While the footman is responding to the smart knock of the visitor, we will explain how Mrs. Haughton had incurred that gentleman's acquaintance. In one of her walks to her new house, while it was in the hands of the decorators, her mind being much absorbed in the consideration whether her drawing-room curtains should be chintz or tabouret — just as she was crossing the street, she was all but run over by a gentleman's cabriolet. The horse was hard-mouthed, going at full speed. The driver pulled up just in time; but the wheel grazed her dress, and though she ran back instinctively, yet, when she was safe on the pavement, the fright overpowered her nerves, and she clung to the street-post almost fainting. Two or three passers-by humanely-gathered round her; and the driver, looking back, and muttering to himself — "Not bad-looking—neatly dressed—lady-like—French shawl—may have tin—worth while perhaps!"—gallantly descended and hastened to offer apologies, with a respectful hope that she was not injured.

Mrs. Haughton answered somewhat tartly, but being one of those good-hearted women who, apt to be rude, are extremely sorry for it the moment afterwards, she wished to repair any hurt to his feelings occasioned by her first impulse; and, when, renewing his excuses, he offered his arm over the crossing, she did not like to refuse. On gaining the side of the way on which her house was situated, she had recovered sufficiently to blush for having accepted such familiar assistance from a perfect stranger, and somewhat to falter in returning thanks for his politeness.

Our gentleman, whose estimate of his attractions was not humble, ascribed the blushing cheek and faltering voice to the natural effect produced by his appearance; and he himself admiring very much a handsome bracelet on her wrist, which he deemed a favourable prognostic of "tin," he watched her to her door, and sent his groom in the course of the evening to make discreet inquiries in the neighbourhood. The result of the inquiries induced him to resolve upon prosecuting the acquaintance thus begun. He contrived to learn the hours at which Mrs. Haughton usually visited the house, and to pass by Gloucester Place at the very nick of time. His bow was recognising, respectful, interrogative—a bow that asked "how much farther?" But Mrs. Haughton's bow respondent seemed to declare "not at all!" The stranger did not adventure more that day; but a day or two afterwards he came again into Gloucester Place, on foot. On that occasion, Mrs. Haughton was with her son, and the gentleman would not seem to perceive her.

The next day he returned; she was then alone, and just as she gained her door, he advanced—"I beg you ten thousand pardons, Madam; but if I am rightly informed, I have the honour to address Mrs. Charles Haughton!"

The lady bowed in surprise.

"Ah, madam, your lamented husband was one of my most particular friends."

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs. Haughton, and looking more attentively at the stranger. There was in his dress and appearance something that she thought very stylish—a particular friend of Charles Haughton's was sure to be stylish—to be a man of the first water. And she loved the poor Captain's memory—her heart warmed to any "particular friend of his."

"Yes," resumed the gentleman, noting the advantage he had gained, "though I was considerably his junior, we were great cronies—excuse that familiar expression—in the Hussars together—"

"The Captain was not in the Hussars, sir; he was in the Guards."

"Of course he was; but I was saying in the Hussars, together with the Guards, there were some very fine fellows—very fine—he was one of them. I could not resist paying my respects to the widowed lady of so fine a fellow. I know it is a liberty, ma'am, but 'tis my way. People who know me well—and I have a large acquaintance—are kind enough to excuse my way. And to think that villanous horse, which I had just bought out of Lord Bolton's stud—(200 guineas, ma'am, and cheap)—should have nearly taken the life of Charles Haughton's lovely relict. If anybody else had been driving that brute, I shudder to think what might have been the consequences; but I have a wrist of iron. Strength is a vulgar qualification—very vulgar—but when it saves a lady from perishing, how can one be ashamed of it? But I am detaining you. Your own house, Mrs. Haughton?"

"Yes, sir, I have just taken it, but the workmen have not finished. I am not yet settled here."

"Charming situation! My friend left a son, I believe? In the army already?"

"No sir, but he wishes it very much."

"Mr. Darrell, I think, could gratify that wish."

"What! you know Mr. Darrell, that most excellent, generous man? All we have we owe to him."

The gentleman abruptly turned aside—wisely—for his expression of face at that praise might have startled Mrs. Haughton.

"Yes, I knew him once. He has had many a fee out of my family. Goodish lawyer—cleverish man—and rich as a Jew. I should like to see my old friend's son, ma'am. He must be monstrous handsome with such parents!"

"Oh, sir, very like his father. I shall be proud to present him to you."

"Ma'am, I thank you. I will have the honour to call—"

And thus is explained how Jasper Losely has knocked at Mrs. Haughton's door—has walked up her stairs—has seated himself in her drawing-room, and is now edging his chair somewhat nearer to her, and throwing into his voice and looks a degree of admiration, which has been sincerely kindled by the aspect of her elegant apartments.

Jessica Haughton was not one of those women, if such there be, who do not know when a gentleman is making up to them. She knew perfectly well, that with a very little encouragement, her visitor would declare himself a suitor. Nor, to speak truth, was she quite insensible to his handsome person, nor quite unmoved by his flatteries. She had her weak points, and vanity was one of them. Nor conceived she, poor lady, the slightest suspicion that Jasper Losely was not a personage whose attentions might flatter any woman. Though he had not even announced a name, but, pushing aside the footman, had sauntered in with as familiar an ease as if he had been a first cousin; though he had not uttered a syllable that could define his station, or attest his boasted friendship with the dear defunct, still Mrs. Haughton implicitly believed that she was with one of those gay chiefs of *Ton* who had glittered round her Charlie in that earlier morning of his life, ere he had sold out of the Guards, and

bought himself out of jail; a lord, or an honourable at least, and was even (I shudder to say) revolving in her mind whether it might not be an excellent thing for her dear Lionel if she could prevail on herself to procure for him the prop and guidance of a distinguished and brilliant father-in-law—rich, noble, evidently good-natured, sensible, attractive. Oh! but the temptation was growing more and more IMMENSE! when suddenly the door opened, and in sprang Lionel, crying out, "Mother, dear, the Colonel has come with me on purpose to—"

He stopped short, staring hard at Jasper Losely. That gentleman advanced a few steps, extending his hand, but came to an abrupt halt on seeing Colonel Morley's figure now filling up the doorway. Not that he feared recognition—the Colonel did not know him by sight, but he knew by sight the Colonel. In his own younger day, when lolling over the rails of Rotten Row, he had enviously noted the leaders of fashion pass by, and Colonel Morley had not escaped his observation. Colonel Morley, indeed, was one of those men who by name and repute are sure to be known to all who, like Jasper Losely in his youth, would fain know something about that gaudy, babbling, and remorseless world which, like the sun, either vivifies or corrupts, according to the properties of the object on which it shines. Strange to say, it was the mere sight of the real fine gentleman that made the mock fine gentleman shrink and collapse. Though Jasper Losely knew himself to be still called a magnificent man—one of royal Nature's Lifeguardsmen — though confident that from toe to toe his habiliments could defy the criticism of the strictest martinet in polite costume, no sooner did that figure—by no means handsome, and clad in garments innocent of buckram, but guilty of wrinkles—appear on the threshold, than Jasper Losely felt small and shabby, as if he had been suddenly reduced to five feet two, and had bought his coat out of an old-clothesman's bag.

Without appearing even to see Mr. Losely, the Colonel, in his turn, as he glided past him towards Mrs. Haughton, had, with what is proverbially called the corner of the eye, taken the whole of that impostor's superb *personnel* into calm survey, had read him through and through, and decided on these two points without the slightest hesitation—"a lady-killer and a sharper."

Quick as breathing had been the effect thus severally produced on Mrs. Haughton's visitors, which it has cost so many words to describe, so quick that the Colonel, without any apparent pause of dialogue, has already taken up the sentence Lionel left uncompleted, and says as he bows over Mrs. Haughton's hand, "come on purpose to claim acquaintance with an old friend's widow, a young friend's mother."

Mrs. HAUGHTON.—"I am sure, Colonel Morley, I am very much flattered. And you, too, knew the poor dear Captain; 'tis so pleasant to think that his old friends come round us now. This gentleman, also, was a particular friend of dear Charles's."

The Colonel had somewhat small eyes, which moved with habitual slowness. He lifted those eyes, let them drop upon Jasper (who still stood in the middle of the room, with one hand still half-extended towards Lionel), and letting the eyes rest there while he spoke, repeated,

"Particular friend of Charles Haughton's—the only one of his particular friends whom I never had the honour to see before."

Jasper, who, whatever his deficiency in other virtues, certainly did not lack courage, made a strong effort at self-possession, and without replying to the Colonel, whose remark had not been directly addressed to himself, said in his most rollicking tone—"Yes, Mrs. Haughton, Charles was my particular friend, but,"—lifting his eye-glass—"but this gentleman was," dropping the eye-glass negligently, "not in our set, I suppose." Then advancing to Lionel, and seizing his hand, "I must introduce myself—the image of your father, I declare! I was saying to Mrs. Haughton how much I should like to see you—proposing to her, just as you came in, that we should go to

the play together. Oh, ma'am, you may trust him to me safely. Young men should see LIFE." Here Jasper tipped Lionel one of those knowing winks with which he was accustomed to delight and ensnare the young friends of Mr. Poole, and hurried on: "But in an innocent way, ma'am, such as mothers would approve. We'll fix an evening for it, when I have the honour to call again. Good morning, Mrs. Haughton. Your hand again, sir (to Lionel).—Ah, we shall be great friends, I guess! You must let me take you out in my cab—teach you to handle the ribbons, eh? 'Gad, my old friend Charles *was* a whip. Ha! ha! Good day, good day!"

Not a muscle had moved in the Colonel's face during Mr. Losely's jovial monologue. But when Jasper had bowed himself out, Mrs. Haughton, curtsying, and ringing the bell for the footman to open the street-door, the man of the world (and, as man of the world, Colonel Morley was consummate) again raised those small slow eyes—this time towards *her* face—and dropped the words,—

"My old friend's particular friend is—not bad-looking, Mrs. Haughton!"

"And so lively and pleasant," returned Mrs. Haughton, with a slight rise of colour, but no other sign of embarrassment. "It may be a nice acquaintance for Lionel."

"Mother!" cried that ungrateful boy, "you are not speaking seriously. I think the man is odious. If he were not my father's friend, I should say he was—"

"What, Lionel?" asked the Colonel, blandly—"was what?"

"Snobbish, sir."

"Lionel, how dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Haughton. "What vulgar words boys do pick up at school, Colonel Morley."

"We must be careful that they do not pick up worse than words when they leave school, my dear madam. You will forgive me, but Mr. Darrell has so expressly—of course, with your permission—commended this young gentleman to my responsible care and guidance—so openly confided to me his views and intentions, that perhaps you would do me the very great favour not to force upon him, against his own wishes, the acquaintance of—that very good-looking person."

Mrs. Haughton pouted, but kept down her rising temper. The Colonel began to awe her.

"By the by," continued the man of the world, "may I inquire the name of my old friend's particular friend?"

"His name—upon my word I really don't know it. Perhaps he left his card—ring the bell, Lionel."

"You don't know his name, yet you know *him*, ma'am, and would allow your son to see LIFE under his auspices! I beg you ten thousand pardons; but even ladies the most cautious, mothers the most watchful, are exposed to—"

"Immense temptations—that is—to—to—"

"I understand perfectly, my dear Mrs. Haughton."

The footman appeared. "Did that gentleman leave a card?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did not you ask his name when he entered?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he said he would announce himself."

When the footman had withdrawn, Mrs. Haughton exclaimed piteously, "I have been to blame, Colonel—I see it. But Lionel will tell you how I came to know the gentleman—the gentleman who nearly ran over me, Lionel, and then spoke so kindly about your dear father."

"Oh, that is the person!—I supposed so," cried Lionel, kissing his mother, who was inclined to burst into tears. "I can explain it all now, Colonel Morley. Any one who says a kind word about my father, warms my mother's heart to him at once—is it not so, mother dear?"

"And long be it so," said Colonel Morley, with graceful earnestness; "and may such be my passport to your confidence, Mrs. Haughton. Charles was my old schoolfellow—a little boy when I and Darrell were in the sixth form; and, pardon me if I add, that if that gentleman were ever Charles Haughton's particular friend, he could scarcely have been a very wise one. For, unless his appearance greatly belie his years, he must have been little more than a boy when Charles Haughton left Lionel fatherless."

Here, in the delicacy of tact, seeing that Mrs. Haughton looked ashamed of the subject, and seemed aware of her imprudence, the Colonel rose, with a request—cheerfully granted—that Lionel might be allowed to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

## CHAPTER XI.

A man of the world, having accepted a troublesome charge, considers "what he will do with it;" and, having promptly decided, is sure, first, that he could not have done better; and, secondly, that much may be said to prove that he could not have done worse.

Reserving to a later occasion any more detailed description of Colonel Morley, it suffices for the present to say that he was a man of a very fine understanding, as applied to the special world in which he lived. Though no one had a more numerous circle of friends, and though with many of those friends he was on that footing of familiar intimacy which Darrell's active career once, and his rigid seclusion of late, could not have established with any idle denizen of that brilliant society in which Colonel Morley moved and had his being, yet, to Alban Morley's heart (a heart not easily reached), no friend was so dear as Guy Darrell. They had entered Eton on the same day—left it the same day—lodged while there in the same house; and though of very different characters, formed one of those strong, imperishable, brotherly affections which the Fates weave into the very woof of existence.

Darrell's recommendation would have secured to any young *protégé* Colonel Morley's gracious welcome and invaluable advice. But, both as Darrell's acknowledged kinsman, and as Charles Haugton's son, Lionel called forth his kindliest sentiments, and obtained his most sagacious deliberations. He had already seen the boy several times, before waiting on Mrs. Haughton, deeming it would please her to defer his visit until she could receive him in all the glories of Gloucester Place; and he had taken Lionel into high favour, and deemed him worthy of a conspicuous place in the world. Though Darrell in his letter to Colonel Morley had emphatically distinguished the position of Lionel, as a favoured kinsman, from that of a presumptive or even a probable heir, yet the rich man had also added: "But I wish him to take rank as the representative to the Haughtons; and, whatever I may do with the bulk of my fortune, I shall ensure to him a liberal independence. The completion of his education, the adequate allowance to him, the choice of a profession, are matters in which I entreat you to act for yourself, as if you were his guardian. I am leaving England—I may be abroad for years." Colonel Morley, in accepting the responsibilities thus pressed on him, brought to bear upon his charge subtle discrimination, as well as conscientious anxiety.

He saw that Lionel's heart was set upon the military profession, and that his power of application seemed lukewarm and desultory when not cheered and concentred by enthusiasm, and would, therefore, fail him if directed to studies which had no immediate reference to the objects of his ambition. The Colonel, accordingly, dismissed the idea of sending him for three years to an University. Alban Morley summed up his theories on the collegiate ordeal in these succinct aphorisms: "Nothing so good as an University education, nor worse than an University without its education. Better throw a youth at once into the wider sphere of a capital provided you there secure to his social life the ordinary checks of good company, the restraints imposed by the presence of decorous women, and men of grave years and dignified repute;—than confine him to the exclusive society of youths of his own age—the age of wild spirits and unreflecting imitation — unless he cling to the safeguard, which is found in hard reading, less by the book-knowledge it bestows, than by the serious and preoccupied mind which it abstracts from the coarser temptations."

But Lionel, younger in character than in years, was too boyish as yet to be safely consigned to those trials of tact and temper which await the neophyte who enters on life through the doors of a mess-room. His pride was too morbid, too much on the alert for offence; his frankness too crude, his spirit too untamed by the insensible discipline of social commerce.

Quoth the observant Man of the World: "Place his honour in his own keeping, and he will carry it about with him on full cock, to blow off a friend's head or his own before the end of the first month. Huffy—decidedly huffy! And of all causes that disturb regiments, and induce court-martials—the commonest cause is a huffy lad! Pity! for that youngster has in him the right metal—spirit and talent that should make him a first-rate soldier. It would be time well spent that should join professional studies with that degree of polite culture which gives dignity and cures *huffiness*. I must get him out of London, out of England—cut him off from his mother's apron-strings, and the particular friends of his poor father who prowl unannounced into the widow's drawing-room. He shall go to Paris—no better place to learn military theories, and be civilised out of huffy dispositions. No doubt my old friend, the chevalier, who has the art strategic at his finger ends, might be induced to take him *en pension*, direct his studies, and keep him out of harm's way. I can secure to him the *entrée* into the circles of the rigid old Faubourg St. Germain, where manners are best bred, and household ties most respected. Besides, as I am so often at Paris myself, I shall have him under my eye, and a few years there, spent in completing him as man, may bring him nearer to that marshal's baton which every recruit should have in his eye, than if I started him at once a raw boy, unable to take care of himself as an ensign, and unfitted, save by mechanical routine, to take care of others, should he live to buy the grade of a colonel."

The plans thus promptly formed Alban Morley briefly explained to Lionel, when the boy came to breakfast in Curzon Street, requesting him to obtain Mrs. Haughton's acquiescence in that exercise of the discretionary powers with which he had been invested by Mr. Darrell. To Lionel, the proposition that commended the very studies to which his tastes directed his ambition, and placed his initiation into responsible manhood among scenes bright to his fancy, because new to his experience, seemed of course the perfection of wisdom.

Less readily pleased was poor Mrs. Haughton, when her son returned to communicate the arrangement, backing a polite and well-worded letter from the Colonel with his own more artless eloquence. Instantly she fled off on the wing of her "little tempers." "What! her only son taken from her—sent to that horrid Continent, just when she was so respectably settled! What was the good of money if she was to be parted from her boy! Mr. Darrell might take the money back if he pleased—she would write and tell him so. Colonel Morley had no feeling; and she was shocked to think Lionel was in such unnatural hands. She saw very plainly that he no longer cared for her—a serpent's tooth, &c., &c." But as soon as the burst was over, the sky cleared, and Mrs. Haughton became penitent and sensible. Then her grief for Lionel's loss was diverted by preparations for his departure. There was his wardrobe to see to—a patent portmanteau to purchase and to fill. And, all done, the last evening mother and son spent together, though painful at the moment, it would be happiness for both hereafter to recall! Their hands clasped in each other—her head leaning on his young shoulder—her tears kissed so soothingly away. And soft words of kindly motherly counsel, sweet promises of filial performance. Happy, thrice happy, as an after remembrance, be the final parting between hopeful son and fearful parent, at the foot of that mystic bridge which starts from the threshold of Home—lost in the dimness of the far-opposing shore!—bridge over which goes the boy who will never return but as the man.

## CHAPTER XII.

**The Pocket Cannibal baits his woman's trap with love-letters—And a widow allured steals timidly towards it from under the weeds.**

Jasper Losely is beginning to be hard up! The infallible calculation at *rouge-et-noir* has carried off all that capital which had accumulated from the savings of the young gentlemen whom Dolly Poole had contributed to his exchequer. Poole himself is beset by duns, and pathetically observes "that he has lost three stone in weight, and that he believes the calves to his legs are gone to enlarge his liver."

Jasper is compelled to put down his cabriolet—to discharge his groom—to retire from his fashionable lodgings; and just when the prospect even of a dinner becomes dim, he bethinks himself of Arabella Crane, and remembers that she promised him £5, nay £10, which are still due from her. He calls—he is received like the prodigal son. Nay, to his own surprise, he finds Mrs. Crane has made her house much more inviting—the drawing-rooms are cleaned up; the addition of a few easy articles of furniture gives them quite a comfortable air. She herself has improved in costume—though her favourite colour still remains iron-grey. She informs Jasper that she fully expected him—that these preparations are in his honour—that she has engaged a very good cook—that she hopes he will dine with her when not better engaged—in short, lets him feel himself at home in Plodden Place.

Jasper at first suspected a sinister design, under civilities that his conscience told him were unmerited—a design to entrap him into that matrimonial alliance which he had so ungallantly scouted, and from which he still recoiled with an abhorrence which man is not justified in feeling for any connubial partner, less preternaturally terrific than the Witch of Endor or the Bleeding Nun!

But Mrs. Crane quickly and candidly hastened to dispel his ungenerous apprehensions. "She had given up," she said, "all ideas so preposterous—love and wedlock were equally out of her mind. But ill as he had behaved to her, she could not but feel a sincere regard for him—a deep interest in his fate. He ought still to make a brilliant marriage—did that idea not occur to him? She might help him there with her woman's wit. In short," said Mrs. Crane, pinching her lips; "in short, Jasper, I feel for you as a *mother*. Look on me as such!"

That pure and affectionate notion wonderfully tickled, and egregiously delighted Jasper Losely. "Look on you as a mother! I will," said he with emphasis. "Best of creatures!" And though in his own mind he had not a doubt that she still adored him (not as a mother) he believed it was a disinterested, devoted adoration, such as the beautiful brute really had inspired more than once in his abominable life. Accordingly, he moved into the neighbourhood of Plodden Place, contenting himself with a second-floor bedroom in a house recommended to him by Mrs. Crane, and taking his meals at his adopted mother's with filial familiarity. She expressed a desire to make Mr. Poole's acquaintance—Jasper hastened to present that worthy. Mrs. Crane invited Samuel Dolly to dine one day, to sup the next; she lent him £3 to redeem his dress-coat from pawn, and she gave him medicaments for the relief of his headache.

Samuel Dolly venerated her as a most superior woman—envied Jasper such a "mother." Thus easily did Arabella Crane possess herself of the existence of Jasper Losely. Lightly her fingers closed over it—lightly as the fisherman's over the captivated trout. And whatever her generosity, it was not carried to imprudence. She just gave to Jasper enough to bring him within her power—she had no idea of ruining herself by larger supplies—she concealed from him the extent of her income (which was in chief part derived from house-rents), the amount of her savings, even the name of her banker. And if he carried off to the *rouge-et-noir* table the coins he obtained from her, and came for

more, Mrs. Crane put on the look of a mother incensed—mild but awful—and scolded as mothers sometimes can scold. Jasper Losely began to be frightened at Mrs. Crane's scoldings. And he had not that power over her, which, though arrogated by a lover, is denied to an adopted son. His mind, relieved from the habitual distraction of the gambling-table—for which the resource was wanting—settled with redoubled ardour on the image of Mrs. Haughton. He had called at her house several times since the fatal day on which he had met there Colonel Morley, but Mrs. Haughton was never at home. And as when the answer was given to him by the footman, he had more than once, on crossing the street, seen herself through the window, it was clear that his acquaintance was not courted. Jasper Losely, by habit, was the reverse of a pertinacious and troublesome suitor — not, Heaven knows, from want of audacity, but from excess of self-love. Where a Lovelace so superb condescended to make overtures, a Clarissa so tasteless as to decline them deserved and experienced his contempt. Besides, steadfast and prolonged pursuit of any object, however important and attractive, was alien to the levity and fickleness of his temper. But in this instance he had other motives than those on the surface for unusual perseverance.

A man like Jasper Losely never reposes implicit confidence in any one. He is garrulous, indiscreet—lets out much that Machiavel would have advised him not to disclose; but he invariably has nooks and corners in his mind which he keeps to himself. Jasper did not confide to his adopted mother his designs upon his intended bride. But she knew them through Poole, to whom he was more frank; and when she saw him looking over her select and severe library—taking therefrom the *Polite Letter-Writer* and the *Elegant Extracts*, Mrs. Crane divined at once that Jasper Losely was meditating the effect of epistolary seduction upon the widow of Gloucester Place.

Jasper did not write a bad love-letter in the florid style. He had at his command, in especial, certain poetical quotations, the effect of which repeated experience had assured him to be as potent upon the female breast as the incantations or *Carmina* of the ancient sorcery. The following in particular:

> "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure you."

Another — generally to be applied when confessing that his career had been interestingly wild, and would, if pity were denied him, be pathetically short:

> "When he who adores thee has left but the name
> Of his faults and his follies behind."

Armed with these quotations — many a sentence from the *Polite Letter-Writer* or the *Elegant Extracts*— and a quire of rose-edged paper, Losely sat down to Ovidian composition. But as he approached the close of Epistle the First, it occurred to him that a signature and address were necessary. The address not difficult. He could give Poole's (hence his confidence to that gentleman) — Poole had a lodging in Bury Street, St. James, a fashionable locality for single men. But the name required more consideration. There were insuperable objections against signing his own, to any person who might be in communication with Mr. Darrell—a pity, for there was a good old family of the name of Losely. A name of aristocratic sound might indeed be readily borrowed from any lordly proprietor thereof without asking a formal consent. But this loan was exposed to danger. Mrs. Haughton might very naturally mention such name as borne by her husband's friend, to Colonel Morley, and Colonel Morley would most probably know enough of the connections and relations of any peer so honoured, to say, "there is no such Greville, Cavendish, or Talbot." But Jasper Losely was not without fertility of invention and readiness of resource. A grand idea, worthy of a master, and proving that, if the man had not been a rogue in grain he could have been reared into a very clever politician, flashed across him. He would sign himself "SMITH." Nobody could say there is no such Smith; nobody could say that a Smith might not be a most respectable, fashionable, high-connected man. There are Smi

who are millionaires—Smiths who are large-acred squires—substantial baronets—peers of England, and pillars of the State—members even of the British Cabinet. You can no more question a man's right to be a Smith than his right to be a Briton; and wide as the diversity of rank, lineage, virtue, and genius in Britons, is the diversity in Smiths. But still a name so generic often affects a definitive precursor. Jasper signed himself "J. COURTENAY SMITH."

He called, and left Epistle the First with his own kid-gloved hand, inquiring first if Mrs. Haughton were at home, and, responded to in the negative, this time he asked for her son. "Her son was gone abroad with Colonel Morley." Jasper, though sorry to lose present hold over the boy, was consoled at learning that the Colonel was off the ground. More sanguine of success, he glanced up at the window, and, sure that Mrs. Haughton was there, though he saw her not, lifted his hat with as melancholy an expression of reproach as he could throw into his face.

The villain could not have found a moment in Mrs. Haughton's widowed life so propitious to his chance of success. In her lodging-house at Pimlico, the good lady had been too incessantly occupied for that idle train of reverie, in which the poets assure us that Cupid finds leisure to whet his arrows, and take his aim. Had Lionel still been by her side—had even Colonel Morley been in town—her affection for the one, her awe of the other, would have been her safeguards. But alone in that fine new house—no friends, no acquaintances as yet—no dear visiting circle on which to spend the desire of talk and the zest for innocent excitement that are natural to ladies of an active mind and a nervous temperament, the sudden obtrusion of a suitor so respectfully ardent—oh! it is not to be denied that the temptation was IMMENSE!

And when that note, so neatly folded—so elegantly sealed—lay in her irresolute hand, the widow could not but feel that she was still young, still pretty; and her heart flew back to the day when the linen-draper's fair daughter had been the cynosure of the provincial High Street—when young officers had lounged to and fro the pavement, looking in at her window—when ogles and notes had alike beset her, and the dark eyes of the irresistible Charlie Haughton had first taught her pulse to tremble. And in her hand lies the letter of Charlie Haughton's particular friend. She breaks the seal. She reads—a declaration!

Five letters in five days did Jasper write. In the course of those letters, he explains away the causes for suspicion which Colonel Morley had so ungenerously suggested. He is no longer anonymous—he is J. Courtenay Smith. He alludes incidentally to the precocious age in which he had become "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." This accounts for his friendship with a man so much his senior as the late Charlie. He confesses that, in the vortex of dissipation, his hereditary estates have disappeared; but he has still a genteel independence; and with the woman of his heart, &c., &c. He had never before known what real love was, &c. "Pleasure had fired his maddening soul;" "but the heart—the heart been lonely still." He entreated only a personal interview, even though to be rejected—scorned. Still, when "he who adored her had left but the name," &c., &c. Alas! alas! as Mrs. Haughton put down Epistle the Fifth, she hesitated; and the woman who hesitates in such a case, is sure, at least—to write a civil answer.

Mrs. Haughton wrote but three lines—still they *were* civil—and conceded an interview for the next day, though implying that it was but for the purpose of assuring Mr. J. Courtenay Smith in person, of her unalterable fidelity to the shade of his lamented friend.

In high glee Jasper showed Mrs. Haughton's answer to Dolly Poole, and began seriously to speculate on the probable amount of the widow's income, and the value of her movables in Gloucester Place. Thence he repaired to Mrs. Crane: and, emboldened by the hope, for ever, to escape from her maternal tutelage, braved her scoldings, and asked for a couple of sovereigns. He was sure that he should be in luck that night.

She gave to him the sum, and spared the scoldings. But, as soon as he was gone, conjecturing, from the bravado of his manner, what had really occurred, Mrs. Crane put on her bonnet and went out.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Unhappy is the man who puts his trust in—a woman.

Late that evening a lady, in a black veil, knocked at No. * * Gloucester Place, and asked to see Mrs. Haughton on urgent business. She was admitted. She remained but five minutes.

The next day, when "gay as a bridegroom prancing to his bride," Jasper Losely presented himself at the widow's door, the servant placed in his hand a packet, and informed him bluffly that Mrs. Haughton had gone out of town. Jasper with difficulty suppressed his rage, opened the packet — his own letters returned, with these words,— "Sir, your name is not Courtenay Smith. If you trouble me again I shall apply to the police." Never from female hand had Jasper Losely's pride received such a slap on its face. He was literally stunned. Mechanically he hastened to Arabella Crane; and having no longer any object in concealment, but, on the contrary, a most urgent craving for sympathy, he poured forth his indignation and wrongs. No mother could be more consolatory than Mrs. Crane. She soothed, she flattered, she gave him an excellent dinner; after which she made him so comfortable—what with an easy-chair and complimentary converse, that, when Jasper rose late to return to his lodging, he said: "After all, if I had been ugly and stupid, and of a weakly constitution, I should have been of a very domestic turn of mind."

### CHAPTER XIV.

No Author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.

Whether moved by that pathetic speech of Jasper's, or by some other impulse not less feminine, Arabella Crane seemed suddenly to conceive the laudable and arduous design of reforming that portentous sinner. She had some distant relations in London, whom she very rarely troubled with a visit, and who, had she wanted anything from them, would have shut their doors in her face; but as, on the contrary, she was well off, single, and might leave her money to whom she pleased, the distant relations were always warm in manner, and prodigal in their offers of service. The next day she repaired to one of these kinsfolk — a person in a large way of business — and returned home with two great books in white sheepskin. And when Losely looked in to dine, she said, in the suavest tones a tender mother can address to an amiable truant, "Jasper, you have great abilities—at the gaming-table abilities are evidently useless — your forte is calculation — you were always very quick at that. I have been fortunate enough to procure you an easy piece of taskwork, for which you will be liberally remunerated. A friend of mine wishes to submit these books to a regular accountant; he suspects that a clerk has cheated him, but he cannot tell how or where. You know accounts thoroughly—no one better—and the pay will be ten guineas."

Jasper, though his early life had rendered familiar and facile to him the science of book-keeping and double-entry, made a grimace at the revolting idea of any honest labour, however light and well paid. But ten guineas were an immense temptation, and in the evening Mrs. Crane coaxed him into the task.

Neglecting no feminine art to make the lawless nomad feel at home under her roof, she had provided for his ease and comfort morocco slippers and a superb dressing-robe, in material rich, in colour becoming.

Men, single or marital, are accustomed to connect the idea of home with dressing-gown and slippers, especially if, after dinner, they apply (as Jasper Losely now applied) to occupations in which the brain is active, the form in repose. What achievement, literary or scientific, was ever accomplished by a student strapped to unyielding boots, and "cabined, cribbed, confined," in a coat that fits him like wax? As robed in the cosy garment which is consecrated to the sacred familiar Lares, the relaxing, handsome ruffian sate in the quiet room, bending his still regular profile over the sheepskin books — the harmless pen in that strong well-shaped hand, Mrs. Crane watching him with a softening countenance. To bear him company, she had actively taken herself to work — the gold thimble dragged from its long repose — marking and hemming, with nimble artistic fingers, new cravats for the adopted son! Strange creature is Woman! Ungrateful and perfidious as that sleek tiger before her had often proved himself — though no man could less deserve one kindly sentiment in a female heart — though she knew that he cared nothing for her, still it was pleasing to know that he cared for nobody else — that he was sitting in the same room — and Arabella Crane felt, that if that existence could continue, she could forget the past, and look contented towards the future. Again I say, strange creature is woman — and in this instance, creature more strange, because so grim! But as her eyes soften, and her fingers work, and her mind revolves schemes for making that lawless wild beast an innocuous tame animal, who can help feeling for and with grim Arabella Crane?

Poor woman! And will not the experiment succeed? Three evenings does Jasper Losely devote to this sinless life and its peaceful occupation. He completes his task — he receives the ten guineas. (How much of that fee came out of Mrs. Crane's privy purse?) He detects three mistakes, which justify suspicion of the book-keeper's integrity. Set a thief to catch a thief! He is praised for acuteness, and promised a still lighter employment, to be still better paid. He departs, declaring that he will come the next day, earlier than usual — he volunteers an eulogium upon work in general — he vows that evenings so happy he has not spent for years; he leaves Mrs. Crane so much impressed by the hope of his improvement, that if a good clergyman had found her just at that moment, she might almost have been induced to pray. But—

"Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit!"

Jasper Losely returns not, neither to Podden Place nor to his lodging in the neighbourhood. Days elapse; still he comes not; even Poole does not know where he has gone; even Poole has not seen him! But that latter worthy is now laid up with a serious rheumatic fever — confined to his room and water gruel. And Jasper Losely is not the man to intrude himself on the privacy of a sick-chamber. Mrs. Crane, more benevolent, visits Poole — cheers him up — gets him a nurse — writes to Uncle Sam. Poole blesses her. He hopes that Uncle Sam, moved by the spectacle of his sick-bed, will say, "Don't let your debts fret you — I will pay them!" Whatever her disappointment or resentment at Jasper's thankless and mysterious evasion, Arabella Crane is calmly confident of his return. To her servant, Bridgett Greggs, who was perhaps the sole person in the world who entertained affection for the lone gaunt woman, and who held Jasper Losely in profound detestation, she said, with tranquil sternness, "That man has crossed my life, and darkened it. He passed away, and left Night behind him. He has dared to return. He shall never escape me again, till the grave yawn for one of us."

"But, Lor love you, miss, you would not put yourself in the power of such a black-hearted villing?"

"In *his* power! No, Bridgett; fear not, he must be in mine — sooner or later in mine — hand and foot. Patience!"

As she was thus speaking—a knock at the door—"It is he—I told you so—quick!"

But it was not Jasper Losely. It was Mr. Rugge.

## THE BELLS OF BOTREAUX.

### A LEGEND.

THERE are spots and nooks in the world, so wild and isolated, so set in contrast by oddness of position with the general order and economy, that they seem accidents, freaks or afterthoughts of nature. Such is the little harbour of Boscastle, on the north coast of Cornwall. It was an after-thought. There the sea has made for itself an inlet betwixt the bold headlands of the rocky shore, where it tides, boils, and surges in a little cove, surrounded by dark walls of cliff and jutting points, expending its force against the small pier, which forms a confined and partial shelter for the few ships trading thither. A deep narrow valley, through which a tiny streamlet runs over a stony shelving bed, betwixt the sloping sides of grassy furze-clad steeps, leads inland to a few straggling houses, scattered along the foot of the hills, and connected by a rude bridge. Here were the few stores, shops, and yards which the trade and traffic of the place required; here were the houses of the wild seamen and fishers, who battled through life with the storms and surfs, the perils and difficulties of that rock-bound coast; and here the rude quarrymen from a neighbouring district laid their heads, took their chance meals, their chance rests and recreations. Amid this hard-bred, hard-living, rough-tutored commonalty, moved a small and well-graduated aristocracy of craftsmen, shipwrights, clerks, and merchants. The houses were simple and commonplace enough, but the shadows of the overhanging hills, now dark with cloud-gloom, now rich and mellow with the bloom of furze and heath, and the distant roar of the surf and the glimpses of spray and foam, gave to the place a wild picturesqueness which toned well with the life of the people. At times, too, when the storms arose, when the waves surged loudly and heavily against the shore, and the winds swept up the valley with a drear and sullen boom, and the storm-shades fell darkly and wildly, the vale-head, with its cluster of homesteads, was raised into sublimity. How often does nature thus clothe the homeliness of man with its own beauty and grandeur! how often again, does man invest its commonplaces with a sacredness and a glory! This spot was, however, but the outskirt, the offset of the town, which lay strewn on the face of the hill in clumps and heaps of houses, massed like boulders of tors along the side of a steep and tortuous road, which led down towards the harbour.

On a Christmas Eve, some time in the beginning of this century—when men still wore their singularities and their individualism, and ere civilisation had reduced society to one Procrustean standard—a group of men were assembled in the skittle-alley of the village inn. It was a long thatched shed, open at the end and one side, and having benches all around for the spectators. It was a wild, strange group. There were the hard-lined, weather-beaten faces, and strong, stalwart, toil-hardened forms of pilots and fishermen, clad in the thick heavy boots, the large woollen frocks hanging in folds round their waists, and the fur cap or oilskin hat, which seems as peculiar to the class as his skin is to the bear; of quarrymen, heavy, dull, and clay-stained, and of sturdy, homely-looking yeomen. In the midst, with a sort of half-acknowledged authority and precedence, sat a large, stout, muscular man of herculean build, but whose giant proportions were confused and lost by his loose mode of sitting: the face was broad and ruddy, the brow wide and open. This was old John Truscott, a famous wrestler, who had not only carried off the hats, purses, and other prizes at the neighbouring games, but had actually "gone foreign" to show his prowess—that is, had gone into the next county to meet the challenge of a man who claimed the championship of the kingdom;

had there and then thrown him in a fair ring, winning the supremacy for his own county; and had come back to live and move among his own people, surrounded with a little halo of hero-worship.

Seldom were surnames heard in this assemblage. Men were known chiefly by patronymics, synonyms, and nicknames. "Smuggler Tom," "Pilot Joe," "Champion John," and "Fancy Sam," were the terms and titles bandied about from mouth to mouth. At the time we enter, the interest is all centred on two players. The one was a tall, lithe, sinewy man, quick, rapid, and impulsive in his action and gestures. The face was handsome, but its beauty was of the kind which bordered on the fearful. The features and expression were fine and strongly marked, but stern and unsoftened as though they had been impressed in lava, or burnt in by the heat of sun and passion. The eye was fierce and restless, and flashed ever and anon with furtive and vengeful glances. Around his brown brawny neck a coloured kerchief was wound loosely, and fastened in front by a gold ring; his jacket was full, and trimmed with braid; little filigree buttons held his waistcoat together; a cap, with hanging tassel and gold band, sat lightly on his short dark curls, and round his waist was bound a red sash. The dress was foreign, and Richard Curgenven, the wearer — or Brazilian Dick, as he was familiarly called— had been a wanderer in many lands, had shared (it was said) in some strange exploits on the Spanish Main; had worked in the mines of Brazil, and acted many another phase of wild and adventurous life. He was now come to his native land, well-to-do, it seemed; was liberal, even lavish, of his means, and had a dash and recklessness in all he said and did, which was taking with the many, but had a strong repulsion for the staid stay-at-home natures of patriarchs and elders. The rival player was Phil Rounsval, a young yeoman, the descendant of yeomen who had lived on the same farm since the time of the Domesday Book without altering their landmarks, and had gone on man after man tilling the same acres, housing their cattle in the same steads, sitting by the same hearthstone, and being borne to the same churchyard on the cliff, where the burial-mounds of the race were heaped like molehills. He was young, and comely to look upon. The character of his countenance was one common to the Cornish—massive, yet finely turned—not heavy or inexpressive, but rarely lit or excited; his form was slouching or slovenly, until some gymnastic action threw it into an attitude of firm and graceful strength. The game was one of skill, and was at a turning-point. The men were "lobbing"—that is, throwing the bowl home to the pins, not bowling or trundling it. Brazilian Dick had made some brilliant and dashing throws, which had somewhat posed the steady play of his antagonist. There were now three pins standing, and Farmer Phil had to bring down these in one throw. Slowly the bowl was poised, swiftly and surely it flew, just touching the bellying point of the outer pin, and bounding to the other two, laying all on the ground. The game was won. A little uproar of shouts, opinions, and acclaim closed around the players, and it was soon evident that the principals themselves were at high words.

"Let 'em fight it out!" was the general cry, and seemed the mutual meaning.

Presently old John Truscott's form was seen, and his voice heard in the midst. "No fighting — no fighting here!" he said. "If the lads want to know who is best man, let 'em try a turn of wrastling. A kindly grip and a faall don't leave the ill blood of a black eye or a bruise. I have knowed many fellows better friends after a good hearty tuzzle."

"A second Daniel come to judgment," was the thought, though not the speech, of the Cornishmen. The sentence was received with general assent. A ring was speedily formed —the men strip, and are all attired in the wrestling-jackets, always ready on such occasions; they shake hands, according to custom, though the wilful look of the eye, dark and flashing with one, calm and steady with the other, belie the friendly grasp. Now

they take their grip. To the uninitiated, the Brazilian has out and out the best of it. He works and turns and twists apparently according to his pleasure; but the *connoisseur* sees that his adversary is gradually drawing him closer and closer with the steady force of calm power. They are close now, breast to breast, and Phil's right arm is thrown over the shoulder, his right leg twined round that of the Brazilian, who perforce seizes him now round the waist. "A hitch, a hitch," is the shout. "He hath got 'un now," muttered old John Truscott.

For a minute they stand thus, still and statuesque, either afraid to lose his balance. Phil makes play; fails; rescues himself; grows weary. The Brazilian loses patience; makes a sudden effort; fails. A sudden touch of Phil's heel, a quick turn of the whole body, and down goes his adversary fairly on his back, not heavily, but with the elastic bound of an india-rubber ball.

"A faall—a faall!" is the cry.

The men rise and glare at each other, and words are muttered such as these—"Next time we will have a sharper tuzzle." — "Ay, ay, and perhaps thee may then have a heavier fall."

There is a general breaking up and dispersion to the different homes now for the Christmas Eve.

"There is ill blood atween those lads," says old Joe Treherne the pilot; "and 'tis all along of old miller Rosevear's lass."

"Ah!" says old Truscott, "there's a lass in the case, is there? I misdoubted somewhat, Farmer Phil played so wilful."

"Yes, sure," rejoined the pilot, "he cremed 'un cruel hard, and looked so vengeful at one time, that I thought he was going to give 'un the Flying Mare."

"I am glad he didn't — glad he didn't."

"Why, John? you know none but the best men can play that hitch."

"None but the best men can play it, and the best men never do it except when the blood is up. I never played it but once, and I am sorry for it now—always have been."

"Tell us all about it, Champion Jan," was the cry of many voices.

"Well; you know, lads, how I went up to Plymouth to wrastle the Devonshire champion. He were a good man—as good a man as e'er I had a turn with. Well, he kicked and kicked me cruel, till my leg was all black and plummed up, from knee to ankle. But I didn't mind this much, for I gave 'un a creme (a grip) for every kick; and at last he put forth his foot vengefully, and took my toe-nail clean off. I was in cruel pain — very nigh mad, and I closed in on 'un, took the old hitch, gave 'un the hoist, and away he went flying over my shoulder, and fell flat on the ground like a sack of wheat."

"Didst kill 'un, Jan?—didst break his bones?"

"No, no; he wasn't that hurt. The wind was out of 'un for a while; but he was game, regular game, and got up and stood another turn; but I have heard that he was never his own man again. No, no, lads, never play in passion—never give the Flying Mare."

"Except when your toe-nail's kicked off," insinuates pilot Joe.

Old Truscott answered not, but went his way, shaking his head, thinking and feeling evidently that that angry action was a blot on his manhood, and had placed a withered leaf in his champion's chaplet.

## CHAPTER II.

Deep in one of those glens which everywhere in Cornwall vein the land with lines of beauty and sublimity, coursing through and vivifying even bleakness and barrenness with touches of the picturesque and romantic, stood an old mill. Built in a hollow of the rock, it seemed almost a projection of it, save where the fitful lights of a wintry sky struck out dimly and partially the outline of its thick thatched roof with its heavy overhanging eaves, its broad gable with latticed windows, doors, and hatches, and the huge wheel resting like a black jagged shadow

in the darkness. In front brawled a tiny brook, which had no right, from its size, to make the noise it did. It was almost the only thing which woke up or enlivened the solitudes and wastes through which it passed. It made the life of the little glen as it tumbled, and foamed, and gurgled in its rocky course, fretting in eddies over the loose stones, lying darkly in deep pools, from which it swept over ridges and ledges in tiny cascades—rushing through channels it had worn for itself—running in a wavy line through a dark tunnel of cliff—and then, at last, sparkling and dancing in the open space, where it met the breakers of the great sea. It was ever alight, too, even in the dark places, with sun or moon gleams: and, by day or night, its waters glanced and shone like bright spots in the gloom and shadows of the glen.

This spot was called the Rocky Valley, and was a short distance only from the town of Boscastle. Here lived old Hugh Rosevear the miller. He and his mill were both at rest now, keeping holiday. He was the very picture of holiday rest as he sat in a huge oaken settle before the fire—the very type of a jolly miller. Why millers should necessarily be jolly, or why their vocation should nurture this characteristic, is not very clear, save that the plenty which passes by them sheds on their nature a reflection of goodliness and satisfaction. We have seen millers certainly, meagre, sombre, and dismal enough to have done honour to a conventicle; but these are the failures: as a class, they are generally fat and well-liking, mirthful and chirping, fond of jest, and feast, and song.

Old Hugh looked like a man who was about to feast, and who liked the idea. There was feasting in the twinkle of his eyes, in the folds of his double-chin, and the quiet smile playing about his mouth. He was alone as yet. From a heap of turf and wood on the wide open hearth the fire flashed fitfully, throwing a broad bright gleam on the stone floor, but only half lighting the beams and rafters, from which hung pieces of bacon, bags of herbs, and the first handful of last year's harvest bound with a withered garland, and the dark recesses where the wood was stored, and where the clock and the dressers stood, all bedecked now with little bits of laurel and holly. On the shelves pewter plates and dishes shone like silver shields. Old Hugh had an aversion to delf, or clome as he called it, and made very merry at times with his wife's Cheeny vagaries—the good lady's tastes in that line being humbly developed in a couple of spotted cows with tails turned over their backs, and a shepherd and shepherdess very mild and pastoral.

From behind the settle, ever and anon, as the oven was opened, came a goodly savour of newly-baked bread, cakes, and pies. Female forms flitted to and fro, sending a pleasant look or a pleasant word to the old man as he sat waiting his guests. Their coming was anticipated in the presence of horn-cups on the table before him, and a large brown Toby Fill-pot jug, the only earthern thing he used, that he had been inveigled into buying by a Cheap-John, who held it before him, and said, "There, miller, take this, and whenever you pour out your beer, you may see yourself without a looking-glass." The conceit tickled the old fellow, and he always chuckled when, at his evening draughts, he was confronted by the figure of the jolly toper.

Pleasant were the old man's musings as he sat basking in the firelight; many a low chuckle did he utter, and many a time might be seen—

> "The slow wise smile that round about
> His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
> Seem'd half within and half without,
> And full of dealings with the world."

Pleasantly were they interrupted after a while by the presence of a young girl, who came softly around the settle, and stood before him on the hearth.

"Ah! Grace, lass, art dressed a'ready? Thee doesn't want much bedizening, and that thee know'st right well." And the old man's eyes laughed softly with pride and satisfaction as they lighted on the pleasant beauty and comely proportions of his daughter. Grace Rosevear was indeed pleasant to look upon.

Hers was the half Celtic half Saxon beauty—not rare in Cornwall—of the dark-grey eye, bright and gladsome, the oval face, the clear complexion touched with a healthful ruddiness, the light-brown hair, soft and rich, rippling in wavy folds around the forehead, and falling loosely in two long curls adown the neck. The charm of face and feature, however, were as nought to the brightness and kindliness which played over them like a sunny gleam. Her figure was tall and light, yet well rounded, and swelled fairly beneath the tight-fitting boddice and the full petticoat. Not refined, perhaps, was Grace, nor did she rejoice in the white hand or arched foot, but she was winsome and winning. Her only ornament to-night was a breast-knot of cherry-coloured ribbons. As his eye glanced on this, old Hugh laughed heartily.

"Ah! lass," he said, "I am glad to see thee hast not forgotten thee fairing. On a night like this, a lad hath a right to see thee favour his token. I am right glad, too, that thee doesn't wear the gimcrack that fellow Rich Curgenven gave thee."

"Come, father, it is no gimcrack that broach, but the purest gold from the mines; so Dick told me, and the lad himself is well enough, and hath a good favour and a glib tongue."

"Gold or no gold, I care not. I mislike the chap, glib as he is. I never could take kindly to a man who couldn't look me in the face, and is always glowering askew. Besides, I doan't put any faith in a gad-about, who never knaws his own parish, and goes tramping about from place to place, furgathering with furreigners, and such like. I hope that I shall never see thee take on with a fellow who goeth trapsing and tinkering about the country."

At the moment, in the height of his prejudices against wanderers, he saw his daughter in highlows and a black velvet bonnet, with a bundle of sticks and umbrellas under her arm, following her spouse from house to house, or with a tambourine in her hand going from window to window, whilst he juggled with balls on an extemporised arena, or exhibited Punch.

"Well, father, if a rolling stone gathers no moss, a stay-at-home is always homely, and I likes to hear all his romancings about the strange people and the strange sights he hath seen; and he tells it all, brave and spirity, like the player-folk at the show."

"Romancing! Yes, half of 'em lies, and what good has ever come of all this gadding and sight-seeing. The father before 'im, old Dick Curgenven, was always a-roving and a-rambling, a-trying this and that, Jack-of-all-trades and master of none; and what was the end of it? Why, he almost come to the parish afore he died. Noa, noa, give me a staid, kindly lad, like Phil Rounsval, who can be gay enough at feasting-time and revels, but was never away from tilling, or hoeing, or haymaking, or harvest-home. He's a good man, too, in the ring and at hurling. Old Champion Jan says, he never saw a likelier one; and he's a good man, too, on his own hearthstone."

Could old Rosevear have seen the light flush which the name of Phil called up, he would have dismissed any misgivings he might have of Grace's hankering for the rover, and have seen that her defence of him was a little wilfulness and caprice.

"I wonder, father, you favour Phil's gallivantings to the wrestlings and the feasts, when you are so hard upon another lad for roving and straying."

"'Tis a different thing—a different thing entirely. A man must show hisself a man, and should see what the lads of other parishes be like, and what be their ways and games, and he will settle down better afterwards to his own town-place. 'Tis furreigners I object to. There's no good in 'em. Old Pilot Joe will tell ye the same. Ah! here he comes."

He had entered at the moment, bringing with him a smell of seaweed and tarred rope. With him was old John Truscott, burly ever, and bravely attired now in top-boots and breeches, a buff waistcoat, and a blue coat, very scant and short in the waist. Another of the guests was old Jack Philp, the auctioneer, whose outer man was ever the same. No mortal, save perhaps the wife of

his bosom, ever saw it represented otherwise than by Hessian boots, cords, a cut-away coat, and a hat which was a kind of compromise between a carter's and a dean's, such as became one who surveyed land and gathered tithes, and whose vocation was a sort of neutral ground betwixt the plough and the vestry. Whether he was ever divested of these externals, or how they were changed or renewed, the partner of his privacy alone could tell. He was a cheery old fellow, with a wrinkled weather-beaten face, ruddy withal, like an old apple, and was as famous for his prowess and hard-headedness at drinking-bouts, as old Truscott was for his wrestling. With these came other worthies; and the two young men followed shortly after,—Phil greeting the miller with a hearty grip, and making a sort of half-bashful, half-familiar salutation to Grace; Curgenven sliding in almost unseen and unnoticed, until he had reached her side, and begun to make his advances in his usual dashing style, softening, however, his recklessness by an insinuating air of courtesy and gallantry—when his eye caught sight of the simple ribbon lying where his gift should have been, and then shot towards his rival a glance fierce, vengeful, and threatening as a snake's. Dame Rosevear, fat, hearty, and comely, as she ought in right to be, had meanwhile joined the circle, and passed compliments with her husband's cronies. She saw that glance, and interpreted it with a woman's readiness.

The company were all seated now around the fire, pipes were lighted, horns were filled, and pieces of saffron and currant cake handed about on platters.

"I was saying when you come in," began old Hugh, "that I never knowed any good come of mixing with furreigners, and that I never heard any good of most of 'em. You cant give 'em any great character, I think, Joe Treherne."

"God forbid that I should wrong 'em," answered the old pilot, "for I've met as true men among 'em, especially the fishermen in the French waters, as ever cast a net or worked a ship; but I never do feel quite comfortable or social with 'em somehow, for they'ern mostly cruel, oncertain, and wilful; not hearty and straightfor'ard as we be, but will carry their grudges in their hearts for years, and gie a man a stab or a shot, without word or warning."

"What of that?" cried Brazilian Dick. "Give me the wild brave life in the countries where men's hearts are warmed by the sunshine, and women's eyes flash brightly. What if there be sometimes a flashing knife or a death-grip—and if a man be found lying stabbed under a window, or falls dead and bloody under a gambling-table? There is some spirit in the dashing, rollicking life they lead there; and 'tis better living, after all, than slouching about the same fields all one's days, with the clay clogging one's feet, and with scarce heart enough to look over the next fence."

"God keep us from such a life," murmured dame Rosevear; and Grace's cheek grew pale as she heard the rover speak so lightly of blood and murder.

"A man may be bold enough," rejoined Phil, "who never went abroad from his own town-place, and ha'e speret enough to hold his owe, if his blood ben't heated with a blazing sun. The ould stone down in the four-acre field by the "Keeve" has never been moved for hundreds of years, and the Rounsvals for as long have stood on the same harth-stone, and crossed the same thresh-old; though the roof and walls may have been changed. But there never was one of the breed yet that turned from a fair challenge. We ben't good at the knife or the back-stroke, but face to face with the fist or the hug, we never feared a man yet."

"Never mind about stay-at-homes, or stray-abroads," struck in champion Truscott. "If a man hath got the heart in 'im, he'll show it, whether he be working slate in Delabole quarry, or digging gold in a Portuguese mine." Then changing the drift of the conversation, he turned to old pilot Treherne. "So Joe, thee thinkest that the seafaring men are the best in all countries; nothing like sticking up for one's own trade."

"Good right too with me; for as long as the Rounsvals have been

ploughing the farm at the Keeve, have we Trehernes, faythers and sons, been going down to the sea in ships. Men and boys, for generations, have we been occupying our business in the great waters, and lived from the time we were born, a'most to our graves, amid the wonders of the deep. Most on us, too, have met our graves there. Three grown men only of us all have been carr'd to the old Botreaux churchyard, or had the prayers read o'er 'em."

"That's the worst of thee calling," chimed in Jack Philp. "It must be oncommon cold lying down at the bottom of the sea, upon the sand and shells, with the waves washing over one, and the weeds twining around, and the great fish a-swimming about and looking at one. I must own that I shud like to be tucked in comfortable in a coffin, and have made my old dummun promise that I shud be laid in a four-wall grave, snug and cosy-like."

"Sure thee doesn't think that it matters where our poor bones be put to, maister Philp," says dame Rosevear. "Thee doesn't believe that the speret ever comes back to 'em. I never troubles my head much with sich doctrines. I thinks very much like old saxton Will. When Irish Kitty threatened to haunt 'im if he didn't bury her under the ould yew-tree, he tould the parson o' it. 'Well,' said the parson, 'I ain't afraid; are you?' 'No,' says Will, 'I ben't afeard; for if her goeth to a good place, her won't want to come back; and if her goeth to the bad one, they won't let her.'"

"Natheless," answered the pilot, "it would be a comfort to know that I should ha'e to lie at last in the ould ground at Botreaux, with the winds from the furzy down blowing over it, and the sun lighting upon the turf, and the waves rippling agin the rocks nigh at hand. God knows, though, whether my cheeld will ever be able to tell where his fayther lieth. It is curious, though, that one of the few on us who did die in his bed, was my great-great-granfa'r, who was drove ashore on a piece of timber when the ship was wrecked, that was bringing the holy bells for the ould church of Botreaux."

"Tell us the tale, man!" cried miller Hugh; "I've heard 'un many a time from thee and thy fayther, but I'd like to hear 'un again. It's as good as a sarment any day—better than Parson Lanxon's, any how."

There was a general murmur of assent.

"Well," commenced the pilot, thus appealed to, "you know the townfolk at Boscastle many years agone were mad almost because there were no bells in Botreaux church, and it went to their hearts like, to hear them at Tintagel, a-ringing and stramming at all times, while they had none to chime 'em to church or toll 'em to their graves, or send out a hearty peal at their weddings or feasting days; so they sent to some place far away, and had a fine set cast, and they were blessed by the pope or bishop, or some holy man. Now it so happened one Sunday, when the folks was all sauntering about on the cliffs arter church, that 'twas said how the ship with the bells was in sight, and that Pilot Treherne had gone aboard her. So the people thronged out like a fair, and sat about the rocks to watch the vessel; and the young 'uns whispered to their sweethearts that there would be a merry peal now at their wedding, and the old 'uns thought how there would be a decent toll now at their buryings. Well, the ship came fairly along the coast; the wind was free, and the sea smooth as glass. They had made Willapark Point, and the bells of Tintagel was ringing out loud and strong. This made the pilot so glad that he said, 'Thank God for our good voyage.' 'Thank the ship and the canvass,' said the captain; 'thank God ashore.' 'We must thank Him at sea as well as on land,' said the pilot. 'No, thank the good timbers and a fair wind,' roared the captain, and he cussed and swore and blasphemed quite awful. Scarce had he spoke the words when great black clouds lowered in the sky, and the wind rose into a squall, and the waves tossed and tumbled towards the shore. The ship was took aback, and would not answer the helm, and kept drifting in and in on the rocks; then a sea struck her, and drove her

right on the cliff of the Black Pit. She went to pieces instantly almost; and afore the people could look around, the spars was floating on the waters; and they thought that, with the beat of the surf and the roar of the winds, they heard the bells chiming out quite loud and solemn-like. Some of 'em climbed round the point to see if any one was saved, and there they see'd a man houlding on by a plank—'twas my great-great-granfa'r the pilot. He was nigh gone; and when he came to hisself, the first words he spoke was, 'How sweet the bells be ringing!' and 'twas tould that on his deathbed he said that he heard the holy bells ringing him home."

There was a short pause after this legend. Old Truscott breaks it. "They do say now that of rough days, and in the heavy storms, the bells be heard clanging and booming whisht and mournful, and that if a man goeth on one of the holy nights to Willapark Point, the bells will tell 'un his fortune for the year."

"I have heard," chirped Jack Philp, "that a miller who don't live a hundred miles from the Rocky Valley, when he axed his lass if they were to be married that year, was tould to go and ax the bells. Dost thee know anything about that, Hugh Rosevear?"

"Maybe it was so, maybe it was so; but he never went, for he see'd a summut in her eye which tould her mind truer than the bells, so he went to his bed instead."

"Tom Sloggett watched on the cliff one Christmas night," said Truscott, "and they do say heard a bell tolling for a burying. He was never his own agin, and died afore Easter."

"There is certainly some cursed spell about bells," burst forth Brazilian Dick, who had been moving uneasily and impatiently in his chair during the recital of the legend, and ever and anon cast furtive glances from face to face, and from one part of the room to another. "I was haunted by a bell once myself. It never left me for years, and ever came dinging and tolling some ill-luck upon me."

Grace shuddered as the word "haunted" fell on her ear, with the woman's instinct which ever associates supernatural visitation with crime and conscience. No one asked for the story, and yet Curgenven went on with it impulsively and determinedly, as if it were a relief, though an effort to tell it. "This is how it happened: We were working—a queer crew of us—together in one of the far-away mines. There were Spaniards, and half-castes, and Yankees, and among the rest was a Portugee. He was a gaunt sallow fellow, who never laughed, and seldom spoke, but worked, and gambled, and drank with the viciousness of a devil. Well, before long we lit upon a lode—a real rich lode—and that made us madder than ever. Great lumps of gold ore fell down at every stroke of the pick, and we dug, and dug, till the sweat dropped through our shirts, and we could hardly stagger, and struck out quite wildly with our tools. Then we used to go altogether to the mouth of the mine and eat and drink, dice and sleep for a few hours till we were fit for work again. 'Twas a sort of devil's life; but it had its joys too, wild as they were—and we rushed and reeled through it like madmen. It was not long afore we had got enough to make us all rich men; but still we went on, until we looked more like ghosts doing some doom than men. We always worked, you must know, with knives and pistols in our belts, for we were mortal afraid of one another, and had hid all our treasure together in an old pit, swearing across our daggers, after the Spanish fashion, that we would be true to our comradeship, and revenge to the death any breach of faith or trust. One evening as we came up from our work, and looked about, as we always did, to see that all were together, the Portugee was missing. Suspicion gleamed in every eye at once. All hurried to the hole; the best and most disposable part of our winnings was gone. A yell of vengeance was raised; the work was dropped, and we were soon hot in pursuit. On horseback, and fully armed, we started off; the Yankees ran on the track like bloodhounds, and we followed, tracing the fugitive

every night by his fires and the little bare spots where his horse had been tethered. At last the tracks ceased close by a deep thicket, with masses of rock rising here and there amid the brushwood and creepers. There were no paths through it, and the place seemed almost impenetrable. Here, however, we felt that our game was at bay, and we resolved to watch it closely. A camp was formed around, and each had his station. Mine was opposite a large rock, 'neath which was a dark hollow, covered by masses of overhanging foliage and tall grass. Night after night I kept my watch, fixing my eye on the opening; and ever there seemed to be an eye meeting and answering mine. At last there came on one of those storms—common in those countries — the rain fell in sheets, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed fierce and lurid, and the wind swept in gusts over the thicket as though it would uproot it altogether. Yet my watch relaxed not. Still my eye was fixed on the same spot, and still seemed to see the same gleam. Towards morn, the foliage shook and moved, and a man, haggard, worn, and spectre-like, came forth and stood before me. It was the Portugee. I prepared for a fight; but there was no spirit of combat in him now. The eternal watch had subdued him, and he confessed that his soul had been cowed within him by the terror of the eye bent unceasingly and vengefully upon him, and that he chose death rather than endure it longer. Some were for hanging him by Lynch law, but the majority were against it; and we resolved to give him up to the authorities of the nearest city. As our decision was made known, his cheek blanched, his eye quailed, and his whole frame shuddered. We were in hopes then that he would try to buy life by revealing where the stolen treasure was; but the thought of some day recovering the gold was dearer to him than the chances of life, and he would not speak. So we bound and pinioned him, and carried him to the town, where, strangely enough, he was recognised as one who had done a foul murder, and been sought everywhere. There we left him in prison, and went back to the mine, sullen and desperate with our loss. Soon after, I went back to the town for supplies. There was a crowd gathered in the great square — a murderer was to be garotted that day. Curiosity kept me there. It was a great space lined by soldiers, and in the midst was a large pillar with a seat in front, and the iron band, which was to close round the neck of the culprit, hanging from it. Presently a low chanting was heard, and a procession appeared, moving slowly and solemnly. The priests were singing the service for the dead, and behind came the prisoner clad in a black serge gown, pale, and worn, and deathly. A confessor was beside him, praying and exhorting. It was the Portugee. On the procession moved towards the fatal chair. He was fixed in it; the priest had uttered his last benediction; the executioner behind was about to give the fatal turn, when the eye of the man turned, and fixed itself on me with a deadly glare. At the same moment a bell tolled, and the glance of the eye seemed to carry the boom right into my heart. In a moment it was all over; there was a contortion of the face, a quiver of the frame, and then all was still, and the eye glazed in death. For years after, that eye and the toll of that bell haunted me. When I was throwing the dice, or lifting the wine-cup, or standing in the dance, they would flash and boom upon me with a terrible spell; but this soon wore off, for we men of the world cannot afford to give in long to weak superstitions. I had almost forgotten it till your foolish story of the Botreaux bells brought back the memory."

This narrative, delivered as it was in fierce rapid tones, threw a chill over the party. Grace grew pale, and trembled at intervals; her mother sighed and groaned deeply; the rest were silent. The thing was too real, too dramatic for them.

There was little more conversation until supper came. That was the old story of huge joints, pies, puddings, cheeses, heaps of cake, jugs of cider and beer, and large hearty appetites. After it the elders again grouped around, and gradually fell into the

old grooves. Champion Truscott wrestled his matches o'er again; Dame Rosevear told anecdotes of a favourite cow; the pilot spoke of gales marvellous in their fierceness and intensity; old Hugh maundered over old traditions; and Jack Philp gave his only experience of ghosts—telling how he was coming back one night by the churchyard; how he had there seen three parsons attired in surplices, and with books in their hands, walking round the grave of a man who had committed suicide; how he had been warned back; and how shortly afterwards he had seen a ball of fire pass three times round the church-tower and then disappear. This he supposed was the ceremony of laying the ghost. Old Truscott told, as a counter-story to this, that Jack was returning on the occasion from a tithe-meeting, was found next morning under a haystack, and had been observed during the evening to run against the landlord's pig, and there and then take off his hat, with a polite bow, and say, "I beg pardon, your reverence." So that the ghost-laying was not received as authentic.

Meanwhile Grace had slipped away, so had Phil, and the absence of the Brasilian was considered such a relief that none inquired about it.

Thus the night wore on, and the hand was on the stroke of the hour which should usher in the Christmas morn.

### CHAPTER III.

At the mill-dam head, leaning over a railing, were two figures looking down into the little pool beneath. The valley was all alight with moonbeams, the cascades flashed with silvery brightness, and the stars above had each a fellow in the pools below. The rocks cast a dark shadow on them, and ever and anon behind them flitted a stealthy shade; before them all was bright and clear.

"Come, Grace," says Phil, "it is time now that thee shouldst speak out to me plain and free. I've been a true sweetheart to thee for two years—have loved and followed thee like a man; and sure thee wouldst not turn me off after so long a' prenticeship."

"Art tired then, Phil, of thy wooing, that thou art so pressing now, or hast thou grown jealous and mistrustful? Sure I have not favoured any lad so much as I have thee. Canst not wait a while?"

"God forbid, Grace, that I should hurry thee; but there's a pleasant home for thee, and my mother's place empty, so why should I live the lonesome life any longer? Besides, there's that Brasilian chap sneaking around thee, and he means mischief, and I should like to have a right to stand up for thee like a man."

"That means, Phil, that thou hast a grudge agin 'im, and would like to make a quarrel."

"No, no, I don't want to quarrel with any man, most of all about thee; but he is cruel aggravating, and I can't bear to see 'im always looking at thee with that keen false eye of his."

The shade was drawing nearer now, hung close o'er them, and was reflected in the pool beneath, though they saw it not.

"Come then, Grace, dear," again insinuated Phil, passing his arms lightly round the girl's waist; "say the word, when shall the wedding be; thy fayther favours me, thy mother loves me well, and 'tis but a step from the farm to the mill."

"Go ask the bells, Phil; 'tis Christmas night. They perhaps may tell thee."

"I would sooner hear it from thy lips, or see it in thy face; but if it meet thy fancy, I will go to the cliff—'tis but a walk this fine night—and I shall be thinking of thee as the Christmas morn breaks."

"Well, then, go along, Phil; and that thou mayest not play the same trick as fayther did, thou shalt bring me a bunch of sea-pink, gathered off the brink."

"I won't deceive thee, lass, and thou wilt meet me to-morrow at the chapel by the Keeve?"

"Yes, yes; good-night, Phil." As she spoke, he saw in the young girl's face that which made his heart leap with a joy that needed no token from the bells. Gently he drew her to

wards him, gave one fervent honest kiss, and then bounded across the little stream on his way to the Willa-park Head.

The dark shade writhed and turned around them now, and then glided away like a serpent from an Eden.

Gaily did Phil then breast the steep, going forward on his mission with a heart as bold and true as knight ever went forth with to a deed of "derring do." Grace watched the figure of her lover from her casement, and ever as it moved saw another shadow following, and tracking his, creeping stealthily behind, yet never nearing it. A strange dread crept over her, and long long she strained her eyes into the darkness, her heart beating with a new fear.

Phil has passed by the grey old church now, with its loose stone wall and its mossy gravestones, and has looked to the bell-less tower, and half wished there was a chime there to ring forth a joy-peal on his wedding-day. He is standing at the edge of the black pit; the deep chasm yawns beneath, the dark black walls descend in steep veined precipices to the depth below, and their shadows cast a sullen heavy gloom on the waters. It is the only dark spot around. The waves beyond are sparkling brightly, and dimpling in the light wind. He looks on them for a while, half hoping to hear a ghostly peal borne over them; but there is no sound save that of the surf amid the rocks and caverns. He turn again to the pit, and a slight chill passes over him as his eye falls on its grave-like darkness. He is stooping now to gather the sea-pink in a little nook in the cliff. The shadow has followed him steadily, and is now winding and creeping behind him. As he rises, it rises, leaps upon him, and a bright blade flashes in the air. A slight stoop has saved him; it passes over. He turns, clutches at the danger, and has the Brazilian by the throat. Their eyes meet, and the men feel that the struggle is one of life and death. They are on the edge of the cliff now; the grass is dry and slippery; each feels that a move is destruction. Sternly and silently they hold their grip, their eyes fixed and their feet firm. Phil's skill avails him little; the Brazilian is more at home in such strife. The moments are hours. They scarce drew breath. Suddenly the Brazilian, desperate and wild, puts forth his strength in one fierce effort to draw his foe towards the cliff. The men totter — they overhang the dark chasm. Phil is foremost, and he sees the dark waters glooming beneath. Suddenly a wild gust is borne over the waters, and on it there comes the toll of a bell. The Tintagel clock is chiming the midnight hour. The eye of the Brazilian turns for a moment—the powerful arm of his opponent seizes the vantage, and the next he is hurled with a resistless heave over the precipice. Fiercely he clings to his foe; both men fall, but Phil has grasped the grass and earth by the edge; the Brazilian falls down, down into the blackness of the pit. There is no crash, no splash, but the silence of death. Long and desperately Phil struggles; it is for life. Again and again his knee is on the cliff; again it slips; his hold is failing—the darkness of the rock seems closing on him — a death-knell clangs at his heart. One more brave effort—one more stout grasp at the sod, and he has won the bank; he has struggled back into life. A perspiration bursts from every pore, a dizziness floats around him, and a sickness as that of death. The Tintagel bells burst out with a merry chime, and strike on him as a mockery as he looks on the dark hell beneath. The Christmas morn has begun; he grasps a handful of the flowers, and thus sadly and heavily does he greet the tokens he had sought and won, whilst the Black Pit looms as a dark doom before him.

## CHAPTER IV.

The little stream of the rocky valley did not act its tiny turbulence throughout its whole course. It had a gentler existence and softer intercourse with meadows and orchards and copses. It was not always a

brawler, but had its earlier babbling, purling, and murmuring stages, running gently over sand and gravel, and meeting seldom with greater obstructions thon a chance stone or jutting bank, such as could be overcome by a light rippling effort. Once, however, in the quiet retired stage of its career, it had met with a great obstacle to its progress, and, like many quiet natures in such emergencies, had then put forth an unwonted vigour and will. The obstacle was a large rock, which rose directly in its way, and slightly above its bed. Through this upper part it had forced its way by a large hole, like the mouth of a pitcher, and from it fell on a projecting shelf into a self-wrought basin, shallow and shell-shaped as a baptismal font, overflowing which its waters gushed in a full straight fall into a gravelled reservoir beneath, and then purled on again with their wonted calmness as though they had never met a resistance, or put forth an effort. True to its similitude with quiet natures, however, it had made this effort unobtrusively and in seclusion. The scene of the waterfall was a little deep dell, overhung by trees and thick foliage, which crept and twined and clustered over every part of the bank and rock where the stream was not, and framed it with masses of verdure. It was a great haunt of birds, where they had their glees and oratorios, and was much favoured by wildflowers and creepers. The spot was called St. Kneighton's Keeve. The word *keeve* means font, it is supposed, but who this Kneighton the Baptist was even tradition knows not; or whether it was on the front of infidels, or on the brows of the knights of the round table, that he dashed the pure flood, and made the holy cross. The ruins of a small chapel or oratory on a platform overhanging and overlooking the cascade, testify to the some-time existence of such religious eremite. And we could almost forgive him for his asceticism, his water-and-cress meals, his isolate piety, and his uncommuned prayers, when we looked on the still verdant beauty of the spot where he had placed his soul in solitude with God. Winter had stripped the trees and creepers of their leaves now, but amid the tumbling walls of the chapel, and on the plateau beside, was the evergreen verdure of many an arbutus and holly-bush, and here and there a dwarf oak. The scene had still its drapery; and almost hidden by a screen of berries, bright green leaves, and such like Christmas foliage, there sat on a stone directly above the waterfall, one whom hermits even might have looked upon with admiration, so simple and bright was her beauty, freshened now by the clear crisp air, and toned, perhaps, by the solemnity of the services she had just joined in. This was the trysting-place, and Grace was waiting her lover. The tryst was to her a pleasant one, and she scarcely felt, under the influences around her, impatience or displeasure at being the first comer. In the sonorous fall and cheerful dash of the waters, she seemed again to hear the swell and joyful choruses of the jubilee anthems, and in the rustling of the bare branches and the shrubs listened again to the echoed voice of uttered prayer.

The dread of the night before had passed away, or been forgotten. Her soul was calm and happy in its trysting. A step breaks the silence; so slow, so broken—can that be Phil Rounsval? Again her heart asks the question as she looks on a face so woe-stricken—on a form so bent and shrunken in its strength—on an expression so wanting in its old manliness and honesty, so shrouded with gloom and agony, that she almost thinks it must be the apparition of her old lover, and fears to break the spell of his presence.

At last her voice and her fears find utterance.

"Phil—Phil, what ails thee? what has happened? what hast seen? what has come upon thee?"

With a ghastly smile he tendered her a bunch of sea-pinks, crushed and already withered.

"There, Grace; there is the token that I did thy behest. Didst thou know at what cost it was done, thou wouldst cast it from thee like a curse."

"No, Phil; I never could believe that it came in ill—and it shall be ever dear to me;" and as she spoke

the crumpled flowers were placed in her bosom. "Some misfortune has befallen thee, but thou hast not done a crime, Phil—no, Phil, that is not in thy nature. My heart misgave me as I looked out from my window last night" (her anxiety overcame her maiden modesty now), "and saw a black shadow of a man crawling after thee. 'Twas Rich Curgenven, I know. What was there betwixt thee? what hast done? Tell me—tell me, man. Oh tell me, my love," and this time it was her arm which twined round him, and her hand which closed in his. He writhed, and turned from that gentle pressure.

"No, no, Grace; thou must not touch me. There is blood on my hand—murder in my soul."

"In mercy, Phil, speak out," gasped the young girl, her face ashen with terror, her frame trembling and quivering with fear.

"I will tell thee, Grace, if it be my last words. Thou shalt know the truth. I went, thou knowest, at thy bidding, to the cliff, and was plucking the sea-pink for thee, and listening for the sound of the bells on the waters, when I saw quite sudden the flash of a blade before me, and felt a man's hand upon me. It was Brazilian Dick. We strove there on the brink of the Black Pit, man to man—hours I think, and at last there was a whirl and a shock as if the earth was upheaving, and I saw him shot down like a great black bird over the cliff, throwing out his arms and grasping at the darkness, and felt myself hanging by the clench of one hand on the turf. 'Twas done in self-defence — not in malice, God knows; but oh, Grace, Grace! my hand has taken life, and I have lost my peace—lost thee, lost everything."

And the strong man shook in his agony, as if ague-stricken, and the tears dropped slow and heavily through the hands which covered his face. A man's tears, ever such a mournful sight, overcame poor Grace entirely, and she laid her head on her lover's shoulder, sobbing and weeping bitterly. The greatness, the suddenness of the calamity, overpowered her at first, but with the elasticity of woman's strength, tender and supple, bending and breaking not, she was the first to recover from the dread sorrow.

"Rise up, Phil; look up, man," she said, "there may be blood on thy hand, but there is no guilt on thy soul. Thou hast done a man to death, but 'twas in self-defence, in right of thy own life, and God will forgive thee for it. But thou must face the deed before the world. Thee must, Phil—thee must."

And her hand took his—'twas her gentle strength which lifted him up; her strength which bore the bulk of the strong man over the loose stones, up the rocky path, over the stiles, and on to his own threshold. There stood John Truscott, with a gloom resting on his open face like a cloud on a broad field, shading, but not shadowing it, as though it had no right to a being there. She knew what his presence meant; he was parish constable; so she gave her lover's hand one gentle clasp, passed her hand over his brow, muttered a short prayer, "God help thee, Phil," and then sped down the valley to weep and pray in her own chamber.

Confronted with his own sex, Phil's manhood arose again erect and strong; his brow cleared, and his eye looked out calm and confident.

"I know thy errand, Champion Jan," he said; "and will go with thee—don't handcuff me. I couldn't bear that—couldn't bear to go like a criminal through the streets."

"Never fear, Phil; I will do my duty gently by thee, lad. 'Tis a black business, but I never will believe thee dost it wilfully. I have known thee boy and man for years, and never saw thee do a vengeful or wilful thing. Tell us, lad, all about it. I feel like a fayther to thee, and would help thee all I can."

Confidence begat strength. Phil roused himself, thought over the incidents of that fearful night, and gave them in a detail more circumstantial than they had yet occurred to himself, and his heart was lightened thereby. Thus he went on to meet the charge of murder, upheld by his own uprightness, comforted by the memory of Grace's tenderness and love.

CHAPTER V.

Early on that Christmas morn, old Joe Treberne had gone out in his boat, had sailed round the Willapark Point, and stood in towards the Black Pit. With his wonted habit, he was scanning the shore, and running his eye over the cliff and the precipice, when it lit on something strange lying on a shelving slit in the wall of the rock. He thought at first it was a calf or goat fallen over; but then it seemed to have a sort of motion; the wind was raising the clothes, and he thought it must be a man. He put the boat close in, jumped on the ledge, and saw indeed the body of a man. A glance at the dress sufficed to recognise Richard Curgenven. The legs hung dangling, and seemingly lifeless, the body lay still and deathlike, the arms stiff and motionless by its side; the pallor of death was on the face, but the eyes still rolled and glared, and the breath of life came from the lips and nostrils in quick and fitful respirations. The hands were cut and bleeding, and one still clutched a silk neckerchief with a firm numbed grip.

"Here has been some wild work," muttered the pilot. "'Twas no false or tipsy step that brought this man over the cliff. Dick hath met with a fall from some hand or other."

As he lifted up the body, he saw no trace of wound or blow; the limbs and trunk were paralysed and powerless—the only vitality was in the mouth and eye. The collar and shirt about the throat were torn and displaced; and as Joe and his mate carried their burden to the boat, the empty sheath of a knife dropped from the sash around the waist.

"Hot blood, cold steel, and a death-grip have been the story here, I expect. I hope young Farmer Phil had nought to do with this business," said old Joe, as he made a bed of coats and sails in the boat for the dying man.

"I hope not—I hope not, pilot; but there was ever a grudge atwixt 'em; and both of 'em had a liking for miller Rosevear's lass; and one never knows what a man will do when his heart is jealous, like."

Sadly and silently they pulled back into the harbour. Not a moan or a groan came from Curgenven; but the eye flashed and wandered as though in search of some unseen thing. A door was soon unhung, and a mattress placed on it to make a litter, on which he was conveyed to a cottage where he had lodged. A crowd soon gathered round, and made a kind of procession. The story, with all kinds of exaggeration, went from house to house, and lip to lip; Phil's name was gradually connected with the event, and the bruit went abroad that Brazilian Dick had been thrown over the cliff and murdered by young Rounsval. Meanwhile he had been placed on a bed, and the doctor had been sent for. Fracture of the vertebræ and laceration of the spinal cord was his verdict, caused, he said, by the fall. There was no hope of life; but death might not ensue for hours, perhaps for days, and there might be intervals of consciousness, and partial restoration of the mental powers. On examination no mark was found which indicated violence; but the kerchief clutched in the hand was soon identified as having belonged to Rounsval, and a pin stuck in it was recognised as an old and treasured heirloom of his family. This and many corroborative circumstances made a body of circumstantial evidence which was considered sufficient to lead to the apprehension of Phil. Gossipry was soon rife, and produced the story with every kind of variation. One version was, that Dick had been pixy-led, and had thus lost his way and tumbled down into the Black Pit. Another told how he had been haunted and bewitched by the sound of a bell, and had gone on and on following its sound, until he was enticed over the cliff. Another detailed more circumstantially how he and Grace had met up by the Point, how Phil had followed them, how they were just breaking the ring in sign of troth, when he had sprung

forward and pushed the happy lover down the precipice; how Grace had tried to spring after him, and how she had swounded away, and been found in this state by the old sexton on the steps of the church, when he had gone to open the door.

For a long time the dying man lay in a kind of stupor, without sign or motion. Very strange and awful was this life in death—this struggle of strong vitality with fate. After some hours, a feverish strength seemed to seize upon the brain, and set eye and tongue in vivid motion. This spasmodic action of thought, and look, and speech—the terrible memories which flashed forth in ghastly glances, and were shouted out in wild utterances, were in fearful contrast with the deadness which had spread over the poor body from the neck downwards. The limbs could no longer respond to the impulses of the will, or sympathise with the workings of the spirit.

At times the ravings were of past things, and horrible enough were these revelations. At times he would be on the pirate's deck rejoicing in fiendish laugh at the tortures of his victims as they went over into their watery grave — at times would be launching out imprecations and curses in the slaver's hold—at times would live through the scenes of the past night, mixing up its memories with those of other days, tangling all the dark threads of life together.

"Ah! that accursed bell!" thus he raved—"that cursed eye! I had him fast and sure—'twas my turn then. How pale he looked as he was tottering on the brink! How he clutched my throat! I feel his fingers now, hot and throttling. Then that bell,— boom — boom it came on my ear, and that eye flashed like lightning from the clouds. Then my feet slipped. How it donged into my ear and shot into my brain as I hung on by that rock. What are those priests chanting the burial-service for? There is no one in that chair! there is only an eye. How it pierces; I can't look at it! My hold is giving! How sharp the rock is! I can't look up for that eye, and I can't go down to that dark hell down there. That pale lady and her husband and her child are down there, looking as they did when we made them walk the plank. What are those black fellows crawling up the rock for? Chain them! — lash them! Thrust them down — down into the black pit!"

Exhaustion soon followed, and he fell into a fitful broken sleep. When he awoke again, his mind had recovered its consciousness, and was yielding to the influences of the physical prostration. The spirit had sunk into a sort of calm; its fierceness was succeeded by a half-sullen, half-penitent mood. There was apathy rather than dread of death; indifference rather than remorse; and it was then that, in the presence of many witnesses, he avowed that he had sought Phil Rounsval's life, and that the struggle in which he had met his death was of his own seeking. Investigation soon brought corroborations of this confession. Grace testified to having seen him follow Rounsval up the hill; old Truscott had gone to the spot, and there, shining in the grass, found a knife which had been worn by Curgenven. General conviction set with the proof of facts, and there could no longer be cause or reason for Phil's detention. Never did Truscott perform a duty more gladly and heartily than when he announced Phil's liberation. The tear stood in his eye, and his strong voice faltered as he congratulated him. "And now then, lad," said he, "when thou hast thanked God for thy deliverance, home to thy sweetheart, and thou mayest yet have a happy Christmas."

"No, no! I must see 'un once more. Though I'm innocent in intent, I took his life, and must have his forgiveness." They were alone now in that chamber of death — the once rivals, the two strong men—the one bowed by sorrow, the other lying broken and prostrate on the threshold of eternity. Slowly Phil advanced towards the bed, and looked down on that pale face; the death sweat was on the brow now, and the eyes were half closed. As they opened on him, there shot a ray of their wonted glare, but this passed away as Phil knelt down by the bedside, and said softly and calmly, "Dick, Dick, I

bore thee no malice—I meant thee no harm. Let us forgive one another ere thou goest hence. Let us part in peace."

There came no voice in answer; the power of speech had gone, but the eye looked out peace and reconciliation; and as Philip Rounsval prayed there by that bedside, the stain of blood passed away from his soul.

CHAPTER VI.

'Twas Christmas night, and the fire was blazing on Hugh Rosevear's hearth, but it lighted up no merriment or gladness there. Sad and melancholy was the group by that fireside. A few short hours had brought a change as though years had past and gone, and had brought age and blight and woe. The old miller sat in his old place, silent and mournful, with his head bowed on his chest, his eyes bent on the ground. Before him was a large old bible, and on the open page lay his horn spectacles. His wife was on a stool at his feet, rocking to and fro, and sobbing, bursting forth into exclamations, half sorrowful, half prayerful. Opposite sat Grace, pale, and still as a statue, but tearless and resigned, her sorrow touched with the strength of trust, and the hopefulness which cometh from prayer. Thus the night was speeding when the latch was lifted, a footstep was heard on the floor, and Phil stood among them. 'Twas like an apparition, but the presence brought at once a sense of relief and instinct of joy. The old miller sat up erect once more. The dame uttered a fervent "Thank God!" and Grace glided silently to her lover's side.

"Phil," said the old man, "I know'st thou art free, and has proved thy innocence, or thou wouldst not have come to my hearthstone. Thank God for it. My heart will keep Christmas-time yet."

"Yes, yes, miller, thou should'st never have see'd me again unless I could look in thy face, and stand before thee a clear man. He confessed all, tould how he had tried to stab me as I stooped down, and how 'twas in self-defence I threw 'im from the cliff. We have parted in peace."

There was not much demonstration or utterance in the joy which followed. It was calm and solemn, such as falls on hearts which have passed from trial and suffering into peace and gladness.

Shortly after midnight old Truscott brought the last tidings from the deathbed. "He has passed away," he said—"'tis all over. He was calm and peaceful-like at the last. Old Goody says she heard him say some prayer, though 'twas in a foreign tongue. As the bells chimed the hour from Tintagel too, a sort of faint smile came over his face, and his lips was moving, and then 'twas all still, still."

And so closed the Christmas day which had dawned so darkly.

The summer was at its full, the sun fell brightly on the downs and on the old church-tower of Botreaux. The sea was smooth, and lay basking in the brightness; the furze and the heath were in full bloom, and the scent of thyme and clover mingled freshly with the sweet air, when a marriage-train passed on to the old church. Old Hugh was there, old Truscott, gay and hearty, and all our old friends. And as Phil and Grace passed out again, linked arm-in-arm, they looked up significantly at the silent tower, and then back lovingly into each other's face, as though they felt there needed no bells to peal the gladness of their hearts.

The events of that terrible night left their impress on Phil in a certain seriousness which shaded, though it did not cloud, his cheerfulness. He was never known to lay his hand on a man again. The ring knew him no more. But his hearthstone knew him well. On it he stood ever a glad and happy man, and he was often known to say that the voices of his wife and children, as he crossed his threshold, rang a merrier peal on his heart than could ever have come from the holy bells of Botreaux.

## DEBIT AND CREDIT.

A NOVEL ushered in by a Preface from Chevalier Bunsen demands some peculiar attention. The Introduction itself is not without a grave and political interest, nor can it be said to be an unnecessary appendix to the novel; for not only does it give us the assurance that we have here before us a literary work esteemed by intelligent Germans, but we meet with observations which assist the English reader in appreciating the scope and purpose of the narrative he is about to peruse. The Chevalier has also delivered some critical opinions, both on the novel, as a species of literary composition, and on some of our own modern novelists, which, coming from so distinguished a man, cannot fail to be read with curiosity at least, if not with implicit assent.

The novel of *Debit and Credit* is one which we can safely commend to the English reader, because he will find himself transported into new scenes, new positions, and gain some insights into the social condition and social movements of a foreign country. But whatever its rank may be in the higher literature of Germany, it can take only a secondary place amongst English novels. Germany, which is so rich in works of profound learning, of historical research, and historical criticism, may very cheerfully confess her inferiority in this department of novel-writing; nor could there be a clearer proof of this inferiority than the great success which has attended *Debit and Credit* — *Soll und Haben* — in its own country. Merits it undoubtedly has, but they are rather the merits of a practised writer conscientiously working out his purpose, than of the man of genius writing from his own abundant and irrepressible spontaneity of thought and feeling. It is often dull, and never *very* interesting.

The Chevalier Bunsen has particularly commended the work of Gustav Freytag as a faithful portraiture of an existing state of society (in which light it will be chiefly acceptable to the English reader), and he also lays great stress on the artistic development of the whole story, and its skilful *dénouement*. Here he introduces some general observations on the novel which are worthy of our attention, and to which we shall venture to append an observation of our own.

"In all this the author proves himself to be a perfect artist and a true poet; not only in the treatment of separate events, but in the far more rare and higher art of leading his conception to a satisfactory development and *dénouement*. As this requirement does not seem to be generally apprehended, either by the writers or the critics of our modern novels, I shall take the liberty of somewhat more earnestly attempting its vindication.

"The romance of modern times, if at all deserving of the name it inherits from its predecessors in the *romantic* middle ages, represents the latest *stadium* of the epic.

"Every romance is intended or ought to be a new Iliad or Odyssey; in other words, a poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineate the general history of a people, or narrate the fortunes of a chosen hero. If we pass in review the romances of the last three centuries, we shall find that those only have arrested the attention of more than one or two generations, which have satisfied this requirement. Every other romance, let it moralise ever so loudly, is still immoral; let it offer ever so much of so-called wisdom, is still irrational. The excellence of a romance, like that of an epic or a drama, lies in the apprehension and truthful exhibition of the course of human things."

To this last sentence we most cordially subscribe: fidelity to nature, as an essential truth of representa

*Debit and Credit.* Translated from the German of GUSTAV FREYTAG by L. C. C. With a Preface by CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN.

tion, is the first and indispensable requirement. But has not the Chevalier mingled together, in this passage and in others that follow, two very different things—that artificial completeness at which the artist aims in the structure and winding-up of his narrative, and that faithful adherence to truth and probability, both of character and events, which may very well cohere with a slovenly or careless construction of the plot? We do not say for a moment that the Chevalier has, in his own thoughts, confounded these two together, but merely that he seems to have left to us the task of carefully discriminating between them.

We presume that nothing more is meant by "a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government," than is conveyed in that other expression, "a truthful exhibition of the course of human things." A really faithful exhibition of life—in the feelings as well as the external fortunes of the actor — cannot be otherwise than consistent with the laws of moral government. It is not the old-fashioned poetical justice or retribution at the end of the fifth act, that the Chevalier is contending for; on this matter all men are pretty well agreed: the real morality of a fiction depends on the nature of the characters we have been brought to sympathise with, and very little on the list of deaths and marriages that closes the narrative. If an artist, by false representations, or by those *half revelations* of a man which are the most dangerous kind of falsehood, engages our sympathies in behalf of misanthropes and coxcombs, voluptuaries and murderers, he is doing us all the evil he possibly can; and the evil will not in the least be remedied by any amount of hanging and quartering, or any sentence he chooses to pass upon them in the few words which dismiss them from the scene. The novelist has the same power over us as the poet: he can make us, if he pleases, for hours together, the wisest and most generous of men; and something of that virtuous enthusiasm he has kindled in us may remain after the book is closed, and follow us into our daily life. It is therefore as a true and complete reflection of the inner as well as the outer life of man, that the high morality of any work of fiction is to be found.

Now this fidelity to nature, this representation of human character and human events as they really do exist, as they really do follow each other in this world of God's creation, is, we repeat, of the utmost value and importance. But that skilful *dénouement* or development of a story which our artists and our critics are said to be neglectful of, is quite another matter, and, in our opinion, a very subordinate business. An artist may be unable to collect together the various threads of his narrative so as to exhibit a neat and rounded *whole* within the compass of his novel, and yet the actors and their doings, so far as he has depicted them, may have the highest truth of representation; or, on the other hand, he may very dexterously combine and interweave events that are in themselves improbable, and by the very dexterity with which he makes them *dovetail* the one into the other, disguise from us their inherent falsehood. A painter who has been unable to group all his figures within the limits of his canvass, and who at both ends of his picture leaves a straggling procession of men and animals, some of them curtailed of half their proportions, may be sadly deficient in the art of composition, and yet may exhibit throughout his work a genuine love of nature and of truth. There may be as much fidelity to real life in a story fashioned on the type of the *Arabian Nights*, as in one constructed on the model which the Author of *Waverley* gave to the world. The painter or the novelist who is in every respect a consummate master of his art, must, of course, take the highest place in the world's admiration; but there is a vast difference between the several merits that raise him to that high pre-eminence. We, from our critical chair, are not about to promulgate the heresy to all our rising novelists, that they may throw to the winds all care and toil about the plot and structure of their works. But we are heretics enough to concern ourselves very little about this so-called artistic structure. We demand of a

novelist that he shall not be *false*—we demand, also, that he shall not be *dull*; we give him wide discretion, or indiscretion, if you please, as to the manner in which he amuses us, and, in amusing, instructs.

The Chevalier gives a lofty description of what our modern novelists are to accomplish, and we hope they will profit by it. Homers they are to be, every one of them. And if mere construction of a story would constitute a resemblance to the old bard, we will venture to say—however profanely this may sound to the classical ear—that many a novelist, whose work has lived its year or two in the circulating library, and then been heard of no more, has *out-plotted* the *Iliad*. Indeed, when we read on, and observe the examples which the learned critic gives us of what he conceives to be the well-constructed novel, we feel at a loss to understand what construction, after all, can be otherwise than good. *Gil Blas*, it seems, is one pattern of excellence, and *Gil Blas* is nothing but a string of adventures, or collection of separate stories. You have as much sense of completeness if you read half the novel, as if you read the whole; and we suspect that you will carry away the best impression of the book by contenting yourself with somewhat less than half.

In our own literature, the novel (regarded as a skilfully-constructed narrative, whose predominant interest lies in the issue of events) reached its perfection in Sir Walter Scott. In his works we have the utmost variety of character; we have political and religious opinions of various shades brought before us, though generally evoked from the past; we have kings and priests, Cavaliers and Roundheads; we have even the learning of the antiquary embodied in the Laird of Monkbarns,—but over all rises predominant the interest of the story, and we are carried on, if not with the force of a torrent, yet with the swift unpausing current of a strong river. We look at the scene we traverse, we admire the personages we meet, but still we hurry on with breathless curiosity. So perfect is the art of narration, so skilfully are the incidents linked together, and interwoven with the progress of the story, that if there should be occasionally an improbability in the events or in the dialogue, the whole looks so true that the improbability is not detected. It does not seem possible that events could have happened in any other way than is there recorded.

After the school which the Author of *Waverley* may be said to have founded, had lasted for some time, our modern novel developed itself in two new directions. 1. The past was discarded for the present, persons from the lower classes were brought prominently forward, and portraiture was aimed at more than narrative. 2. The interest both of narrative and character was subordinated to some thoughtful purpose, or some system of opinions which the author was desirous of forwarding or expounding.

Sir Walter Scott had many worthy successors: he who rose to found a new dynasty was Charles Dickens. Enough of history, enough of courts; enough of your Stuarts, their piety or their profligacy; the stream of life is passing by us, broader than ever, and we can look at it with our eyes; let us look at our own profligates, they may be quite as well worth studying as those of the Stuart dynasty; and whereas the life of ladies and gentlemen, young and old, appears to be almost exhausted, let us look at large over mere men and women; haply wherever there is a face grinning with delight, or wan with sorrow, there may be something worth our knowledge, our sympathy, perhaps our admiration. Dickens led the Muse out into the street, or the Muse led him; she took her course up Fleet Street, dived into the Borough, and turned into the courtyard of a miserable old inn; there she found Sam Weller cleaning boots. Many an elegant novelist, while the travelling-carriage stopped to change horses, had glanced at some such figure, and noted an accidental oddity of manner or of speech; Charles Dickens loitered up the yard, entered into conversation, got into the very heart of the man, chose him for his hero, and presented him before the world at large. The world

at large received him with open arms. The *Pickwick Papers* not only have no skilfully-constructed plot, but a disaster occurred to such plot or plan as had been formed, and it stands before us like a half-built house, of which one wing only has been completed. No one troubles himself about this; no one seems at all afflicted by this imperfect *dénouement*, this "arrested development" of the story. Every reader will tell you that all he knows about the matter is, that he has made acquaintance with Sam Weller and several other remarkable persons, and that he shall never forget them as long as he lives. There lies the greatest triumph a novelist can have. A more artistic structure would have been an additional charm, and other novels of Dickens possess this additional merit; but it is a merit we scarcely think of; we are engrossed with a few favourite personages, are delighted when they appear, look with eagerness for their return, and, when the book is closed, have some vague impression that we may possibly catch sight of them somewhere about the world. The truthful representation, and the artistic structure of the story, are, we see, two very different things. Sir Bulwer Lytton will excuse us for passing over his name here. He is not easily classified; he disturbs, by the variety of his works, the neatness of our programme, and so accomplished an author will at once admit the validity of this excuse. He may, perhaps, be said to represent the transition period. By the skilful conduct of his narrative he belongs to the *Waverley* school; by the great diversity of scenes and characters he has portrayed, to all schools. Just when his critics had satisfied themselves that they had duly catalogued and described him, he broke loose from all bounds, and produced a new variety, and the most charming of all his works, the *Caxtons*.

Contemporaneously with the establishment of the *Pickwickian* dynasty, another development of the novel was taking place. It was used as a vehicle for setting forth the author's opinions, political or religious. Ward and Disraeli, and the many writers of religious novels, adopted this form of composition as a mode of diffusing their speculative opinions.

Now, whether this is a legitimate use of fiction, depends entirely on the manner in which the design is executed. If, to the total disregard of faithful representation of men and women, and the circumstances of life, an author makes his characters mere puppets—mere mouthpieces for the exposition of his views—his work is neither essay, nor novel, nor any describable production whatever. "A mere tendency novel," says Chevalier Bunsen, "is in itself a monster;" and we presume that by a mere tendency novel is meant the sort of composition we have been describing, where everything is sacrificed to the tendency of the work. But if a faithful representation is given of any section of society; if men, so far as they differ in their sentiments or their creeds, are truly portrayed; if the influence upon our social relations of diversities of speculative opinion is accurately traced,—then the reflective or the "tendency" novel takes a legitimate and a high place in literature. But here also we may notice that, in this species of composition, the artistic structure, or dexterous evolution of the incidents of the story, becomes a very subordinate matter. Consciously or unconsciously, the artist tones down the interest of his narrative. An anxious interest in the *dénouement*, such as the Author of *Waverley* excites in us, would be incompatible with his main purpose; for if he should once raise in us this breathless curiosity in the issue of events, we can no longer be patient listeners to any of that reflective wisdom he wishes to instil into us. We cannot go upon a geological excursion, examining strata and collecting specimens, and feel at the same time that it is a matter of life and death that we push on with all speed to the end of our journey. The story being thrown thus in the background, it is no wonder that both writer and critic become very lax in their requirements as to a satisfactory or skilful development.

Our canon of criticism is here, therefore, very brief and very indulgent. We require truthfulness—

fidelity to human nature. *What* shall be represented, or in what manner, the artist must determine at his own peril. Here it is he who teaches the critic—teaches him what can be done. A *Tristram Shandy* is a thing altogether unknown till a Sterne writes it. From the *Iliad* down to the narrative of Esther Summerson in *Bleak House* (which as an artistic invention, would be pronounced utterly indefensible, but over which old men's eyes have filled with tears), it is the poet who teaches us what can be done or created in art. The critic, we will presume, is a philosopher who has had his eye on man and on the history of man, who has studied human nature, its passions, its prejudices, its grandeurs, and its follies, and who will therefore know, when the poet's creation comes before him, how far it resembles the original. But what the poet can create he must learn from the poet himself. In fine, we are obliged to come to the conclusion that everything must be permitted to the novelist except the fault of being untruthful, and that other fault, which perhaps is considered by most men as still more heinous — that of being dull. For ourselves, we give *carte blanche* to the whole tribe, in all their agreeable varieties, to be amusing, exciting, instructive, in whatever way they think fit. Let them mingle narrative and reflection in whatever proportions they please—portray whatever suits them in finished picture or unfinished sketch—we will heartily forgive them for ministering to our delight, though in the most irregular manner.

There are some remarks of Chevalier Bunsen's on our own novelists and on their comparative merits, which we should have liked, in a friendly spirit, to have canvassed; but we have a long task before us. We should prefer to linger over the Preface but we must proceed, as in duty bound, to the novel itself of Gustav Freytag. Yet there is one critical judgment of the Chevalier's which cannot but occasion an expression of surprise. Hope's *Anastasius*, it seems, is vastly superior to the *Rob Roy* and *Guy Mannering* of Scott. We half suspect that our grave Chevalier disguised some sly humour and love of mischief here, and that he delivered himself of this decree—just as some of our countrymen indulge themselves, in their travels, in certain eccentricities—"to astonish the natives." The eloquent writing of *Anastasius* has already received its full share of praise; but a delineation of character which resolves itself into the mere black and white of unrestrained passion, has never amongst us been exalted above the portraiture of subtler shades and more complex varieties of human character, whether national or individual. If mere breadth and universality is to prevail, shall we not end at last by proclaiming that *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, is the greatest novel in the English language? What is still more embarrassing, we find that "the only work worthy to be named along with *Anastasius*"—is Kingsley's *Hypatia*. The Chevalier gives us too many riddles at once. We hardly know which is the greater difficulty, to discover the resemblance between *Anastasius* and *Hypatia*, or the superiority of Kingsley to Scott.

The purpose of *Debit and Credit* may be broadly stated to be this: to exalt the middle and commercial classes in their own appreciation; to teach them that *they* essentially form the State; to give them confidence in themselves as one of the first requisites for political freedom, or what we term, in modern days, a constitutional government. The purpose is good and highly rational, and we in this country, of whatever shade of politics, can raise no objection to it. We presume that the middle classes in Germany need this lesson; we do not. Here in England the commercial community has not the least want of confidence in itself; neither, on the other hand, is there the least pretension, on the part of the nobility or the landed proprietors, to the exclusive exercise of political power. There is an understood copartnership between commercial and territorial wealth; and though the partners do occasionally contend with much apparent animosity, there is on both sides a strong unshaken conviction that each is necessary to the other. Such political partnership does not

seem to be established in Germany, and chiefly from a want, on the part of the middle classes, of a permanent, steadfast, and intelligent appreciation of themselves; at least so we gather.

In executing his purpose the author sets before us two pictures—the merchant, his domestic life and his honourable activity; and the nobleman and his family, with their elegance and instability. The representative of nobility, as might be expected, is a very weak man. He is not, however, portrayed here in the dark colours in which the condemned aristocrat is often made to figure. The Baron Von Rothsattel is a man of honourable sentiments, courteous, urbane, attached to his wife and children: he has rather the weaknesses than the vices attributed to his class. He would have passed through life very creditably if some demon had not whispered to him—that he too might get rich and make money. And here the observation will occur to the reader that the Baron is brought into disadvantageous comparison with the merchant, by becoming himself a man of commerce, for which career his previous education had unfitted him. He makes a wretched man of business; in plain words, acts like a fool; and, from acting like a fool, is led, as is generally the case, to act dishonourably. It is the nobleman building a factory, and under the influence of crafty men who take advantage of his ignorance and his love of gain to lead him into ruin, that is here portrayed. The character is natural enough, but it is hardly a fair representative of the class. If we wished to portray the *bourgeois*, we take him in his own element; we do not paint him as the *bourgeois gentilhomme*. If we would describe a nobleman, we do not seize the moment when he has allied himself with usurers, and is building a tall brick chimney under the windows of his country-seat.

But before we proceed further either with the Baron or the merchant, we must introduce the young hero of the piece (Anton) who acts as the link of connection between the two. Anton is a good youth, generous, intelligent, industrious; but in order that he should act the part here assigned to him, he has more of the *Master Pliable* in his composition than is consistent with so much good sense and resolution as he in general displays, and is at all times accredited with. He is a clerk in the merchant's counting-house, and not indifferent to the merchant's young sister, Sabine, the sweet domestic spirit who presides over his well-ordered household; but he is also introduced to the family of the Baron, and falls under the influence of that charm of manner which distinguishes refined society. The sister of the merchant and the daughter of the Baron exercise an alternate and apparently an equal influence over his affections. Prompted by a generous impulse, he, for a time, forsakes his career as a merchant to become the agent of a bankrupt nobleman. It will be seen at once that Anton is one of those heroes who is in some measure sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot. He is as good and consistent as the story permits, and no reasonable hero could require more than this of the novelist who creates him.

"Ostrau"—it is thus our novel opens—"is a small town near the Oder, celebrated even as far as Poland for its gymnasium and its gingerbread. In this patriarchal spot had dwelt for many years the accountant-royal, Wohlfart, an enthusiastically loyal subject, and a hearty lover of his fellow-men—with one or two exceptions. He married late in life, and his wife and he lived in a small house, the garden of which he himself kept in order. For a long time the happy pair were childless; but at length came a day when the good woman, having smartened up her white bed-curtains with a broad fringe and heavy tassels, disappeared behind them amidst the approbation of all her female friends. It was under the shade of those white bed-curtains that the hero of our tale was born."

Never surely was hero ushered into the world in a more delicate and mysterious manner. We ought to be thankful for this new formula for the expression of so old-fashioned an event. "To disappear behind the fringed curtains and the heavy tassels!"—we recommend the phrase

to all our euphuistic friends. But the progeny thus delicately introduced upon the scene is destined, before he comes to man's estate, to lose both parents. We see him about the age of eighteen an orphan lad, on his way to the capital of the province, provided with a letter of introduction to one Schröter, a merchant.

As he travels on foot, he is tempted to diverge from the highway, and finds that the meadow-path he has chosen conducts to the private grounds of the Baron Von Rothsattel.

"He now found himself in a plantation with neatly-gravelled paths. As he went on, it more and more assumed the character of a garden; a sudden turn, and he stood on a grass plot, and saw a gentleman's seat, with two side-towers and a balcony, rise before him; vines and climbing roses ran up the towers, and beneath the balcony was a vestibule well filled with flowers. In short, to our Anton, brought up as he had been in a small town, it all appeared beauteous and stately in the extreme. He sat down behind a bushy lilac, and gave himself up to the contemplation of the scene. How happy the inhabitants must be! how noble, how refined! A certain respect for everything of acknowledged distinction and importance was innate in the son of the accountant; and when, in the midst of the beauty around him, his thoughts reverted to himself, he felt utterly insignificant—a species of social pigmy scarcely visible to the naked eye.

"For some time he sat and looked in perfect stillness; at last the picture shifted. A lovely lady came out on the balcony, clad in white summer attire, with white lace sleeves, and stood there like a statue. When a gay paroquet flew out of the room and lighted on her hand, Anton's admiration went on increasing. But when a young girl followed the bird, and wound her arms round the lovely lady's neck, and the paroquet kept wheeling about them, and perching, now on the shoulder of one, and then on that of the other, his feeling of veneration became such that he blushed deeply, and drew back further into the lilac trees' shadows. Then, with his imagination filled by what he had seen, he went with elastic step along the broad walk, hoping to find a way of exit."

He had not proceeded far before the younger of these ladies overtook him, mounted on a black pony, and using her parasol as a whip. This is Lenore, the Baron's daughter. She had seen Anton from the balcony; and when he stole away from the lilac-trees, she, by way of sport, had given chase. She accosts our youth, and is pleased with the ingenuous delight and admiration he exhibits; shows him the garden, plucks strawberries for him, rows him across a little lake in her own boat, and leaves him in a state of ecstatic bewilderment.

His ecstasy is interrupted by the harsh voice of a youth of his own age, Veitel Itzig, a Jew, who plays a conspicuous part in the drama that follows. Itzig also is journeying from Ostrau to the capital (Breslau, we presume, capital of the province of Silesia) to make his fortune. He has rather peculiar ideas how a fortune is to be made. He does not dream that the capital is paved with gold, but he has dreams of old cupboards, in which forgotten title-deeds have been stowed away, or of mysterious secrets which, if once discovered, will put the owners of large estates in your power. Some secret there must be for getting rich, or how have men risen from poverty like his own to enormous wealth? Such secret he means to learn in the capital; and if the devil is there to teach and sell it upon the old terms, it is plain that Veitel Itzig is prepared to purchase; and it is equally plain that if young Itzig's soul is to be the purchase-money, the devil will have a very sorry bargain: he will be buying what is already his own. We shall afterwards see that Itzig does learn the secret of getting rich, and that the devil appears to him in the form of an old villanous broken-down lawyer, who teaches him the mysteries of bill-broking, and how to commit every sort of fraud, without coming under the jurisdiction of the criminal law. Cunning, utter absence of every kind of scruple, untiring energy in fraud, a heart and a head that neither of them ever ache—this is the infallible recipe for wealth which the devil now sells to those who are disposed to purchase.

The two youths enter the capital together; Anton to tread a quite

different path to wealth — that of cheerful industry, which is as constantly profitable to society as to him who practises it. He is installed in Schröter's counting-house and warehouse. He is surrounded by huge stores of groceries, collected from all parts of the world, to be distributed to the various shopkeepers of Germany. He finds even some scope for his imagination — for that spirit of poetry which every generous youth bears in his bosom — in his highly useful employment.

"The hours that he first spent in the warehouses, amidst the varied produce of different lands, were fraught with a certain poetry of their own, as good, perhaps, as any other. There was a large, gloomy, vaulted room on the ground-floor, in which lay stores for the traffic of the day. Tuns, bales, chests, were piled on each other, which every land, every race, had contributed to fill. The floating palace of the East India Company, the swift American brig, the patriarchal ark of the Dutchman, the stout-ribbed whaler, the smoky steamer, the gay Chinese junk, the light canoe of the Malay—all these had battled with winds and waves to furnish this vaulted room. A Hindoo woman had woven that matting; a Chinese had painted that chest; a Congo negro, in the service of a Virginian planter, had looped those canes over the cotton bales; that square block of zebra-wood had grown in the primeval forests of the Brazils, and monkeys, and bright-hued parrots had chattered among its branches. Anton would stand long in this ancient hall, after Mr. Jordan's lessons were over, absorbed in wonder and interest, till roof and pillars seemed transformed to broad-leaved palm-trees, and the noise of the streets to the roar of the sea—a sound he only knew in his dreams; and this delight in what was foreign and unfamiliar never wore off, but led him to become, by reading, intimately acquainted with the countries whence all these stores came, and with the men by whom they were collected."

The poetical aspect which trade may be made to assume is a favourite topic with our author, and the translator has fully entered into the spirit of the original, as may be seen by the passage we have just quoted. A little further on, Anton is talking with a young friend.

"'But how poor in vivid sensations our civilised existence is,' rejoined Bernhard. 'I am sure you must often feel business very prosaic.'

"'That I deny,' was the eager reply; 'I know nothing so interesting as business. We live amidst a many-coloured web of countless threads, stretching across land and sea, and connecting man with man. When I place a sack of coffee in the scales, I am weaving an invisible link between the colonist's daughter in Brazil who had plucked the beans, and the young mechanic who drinks it for his breakfast; and if I take up a stick of cinnamon, I seem to see on one side, the Malay who has rolled it up, and on the other the old woman of our suburb who grates it over her pudding.'

"'You have a lively imagination, and are happy in the utility of your calling. But if we seek for poetry, we must, like Byron, quit civilised countries to find it on the sea or in the desert.'

"'Not so,' replied Anton, pertinaciously; 'the merchant has just as poetical experiences as any pirate or Arab. There was a bankruptcy lately. Could you have witnessed the gloomy lull before the storm broke, the fearful despair of the husband, the high spirit of his wife, who insisted upon throwing in her own fortune to the last dollar to save his honour, you would not say that our calling is poor in passion or emotion.'"

There is in the merchant's counting-house a certain Von Fink, a volunteer clerk, as he is called, an aristocrat by birth, who is in his present position for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of commerce. Von Fink's social *status* will appear an enigma to the English reader, for he emerges from the groceries of Schröter's warehouse to take a leading place in fashionable life. He is a prime favourite with the aristocratic circle. It is as if a young gentleman should step out of *Fortnum and Mason's*, where he had been plying the pen all the morning, to be the favourite companion of fashionable loungers in the clubs of St. James's Street, or the most acceptable of visitors to those ladies whose balls and concerts are recorded in the *Morning Post*. But what may be an impossibility in London, may be an ordinary occurrence in Breslau; and the mysterious Von may render pardonable the ledger and the scales. It may give a certain *caste*, which, attaching to the person, cannot be lost, even if our social Brahmin

should become the most useful and industrious of men. We accept the account of this noble volunteer clerk with the modesty which a foreigner should display on such occasions. Whether Herr Von Fink, in this and some other peculiarities, is a probable personage, he is, at all events, an amusing one. He carries everything before him; even the heart of the gentle Sabine has not resisted his influence. Through his instrumentality, and by a manœuvre which we cannot stop to explain, Anton is introduced to aristocratical society, and again encounters Lenore and the Baron and Baroness of Rothsattel. Under some vague impression that an interesting secret rests over the birth and prospects of our hero, a certain Frau Von Baldereck invites him to her party: he is soon dancing with Lenore.

"'A distinguished-looking pair,' cried Frau Von Baldereck, as Anton and Lenore whirled past.

"'She talks too much to him,' said the Baroness to her husband, who happened to join her.

"'To him?' asked he; 'who is the young man? I have never seen the face before.'

"'He is one of the adherents of Herr Von Fink—he is alone here—has rich relatives in Russia or America; I do not like the acquaintance for Lenore.'

"'Why not?' replied the Baron; 'he looks a good innocent sort of youth, and is far better suited for this child's play than the old boys that I see around. There is Bruno Tönnchen, whose only pleasure is to make the girls blush, or teach them to leave off blushing. Lenore looks uncommonly well to-night. I am going to my whist; send for me when the carriage is ready.'

"Anton heard none of these comments upon himself; and if the hum of the company around had been as loud as that of the great bell of the city's highest steeple, he would not have heard it better! For him the whole world had shrunk to the circle round which he and his partner revolved. The beautiful fair head so near his own that sometimes they touched, the warm breath that played on his cheek, the unspeakable charm of the white glove that hid her small hand, the perfume of her handkerchief, the red flowers fastened to her dress—these he saw and felt; all besides was darkness, barrenness, nothingness.'"

Our young merchant, it is evident, is in danger of being led astray by another kind of poetry than that which he had detected in the underground vaults of Schröter's warehouse. But he breaks manfully from the temptation, and betakes himself with renewed zeal to the business of the firm; and new events occur which enable him to render a great personal service to his principal—no less than that of saving his life.

One fine morning news is brought that there is a revolution in Poland, and that the bordering provinces are disturbed. Now the firm had lately despatched a very large quantity of goods, filling many waggons, into Gallicia, one of the disturbed districts. Schröter hears the news with great calmness, but he is resolved, nevertheless, to rescue his property, if possible, from the lawless hands of the insurgents. He starts the next day for Gallicia. He takes Anton with him. The "Polish question," we may remark, as viewed by a German merchant, is the question whether an industrious middle class shall arise in Poland by the immigration and influence of the German, or whether a Polish aristocracy shall continue to rule over a multitude of serfs and Jews. It is a very different question from what is sometimes agitated on our noisy platforms. As the two are riding together, the merchant observes to his young companion,—

"'There is no race so little qualified to make progress, and to gain civilisation and culture in exchange for capital, as the Slavonic. All that those people yonder have in their idleness acquired by the oppression of the ignorant masses, they waste in foolish diversions. With us only a few of the specially privileged classes act thus, and the nation can bear with it if necessary. But there the privileged classes claim to represent the people. As if nobles and mere bondsmen could ever form a State! They have no more capacity for it than that flight of sparrows on the hedge! The worst of it is that we must pay for their luckless attempt.'

"'They have no middle class,' rejoined Anton proudly.

"'In other words, they have no culture,' continued the merchant; 'and it is remarkable how powerless they are

to generate the class which represents civilisation and progress, and exalts an aggregate of individual labourers into a State. What is here called a city is a mere shadow of ours; and its citizens have hardly any of those qualities which with us characterise commercial men—the first class in the State.'

"'The first!' said Anton, doubtingly.

"'Yes, dear Wohlfart, the first. Originally, individuals were free, and, in the main, equal; then came the semi-barbarism of the privileged idler and the labouring bondsman. It is only since the growth of our large towns that the world boasts civilised States—only since then is the problem solved, which proves that free labour alone makes national life noble, secure, and permanent.'"

Here we have the key-note, as it were, of the whole work. The ride through the disturbed districts is very graphically described. When the travellers arrive at the town where they expect to find the waggons, they are led before the authorities of a provisional government. The heads of this provisional government, concluding that the merchant was the bearer of some secret proposal from the Prussian Court, treat him with much respect, and when they hear that he positively comes only on private business of his own, and to recover his own property, they still, with the courtesy of gentlemen who are anxious that their political cause should not be degraded by the acts of a plundering mob, manifest a desire to serve him to the best of their power. A young Polish officer is deputed to accompany him in his search after the waggons and their valuable cargo. The description of this young Pole, and of the manner in which he domineers over the plebeian class, is very striking.

The waggons, it appeared, had arrived in the town the very day the insurrection had broken out, and they had been taken into the court-yard of an inn. The landlord of the inn, being resolved to take advantage of the disorder of the times, had bribed the waggoners, and had already begun to appropriate the contents of the waggons. The merchant and Anton, accompanied by the Polish officer—"a slight youth, with a large scarf, almost a child in years, but of a most noble bearing," brave, and somewhat coxcombical withal—proceeded to the inn.

"The young officer called for the landlord. A fat figure with a red face appeared.

"'In the name of the government, rooms for myself and my companions!' said the young man. The host sullenly took up a bundle of rusty keys and a tallow candle, and led them to an upper floor, where he opened the door of a damp room, and morosely declared that he had no other for them.

"'Bring us supper, and a bottle of your best wine,' said the merchant; 'we pay well, and at once.'

"This announcement occasioned a visible improvement in the mood of the fat landlord, who even made an unsuccessful attempt to be polite. The merchant next asked for the waggons and waggoners. These questions were evidently unwelcome. At first, Boniface pretended to know nothing about them, declaring that there were a great many waggons coming and going in his courtyard, and that there were several waggoners, too, but that he did not know them.

"It was in vain that the merchant tried to make him understand the object of his coming; the landlord remained obtuse, and was about to relapse into his former moroseness, when the young Pole came forward and informed Mr. Schröter that this was not the way of dealing with such people. He then faced the landlord, called him all manner of hard names, and declared that he would arrest and carry him off on the spot, unless he at once gave the most exact information.

"The landlord looked timidly at the officer, and begged to be allowed to retire, and send up one of the waggoners.

"Soon a lanky figure with a brown felt hat came lumbering up-stairs, started at the sight of the merchant, and at last announced with pretended cheerfulness, that there he was!

"'Where are the waggons? Where are the bills of lading?'

"The waggons were in the courtyard. The bills were reluctantly produced from the dirty leather purse of the waggoner.

"'You guarantee me that your load remains complete and undisturbed?' asked the merchant.

"The felt hat ungraciously replied that he could do nothing of the kind. The horses had been unharnessed, and hid in a secret stable, that they might not be confiscated by the government;

as to the fate of the waggons, he could neither prevent nor ascertain it, and all responsibility ceased in troublous times like these.

"'We are in a den of thieves,' said the merchant to his escort; 'I must request your assistance in bringing these people to reason.'

"Now, bringing people to reason was just what the young Pole believed to be his speciality; so, with a smile, he took a pistol in one hand, and said aside to Anton, 'Do as I, and have the goodness to follow me.' Next he seized the waggoner by the throat, and dragged him down the stair. 'Where is the landlord?' cried he, in the most formidable tone he could raise. 'The dog of a landlord, and a lantern!' The lantern being brought, he drove the whole pack, the strangers, the fat landlord, the captured waggoner, and all others assembled by the noise, before him into the courtyard. Arrived there, he placed himself and his prisoner in the centre of the circle, bestowed a few more injurious epithets upon the landlord, rapped the waggoner on the head with his pistol, and then courteously observed in French to the merchant, 'The fellow's skull sounds remarkably hollow—what next do you require from the boobies?'

"Have the goodness to summon the waggoners.'

"'Good,' said the Pole; 'and then?'

"'Then I will examine the freight of the waggons, if it be possible to do so in the dark.'

"'Everything is possible,' said the Pole, 'if you like to take the trouble to search through the old canvass in the night. But I should be inclined to advise a bottle of Sauterne and a few hours' repose instead.'

"'I should prefer to inspect the waggons at once,' said the merchant, with a smile, 'if you have no objection to it.'

"'I am on duty,' replied the Pole, 'therefore let's to work at once; there are plenty of hands here to hold lights for you. You confounded rascals,' continued he in Polish, again cuffing the waggoner and threatening the landlord, 'I will carry you all off together, and have a court-martial held upon you, if you do not instantly bring all the drivers belonging to this gentleman into my presence. How many of them?' inquired he, in French, from the merchant.

"'There are fourteen waggons,' was the reply.

"'There must be fourteen waggoners,' thundered the Pole again to the people; 'the devil shall fly away with you all if you do not instantly produce them.' . .

"Turning to the merchant, he said, 'Here you have the men; now see to the freight.' Then he carelessly sat down on the pole of a carriage, and looked at the points of his polished boots, which had got a good deal bemired."

One waggon was found to have been completely unloaded, and the goods hidden away; others had been pilfered. But restitution was enforced by the vigorous threats of the young Pole. The waggons were reloaded, and the merchant was prepared to leave the town with them the next day.

But provisional governments are not the most stable of institutions. The next day the young Polish nobleman was fighting for his own life against an insurrectionary mob. He fell, shot through the head. The landlord and his rascally friends were again in the ascendant; and now the merchant was in danger of losing both his life and his goods, when Anton came to the rescue. The landlord was rushing, sword in hand, at the merchant; Anton seized him from behind, tripped him, threw him on his back, and then, holding a pistol to his head, cried out to his followers, "Back, you rascals, or I shoot him dead!"

At length the merchant contrived to leave the town with his fourteen waggons of valuable merchandise. Anton was left behind to make arrangements with debtors. In all this he acts, of course, with perfect discretion, and with all the success that could be reasonably expected.

When he returns home, we may well understand how cordial a welcome he would receive both from the merchant and his sister. Herr Von Fink had left for America; Sabine was free at heart; she was full of gratitude for the preserver of her brother's life; she was surprised to find how handsome Anton had become. We see the *dénouement* before us. Anton must become a partner in the firm, and marry Sabine.

But this happy issue of events must for a time be suspended, and even endangered. The exigencies of the novel absolutely require that Anton should postpone his happiness for the present; he has to be brought

again under the influence of Lenore and the Baroness; he has to quit the merchant, and become an agent, or steward, to a miserable estate in Poland, that he may know from experience the difference between serving a straightforward master, who both exacts and rewards with undeviating justice, and devoting a quiet chivalrous service to bland gentlewomen, who praise, admire, solicit, and forget—forget all but the essential distinction between plebeian and patrician. We must therefore now turn to the Baron Von Rothsattel, his family, and his pecuniary affairs.

When we passed through the pleasure-grounds, and paused with Anton before the castle of the Baron—what man on earth could be happier? An unencumbered estate, a charming wife and daughter—taste and occupations that make a country life agreeable—imagination cannot depict a condition of life more enviable. And his life is not useless to others, for not only that family group, who seize on him with joy as he enters the mansion, is made happy by his presence, but every servant about the house and farm, the stables and the dairy, receives the incalculable benefit of living under the eye of one who exercises a wholesome discipline, keeps order, sustains industry, and is kind and generous withal. But the Baron, though possessing what seems to an observer all the wealth that is desirable, wants *just a little more* to make him the most contented of men. His son is in the army, and of course expensive, and he shall by-and-by have to bestow a portion on his daughter. We see plainly that the Baron is one of those whom an unthinking world pronounce to be most fortunate, but who are really, by the want of that *little more*, very much to be pitied.

There is a portly usurer of the name of Ehrenthal, a man of substance in all senses of the word, exceeding courtly in his demeanour, who has had some dealings with the Baron. This man has secretly set his heart on the hereditary estate of the Rothsattels. He has only to cultivate in the Baron this nascent desire for gain, and the gentlemanly habit of borrowing, and the beautiful house and grounds, and the well-stocked farm, will fall into the usurer's hands. He and his diamond pin, displayed upon his ample cravat, are accompanying the Baron, with many bows, round the property.

"After the inspection of the sheep there was a pause, Ehrenthal being quite overcome with the thickness and fineness of their fleeces. He nodded and winked in ecstasy. 'What wool!' said he; 'what it will be next spring! Do you know, Baron, you are a most fortunate man? Have you good accounts of the young gentleman, your son?'

"'Thank you; he wrote to us yesterday, and sent us his testimonials.'

"'He will be like his father, a nobleman of the first order, and a rich man too; the Baron knows how to provide for his children.'

"'I am not laying by,' was the careless reply.

"'Laying by, indeed!' said the tradesman, with the utmost contempt for anything so plebeian; 'and why should you? When old Ehrenthal is dead and gone, you will be able to leave the young gentleman this property—with—between ourselves—a very large sum indeed, besides a dowry to your daughter of—of—what shall I say?—of fifty thousand dollars at least.'

"'You are mistaken,' said the Baron gravely; 'I am not so rich.'

"'Not so rich!' cried Ehrenthal, ready to resent the speech, if it had not been made by the Baron himself. 'Why, you may then be so any moment you like; any one, with a property like yours, can double his capital in ten years, without the slightest risk. Why not take joint-stock promissory notes upon your estate?'"

This joint-stock company and its peculiar mode of operation are not very clear to us. Indeed, we are throughout—we presume from the difference between foreign customs and laws and our own—somewhat perplexed by the monetary and legal transactions referred to in the course of the novel. We suspect they have perplexed the fair translator a little. However that may be, the gist of the matter is, that the Baron, as a landed proprietor, may borrow money at four per cent., which money he is to use so dexterously that "he will obtain ten, twenty, nay, fifty per cent. for it!" How manifest that the Baron has but to wish to be rich to become so!

The bait is taken. The Baron borrows 45,000 dollars at four per cent., but by what means he is to realise with them his ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. is, strange to say, not yet revealed to him. For the present he has no other use or enjoyment of the new parchment notes (for in that shape the borrowed dollars appear) than to arrange them neatly in "a small handsome brass inlaid casket," and there contemplate them with much affection. "He would sit for hours opposite the open casket, never weary of arranging the parchment leaves according to their numbers, delighting in their glossy whiteness, and forming plans for paying off the capital." This is a very limited enjoyment of money, and manifestly not the way to realise the fifty, twenty, or even ten per cent.—not even that four per cent. which he must pay for this very innocent amusement. This four per cent. must come out of the revenues of the estate, but the Baron was saving nothing before, and it was not to be expected that he should begin to save just as he was on the point of becoming so rich a man. It so happens, too, that, simultaneously with the borrowing of this money, he has to incur additional expenses; for it is now found essential, for the sake of Lenore, that he should have a house in the capital, Lenore cannot possibly be allowed to grow up in the country, for her mamma detects that she is in danger of becoming an "original," than which, she observes, "there can be no greater misfortune for a girl in our circle, for the merest shade of eccentricity might ruin her prospects."

The result of all this admirable management is, that at the end of the year there is a deficit of two thousand dollars which the Baron has in some way to raise. You expect now that the usurer will come forward, proffering the loan of this two thousand dollars. The usurer comes to his relief, but in a far more subtle manner; he lets him taste, at the same time, of the sweets of money-making. Lend me, says Ehrenthal, ten thousand dollars' worth of those promissory notes which are lying idle in your brass inlaid casket, and in three months' time I will return them to you with two thousand dollars more, your half share of the profit I shall realise. What sort of transaction was that which was to be so profitable? was it such as a nobleman could honourably go shares in? Rothsattel asks the question, but permits himself to be easily satisfied. He lends the money, and Ehrenthal, according to his promise, brings it back, at the end of three months, with the additional two thousand dollars. The deficit is made up. "That very day the Baron bought a turquoise ornament for his wife, which she had long silently wished for, and sunshine prevailed in the family circle."

Now the nature of the transaction by which the Baron had gained his ten thousand dollars was this:—A villanous swindler had bought (but had not paid for) a quantity of timber of a nobleman living in the very neighbourhood of the Rothsattels. This swindler sells the wood to Ehrenthal for a mere fraction of its real value, pockets the money, and flies the country. Ehrenthal *and Co.* having bought the wood, sell it at a great profit, and the original proprietor is simply and entirely cheated of his timber. This comes out at a subsequent part of the history, much to the chagrin of the Baron. We may mention here that the forty-five thousand dollars borrowedof the joint-stock company are finally invested in a mortgage on an estate in Poland.

And now Ehrenthal opens his heavy-siege-batteries. Why does not the Baron build a factory on his estate for the extraction of sugar out of beet-root? The requisite capital could be easily obtained, and the profit would be immense. The scheme is played with, talked over, till at length it is adopted in earnest. From that time there is no peace in the beautiful residence of the Rothsattels, and very little sunshine in the family circle.

Ehrenthal advances money, to be secured by a mortgage on the land. But as the money is advanced from time to time, the usurer enters into an agreement with the Baron to take his simple note of hand in the first instance, and when the money

lent has risen to a certain amount, to receive a mortgage for the whole. The usurer trusts to the Baron's *word of honour* that he will give him this security on the land—a rather extraordinary proceeding on the part of such a man as Ehrenthal. However, such is the course he pursues, and it leaves the Baron open, at the next stage of the history, to a sad temptation to break his word.

For this building of a factory and planting the beet-root absorb much money and ruin the farm, and the Baron is driven to borrow of other men. These other men press for payment, will grant no delay, except on condition of having their debt secured on that very mortgage promised to Ehrenthal. It is our little villain Itzig, who having learned and profited by the secret art of gaining wealth, had, under the name of others, lent this money to the Baron. He had been in the service of Ehrenthal, and was determined to outmanœuvre his old principal. When the Baron is in his utmost strait—in the very agony of expectation—all his money swallowed up in brick-chimneys and the cultivation of beet-root, and not an ounce of sugar yet extracted—this wretch comes with his demand for immediate payment. The Baron *cannot* pay—promises any amount of interest—begs only for time, that the sugar may make its appearance—all in vain; Veitel Itzig will wait on one condition only—that he has that mortgage promised to Ehrenthal. The Baron yields.

But an old usurer, who, instead of his mortgage, has for all security the promissory notes of a bankrupt nobleman—of one whom he himself has been pushing on to bankruptcy—is not likely to be a very placable antagonist. It is not only ruin, but dishonour, that now threatens the Baron. His workmen at the factory, dressing themselves in their new clothes, come with flying banners and music to celebrate the auspicious opening of his sugar-works. They serenade him—they greet him with loud huzzas. Meanwhile quite other thoughts are working in his mind. In the evening he takes the wax-light from the servant's hand, enters his own room, opens a case of pistols, and proceeds to load one of them. His wife rushes in as his finger touches the trigger. His aim is disturbed, and the result of his wound is not death, but blindness.

The Baroness and her daughter are of course plunged into the greatest grief, and also, as the Baron's circumstances become known, into the greatest embarrassment and perplexity. In this state of things they turn to Anton. It would be cruel to remind the novelist that there were solicitors and agents enough in Breslau, and that there was no need for the young merchant-grocer to leave his own career to take upon himself the arrangement of affairs which rather required a lawyer than a man of commerce. Anton, all generosity and emotion, devotes himself to these ladies in their distress. The Polish estate, which the Baron had been compelled to purchase, as the only way by which he could obtain anything for the money he had lent upon it, was now their only resource, their only property. Accordingly, to Poland Anton goes, and works, with the zeal of twenty agents, to bring affairs into some order.

But into Poland we shall not accompany Anton. We have opened the novel, and shown its purpose and its nature as fully as can be done in the pages of a review. We shall devote a few words more to our accomplished Itzig, and to a character which is rather a favourite of ours, old Sturm the porter, and then we shall leave the reader to pursue his own way, if he is so minded, through the novel itself.

Veitel Itzig—this precocious pupil of the devil—oversteps his part—is not faithful to his own maxims. Indeed, when the devil teaches a man to commit every possible fraud, but to avoid what the law calls crime, he knows very well that his pupil will not keep within the prescribed limits. He who has nothing but the hangman to terrify him is very likely to step too near, and slip at last into the hands of the hangman. That old lawyer, of the name of Hippus, whom we have mentioned as having first instructed the young usurer in certain legal mysteries, has been induced to become the instrument of

Itzig in some nefarious transactions: the police are after him; he forces himself into Itzig's office, declares that he has no intention of going to jail alone, and that Itzig must do his best to protect him, if he would screen himself from exposure. "You must get me out of the way," says the old lawyer; and the young imp promises that he will get him out of the way.

The river Oder flows through Breslau, and a dense fog hung that day over the city. Now when Veitel Itzig first came to the capital, he lodged in a very humble room in a miserable inn, kept by Löbel Pinkus, the back part of which looked over the river. There were steps leading down into the water, which communicated with other steps leading into the neighbouring house; the communication between the two flights of steps being made by a planking or platform laid down in the water. This unsuspected mode of passing from one house to the other had been contrived for the convenience of certain smugglers, friends of Löbel Pinkus; and of course it was not long before the indefatigable Itzig had made himself acquainted with this secret passage. These steps, this secret passage, now occurred to Itzig. The fog favoured them; they might reach the spot unobserved. The old man was drunk; he might miss his footing in the water; walking knee-deep on a slippery plank, what accident might not happen?

"In the cold night-air the lawyer's senses partially returned, and Veitel enjoined him to be silent, and to follow him, and he would get him off.

"'He will get me off!' mechanically repeated Hippus, running along at his side. As they neared Pinkus's house, Veitel proceeded more cautiously, leading his companion through the dark ground-floor, and whispering—'Take my hand, and come quietly up stairs with me.' They reached the large public room, which was still empty. Much relieved, Veitel said, 'There is a hiding-place in the next house; you must go there.'

"'I must go there!' repeated the old man.

"'Follow me!' cried Veitel, leading him along the gallery, and then down the covered staircase.

"The old man tottered down the steps, firmly holding the coat of his guide, who had almost to carry him. In this way they came down step after step, till they reached the last one, over which the water was rushing. Veitel went first, and unconcernedly stepped up to his knee in the stream, only intent upon leading the old man after him.

"As soon as Hippus felt the cold water on his boot, he stood still, and cried out, 'Water!'

"'Hush!' angrily whispered Veitel, 'not a word!'

"'Water!' screamed the old man. 'Help! he will murder me!'

"Veitel seized him, and put his hand on his mouth; but the fear of death had again roused the lawyer's energies, and, placing his foot on the next step, he clung as firmly as he could to the bannisters, and again screamed out, 'Help!'

"'Accursed wretch!' muttered Veitel, gnashing his teeth with rage at this determined resistance; then, forcing his hat over his face, he took him by the neckcloth with all his strength, and hurled him into the water. There was a splash—a heavy fall—a hollow gurgling—and all was still."

The feelings of a murderer just after he has committed the crime, have been a favourite and frightful subject of many novelists. Herr Freytag has evidently made this state of mind a subject of psychological study, and if his description is not altogether successful, it is partly because the traces of this study are too manifest. We think of the observant author, instead of being absorbed in the miseries of Veitel Itzig. But many points in the description are worth notice—as the gradual manner in which the horrible nature of his own deed breaks upon Itzig, his playing with trifling subjects, thinking of his cigar-case, of the pleasant fire burning at home to receive him, striving to keep his mind in the old routine of thought, as if life could ever be again to him what it had been. The passage is too long for quotation, and it would be dealing unfairly with it not to give the whole.

Retribution speedily follows: first the spectacles of the old lawyer were found on the steps, then the crushed hat indicated violence, and in spite of the fog, Itzig had not been able

to go and return without being recognised. Suspicion was directed towards him. Itzig has just attained to the height of such prosperity as an Itzig can contemplate. He is rich; he is on the point of being married to the blooming Rosalie, the daughter of Ehrenthal: the wedding guests are assembled; he is talking rapidly; he is the object of general congratulation. The door opens, and a gesture from his clerk tells him that he is being sought for. He knows *why*. Without a pause, he escapes from the room, flies into the street, and hides amongst the darkest avenues he can find. In this state he is irresistibly attracted to the very spot where he had committed the murder; his imagination is familiar with it, and it is the best hiding-place he knows. Down these dark steps he treads—this time alone. Yet not alone, for the figure of the old man whom he had led down those steps a little time ago, appears so vividly before him that his limbs tremble; he is scared and bewildered, loses his foothold, and falls into the water. The river carries him too away.

The more lively and agreeable part of the novel is chiefly sustained by Herr Von Fink, a personage a great deal too important to be dealt with in a paragraph or two, and whom, therefore, we must leave entirely undescribed. Among the subordinate parts, the most humorous is that of old Sturm the porter. If the humour is of a somewhat lumbering character, it yet suits the huge figure and slow movements of the man. His great size and strength are brought dexterously before the imagination, and harmonise very well with the honest, simple-minded, but exceedingly obscure processes of thought to which he is addicted. A man cased to the throat in stiff leather aprons, and dealing with enormous hogsheads, must be supposed to have a slow movement of mind. His deductions are not precisely those which other men arrive at. His son Karl goes with Anton into Poland, and when there, loses two fingers of his right hand. As this prevents Karl from writing, the old porter concludes that he cannot possibly be *written to*. Of course, he says, there can be no communication between us; and he therefore writes his letter to Anton.

Sturm carries his notions of the differences of race further than any contemporaneous philosopher we are acquainted with. Porters have a quite peculiar constitution; your science of physiology does not apply to porters. They live only to the age of fifty—no gennine, thoroughbred porter lives longer; Sturm's father and grandfather died at or before that age. It is a destiny. Medicine and rules of diet are very well for other men—useless for porters. Much beer, and occasionally mixed with olive oil—a mixture nauseous perhaps to other men, but agreeable to porters—is indispensable. Above all, they are *practical* men, and in the word "practical" Sturm concentrates all the wisdom appropriate to porters.

Anton pays a visit to the honest Hercules, to talk with him about the prospects of his son Karl. By way of being "practical," we suppose, the porter lives in a small house, so low that "if he had ever drawn himself up to his full height, he would infallibly have carried off the roof."

"'I am delighted to see you in my house, sir,' said Sturm, taking Anton's hand in his immense grasp as gently as he could.

"'It is rather small for you, Mr. Sturm,' answered Anton, laughing. 'I never thought you so large as I do now.'

"'My father was still taller,' was the complacent reply; 'taller and broader. He was the chief of the porters, and the strongest man in the place; and yet a small barrel, not half so high as you are, was the death of him. Be seated, sir,' said he, lifting an oaken chair, so heavy that Anton could hardly move it. 'My Karl has told me that he has been to see you, and that you were most kind. He is a good boy, but he is a falling-off as to size. His mother was a little woman,' added Sturm mournfully, draining a quart of beer to the last drop. 'It is draught beer,' he said apologetically; 'may I offer you a glass? It is a custom amongst us to drink no other, but certainly we drink this the whole day through, for our work is heating.'

"'Your son wishes to become one of your number,' said Anton.

"'A porter!' rejoined the giant.

'No; that he never shall.' Then laying his hand confidentially on Anton's knee, 'It would never do; my dear departed wife besought me against it on her death-bed. And why? Our calling is respectable, as you, sir, best know. There are not many who have the requisite strength, and still fewer who have the requisite———'

"'Integrity,' said Anton.

"'You are right,' nodded Sturm. 'Always to have wares of every kind in immense quantities under our eyes, and never to touch one of them, that is not in everybody's line; and our earnings are very fair too. My dear departed saved a good deal of money, gold as well as silver. But that is not in my way. For why? If a man be practical, he need not plague himself about money, and Karl will be a practical man. But he must not be a porter. His mother would not hear of it.'

"'Your work is very laborious,' suggested Anton.

"'Laborious!' laughed Sturm; 'it may be laborious for the weak, but it is not that. It is this,' and he filled his glass. 'It is the draught beer.'

"Anton smiled. 'I know that you and your colleagues drink a good deal of this thin stuff.'

"'A good deal,' said Sturm with self-complacency; 'it is a custom of ours—it always has been so; porters must be strong men, true men, and beer-drinkers! Water would weaken us, so would brandy; there is nothing for it but draught beer and olive oil. Look here, sir,' said he, mixing a small glassful of fine oil and beer, stirring plenty of sugar into it, and drinking off the nauseous compound, 'this is a secret of ours, and makes an arm like this,' and he laid his on the table, and vainly endeavoured to span it. 'But there is a drawback. Have you ever seen an old porter? No; for there are none. Fifty is the greatest age they have ever reached. My father was fifty when he died, and the one we lately buried—Mr. Schröter was at the funeral—was forty-nine. I have still two years before me, however.'

"Anton looked at him anxiously. 'But, Sturm, since you know this, why not be more moderate?'

"'Moderate!' asked Sturm; 'what is moderate? It never gets into our heads. Twenty quarts a-day is not much, if you know nothing of it. However, Mr. Wohlfart, it is on this account that my dear departed did not choose that Karl should be a porter. As for that, few men *do* live to be much more than fifty, and they have all sorts of ailments that we know nothing about. But such were my wife's wishes, and so it must be.'"

On another occasion, when the porter, having approximated to the age of fifty, began to think he must be very ill, Anton inquires,—

"'What says the doctor to your complaint?'

"'The doctor!' said old Sturm; 'if he were to be asked about me, he would have enough to say. But we do not ask him. Between ourselves, there is no use in a doctor. They may know what is the matter with many men—that I don't deny; but how should they know what is the matter with us? Not one of them can lift a barrel.'"

No one can have read the quotations we have made without noticing the ease and fluency and idiomatic force of the translation. Two English translations of this novel have simultaneously appeared, both by ladies. If it be the duty of a critic to read the same novel twice over, we must plead guilty here to a dereliction of duty; we have read only one of these translations: we are spared at least from making any invidious comparisons; we take it for granted that both are good. The translation before us, by L. C. C., is very spirited and agreeable. It has been censured, we understand, on account of certain abridgments and curtailments, made with a view of accommodating the novel to the taste of the English reader. We are not disposed to join in this censure, for we really think that the present version would have been improved if some further curtailments had been made. We get very tired of that Polish estate, with all the details of its management, to which the Baron and his family are compelled to retire; we are almost as glad to quit it as Anton himself must have been.

As to the general question, how far a translator is justified in curtailing his original author, let us make what old Sturm himself would acknowledge to be a "practical" observation. When an author has obtained a world-wide reputation, nothing but a faithful and complete rendering of his work will be tolerated. This the public demand; this the translator

sets himself to give. If parts are dull, if whole pages are languid, *he* has no responsibility; his only responsibility is to be just and faithful. But when a translator introduces, for the first time, some foreign writer very little known to his countrymen, he has to conciliate the taste of his own nation. No great name as yet overshadows the pages of the work; the English reader has not asked for any translation, is not solicitous to know what the great man has said—cares only to be amused. If, under these circumstances, the translator omits and abridges, who is there to find fault? Not the English public, for its pleasure has been especially consulted; not the author, for his work, by these means, has been rendered more acceptable to a foreign people. And if the work prove one of permanent interest, the matter rights itself. The once unknown author has become a celebrated man, and the public demands, and will receive, the full and faithful translation.

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## THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

We have hitherto abstained from taking an active part in the discussions regarding the present state of the Scottish Universities—a subject which, for the last year or two, has attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention. That our silence was not the result of indifference may be gathered from the fact, that in the Magazine the rights of these Universities to a more generous acknowledgment on the part of the State were advocated, and their utility explained, long before there were any symptoms of the present active agitation. But at the very commencement of that agitation, and still more during its progress, it became apparent to us that the men who, with the best possible intentions, were most prominent in demanding a reform, reconstitution, or enlargement of those venerable national institutions, were either inclined to advance educational theories of a Utopian kind, or were not thoroughly conversant with the details of the system which they professed themselves eager to improve. We foresaw that a great deal of crude matter, and of unprofitable if not extravagant suggestion, would be poured forth in pamphlet and from platform before the general mind was ready for rational consideration; and we therefore determined to wait until the hubbub had somewhat subsided, in the hope that we might then receive a patient and impartial hearing. In saying this, we mean no disrespect to any of the gentlemen who have taken part in a somewhat difficult controversy. Whatever we may think of the soundness of their individual opinions, we cheerfully acknowledge that they have done good service to the Universities by directing the public attention to their state, prospects, and efficiency; nor do we, by any means, intend to convey the impression that we reject *en masse* the whole of their ideas, though we certainly disapprove of some. We are further indebted to them for this, that their exertions have called into the field men of great capacity, experience, and strength of judgment—among whom we may be allowed to particularise the Earl of Elgin, Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, Sir John M'Neill, and Mr. Inglis, now Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen—who have not only expressed, but are actively showing the interest which they feel in the welfare of the Scottish Universities, and who are eminently qualified to decide what is really required in order to raise these institutions to the highest point of efficiency.

We propose, in this article, to offer a few remarks upon the present state and working of the Universities as educational establishments, with the view of explaining our ideas, derived from considerable experience and close observation, as to the internal reforms which are most urgently required; and also as to the amount of countenance which they receive, or ought to receive, from the State. The latter topic seems to us of pecu-

liar importance at a time when examinations have been instituted as an indispensable requisite for obtaining entrance into many branches of the public service, more especially as very grave objections have been taken to the method in which those examinations have hitherto been conducted.

But, before entering into details, it may be necessary for the information of many of our readers to explain what is the course of study, and what the mode of teaching pursued in the Scottish Universities. They are institutions radically different in kind from Oxford and Cambridge. They were, all of them, founded long before the union of the kingdoms; and although, in some respect, their scope has been materially widened, no decided or violent change has been made in their fundamental system. They were originally intended to afford, and they do still offer, the advantages of liberal education to a numerous class of young men, who, in England, could never have joined a University; and if, in some respects, they may be considered inferior in classical teaching to the great Southern establishments, they at least extend the benefits of instruction to a far greater number in proportion to the relative population of the kingdoms; and, moreover, it is undeniable that they occupy a wider field. This much we premise, simply to show that there is no common ground for instituting a comparison between the methods pursued at the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, and those of Edinburgh or Glasgow. Whatever improvement may be suggested for either—assimilation, even were it desirable, is plainly out of the question.

We shall, for the sake of illustration, select the University of Edinburgh, both on account of its metropolitan importance, and because, in so far as the state is concerned, it has received the smallest share of support in the way of endowment. The cry for reform, indeed, is confined almost exclusively to Edinburgh. Glasgow and St. Andrews appear quiescent; and what agitation prevails in Aberdeen is chiefly owing to the circumstance that there are two Universities — King's College and Marischal College—within the boundaries of the granitic city. Therefore we think that a description of the system pursued in Edinburgh will be the best foundation for our commentary.

In Scotland the words "University" and "College" are synonymous, and are used indiscriminately. Collegiate life, as it exists in the great establishments of England, is utterly unknown. The students do not live together, within bounds, but find their residences, according to their means, in the towns; and as they are for the most part divided into "Faculties," to which separate branches of study are assigned, they have little common intercourse, unless they are fellow-students in the same class. There are four Faculties —these being Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine—the two latter being wholly unconnected with the others. It is not required from the Students of Law or Medicine that they shall have previously passed through the Faculty of Arts, or even attended a limited number of the classes of which that Faculty consists. Each Faculty has the power of examining for their degrees, and these examinations are separately conducted; the degrees being nominally conferred by the whole University, but in reality granted by the Faculties. The Faculties of Law and Medicine are therefore strictly professional, and exist for the purpose of imparting to students special instruction in those branches alone; but we repeat that they have no connection whatever with the Faculty of Arts, the nature of which we shall presently explain. The Faculty of Divinity, however, is closely connected with the Faculty of Arts; for it is required that all students, before passing into the former Faculty, must have attended certain classes belonging to the latter—a wise provision, in so far as it goes, because it insures that every clergyman shall have received the advantages of a liberal education, though there may still be room for improvement. And here it is proper to explain that the rules enforced by the Free and United Presbyterian Churches for securing the education of their probationers, are very nearly the same with those

laid down by the established Church; and that, notwithstanding the various schisms which have afflicted Presbyterian Scotland, the Universities, owing to their unsectarian character, have retained the public confidence. No religious test was ever required from students; and none is now exacted from Professors, with the exception of those who are appointed to chairs of Theology.

It is not so easy to define the character of the Faculty of Arts as it exists in the University of Edinburgh. Nominally it is held to comprehend all the Professors who are not attached to Law, Medicine, or Divinity; but as an operative Faculty for determining degrees in Arts, it is much more limited. Thus, in order to qualify himself for the degree of B.A., the student must have attended the classes of Humanity (that is Latin), Greek, Mathematics, Logic and Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy. Before he can present himself for the degree of M.A., he must also undergo an examination in Natural Philosophy, and in Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. Hence, practically, the power of examining for degrees in arts is vested in seven Professors; although there are five others, those of Astronomy, History, Agriculture, Music, and Technology, who are held to belong to the Faculty of Arts, and who all have votes in the Senate. But there is another remarkable peculiarity, that attendance upon one class in the curriculum—that of Rhetoric—is not compulsory upon students who pass from Arts to Divinity, unless they offer themselves for the degree of M.A. As the Rhetoric class is the only one in which the arts of vernacular composition and delivery are systematically taught, this omission, which has the sanction of the Church, may appear a strange one; but the explanation probably is, that in the other Universities of Scotland the chair of Rhetoric is combined with that of Logic. None of the Presbyterian Churches require that those presenting themselves for ordination shall be Graduates in Arts.

Any one may become a member of the University by simply enrolling his name in the matriculation books, on payment of a trifling fee. He may then attend any class he pleases, by applying to the Professor for a ticket, which, in the Faculty of Arts, is limited to three guineas. Thus, supposing that he attends three classes during a winter session, reaching from the beginning of November to the end of April, his whole direct College fees do not exceed ten guineas; but more frequently, students restrict themselves to two classes in each session, in which case the expenses are diminished to seven. The number of those who graduate in arts is very small—for this reason, that such a degree confers no privilege whatever; it is a mere barren title. So soon as the student has passed through the curriculum, his connection with the University closes; and this is perhaps the most discouraging feature of Scottish collegiate education.

Until very recently, no entrance examination was made compulsory before matriculation or enrolment in any class; but three years ago the patrons of the University (that is, the Town-Council) laid down a rule that there should be an entrance examination in the department of Greek, in so far as regarded the junior class. The immediate effect of that rule was to decrease the attendance; and it is understood to be now abandoned, if not formally rescinded; option being given to the students to take their examination after an attendance of three months. This absence of entrance examination is a point deserving of much attention, and one which is not generally understood in all its bearings. We shall have occasion to revert to it hereafter.

The annual number of literary students, matriculated as such in the University of Edinburgh, is between five and six hundred, of whom but a small proportion go through the entire curriculum. Except for divinity students, and those who intend to become candidates for degrees, strict entrance to the classes, according to the form of the curriculum, is unnecessary; and, in consequence, a very large number of young men take two or three classes, as may suit their convenience or inclination, without proceeding any farther. Also it is a common practice for gentlemen of fortune, officers of

the East India Company's service, or others of literary taste, to matriculate for the sole purpose of attending the lectures of some distinguished Professor in the higher branches of philosophy, science, or letters. These are not students in the proper sense of the term, though they enrol themselves as such. Nevertheless, their attendance is a manifest advantage, as it is also a decided compliment to the University.

Next, as to the amount and nature of the work which the students are required to perform. This differs in kind according to the character of the class. In the three classes which rank first in the curriculum of Arts—Latin, Greek, and Mathematics—the business is conducted for the most part by teaching, not by lecturing. Each of the students is brought frequently, though not daily, under the eye of the Professor, and they are examined orally as well as through written exercises. In the other classes—Logic, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, and Rhetoric—the business is principally conducted by means of lectures; but, in addition, there are examinations upon the lectures, or upon some special subject prescribed for study, and also written exercises. In these latter classes it almost invariably happens that a certain number of the students do not offer themselves for examination, and do not write the exercises. When this occurs they receive no certificates, beyond a simple one of attendance, at the close of the session; and of course they are not allowed to compete for class honours, which are eagerly coveted by arduous and intelligent students. For this there is no remedy. Once past school, there is an end of coercion; and even at school, coercion, if pushed too far, degenerates into positive cruelty. True is the adage, that though one man can lead a horse to the water, twenty cannot force him to drink. The motive power lies with the Professor. If he can invest his subject with interest, and really attract the attention of the students, there is very little fear but that the greater part of them will obey his bidding, and exert themselves to become proficients in that special branch of knowledge or science which it is his duty to explain. If, on the contrary, he is indolent, tiresome, or monotonous, they turn to something else, and few have the patience to extract profit from his long-winded dissertations.

A stranger, on first visiting Edinburgh, must necessarily be much surprised by the very motley aspect of the crowd which issues from the College gates when the bell tolls the hourly signal for the dismissal and gathering of the classes. Boyhood, adolescence, manhood, and even age, are there represented. Two generations are mingled together; for they may be counted from fourteen to forty. First, perhaps, a group of juniors, full of animal spirits and fun, charges down the steps. Then comes a knot of grave young men, evidently destined for the ministry, to whom education is a serious matter, for their future livelihood depends upon it, and, in the mean time, the resources of their friends, far away in Angus or Dumfries, have been taxed to give them the advantage of a course at the University. Then strides forth an unmistakable native of the north, older than the others, and with the marks of stern determination on his brow, though somewhat uncouth in appearance. That is a specimen of a class of whom Scotland has cause to be proud, and of whom she is sometimes even not sufficiently proud. For the man whom the stranger remarks there, has received no preliminary education which laxity itself could denominate classical. Born of obscure parents, in an exceedingly remote parish, and apparently destined to win his bread by manual labour, he has received, many years ago, the common elementary education of a Scottish peasant, and from that has passed to a handicraft. But something tells him, as he measures himself with his fellows, that he is intended for a higher career; and, accordingly, he has worked double-tides, saved, pinched, almost starved, throughout one or more summers, in order that he might be able, during the winter session, to attend the University classes.

This is no exaggerated picture; nor are such instances uncommon. Livingstone, the African missionary and

traveller, was enabled by such means to take that degree in medicine which was the foundation of his success; and many other men, eminent in science and literature, or who have afterwards risen to the summit of their professions, have in like manner been indebted to that freedom of entrance which hitherto has been a distinguishing and peculiar feature of the Scottish Universities. This is a point which we are anxious to note carefully, because any rash change, which should have the effect of preventing such men as we have described from becoming students, is, in our opinion, deeply to be deprecated. Such a change, however, has been advocated, with a certain show of plausibility, by some who profess themselves desirous to promote the cause of "high education"—a term lofty in sound, but oftentimes contracted in signification.

The Tutorial system, as in force at the English Universities, was never part of the Scottish educational scheme. Obviously it could not be so—for this simple reason, that there are no endowments to support tutors independent of casual fees, and but few students who could afford to pay for extra-mural assistance. Of late, however, a great deal has been said and written regarding the propriety of introducing a Tutorial system; and the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh has so far sanctioned that view, as to give a small grant, from limited funds at the disposal of that learned body, for maintaining what are called Tutors, in connection with four out of the seven classes which we have specified as belonging to the curriculum of the Faculty of Arts. Tutors, however, they are not. They are merely assistants to the Professors, and, as yet, they have no recognised University rank or position. Whether or not a new order of this kind should be instituted, is a question which deserves serious consideration.

One thing we must note in passing—that those who wish for the establishment of Tutors, as part of the Scottish University system, do not profess to connect in it any way with the preparation for taking a degree. The proposed Scottish Tutor is not required to assist the advanced or alert—his function, when he comes into play, is to push forward the retarded and the slow. To him certain students, whose previous attainments do not qualify them to keep pace with the progress of the class, are to be remitted for extra drill, until they can come up with the others who have been more favoured by their course of preliminary education; and beyond this, he is to relieve the Professor of some drudgery in the correction of exercises. But there he is to stop. We are very far from disapproving of the nomination of Tutors in this sense. On the contrary, we think that, in the preliminary—that is, the *teaching* classes—assistants of this kind are absolutely necessary; but we demur to carrying it farther. In classes which are conducted mainly by means of lectures, every Professor must have his own system, and his own views; and from him alone the students ought to receive an opinion as to their progress in his peculiar branch, and their relative proficiency.

A very few words relative to the granting of degrees in arts, will terminate our explanation of the course and method of study presently pursued at the University of Edinburgh. At the close of every winter session, seven days are set apart for the examination of candidates who have passed through the curriculum of arts, one day being devoted to each subject in rotation. Papers prepared by the Professors, and containing such questions as they may consider most fit to test knowledge and acquirement, are delivered to the candidates when they enter the examination room; and they are required to write the answers in the presence and under the eye of the examinator, so that there is an effectual check against collusion or extraneous assistance. The answers, when returned, are carefully noted; and each Professor frames a list according to merit, by a system of marks, corresponding in value to the accuracy of each answer. When these lists are prepared, the Professors meet, and the numbers of the marks are counted. In this examination of lists, a certain number represents the minimum for a pass, and if, in any one of the seven

examinations necessary for the degree of M.A., or of the five examinations necessary for the degree of B.A., a candidate is below that minimum, the degree is withheld. But there is a further test of acquirement; for the mark system is so constructed that a candidate may be above the minimum in each separate examination, and yet not be entitled to a degree, on account of his not having obtained the aggregate number of marks which are requisite for a pass. This method, which must appear complex when related, is really very simple in practice, and, we venture to think, very efficacious; since while it requires from the candidate at least a respectable knowledge of every branch of learning upon which he is examined, it excludes him from a degree, if his knowledge with regard to some of them is not far higher than respectable. Indeed, we are bound to express our conviction that the degree of Master of Arts as granted by the University of Edinburgh, implies the possession of a greater amount of varied and useful attainment than is demanded at the present day in any of the Universities of England, and that if fault there be, it lies in the overstrictness of the examinations, and not in their laxity. Certainly in regard to granting degrees in Arts, the examination in Edinburgh is higher and more stringent than in some other Scottish Universities. This may, or may not, be a practical mistake, but it is a fact which should be kept in mind, and to which we attach no little importance, for reasons which we shall presently assign.

Having given this explanation, the accuracy of which we venture to think will not be challenged; and premising that the Edinburgh system represents, at least in broad features, though differing somewhat in detail, that which is pursued in the other Scottish Universities—let us consider what are the deficiencies, neglects, or shortcomings, which it is now proposed to remedy or supplement.

The first and most articulate complaint is that the system is unfavourable to erudition, and that Scotland does not produce its quota of profound and distinguished scholars. We shall not stay to question the postulate, because that would merely involve us in a vain discussion. We shall therefore admit at once that what is called high scholarship is not so assiduously or successfully cultivated in Scotland as in England; that we do not produce so many commentators on Greek plays, or so many elucidators of Aristotle; and that our University training may not be such as to excite the admiration of a Scaliger. In short, that we do not boast of having among us men of that stamp who were represented in England by Bentley, Porson, or Parr. But we deny that this admission affords any good or sufficient ground for advocating a radical change of system. Profound scholarship is no doubt a great accomplishment. It was held in much reverence in the days when its function was imperatively required to explain what was dubious in the works of the ancient authors; and even now, when the mass of commentaries exceeds by an hundredfold the volume of the text, it is regarded with sincere respect. But then, under the most favourable circumstances, it would be preposterous to expect simultaneously the apparition of more than a limited number of active and famous scholars; that is, of men who, having gained erudition, do not rest satisfied with the mere acquirement, but bequeath to posterity the results of their learned labours. We do not admit that it was solely, or even mainly, with a view to the production of such a class, that the Universities either of Scotland or of England were instituted; although we concede the fact that, out of the latter, more scholars of eminence arise than are to be found in the northern kingdom. But it requires no great penetration to discover a reason for that. Take away from the English Universities their Tutorships and Fellowships, deprive them of their large ecclesiastical patronage and munificent endowments, and what stimulus would be left for the acquirement of profound erudition? On the other hand, if it were possible or advisable (for even that may admit of a doubt) to give Scotland such temporal advantages and

means of prosecuting study, we are thoroughly convinced that the product would be such as to satisfy the cravings of even the most enthusiastic and extravagant worshipper of the Classics. The simple truth is, that, in England, splendid provision has been made for the cultivation of learning, without regard to ulterior purposes; while in Scotland there is no provision whatever. So long as this continues, it is most unfair to impute inefficiency to the Scottish Universities, because they do not exhibit a phalanx of renowned scholars, who owe nothing whatever to fostering elsewhere. The sun that shines so pleasantly in the South, does not afford sufficient heat to ripen the grapes upon our Northern wall. But the vines thrive well enough under our care; and when transplanted to a more genial climate, their produce is abundant. Let us select, not invidiously we hope, a recent and remarkable instance. Dr. Tait, the present Bishop of London, received his first university education in Glasgow, where he took the highest honours. From Glasgow he passed to Oxford, became Fellow and Senior Tutor of Baliol College, was appointed Master of Rugby, rose to be Dean of Carlisle, and finally, while yet comparatively young, was elevated to the Metropolitan see of England. We do not say that Dr. Tait was indebted for his success in this brilliant and almost unexampled career solely to his classical attainments; but this much is evident, that but for these attainments, he could not have taken two of the important preliminary steps which led to so high a dignity. Had he tarried in Scotland, the highest prize accessible to him on account of his learning would have been some Professorship, yielding the modest return of £800 or £400 per annum.

"Laudatur et alget" is an apothegm which, in Scotland, is peculiarly applicable to abstruse scholarship; and so, we fear, it must remain, for as yet there are but faint symptoms, notwithstanding the multitude of reclamations, that a more generous treatment will be substituted. But these remarks or admissions have not necessarily any bearing upon the question of academical teaching. Let the degree of Master of Arts be taken as the culminating point of teaching, and we should not hesitate to test the comparative attainments of those who have acquired degrees in Edinburgh and Glasgow, with the like number from Oxford and Cambridge. We believe that, in science and mental philosophy, the Scottish graduates would have a marked advantage, and that, even if defeated in classics, they would make an honourable appearance. And we say this in the full knowledge that young men in England, when they present themselves for their degrees, are on the average more advanced in years than are the Scottish candidates, who are for the most part compelled to make good use of their time while they tarry at the University, because, immediately after that, they must be absorbed by the active vortex of their professions. In the absence of Tutorships and Fellowships, the northern student, after he has taken his degree, has no reliable source of livelihood. He must vend his goods where he can. Scholastic learning commands but a low price in the general market when offered in its own shape. Combined with other material, it becomes of much higher value.

But while we make this assertion in behalf of our graduates, who, be it remarked, are very few in number compared with the non-graduating literary students, we do admit that there are certain matters connected with the teaching of the classics in all the Scottish Universities, which require consideration. And first arises the question, which has already been keenly debated, whether it would be advisable or not to require that all students in arts shall undergo an entrance examination in Greek and Latin. We shall endeavour to state succinctly the arguments on either side.

Those who insist upon the necessity of an entrance examination, lay much stress upon the fact, which is undoubted, that amongst the multitude of students who present themselves at College for the first time, there is a gross disparity in attain-

ment. That while some of them have received the advantage of a careful and minute classical preliminary education at such seminaries as the High School and Academy of Edinburgh, or other gymnasia of undoubted reputation, others emerge from remote parish schools, where the teaching is of inferior description, or in which, if well taught, the pupil has not remained long enough to acquire more than the merest rudiments of the ancient languages. They argue that in classes so constituted, the interests of the more advanced students must necessarily be sacrificed for the sake of bringing up the others; and that, moreover, it is beneath the dignity of a University that within its walls the rudiments of the classics should be taught. They think that an entrance examination would be useful in so far as it must deter mere boys from coming to the University unprepared, as well as men who are unfortunately without preparation.

Their opponents say that an entrance examination on the classics would, unless it were merely nominal, change altogether the nature of the Scottish Universities; and instead of leaving them, as heretofore, essentially popular institutions, would confine their benefits to a limited class of the community. The elevation or improvement of certain schools is not, they maintain, any just or adequate reason for altering a practice which has remained in full force throughout Scotland ever since the Universities were founded; and they distinctly and strongly object to the exclusion of any person who may offer himself as a student, on the ground of his previous want of attainment. They say that the effect of such compulsory examination for entrance, would be to drive intending students away, to narrow the sphere of the usefulness of the University, and to deprive young men, whose previous education, by reason of their poverty, had been neglected, of the opportunity of rising to distinction.

Such are the main arguments on either side; and the reader will probably be of opinion that they are very nearly balanced. Such, certainly, would be our opinion, were we convinced that the premises assumed by the advocates of an entrance examination were in all respects correctly laid down; but we apprehend that in this, as in other keenly-contested matters, the battle-ground has not been accurately surveyed. For we find, on referring to the Edinburgh University programme for the present session, that there are *two* distinct classes of Latin or Humanity, the junior and the senior; with the former of which the Professor is occupied *two* hours each day in the week, Saturdays excepted; and that there are no fewer than *three* Greek classes—the first, second, and third; the first, as in the Junior Latin, having two hours each day assigned to it. Now, there is no University regulation extant which compels students who are entering for the curriculum to join the junior or rudimental classes, in which the method of teaching does not greatly differ from that practised in the schools. If they have already attained that amount of proficiency in the languages which enables them to dispense with grammatical exercitations, they are free to enter at once into the Senior Humanity, and second, or even third, Greek classes, in which the teaching becomes more of a Professorial nature, and in which occasional prelections are given; and this being the case, the difficulty arising from the acknowledged disparity of the previous attainments of the students disappears, or at all events is very materially lessened. Certainly it would be a great, almost an intolerable hardship, and very detrimental to the prosperity of a University, if well-educated pupils, coming from the Academy or High School, should find themselves so swamped by a horde of classical illiterates, that they were compelled to remain idle until the others had worked themselves up to their standard; but such is not the prescribed method now, nor was it so, many years ago, when we entered as an alumnus of the Edinburgh University. Then, as it still is, the Chair of Humanity was occupied by Mr. Pillans; and we do no more than a simple act of justice to that vener-

ated gentleman when we say that we owe to him a large debt of gratitude for having introduced us to new fields, and for having made us far better acquainted than we were before with the beauty, spirit, and extent of the Roman literature. In the Senior Humanity class he prelected upon authors whose works receive little consideration in the schools. He explained to us the Fasti of Ovid, thereby opening the richest mine of Latin antiquity and tradition; and by drawing our attention to such writers as Lucretius, Martial, and Claudian, he made us aware of some of the changes of style and manner which mark the literature of Rome. Under Mr. Pillans at least, we can testify, with the utmost confidence, that we felt no retardation, though we had the great advantage of preliminary discipline under the care of the learned and erudite Archdeacon Williams, then Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, before we joined the University. If in other branches of education we were not so fortunate, the blame probably lay with us rather than with the Professors. But our own experience assures us that a vast deal of imaginary evil has been conjured up and paraded against the present system, as if that system possessed no power of elasticity, and must necessarily contract instead of enlarging its sphere.

As for the argument that it is beneath the dignity of a University to deal with rudimentary elements, we dismiss that at once with the contempt which it deserves. No higher privilege is granted to man, than the power of instruction, however humble or limited that instruction may be. The rich of this earth may learn, and have learned, the highest truths from the lips of a peasant; and pride never assumes a more revolting guise, than when, boasting of its own intellectual achievements, it looks down arrogantly on those below, and disdains to reach out a finger to aid them in their upward ascent. For the honour and reputation of our country, we say, let us maintain the Scottish Universities as we found them, institutions open to the aspiring, however poor they be, without check and without hindrance; and let the doors of knowledge be shut in the face of none who demand it, not as an eleemosynary boon, but on the same terms as are exacted from the richer classes of society.

In the course of the discussion which has arisen on this important point, many rash statements have been hazarded. These it is not our purpose to notice in detail; but one averment recently made by a gentleman who occupies a high position in the educational profession, is of so positive and startling a nature that we cannot pass it over. In a letter addressed to the Lord Advocate on the subject of University Reform, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, while adverting generally to the burgh schools in Scotland, expresses himself thus:—"Most of these schools are already in a condition to bring their pupils up to any reasonable standard that may be fixed for admission to a University, *while a few such as the Edinburgh High School and Academy, are actually in advance of the Scottish Universities.*" When this passage first met our eye, we presumed Dr. Schmitz's meaning to be that the pupils leaving the highest classes in the High School and Academy were so far advanced that they could not derive any assistance in their future studies by joining the *junior classes* of Latin and Greek at any of the Scottish Universities. In that statement we were fully prepared to concur; for both the seminaries referred to, have been, and are, most ably conducted by an excellent and learned staff of teachers, under the superintendence of accomplished rectors; and they produce the average crop of promising scholars, as well as of inveterate dunces. But we presently stumbled upon another passage which shows that the previous remark was intended to convey a much more extensive meaning. It is this: "The Edinburgh High School and Academy, which, as I have already remarked, *rise above the Universities*, in many cases send their pupils to foreign or English Universities, because those of Scotland *do not afford the means of continuing the studies*

*from the point at which they had arrived on leaving the school.*" This statement is so clear as to require no explanation. In the opinion of Dr. Schmitz, no professor of Latin or Greek in any of the Scottish Universities—for the remark applies to them all—advances his pupils to a higher point than is reached in the senior classes of the Edinburgh Academy and High School; of course, by the more intelligent and industrious boys, for we presume that Dr. Schmitz has no infallible receipt for the entire abolition of boobies.

If this be so, then assuredly it is time that some active remedy should be devised, for we cannot consent to strangle education at a certain point for the sake of indiscriminate admission. The Academy and High School are institutions of which we have just reason to be proud, and certainly the Universities cannot afford to lose the best educated of the youth of Scotland. They are the salt which should season the others—the class which more than any other is required to stimulate activity among the students. But are the facts really such as Dr. Schmitz represents them to be? Strictly speaking, this is a matter of opinion, and therefore the learned Rector cannot be offended if we venture to doubt his accuracy. No doubt he has some academical testimony to which he can refer in support of his statement, in so far at least as the University of Edinburgh is concerned; since Professor Blackie, the incumbent of the Greek Chair in Edinburgh, has, in his ardour for the establishment of a staff of University Tutors, sometimes employed a latitude of speech which is liable to misconstruction. Smarting under the annoyance of elementary teaching, he has, we venture to think, exaggerated the difficulties of his position, and he has unwittingly depreciated his own acknowledged power, and suggested doubts as to the efficacy of his practice. Professor Blackie must not be angry with us for dealing with him so frankly. We do not hold the doctrine of Cassius that, "A friendly eye should never see such faults," more especially when we are satisfied that he has been doing great injustice to himself. But admissions, or rather self-accusations, are dangerous things, and, therefore, we are not surprised to observe that Dr. Schmitz should have emphatically dwelt, towards the conclusion of his letter, upon a very sweeping, but really hyperbolical, assertion once made by Professor Blackie, to the effect that the literary Professors in the Scottish Universities lived by poaching on the schools. This, as applied to the Faculty of Arts, was simply an extravagant trope, which did not require a serious answer, and which we are certain was not intended as a substantive charge, because four departments at least, if not five, out of the seven comprehended in the ordinary curriculum, were clearly beyond the reach of the schools, and could not be guilty of an infringement of the literary game-law. Therefore, there were only two departments directly arraigned as poachers, for one of which the incautious Professor admitted that he must answer in person. And as he has confessed the crime, though we do not believe in his real guilt, nothing can be more natural than that Dr. Schmitz should move for judgment accordingly. But when Dr. Schmitz moves for general judgment against the Classical Professors of Scotland, the case is very different. We must have something better than his own assertion, that his very best pupils cannot be advanced by attending the Senior Humanity class in the University of Edinburgh, or the Senior Humanity and Greek classes in any other of the Universities of Scotland. It is not alleged that classical education in the High School and Academy is now carried to a higher point than was reached some five-and-twenty years ago, when Archdeacon Williams and Dr. Carson were at the head of those distinguished seminaries. Dr. Schmitz, we apprehend, will hardly venture to make that assertion; and if he does not make and maintain it, then we must conclude either that the Universities of Scotland have, for the last quarter of a century, been behind the schools in respect of classical teaching, or that, during the interval, the Professorial teaching

has degenerated. With regard to the first conclusion, we have already borne testimony, from personal experience, that the Senior Humanity class in Edinburgh was, at the time we allude to, decidedly in advance of the Academy; and, were it possible to cite the Bishop of London as a witness, we are thoroughly convinced that he, who was dux of the Edinburgh Academy, would protest against the idea that the teaching of Sir Daniel Sandford, then Professor of Greek at Glasgow, did not afford him the means of continuing his studies from the point at which he had arrived in the school. In considering a matter of this kind, however, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is the system which is on trial, not the merits of individual Professors, difficult though it be always to observe the distinction. For a good system badly conducted may not be so advantageous to the scholar as an indifferent system, when the teacher is a man of extraordinary talent. Indeed, a good teacher, whatever be his system, is sure to attract, whereas a bad one is sure to repel. The alternative conclusion which implies a degeneracy in the Professorial teaching of the classics throughout Scotland, cannot be discussed without violating the rules of propriety; but this much we may be allowed to say with respect to Glasgow, as the only other University besides that of Edinburgh which receives a sensible augmentation of students from the Academy and High School, that its reputation never stood higher than at the present moment, and that not even a whisper of dissent has been heard against the general applause accorded to the teaching of Ramsay and of Lushington.

We therefore think, and we believe that most men who are conversant with the subject will agree with us, that the very natural enthusiasm of Dr. Schmitz in behalf of the schools has carried him too far. But, though that is our decided conviction, we shall not by any means reject his general testimony; especially because we agree with him in thinking that there is ample room for the extension of classical teaching at the Universities of Scotland. Here again we must enter into details in order to explain our views.

By the existing regulations for the curriculum of Arts in the University of Edinburgh, all candidates for degrees in Arts, and all divinity students, must attend the Humanity and Greek classes for at least one session. The Professors of Humanity and Greek are bound to teach two classes, a junior and a senior; and as they give two hours each day throughout the session to the junior classes, they are actively engaged in teaching at least three hours per diem; and beyond that, they have to correct the exercises of perhaps two hundred students. This is, indeed, a severe amount of academic labour, the mind being kept constantly on the strain; and it is not easy to conceive how a Professor, after two hours' elementary teaching, can address himself to lecture with that amount of energy and freshness which are required in order to give interest to his subject. Besides this, the classes are undeniably too large for efficient teaching by a single man. In a lecturing class a large attendance is no hindrance to the Professor; but in a class which has to be taught, in the more familiar sense of the term, a large attendance is, beyond a certain point, a very great hindrance indeed, since every student is entitled to a certain proportional share of the Professor's special attention. Allowing that fifty minutes in the hour are occupied with the proper business of the class, which has often consisted of one hundred and fifty students, the proportion of time given to each student in the senior classes will be one-third of a minute per day, or a whole minute every third day, or seven minutes in the month, or less than forty minutes in the course of the academical session. That is clearly not enough for efficacious teaching; because it is notorious that the bulk of the students will not give their undivided attention to one of their number repeating a lesson, or floundering through some grammatical difficulty; and though various expedients have been adopted as a remedy, none of them have as yet proved successful. The monitorial system was early introduced by

Professor Pillans, who, in a letter addressed to Sir E. B. Lytton, and noticed in his *England and the English*, expresses himself satisfied with its application. But, with all respect to the learned Professor, and speaking from our own recollection, we apprehend that he has over-estimated its value. There is a good deal of jealousy among students as to delegated authority. They will willingly obey the Professor, who is their proper captain, but they recalcitrate against the authority of subalterns, who are chosen from the ranks. It is on that ground mainly that we are favourable in certain cases to the appointment of Tutors, for, as regards them, no such jealousy can exist.

It was from the lectures delivered in the Senior Humanity class that we derived the greater portion of the benefit which we have already acknowledged; and we wish that it were possible to carry to still greater length the system of lecturing in the Senior classes. That, however, is a matter which must be left entirely to the Professors, who most properly adapt their mode of teaching to the average capacity and attainments of the classes. We are aware that there are objections to frequent lecturing, before the students are thoroughly conversant with the languages; but this, at least, we may be permitted to say, as an expression of our deliberate opinion, that when a young man has acquired so much knowledge of Greek and Latin that he can compose verses, and translate with fluency and correctness, it is mere pedantry to compel him longer to work at the grindstone. His attention should be thereafter directed exclusively to the spirit, and not the letter, of the classics. "I am," said Sir Walter Scott, "no great idolater of the learned languages, excepting for what they contain. We spend in youth that time in admiring the wards of the key which we should employ in opening the cabinet, and examining its treasures." That sentiment we apprehend to be a general one, though it is not generally expressed, owing to a certain degree of cowardice which haunts us whenever classical subjects are brought under discussion. Nevertheless, it is dictated by plain common sense. The mastery of a dead language is really of little value, except as a key to the literature which made the language of importance. No man, in our day, has occasion to write in Latin, much less in Greek. The literature of both nations is sealed, and the roll made up; and no further scholastic accomplishment is required than the power of easy interpretation. After six or seven years of grammatical drill and exercise in the acquisition of the language at the schools, it is positively hurtful to the student to prolong the process. When he understands the language, let him then apply himself to the literature; and, beyond all question, the exposition of that literature is the proper province of a University Professor. Language for the schools, literature for the Universities —such is the rule that we would inculcate, and even enforce, had we to deal with new institutions—but the institutions are not new; and it is imperatively necessary that we should be cautious in making changes which may seriously affect the privileges heretofore within the reach of the commonalty of Scotland.

To force students, who have already been exercised in the acquisition of the dead languages for five, six, or seven years in the schools, to attendance for another year on the Junior University classes, would be worse than purgatory; for purgatory was, in theory at least, a state of improvement, whereas this bondage jeopardises the loss of all that had been previously gained. The Senior classes, therefore, are the proper receptacle for them; and the only remaining question is, whether means should not be provided for advancing them still further in classical literature. This is a point of real importance for the character of Scottish scholarship; indeed, we consider it to be the most important point of all. For, as we do not retain our students after they become graduates in connection with the Universities, and as we have not substantial awards such as Fellowships to offer them as an inducement to push their classical studies further, we are the more bound to take care that, so long as they do tarry at the University, they shall have the means

of acquiring a full knowledge not only of the languages, but of the literature of Greece and Rome. We believe that the present arrangements are sufficient as regards the languages, and that every diligent student who leaves the Senior classes, carries away as much knowledge as would enable him to pass a creditable examination. But it does not therefore follow that they are acquainted with the literature; and although we know full well that a thorough knowledge of such literature cannot be acquired without long study and much private reading, still a great deal may be accomplished by way of direction and exposition within the walls of the University. We shall revert to this immediately.

A large portion of the students, however, do not join the Senior classes at once, but enrol themselves for elementary instruction in the Junior classes. Having passed through these, the presumption is that they have gained the point of knowledge at which the better-educated students stood when they entered the Senior classes. But is it to be presumed that they are then so far advanced in classics as to enable them to go forward for a degree, or to enter Divinity Hall? We apprehend not. It seems to us absolutely indispensable that clergymen—and most of the graduates intend to be clergymen—should have a better knowledge of the classical languages than they can possibly acquire by attendance for a single session in the Junior classes. The fact that they select, or are sent to, the lower classes, is a clear proof of the imperfect nature of their previous training; and though industry may do much, it cannot work such a miracle as the transmutation of an ignorant lad into an apt classical scholar within a period of six months.

For these reasons, we are strongly of opinion that the arrangements for the curriculum should be so far altered, as to make attendance on the Senior classes compulsory on those who enter as Juniors; in other words, that they should attend the Humanity and Greek classes for two years instead of one. Here, no doubt, we shall be encountered by the cry, which heretofore has been listened to with too much indulgence, that it would be a great hardship to force young men intended for the ministry, to study Greek and Latin for two separate sessions. In that sense all teaching is a hardship; but hardship or no, it is incumbent upon the Church to provide that its ministers shall be sufficiently educated for their calling, and it is incumbent upon the Universities to see that all graduates shall have attended a proper course. But, in reality, there is no hardship. We require nothing more from a young man when he joins the University, than such a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages as may enable him to join the Senior classes; and if he is so qualified, the attendance of a session will suffice. If he has not such an amount of knowledge, we are ready to give it him in the Junior classes; but he must, in that case, submit to instruction for a second session.

We entertain no extravagant notions as to the advantages of classical attainments; but we think it necessary that all who offer themselves as candidates for degrees, or who aspire to the office of the ministry, should have a thorough knowledge of the learned languages; and it is with that view that we recommend an alteration in the curriculum. But, beyond this, we are conscious that there is still a serious want in our Universities. No chair exists for the purpose of giving a broad, comprehensive, and distinct view of the state of the literature of Greece and Rome, at different epochs, or of marking the many changes, both in spirit and in form, which are so deeply interesting to the scholar, and which should be treated in connection with the social condition of the states. Nothing of this kind has been as yet attempted; for, although in the Senior classes there are occasional prelections upon particular authors, yet the staple of the study is undoubtedly of a philological kind, and the Professor, for the most part, is expected to proceed

> "In the scholar's regal way
> Of giving judgment on the parts of speech,
> As if he sate on all twelve thrones up-piled,
> Arraigning Israel."

The supply of that want would

probably do more to heighten the character of our Universities than anything which has yet been suggested. We contemplate no interference whatever with existing vested interests. The Professors of Greek and Latin have already two classes on their hands, and they devote two hours each day to the teaching of the Junior classes. In the Greek department there is even a third class of a more advanced kind; but it is purely optional; and Mr. Blackie states that the number of students who attend it is very small. Then there are the exercises, of which the number is immense, to be corrected; and so heavy is the present labour, that the Professors have been under the necessity of asking for assistance, and for that purpose small grants of money have been accorded by the Senatus. Obviously, therefore, it would be unfair to expect them to undertake a further duty. What we earnestly recommend is the institution of a new chair—that of Ancient Literature—to be conducted solely by means of lectures, the course to be completed within the session. Such a chair, if occupied by a ripe scholar and able lecturer, would, we venture to predict, be most popular as well as useful, and would secure a large attendance.

It would be a very desirable thing indeed if such a chair could be established in all the Universities, and at once included in the curriculum. But we must be cautious even in improvements; and we are aware that the introduction of a new compulsory classical chair would be violently opposed, more especially if the views which we have stated as to the necessity, in certain cases, of enforcing two years' attendance on the Greek and Latin classes, should be carried into effect. Therefore, in the mean time at least, we would make attendance on the new Chair optional to students. That its institution would tend greatly to heighten the standard of classical learning in Scotland, requires, we venture to think, neither argument nor demonstration.

We are not in the least degree surprised to find that Dr. Schmitz is very jealous lest any of the youth of Scotland should escape the ordeal of the schools, and be allowed to enter the University without a due amount of preliminary study. We have not denied that a strong argument may be maintained in favour of entrance examinations; and we are quite as much opposed as Dr. Schmitz can be to the recognition of short cuts to learning. But, after giving all due weight to his arguments, the fact still remains, that the institution of entrance examinations would effectually shut the door in the face of men who have not been able, from adverse circumstances, to attend the burgh schools for three or four years, so as to prepare themselves for the University—men who have laboured with their hands and practised self-denial of the most austere kind, in order to obtain the means of joining a University—men who, after they have joined the Junior classes, apply themselves to work with such energy and determination as suffices in a very short time to place them on a level with the more favoured entrants from the schools—men who are earnestly striving for the acquirement of learning, because they know full well that without learning they never can hope to attain distinction. Surely it would be a hard—nay, a barbarous and inhuman thing, to say to such men—"Go to! you are simply illiterates, for whom there is no appointed place in this temple of learning. You bring no passports from the schools—you can neither parse Latin nor construe Greek—therefore you are Pariahs, and Pariahs you must remain. Return to the spade, the plough, or the loom, and forget the insane dream which has prompted you to demand education. You are guilty of the sin of original poverty, let it cleave to you to the grave!" Dr. Schmitz, being of foreign extraction, may not thoroughly understand how such a speech would sound in Scottish ears; but God forbid that we should be a consenting party to any measure which should compel its utterance. To checks which shall stop the progress of the idle and inveterately illiterate, we have no manner of objection; but that is quite a different thing from the institution of an entrance examination, which may have

the effect of excluding students on account of their previous deficiencies, to whatever cause these may be attributed.

Of a *preliminary* examination we highly approve; on the understanding that the object of such examination shall simply be to determine whether the new student is qualified to join the Senior classes of Greek and Latin, or whether he ought to begin with the Junior classes. And we think, along with Dr. Schmitz, that such examinations should be conducted by examiners quite independent of the Universities; or, at least, independent of the Professors who are immediately concerned. Moreover, we would have a second examination for the Junior class *at the end of the first Session*, in order to determine who are fit to pass from the Junior to the Senior classes; all those who are so qualified receiving certificates to that effect, the others being compelled either to remain for another year in the Junior classes, or to renounce the advantages of the curriculum. For, as we have already remarked, there is a large section of attending students in the Faculty of Arts, to whom the curriculum is matter of perfect indifference; and surely it is not intended or proposed in any quarter that the University system shall be so restricted as to prevent any one from entering his name in the matriculation books for the purpose of attending any class in the capacity of an amateur. In the higher literary and scientific classes, the bulk of the students, nominally so called, have no intention either of taking a degree or of passing through Divinity Hall. They are attracted to the University by the fame of particular Professors; and they wish to hear those Professors, and to profit by their expositions, without any ulterior view. That is one of the finest features of the Scottish University system, and it would be an act of utter madness to alter it. We believe that both the Marquess of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell were alumni of Edinburgh University, but sure we are that neither of them would have submitted to the ordeal of an examination.

Examinations, therefore, can only apply to entrants for the curriculum; and beyond that point, the representatives of schools, or the advocates of high education, have no right to be heard. The sons of tradesmen and of merchants, clerks in offices and counting-houses, and many such, esteem it a great privilege that they can fill up a vacant hour by attending some class in the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow; but they do not enter for the curriculum, and have no intention of presenting themselves for a degree. To exclude this division of students, which is a numerous and important one, from any class which they may wish to attend, would be to inflict a great and permanent injury on the general education, not of the poorer, but of the wealthier classes, and would be the sure means, not of elevating, but of destroying the efficiency of the Universities. But on this topic we have said enough. Pass we now to the next disputed point, which regards the appointment of College Tutors.

The appointment of tutors, which has been warmly advocated by some, is a subject to the details of which very little attention has hitherto been paid, and we believe that it is generally misunderstood. But for certain circumstances connected exclusively with the University of Edinburgh, it is possible that the idea of appointing tutors would never have arisen; and the history is briefly this:—Some years ago the Senatus Academicus, being administrators of a considerable bequest for University purposes, determined to expend a portion of their revenue for the endowment of certain temporary fellowships for the encouragement of the most deserving graduates. These fellowships were of the value of £100 per annum each; and with the view of making the endowment serviceable to the University, and in some degree maintaining the connection of the graduates with it, it was proposed that these graduates, so long as they held fellowships, should act as tutors in connection with the larger classes, and assist the Professors both by extra teaching, so as to bring up the more deficient students, and by correction of exercises. Owing to circumstances upon which it is unnecessary to touch,

the fellowships were discontinued, but the idea still continued; and as it was found that in some of the larger classes the aid of an assistant was really required, the Senatus, though with very limited means, have awarded grants, amounting in the aggregate to £100 annually, towards the payment of assistants in four classes, the Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Logic. This, it will be seen, is merely the recognition by that learned body, of certain special wants which they know to exist, but which they cannot adequately supply. Indeed, the employment of assistants is no new thing in the Universities. Professors occupying other Chairs besides those above specified, have had resort to private assistance, bearing the charges themselves; indeed, it is obvious that such assistance must often be absolutely necessary. Still, however, it is not a practice to be commended in the higher classes, and it is not one acceptable to the students, who think, and with considerable reason, that it is part of the personal duty of the Professor to revise and pass judgment upon the class exercises, and they do not always receive with submission the corrections or criticisms of an assistant. Therefore we are not desirous to see the new system extended further; perhaps, indeed, it has already been pushed too far. But we think that assistants, by whatever name they may be called, are really wanted for bringing up the Junior classes, when these classes are so numerously attended as in Edinburgh and Glasgow; because it is not fair to a Professor who has charge also of a Senior class, to subject him to all the drudgery necessary for the minute drill of the Juniors. Certainly it is much more than is expected or required from any rector of a school. It is very easy to sneer at a Professor when he complains of such drudgery, and to twit him with a desire to get rid of a burden which he is bound to bear; but there is no amount of human energy which may not be overtaxed; and the possible consequence of compelling a man to do too much in one department, may be to lessen his efficiency in another which is even of greater importance. But, while we say this in favour of the employment of certain assistants, which we conceive would be of public advantage, we would strongly discountenance any proposal for lessening the amount of public teaching which is now undertaken by the Professors. The existing relation between the Professor and the students ought not to be disturbed. The function of the assistant or tutor should be limited to giving extra drill at extra hours to such students as require it during their first year at College, and to the revision of exercises solely with the view to grammatical or technical correction. If it were possible, from any source, to obtain funds for the decent endowment of such tutorships, that would certainly act as an incentive and encouragement to graduates; for the degree of M.A. should be an indispensable qualification for the holding of such a tutorship. As to the notion of introducing the tutorial system of England into our Universities, we hold that to be utterly extravagant. The thing is simply impossible; and against impossibilities it is no use maintaining an argument.

Next in order of the disputed points is the proposal—which, so far as we can see, has not met with any large share of public sympathy—for Germanising the Scottish Universities by the institution of a large number of additional Chairs, to be endowed at the public expense. It was proposed at one time, if we recollect aright, that some twenty new professorships should be founded, for the purpose of teaching history in all its branches, international law, political economy, Sanscrit, the modern languages, and we know not what besides. In short, it was a scheme for providing comfortable berths for a certain number of literary men, who, if they lectured at all, would have to lecture to empty benches. This might, no doubt, prove an encouragement to literature, quite as efficacious as a considerable addition to the pension-list; but we are unable to see in what way it would tend to the improvement of the Universities. At present there are at least two professorships connected with the Faculty of Arts which are practically in abeyance. The Profes-

sors of Astronomy and History have been compelled to desist from lecturing, solely because they had no audience. The present occupiers of these Chairs are men of great eminence and celebrity, well known to the public for their scientific and literary attainments, and fully competent to do justice to their respective subjects. But Astronomy cannot be made an attractive branch of study; and it seems to be the prevalent opinion that History can be better learned through books than by lectures. No pains have been spared to make the History Chair attractive. Within the last twenty years four Professors in succession, all of them distinguished men, have prepared and delivered elaborate courses of lectures, but they could not muster sufficient students to constitute a remunerative class. Experience shows us that a class, in order to be self-sustaining, must be imperative; and for many years there is no single case which can be quoted as an exception. It is not too much to say that the emolument accruing to the other Chairs, unconnected with the curriculum, is so small, that, but for the endowments—and these are very attenuated—they would also cease to be operative. The fact is, that the necessary branches of study engross as much time as the regular students can afford; and as for irregular students—in other words, amateurs—surely it would be fantastical to establish and endow classes merely for their gratification. Is it reasonable that the country should be taxed to the amount of some annual thousands, in order that a few gentlemen, who in reality are not students, should doze through a course of lectures?

There are many branches of study, important in themselves, which cannot be taught in Universities without disorganising, or at any rate impairing, the efficiency of the regular course. For example, no one will deny that a knowledge of the language and literature of foreign nations is a great and enviable accomplishment; but it is to be acquired without, not within, the walls of the Universities. There is no lack anywhere of good teachers, but we cannot make them Professors without rendering the machinery of the colleges unwieldy. That we are not prepared to do, nor do we think that there is any call for such a violent change of system. We are, however, by no means satisfied that the staff of our Universities is complete, because there is undoubtedly room for improvement within the limits of the curriculum. We have already expressed a strong opinion in favour of the establishment of Chairs of Ancient Literature in the Universities; and we are no less impressed with the necessity of establishing Chairs of English Literature, comprehending the important studies of composition and delivery. No such Chair exists in any of the Scottish Universities, except that of Edinburgh, in which it is disguised under the name of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. This is a matter which the Church should look to, and that speedily, for its own credit; and attendance upon such a Chair should be made compulsory not only for intending graduates, but for all who seek entrance into Divinity Hall. The standard of preaching never can be raised until far more attention than is now bestowed is given to style, method, and delivery; for learning, though excellent in itself, does not comprehend all the qualities which are requisite for the formation of an effective preacher. Besides this, the examinations which have recently been instituted for the purpose of testing the acquirements of candidates for admission to various branches of the public service, in which examinations the subjects of the English language and literature have marked prominence, are strong arguments in favour of the institution of such Chairs, inasmuch as they indicate what are the qualifications most desirable for young men who are ambitious of public employment. But we are not inclined to go any further in the way of extension. We are satisfied that the changes, or rather additions, which we advocate, would tend greatly to revivify and elevate the standard of our Universities. We advise nothing which is not practical, and also practicable, if Government shall, at last, manifest a disposition to assist and support the cause of learning in Scotland.

The next topic is the granting of Degrees. Here, we think, there is not only room for improvements, but urgent necessity for a change. At present there is no general standard, each University granting degrees according to a peculiar method of its own. The consequence of this loose practice is, that a Scottish degree, especially in Arts, is regarded as of little value, and esteemed to be no proper certificate of high education. It is most desirable that some steps should be taken for enforcing uniformity of practice; and we think that this could best be done by the appointment of a Board of Examiners to frame the questions, and to receive and decide upon the answers. Obviously, this Board should not consist entirely of Professors, but neither should they be excluded from it, as the practical knowledge which they possess would be very serviceable. Thus a common standard would be established, and full security would be given that the examinations should in no case be so slight as to admit the unworthy to a degree. Nevertheless, it would scarcely be worth while making the change, unless it were accompanied by some substantial privileges to graduates. The number of those who annually present themselves for graduation in Arts at Edinburgh has rarely exceeded twenty, of whom fully one-half, or more, aspire only to the degree of B. A. This apparent apathy on the part of the students is simply attributable to the fact that, at present, there are no privileges of any kind consequent on the possession of a degree, which receives no practical recognition either from Church or State.

There is a plain and effectual remedy for this, if the parties who are in possession of the power will consent to apply it. In the first place, if proper arrangements are made for elevating the degree—as we have just proposed—the possession of the degree of M. A. ought to supersede all examinations for the public service on subjects connected with general and classical literature and philosophy. Let there be so much trust reposed in the Universities, that they shall be regarded in the light of State institutions, whose certificate, in the shape of a degree, shall be accepted as conclusive evidence that the bearer has received and profited by a generous education—so liberal as to entitle him to enter the public service. The examinations, as at present conducted, have not given universal satisfaction; but, by this plan, all ground of complaint would be removed, and a new value would accresce to the degree. This is a point of great importance, and we earnestly recommend it to the attention of the Lord Advocate, who, it is understood, is willing to introduce some measure for the improvement of our Universities. In the second place, let the Church do its duty likewise, and require graduation from all who aspire to the office of the ministry. So far from being an innovation, this would merely be a return to the ancient and laudable rules which were in full force in the days of Andrew Melville, and we cannot too much deplore the laxity which allowed them to become obsolete. Should the Church hesitate, or delay to act, the State can accomplish the same end by a very simple means. Nothing more is required than an official notice from the Secretary of State, that for the future the preference will be given to graduates, in the disposal of the Crown patronage, which is very large. This would work wonders in the way of graduation; for no student of divinity who was able to take a degree would run the risk of exclusion from a living in the gift of the Crown; and the example thus set by the Establishment would be immediately followed by the other Presbyterian Churches, in order to maintain the educational credit of their ministers.

Further, we are not without hope that Lord Palmerston may see fit to accord to the Scottish Universities a share in the Parliamentary representation; in which case the graduates would constitute the electoral body, and so retain throughout life a connection with their Alma Mater. Most assuredly the Scottish Universities stand in need of representation; for it is now more than thirty years ago since a Royal Commission was appointed to report upon their condi-

tion and wants, and did so, after a most elaborate investigation. And yet, during those thirty years, not one single word has been uttered in their behalf in the House of Commons; nor has any Minister found time, or possessed patience enough to address himself to the subject. This could not have happened had the Scottish Universities been represented like those of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Moreover, this denial of the franchise was of itself an indignity, almost amounting to an imputation that the learning of Scotland was not sufficiently high to entitle it to be heard in the great council of the nation. We hope the time is at hand when that reproach may be wiped away, being fully assured that nothing can tend more forcibly to promote the spread of education, and the standard of learning, than a distinct recognition by the State.

One only point remains to be noticed; and regarding it there is no difference of opinion. The smaller Universities of Scotland are at least tolerably endowed, and Glasgow may be said to be wealthy. But, in Edinburgh, the endowments of the Chairs are miserably small. Now we do not advocate large endowments. We believe that Professors will work all the better if they are made to depend for the greater part of their emoluments upon the class fees; and moreover, we hold that the surest test of the efficiency of a Professor is the number of students he can attract. But there are some Chairs which, owing to their nature, never can prove attractive, and which yet are indispensable to a university. Such, for example, are the Chairs of Hebrew and Civil Law, from both of which regular instruction is given, but which are not, and never can be, self-sustaining. These Chairs cannot be competently filled except by men of great learning and industry, and yet the emoluments of each from all sources seldom exceed the pittance of £200 per annum. We also know that there are three other Chairs—two belonging to the Faculty of Medicine, and one to the Faculty of Arts, and included in the curriculum—which, though regularly and most ably conducted, are not of greater annual value than £300. It is not creditable to the State that literature and science, when enlisted in the public service, should be starved; and the Royal Commissioners, who were nominated so far back as 1826, were most strong in their recommendation of a supplementary endowment. Money can be found to buy pictures, and to erect galleries; but not to maintain the men who are intrusted with the higher education of the country. And yet, whenever no pressing political question occupies the attention of the country, public men, of all parties, make stock of the subject of education! In Scotland, at least, we have had quite enough of profession—we now desiderate something tangible. A red Indian would say, "the talk of my brother is good, but talk does not make the maize to grow;" and the red Indian's sagacity is perfect. Professors in the Universities of Scotland are, for the most part, servants of the State; and no more is asked than that the State should deal with them as it does with other public servants. It deals with them now as if the higher education of the country was of no consequence whatever. We shall, however, state our views. No man in the situation of an Edinburgh Professor, who really teaches a class, should have less than £500 a-year—we do not mean of endowment, but of income from the Chair; and it would be quite easy to ascertain, by taking an average for a few years, what sum would be required to raise the emoluments to such a point. We have specified £500 as the minimum, because that, in Edinburgh, affords but a modest livelihood, equivalent perhaps to £400 at the smaller Universities, to which point the emoluments of the Professors there should in like manner be raised. A very moderate grant from Government would accomplish all that we desire; and when we remember that some of these poor Chairs have been founded by the Crown, and are in its gift, surely it is not too much to expect that they should at least be decently supported. But the fact is, that the State is not entitled to refuse consideration and assistance to the Scot-

tish Universities. Their maintenance in all time coming was made a special stipulation in the Treaty of Union, and, even in the cases where the Crown has parted with its direct patronage, it has done so by way of delegation, not of renunciation, and it still must be regarded as at least parentally liable. This is a matter not affecting Scotland alone, but of serious importance to the learned men of England. We have received many valuable accessions to our Professorial staff from the sister country, and the vacancy of a Chair in Edinburgh or Glasgow invites candidates from every part of Great Britain. But if a Chair does not afford the bare means of livelihood, how can we expect men of real talent to offer for it?

Also, it would be most desirable if some provision could be made for retiring allowances to Professors in their old age. Nothing is more detrimental to a University than the continuance in office of men whose mental powers are exhausted, and who yet are compelled to go on, because their profession has been so unremunerative as to preclude the possibility of saving. We provide retiring allowances to Judges of all grades—why not also to Professors, who have spent their lives in the discharge of functions which, if properly considered, are almost as important to the public as the more prominent services of the others?

The subject which we have essayed to deal with is a very large one, and hardly admits of adequate treatment within the compass of a single article. It is possible, nay highly probable, that some of the views which we have expressed may be fiercely challenged, because there are zealots in the field whose minds are already made up, and who are obstinate against conviction. But what we have said has at least the merit of being uttered honestly, and we have made ourselves tolerably well acquainted with the system before venturing into the discussion. Much more we might have advanced regarding the general position and efficacy of our Universities, which some pseudo-reformers, no doubt with the best of intentions, have done their utmost to decry, thereby engendering the idea, amongst those who know us not, that the teaching in our Universities is of a poor and unsatisfactory kind. A broad denial is all that we shall give in reply to such an utterly unfounded assertion. It will be seen, by those who take the trouble of perusing the foregoing pages, that we are by no means insensible to the deficiencies which do exist, and that we have been earnest in devising a remedy; and we now dismiss the subject which we have approached with no other intent than that of suggesting such improvements as may, if carried out, render our time-honoured institutions as efficacious as those which any other country in wide Europe can display.

## THE POORBEAH* MUTINY—THE PUNJAB.

[*The following narrative has been sent us from Lahore.*]

THE year 1857—a year rendered memorable in the annals of British India for a rebellion before which the mutinies of Vellore in 1806, and of Barrackpore in 1824, dwindle into political insignificance—was but a few weeks old when the first mutterings of the approaching storm were heard in different parts of India. In the North-west Provinces it was discovered that *chupatteest* were being circulated from village to village in a somewhat mysterious manner. One district officer, especially, witnessed the arrival of a chupatteeladen messenger in a village, and observed him breaking it into pieces and distributing portions among the male population, assigning the largest piece to the *zemindar* or head man of the village. On making inquiry as to the meaning of this act, he was told that an old custom existed in Hindostan, that when their *malek* or chief required any service of them, he adopted this mode to prepare the country for receiving his orders, and every one who partook of the chupattee was held pledged to obey the order whenever it might come, or whatever it might be. What the nature of *the order* in the present case would be, the zemindar said, with a suspicious smile, was *not yet known to them.* In other districts similar circumstances were observed and duly notified; but the progress of chupattees from village to village (each village receiving one being bound to make and pass on a similar one to its neighbour village) appeared to be without any uniform plan, sometimes assuming a northerly, sometimes a southerly or westerly direction.‡ Yet all this indicated some secret movement. Inquiries were instituted in various parts, but nothing of a definite or tangible character was elicited. It was, moreover, remembered that, some fifty years before§ a similar practice had been discovered in Central India, and an anxious endeavour made to detect the object, but in vain. And as nothing had apparently resulted from it then, the hope was entertained that in the present instance it might turn out to be equally meaningless, or probably some superstitious spell against disease (the cholera having devastated some parts of the country during the preceding autumn) or, at all events, might prove to be devoid of any political meaning. How little was it thought that therein was really hidden an Eastern symbol of portentous import! Five centuries before, the Chinese had, by a similar plan, organised and carried out a conspiracy by which the dynasty of their Mongol invaders was overthrown;‖ and it now imported no less than the hope and attempt to annihilate the English race in India, and to restore to the effete house of Timour the Sovereignty of Hindostan!

Nor were other indications wanting that a great struggle was impending between the Mohammedans and their Christian rulers. On the very walls of Delhi were occasionally seen placards, some ambiguously hinting at a general rebellion, others openly calling on the "followers of the Prophet" to exterminate the unbelievers. *From without*, too, it was clear that influence was being exerted. In the

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* *Poorbeah*: native of Eastern countries—those lying on the east of the Ganges, from which the Sepoys chiefly came, and who were, therefore, popularly known in the Punjab and in Western India as "Poorbeahs."

† *Chupattees* are a preparation of flour and water in the form of pancakes, constituting the chief food of the natives of India.

‡ Subsequent knowledge may enable us to explain this seeming variation, by tracing them all from the one common centre, the imperial city.

§ KAYE'S *Life of Sir John Malcolm.*

‖ GABET and HUC'S *Travels in Tartary, &c.*, in 1844, chap. iii. The event is still celebrated among the Chinese, under the name of the "Feast of the Moon Loaves."

captured tent of the *Shaheada* commander, after the rout of the Persians at Mohumrah, had been found a royal proclamation, a sort of politico-religious encyclical letter from the Shah-in-Shah, the recognised head of the Faithful in the East. It was addressed "to all the people of Heran;" but it also called on "the Affghan tribes, and the inhabitants of that country who are co-religionists of the Persians, and who possess the same Quran, and Kibla, and laws of the Prophet, to take part in the *Jahâd*;" and it purported, moreover, to be "published for the information of all true believers; and (please God) the followers of Islam *in India and Scinde* will also unite and take vengeance on that tribe [the British] for all the injuries which the Holy Faith has suffered from them, and will not withhold any sacrifice in the holy cause." What form their vengeance was to assume, and to what extent their zeal was to be carried, the Shah-in-Shah shall himself explain:—"Let the old and the young, the small and the great, the wise and the ignorant, the Ryot and the Sepoy, all without exception, arise in defence of the orthodox faith of the Prophet; and having girt up the waist of valour, adorn their persons with arms and weapons; and let the Ullema and preachers call on the people in the mosques and public assemblies, and in the pulpits, to join in a *Jahâd*, in the cause of God; and thus shall the Ghazis [martyrs] in the cause of the faith have a just title to the promises contained in the words of the Prophet, 'Verily we are of those who fought in the cause of God.'"

But in the Bengal army were men of other creeds. In the regular infantry regiments the Mohammedans formed a very small minority, and in the cavalry even were scarcely more numerous than the Hindoos. Yet the Hindoo Sepoy had also to be won over to insure success to the conspiracy. Yet its real ulterior object could not be safely confided to men who doubtless knew enough of the past history of their race and country to remember that the most ruthless tyranny and injustice had marked the days of former Mohammedan supremacy. To attain this end it was necessary to find some common grievance which might plausibly unite Hindoo and Mohammedan in a joint resistance to their British rulers. Most unfortunately, Government furnished them with one admirably suited to their purpose. In spite of warnings from various quarters, from the early remonstrance of the late Adjutant-General (Colonel H. T. Tucker, C.B.) against the impolicy of such a step, to the official representation made by Captain Martineau, the Adjutant to the Umballa musketry depot, to the Commander-in-chief in the end of last April—in spite of many such warnings, the Enfield rifle was to be introduced into the native army, as well as the European portion of our troops. With the Enfield rifle came of necessity the *new cartridge*. Here was at once the *grievance* needed. The shining paper and greased end of the cartridge were certainly open to suspicion; and it needed little persuasion on the part of crafty designing men to make the ignorant, superstitious, *caste*-ridden Sepoy believe that some forbidden fat was used in its manufacture. The cow, sacred to the Hindoo, and the pig, unclean and loathsome to the Mohammedan, must *both*, it was insinuated, have contributed their share to the grease used in the obnoxious paper. Thus, under the idea that an attack was being meditated on their religious prejudices, the great mass of the Hindoo Sepoys were caught in the trap laid for them by the wily Mohammedan, who himself also could find, or pretend to find, in the same cartridge, with its fancied odour of forbidden pig's fat, a *religious* motive for rebellion, under which the real *political* motive was cunningly kept out of stght.*

The cry thus once raised soon be-

* Among the hundreds of Sepoys' letters intercepted in the post-offices of the Punjab, the greased cartridge was almost universally the *burden of their tale.* Here and there some writer, more deeply versed in the character of the conspiracy, hinted at the real motive—the downfall of British power; but it is probable that

came general: the greased cartridge was to be bitten, and thereby *caste* broken, as a step towards a compulsory wholesale conversion to Christianity. Such was the lever by which the great mass of the native army were so successfully set in motion.

Can there be any longer a doubt that such was the real history of the mutiny? The greased cartridge was in reality only a trap to catch the Hindoo, and a pretext for the Mohammedan: it no more originated this mutiny than the new head-dress with the leather peak, and the prohibition of *caste*-mark on parade, had instigated that of Vellore in 1806. The restoration of the house of Tippoo Sultan to the throne of Mysore was the real object then—as it now was to revive the grandeur of the Mogul empire in the person of the *Roi Fainéant*, whom we had "allowed to play at being a sovereign" in Delhi.* There was, however, this difference: the Vellore prisoners were of a race but of yesterday, the grandsons of an unscrupulous freebooter, —for such was Hyder Ali, whose father had been a *naik*† in the ranks of a petty Mysore chief; whereas around the head of the sensual imbecile puppet, who in pensioned pomp was permitted to occupy the *Musnud* at Delhi, centred the glory of ages, the traditional splendour of Timour, and Baber, and Akbar.

How far the King of Oude was originally involved in this mutiny is probably known only to the Supreme Government; and until the public are in possession of the necessary documents for elucidating that State mystery it would be idle to offer any conjectures. That he became party to it in its matured form there can be no doubt. His arrest, and that of his chief personal attendants, proves that grave suspicions, at least of complicity, attached to the Lucknow faction.‡ Although the recent elevation of his family, as nominees of the British Government, would obtain for him a questionable welcome, and give him but little weight in the counsels of the representative of the Great Mogul, still his influence, as the king of that tract of country from which the great body of our Sepoys come, would doubtless make him worth attaching to the cause, with the hope that, on its success, his pension and state of surveillance should be exchanged for the revived *Soubah* of Oude under the re-established empire of Hindostan.

It is not improbable that a similar bribe drew into the conspiracy the other richly-pensioned representative of a fallen house, the Nawab of Bengal, the descendant of Surajah Dowlah, who has been immortalised by the pen of Macaulay as the hero of the Black Hole and the Victim of Plassey.

Snch is believed to have been, notwithstanding the greater prominence given to the "Cartridge Question," the real origin and character of a rebellion which has shaken India to its centre, and for a time imperilled the very existence of British rule in the East.

The first tidings of the mutiny of the troops at Meerut, and their advance on Delhi, reached Lahore on the morning of the 11th of May, in so hurried and vague a form, however, that there was still reason to hope they might prove an exaggeration. But a telegraphic message on the following morning shut out all such hope; it more than confirmed the rumour of the day before: its purport was that mutiny had indeed broken out, followed by a fiendish massacre at Meerut, only to be exceeded in atrocity by the subsequent proceedings at Delhi, where it was believed that every Christian—every indivi-

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the correspondence of the leaders in the rebellion was not intrusted to the public post, but conveyed by private hands, such as *fagueers* and pretended beggars, who were really disguised traitors.

* Macaulay's speech on the government of India, 10th July, 1833.

† A *naik* is the lowest non-commissioned native officer in an infantry regiment, equivalent to our rank of "corporal."

‡ The speech of one Major Bird, a pensioner of the Indian Government, and a paid agent of the Oude family, so freely commented on by the public press, removes all doubt on that head.

dual having the appearance or dress of a Christian, whether man, woman, or child—had been murdered!

Such tidings might well appal the stoutest hearts in the strongest and least exposed stations of India; but on Lahore they fell with portentous import. This vast city, the political capital of the Punjab, peopled by hereditary soldiers—Sikh and Mohammedan; from the former of whom the spirit of the *Singh Gooroo*, and "the Baptism of the Sword," had not wholly passed away; while of the latter class—rising up, under British protection and favour, from the degradation and thraldom to which the Sikh rule had reduced them, and waiting only the opportunity to change their present state of seeming content and quiet into a more genial course of marauding and bloodshed,—this city, with its 90,000 inhabitants, could at a word give forth hundreds who would be only too ready to emulate the atrocities of the Meerut and Delhi monsters. Nor was it from the city alone that danger was to be apprehended. At the military cantonment of Mean-Meer, six miles off, were quartered four native regiments, three of infantry and one of cavalry, with comparatively but a small force of Europeans, consisting of the Queen's 81st, with two troops of horse-artillery and four reserve companies of foot-artillery. It was at this time unknown how far the native regiments in the Punjab might be tainted with the spirit of mutiny which had shown itself in those quartered in Bengal and the North-West Provinces.

In the absence of Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, who was then at Rawul Pindee, the duty of meeting the threatened emergency devolved on the Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Montgomery. Immediately on receipt of the telegraphic message (on the 12th of May), he assembled in Council his colleague Mr. D. M. M'Leod, the Financial Commissioner, with Colonel Macpherson, the Military Secretary to the Chief Commissioner; Mr. A. Roberts, Commissioner of the Lahore Division; Colonel R. Lawrence, Commandant of the Punjab Police; Major Ommaney, Chief Engineer of the Punjab, and his assistant, Captain Hutchinson of the Engineers. They all concurred in the opinion of Mr. Montgomery, that prompt vigorous measures were necessary to preserve the peace of the city, and to prevent an *émeute* on the part of the Mean-Meer Sepoys. Accordingly, Mr. Montgomery, accompanied by Colonel Macpherson, proceeded at once to Mean-Meer, to inform Brigadier Corbett of the telegraphic intelligence, and to urge on him the importance of prompt decisive action; and for such a course they found the Brigadier by no means indisposed. His plan, at once formed, was to deprive the native troops of their ammunition and gun-caps, and to throw additional Europeans into the Fort. As the day, however, advanced, intelligence was received that gave to the impending danger a more formidable character. It was discovered by an intelligent Sikh, a non-commissioned officer in the police corps, that a deep-laid conspiracy had been formed by the Mean-Meer native troops, involving the safety of the Lahore Fort and the lives of all the European residents in the cantonments, and the civil station of Anarkullee.

In order to make the character of this conspiracy intelligible, it is necessary to introduce a few remarks explanatory. The Fort, which is situated within the city walls, is ordinarily garrisoned by one company of the European regiment, one company of Foot Artillery, and a wing of one of the native regiments from Mean-Meer; the chief object of this force in the citadel being to keep a check on the city, and to guard the Government Treasury. During the former half of May, the 26th N.I. had furnished the wing on guard, which was in due course to be relieved on the 15th of the month by a wing of the 49th N.I. It was arranged by the conspirators, that while the wings of both regiments were in the Fort together, in the act of relief, amounting to some 1100 * men, they were

* All detachments sent on guard are made up to their full strength.

to rush on their officers, seize the gates, take possession of the citadel, the magazine, and the treasury; to overpower the small body of Europeans, some 80 men of H.M. 81st, and 70 of the artillery, not above 150 in all; and an empty hospital in the deserted lines at Anarkullee, close by, was to be set on fire as a signal to their comrades at Mean-Meer that their plot had succeeded. The rise was then to become general in cantonments, the guns to be seized, the central jail forced, its 2000 prisoners liberated, and a promiscuous massacre of the Europeans to crown their triumph! Such was the nature of the conspiracy then partially disclosed, and subsequently discovered in its fuller details.

To what extent this well-planned scheme might have succeeded, God be thanked, it is not necessary now to conjecture. His mercy in permitting its timely discovery alone saved hundreds from the snare thus laid for them. For the seizure of the Fort and magazine, the co-operation of the *budmashes* (vagabonds) of the city, and the massacre of the great body of Christian residents in the unprotected civil stations of Anarkullee, would most probably have been effected; and the only hope for the force in cantonments lay in the possibility of the 81st Queen's and the artillery being able to intrench and fortify themselves in some part of the station, until the arrival of succours from without. Nor, as has been subsequently discovered, was this conspiracy confined to Lahore. It was as widespread as it was deep-laid. Ferozepore, Phillour, Jullundhur, Umritsur, were included, as it is now confidently believed. The 45th and 57th N.I. at Ferozepore were to effect the seizure of that magazine, with its munitions of war, second only in amount to those of Delhi itself; Phillour Fort, with its no inconsiderable magazine, and, what was of even more importance, a position on the banks of the Sutlej of such strategetical value as to entitle it fully to the description of it by Sir Charles Napier, that it was "the key of the Punjab," were to be taken possession of by the 3d N.I. Thus was it planned that the morning of the 15th of May was to see the chief British strongholds, from the Ravee to the Sutlej, in the hands of the mutineers, and the life of every Englishman at their mercy. But we have anticipated. The danger, even to the extent then discovered, was imminent, for on the issue of the struggle between order and mutiny at Lahore, it was felt that the peace of the whole Punjab probably depended; and only a few hours remained in which it would be possible to counteract the plot and avert the catastrophe. In this emergency the original qualified measures agreed on in the morning appeared to Brigadier Corbett to be wholly ineffectual; and in spite of the jealousy for the good name of their regiments, which, not unnaturally perhaps, led their respective commandants to doubt the truth of the rumoured conspiracy, or to repudiate for their own men the charge of complicity, the Brigadier resolved on the bold, almost desperate, and unprecedented step of *disarming* the whole of the native troops in the station. To arrange for this *coup d'état* with the strictest secrecy, lest a whisper of the plan should betray and ruin all, was the anxious work of that afternoon.

It so happened that the gay world of Mean-Meer, in the enjoyment of a fancied security, had selected that evening (12th May) for a large ball, which was to be given by the Station to the officers of H.M. 81st regiment, in acknowledgment of their proverbial hospitality. The discovery of this conspiracy made some of the authorities suggest the postponement of the ball; but it was wisely overruled, as any such change might have led the Sepoys to infer the detection of their plot. So the ball took place; but it could scarcely be said of it, as of the far-famed ball at Brussels which preceded the battle of Waterloo, that

> "All went merry as a marriage-bell;".

for, not to mention an air of anxiety and gloom which the most devoted and lightest-hearted of the votaries of Terpsichore could not altogether shake off, the room itself betrayed signs of preparation,—

> "For in each corner . . .
> The eye on stranger objects fell;
> *There arms were piled*;"

and every officer knew where to find his weapon in case of an attack. The evening, however, passed over undisturbed, and dancing was kept up till two in the morning. The scene then changed, with short interval, from the ball-room to the parade-ground!

Here the whole brigade, European and native, were, according to the orders of the previous day, assembled; *avowedly* to hear the general order read, disbanding a portion of the 34th N. I. at Barrackpore; but *really* to enact a drama which, for originality and boldness of design, is without precedent in the annals of Indian history. To witness it Anarkullee sent all her leading civilians, whose anxious faces betokened the momentous importance which was attached to its success. The general order was duly read at the heads of the several native regiments, when, as if to form a part of the brigade manœuvres of the day, the whole of the troops were countermarched, so as to face inwards, on one side the native regiments at quarter-column distance, and in front of them the 81st Queen's (only five companies), in line, with the guns along their rear. Then came the critical moment. Lieutenant Mocatta, adjutant of the 26th N. I., advanced and read an address, explaining to the Sepoys that the mutinous spirit which pervaded so many regiments down country had rendred it necessary to adopt measures—not so much for the peace of the country, which the British could maintain, as for the sake of preserving untarnished the names of regiments,* whose colours told of so many glorious battle-fields; and that it had been therefore determined by the Brigadier to take from them the opportunity of ruining their own character, should designing malcontents attempt to involve them in mutiny and its ruinous consequences. The order was then given to "pile arms." A slight hesitation and delay were perceptible among the 16th Grenadiers, to whom the order was first given; but—it having been prearranged that, while the address was being read to the Sepoys, the 81st should form into subdivisions and fall back between the guns—the 16th found themselves confronted, not by a thin line of European soldiers, but by twelve guns loaded with grape, and port-fires burning; and heard the clear voice of Colonel Renny ordering his men to *load*, followed by the ominous ring of each ramrod as it drove home its ball-cartridge. Conviction was carried to the heart of the waverers; they sullenly *piled arms*—as also did the 49th N. I., and the portion of the 26th L. I., while the 8th Cavalry unbuckled and dropped their sabres.

Thus were some 2500 native soldiers disarmed in the presence of scarcely 600 Europeans, and were marched off to their lines comparatively harmless!

But the safety of the Fort had also to be provided for. Major Spencer, who commanded the wing of the 26th N. I. in the Fort, had received private intimation that his wing would be relieved on the morning of the 18th instead of the 15th, and a hint was given to the officers of the detachment, that, however reluctantly, their presence must be dispensed with at the ball. By daylight on the following morning, three companies of the 81st under Colonel Smith entered the Fort, to the utter dismay of the Sepoys, who were at once ordered to lay down their arms—an order which they obeyed without demur, conscience-stricken probably, and awed at the suspicion that their murderous scheme was detected. No time was lost in marching them off to their own lines in Mean-Meer; and there awaited them the tidings of a similar fate having involved their crest-fallen comrades.

The immediate danger was thus averted; but the future had also to be provided for. Strong pickets of Europeans were posted in different parts of the station; one in the 81st lines, a second on the Artillery parade-ground, and a third, the strongest of all, in an open space in the centre of cantonments (where the Brigadier and his Staff slept

* The 16th Grenadiers especially. They were among General Nott's "noble Sepoys" at Candahar and Ghuznee.

every night). The ladies and children were accommodated with quarters in the barracks, where, in the event of any rise, they might be in greater security; and the officers of the several regiments were required to sleep in particular houses in their respective lines, which admitted of more ready defence against attack.

Nor were these precautionary measures confined to Lahore. Though the danger which, as has been since discovered, threatened the posts and magazines of Ferozepore, Umritsur, and Phillour, was not then known, the value of these posts, and the importance of strengthening them, were at once apparent; and therefore measures were at once adopted for their safety. An express messenger was despatched to Brigadier Innes at Ferozepore, to put him on his guard; and to Umritsur, or rather the adjacent fort of Govindgurh, a company of H.M. 81st Foot, under Lieutenant Chichester, was posted off in *ekkas*;* while a company of foot-artillery under Lieutenant Hildebrand was sent to occupy the fort at Phillour.

Such were the military arrangements planned during the afternoon of the 12th of May, and carried into effect by daylight on the following morning.

Most providential was it that the Lahore Brigade was at this crisis under the command of such an officer as Colonel Stuart Corbett. Seven-and-thirty years of active life in India had given him such an insight into the native character as to enable him to estimate rightly the impending danger, without having robbed him of that vigour of body and energy of mind which were needed to cope with such a difficulty. Happy, too, was he in possessing that rarest of gifts in India, a courage, not so much to face an enemy in the field, as to brave the censure of some secretariat pen twelve hundred miles off—a contempt for that bugbear of so many Indian officials, the fear of *responsibility*; for thus only was Brigadier Corbett enabled to meet the emergency and to rise with the crisis. Happily also he had, in the chief civil authority at hand, one every way fitted to counsel and prepared to share the consequences of prompt, vigorous measures. In Mr. Montgomery he found no "timorous counsels," none of that perplexing interference for which some POLITICALS have obtained an unenviable notoriety at the pen of many a gallant soldier, but one ready to play his part in that struggle as became an Englishman and a Christian.

Nor was it only in concurrence with Brigadier Corbett that Mr. Montgomery thus distinguished himself. Leaving the details of the great military movements to the Brigadier, his attention was directed to the dangers which might threaten the peace of the district around. Acting for, and in the absence of, the Chief Commissioner, he at once advised the removal of all treasure from the smaller civil stations to places of greater security; urging its being immediately taken out of the charge of the Hindustanee guards, and escorted by Punjabee police. He also suggested the stoppage of all Sepoys' letters passing through the post-offices; and to these and other similar instructions he added, in a circular to all district officers, the following advice: "Whilst acting vigorously, and being alive to the great importance of this crisis, I would earnestly suggest calmness and quietness: there should be no signs of alarm or excitement; but *be prepared to act*, and have the best information from every source at your disposal,"—advice which his own example so admirably enforced, eliciting from the Chief Commissioner, in an official form, the testimony that Mr. Montgomery, "neglecting no precaution, admits of no alarm, and inspires all with confidence and zeal."

Scarcely less important than the Fort at Lahore was that of Govindgurh at Umritsur. Its real value does not consist in its occupying any commanding position in a military point of view, or in containing any arsenal, like Ferozepore and Phillour; nor in its strength of construction, though that has obtained for it a European reputation, so much as in its *national religious character*. The possession of it, like the possession of the famed *Koh-i-*

* *Ekkas* are light native carts drawn by ponies.

*noor*, carried with it the talismanic pledge of power. If this Fort, sacred from its proximity to their holy city, named after their warrior Gooroo (Govind Sing), and rich in traditions and relics of their race and faith, had once been wrested from our hands, the *prestige* of the English name would have been imperilled in the eyes of the whole Sikh people; our *Ikbal* (good fortune) would have been doubted; and, in the belief that our rule was really passing away, "the Khalsa" * *might* have risen to make common cause with "the Poorbeah," whether hated Mohammedan or despised Hindoo, in expelling a common enemy who had humbled them all, but whom Heaven itself now seemed to be deserting. All this was involved in the safety of Govindgurh.

The force in the Fort and the adjacent cantonment was but small. One company of European artillery, under Captain Macleod, occupied the Fort, the guards being supplied by a detachment of the 59th N. I. from the station, where also was a company of foot-artillery (native) and a light field-battery. It has been mentioned already that the Lahore authorities included the strengthening of Govindgurh in the measures so promptly decided upon on the memorable 11th of May. The company of H. M. 81st, despatched by the Brigadier for that purpose in ekkas under Lieutenant Chichester, entered the Fort before daylight on the morning of the 14th, having started from Lahore in the evening, after the disarming of the native troops, and accomplishing the intervening thirty miles in a single night. The company of European artillery, which had been destined for Phillour, was detained by the Umritsur authorities for the greater security of Govindghur, while Captain Waddy's battery was moved from cantonments within the Fort walls. The 59th Regiment N. I. has perhaps less than any other regiment in the Punjab, excepting the noble 21st N. I. at Peshawur, fallen under suspicion; and their conduct then and subsequently, as we shall have occasion to show, proves that, however much they might have been tampered with by emissaries of sedition in the disguise of faqueers, &c., the spirit of disaffection had spread but little in their ranks. The cartridge grievance having been explained to them by their officers, and its falseness exposed before their eyes by a committee of their own men being appointed to examine and test the suspected cartridges, their fears and doubts were, as they said, wholly removed, and their conduct generally was decorous and quiet. On the night of the 14th there was an alarm that the disarmed Sepoys at Lahore had risen, and were marching down on Umritsur. A small force, consisting of a detachment of the 59th N. I., with some civil *sowars* (troopers) and police, was sent out on the Lahore road to oppose them, and the ladies and children retired for the night into the Fort. The alarm, however, proved to be false, and the station resumed its usual quiet.

But the city of Umritsur, with its vast population, continued, and not without cause, to be for some time an object of great anxiety. Here the Sikhs greatly preponderated; and the Mohammedans, though forming a powerful body, could, without much difficulty, be kept under by their more numerous rivals. In such a population the embers of religious animosity were continually smouldering; and the true policy at such a crisis was to prevent their being entirely extinguished, and, at the same time, to guard against their bursting out into open flame. In their jealous rivalry lay our security. To keep the two classes thus in mutual check — to counterbalance race by race, and creed by creed— was the great aim of the Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. F. Cooper, on whom this duty devolved. His tact and energy commanded success. His great personal influence and unremitting exertions secured the co-operation of the leaders of both classes, without shaking the confidence of either; and thus the peace of the city of Umritsur was never disturbed.

* The *Khalsa* literally means *elect* or *chosen*, a title of honour assumed by the Sikhs when they conquered the Punjab.

## BERANGER.

No character has ever puzzled the world so much as that of the poet. It is to this day an unfailing field of inquiry for the half-fledged critic, and has been, since ever letters were, a matter of dispute among all those who, without belonging to the magic circle, hovered round the borders of it, and were dazzled by its glory. The laws of nature by which this strange phenomenon managed to get itself developed—the particular circumstances favourable for its growth—whether by any artificial means it were possible to produce the creature at will, and, being produced, what was its natural history, its anatomical construction—those features of peculiar individuality which distinguished it from all the rest of the race—have been the inquiry of so many generations, that it is clear enough there must be pleasure in the investigation, though there is no great amount of profit. For it unfortunately happens that no sooner have those capricious splendours been properly classified and identified, and the world arrived at a tolerably unanimous opinion as to the poetic character, than some undiscovered member of the family suddenly starts up under the very hands of the inquirers, shivering the pretty hypothesis into a hundred fragments, and proving with magnificent contempt that a poet may be the very antipodes of *the* poet upon whose attributes everybody has decided, and that no circumstances can smother, and no qualities of mind obscure, that divine gift which falls here and there rarely, yet without distinction, upon all kinds and degrees of men, with the splendid impartiality of heaven.

It is not an uncommon weakness with common people—neither is it always an unamiable one—to conclude that the poetic faculty disables its possessors for the ordinary traffic of the world. Indeed, the most of us are much disposed to believe, that for every unusual gift a man has, he must naturally lack something of the everyday provision which carries us through our usual trials. Kindness itself, the general affection which poets have great luck in winning, strengthens this delusion. One thinks with enthusiasm how fit it would be to strew the path of our minstrel with flowers, and ward off from his delicate perceptions the harsh assaults of fortune; how he ought to be guarded and nursed, and taken care of, out of a universal tenderness and gratitude, in humble requital of all he does for us; and so an ideal grows upon us, born of admiration and not of envy—a delicate, ethereal, tender soul, which feels every pin-point like a dagger, which is above the commonplace persistence of common labour, and from which such vulgar qualities as foresight or prudence are no more to be expected than from a child or an angel. This is the poet of poems, of romance, of tender imaginations—the pet and favourite of a superficial fancy; but it is rather hard to point out an example where this ethereal creature has blossomed into real life.

And there is another side of the question. If it is not true that Genius needs crutches when it alights from its Pegasus, is it true that the vision and the faculty divine elevates every man who possesses it, in every particular, shoulder-high above his fellows, a king of men?—that Burns, for example, following his plough "in glory and in joy," was the sole Titan of his generation, able, if the world had but known it, to rule his country and period, as some persons of genius choose to say? One cannot help doubting it mightily when one remembers how that glorious unfortunate managed himself, the kingdom which lay nearest to his hand. Providence seldom makes those mistakes which our superior skill discovers in its working. After all, people commonly succeed to a certain point in doing what it is in them to do, and seldom go far astray out of their vocation. A man may be a great poet, and withal a person of extreme good sense and the intensest respectability; or he may be, it is sad to say, a great poet and

a vagabond; or he may be a highly speculative and troublesome individual, and yet have a gift of the sublimest melody known to man. In short, the family of poets shows as many and as unaccountable features of diversity as any other handful of undistinguished men taken at random from the general race.

This is rather unfortunate, because it is so comfortable to be arbitrary and make classifications; instead of which agreeable exercise of skill, we are obliged to confess humbly that we know no infallible characteristic of poets save their poetry; that even in their poetry it is not always possible to read their lives; and that, behind the dazzling veil in which they have the power of enveloping themselves at their pleasure, each one sits solitary, not a member of a class, but an individual man.

"Of what importance is it to great poets to leave the history of their lives to posterity?" asks Beranger in the opening sentence of his Autobiography. It is not easy to answer the question. Unhappily, this present period is the end of an age of poets, who leave their deaths and their biographies, rather than their lives and labours, for the distinction of these latter years. Can anybody tell what the better Wordsworth is for his biography, or Southey for his?—or even in the glory of so many big volumes that unhappy little songster, who did not know how his noble executor meant to take his life? Biography is a fashion of the time; but it seems indeed very doubtful how far it is an advantage to those who have no public acts to explain, and no particular legacy of belief or knowledge to leave to the world. The life of a political leader is important to history; it throws special illumination upon special points of policy, and sometimes enlightens us in respect to the great machinery of the government under which we live. But the poet has said what he has to say infinitely better, in all probability, than either his life itself, or the narrative of it can do. A man whose life is a poem, is a being to be approached tenderly and at arm's-length. Detail takes the bloom off his sublimity, and dinner-parties when one is approached with awe, and adoring little audiences, where one repeats one's own verses, and all the walks one takes, and the how-d'ye-do's one utters, are very apt, unless with very delicate treatment, to make a somewhat vulgar commentary upon that most perfect expression of human intellect and sentiment, the work of a great poet.

The lives of great poets, accordingly, turn out, for the most part, extremely unsatisfactory performances. It is in their nature to be so, more or less, because we are already familiar with the quintessence and glory of that life which, notwithstanding, we persevere in hoping to find as perfect as its productions. And it is important to remark, besides, that every man who is born a poet does not—strange oversight of Providence!—have a brother, or a son, or a nephew, who is born a biographist, to attend the steps of the loftier spirit, and record them for the advantage of posterity. Could nothing be done, does any one think, to provide a Boswell or a Defoe in all the future families of poets? It seems the only way in which the inevitable memoir could be accomplished with advantage to the world.

What it pleases a poet to say of himself and of his own life is a different matter. Heaven bless the craft! There is certainly one thing beyond their poetry which poets have in common, and that is a certain consciousness in their hearts that everybody loves them; that they are free to speak as friends to multitudes of listeners; that the personal ring of their voices somehow warms the hearts of their audience; and that the man who makes our profoundest emotions articulate, may, if he chooses, speak to us in his own person, with a familiarity, a simplicity, even a homeliness, which no other man is privileged to use.

It is impossible not to think thus in opening the modest volume which contains all that he himself thought necessary to transmit to posterity of the life of Beranger. The life of a poet, the life of a Frenchman—the history of a man of popularity so universal, that we know no parallel

to it among ourselves—a man born in the ancient regime, living through "the Terror," the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and all the hurricanes of State thereafter—who has seen three times over the throne of the Bourbons vacated, and two Napoleons conquer the imperial crown. What times to live in! What an age for a poet! Yet by dint of doing it himself, and by the aid of excellent good sense, and a disposition (for a Frenchman) unusually modest, Beranger confines his record of more than seventy years within little more than three hundred pages—the boards of a single volume. Such examples are rare indeed in an age of book-making—though perhaps it is true that one is naturally inclined to brevity when one has something to tell; where there are no incidents, what can people do but bring in words to fill the vacant place?

A poet who lives to the age of Beranger realises for himself what men less fortunate have to commit to the hands of posterity. This favourite of our lively neighbours has had his fate and fame decided years ago. An interval of trial is not necessary between his death and his canonisation. The *avocat de diable* has said all he could to keep the new saint out of the firmament ever so long ago, and has been as unsuccessful as that unfortunate officer generally is in such cases. It seems unnecessary now to discuss the qualities which have elevated the *chansonnier* to the high rank which he holds, not only in France, but in the world. Yet he is perhaps the most remarkable modern instance of a celebrity so great, so just, and so unquestionable, which rests only upon those compositions commonly accounted the lightest and least important of all the efforts of poetry. His fame is like the fairy palace of an Arabian dream. It rests upon a multitude of little gleaming columns, polished and perfect every one, twinkling in innumerable vistas, as tiny as the elves, and as multitudinous. In our language we find no parallel either to his work or his success. Moore is the songster of drawing-rooms and society, and, even then, takes half his value from the old music native to his country, which his smooth verses brought into fashion. Burns has such matters as the "Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter" to add to his claims as a lyricist; but Beranger sings always, sings perpetually, throws himself by nature and choice into those refrains which everybody sings after him; limits himself with a natural instinct; is never too long, never too ponderous for the popular voice and fancy; and, indeed, makes few verses which do not sing themselves, whether their reader wills or no. The gift is perfectly peculiar and individual. It is not the chance of narrative, the old music which is the original of all poetry, and which in every primitive society holds listeners enchained, by the hour, while the minstrel chants the deeds of their forefathers. It is more of the nature of those songs which spring up, no one knows how, natural productions of the country, like its flowers and its rivers—stray verses, of which no one can tell the author. Yet it differs also from those poetical aborigines. It is the voice of a man whose temperament is the prevailing temperament of his country, whose thoughts are lively and rapid, who feels the national necessity for communicating them, and is restless in possession of an idea till he has shared it with his neighbours. He has neither time, nor reticence, nor self-command enough to hoard up his imaginations for anything of greater effort. When a fancy takes possession of his brain, it bursts forth immediately in a natural efflorescence, sets himself singing in the first place, breaks into a social chorus, catches everybody's ear with an infallible attraction, and goes singing on its way over a whole country, as light and tiny as a bird, before the excitement of its creation is well over in the mind from which it came. There are no abrupt breaks in the songs of Beranger. They are not a succession of verses cut into arbitrary bits, but dainty little separate existences, tuning their periods with an intuitive music, long enough to interest the fancy, and not too long to burden it. And they are not songs of passion. This extraordinary *chansonnier*, of all things in the world, thinks proper

to confess that he has never had the luck to know the love of romances and poets, and his verses accordingly lack that charm; but if they are not love-songs, they are, what is still better for their purpose, songs about everything — sparks struck on the moment from every passing blaze of popular emotion, from every event in one of the most crowded chapters of history; and it becomes possible to understand, through the interpretation of Beranger, the real weight of that saying, which does not seem to have much application to our literature and country, though it is perpetually quoted in regard to them, "Let who will make the laws, if I make the songs."

This fundamental difference, however, makes it very strange that any one should call Beranger the Burns of France. It would be almost as just to call him the Milton. The burning heart of the Ayrshire peasant bears as little resemblance to the lively intellect of the Parisian bourgeois as the lightning does to the lamp. True, they have both written songs; but the songs of the Scot are songs of passion, fiery effusions of an exuberant and overflowing ardour—words that burn. There is an *effusion*, an *abandon* (strange that we should find names for this wild overflooding exuberance in a language which produces so few examples of it!) a plunge of the entire spirit into the utterance in the verses of Burns, which does not exist, nor a shadow of it, in Beranger. Wild mirth, wild love, wild despair, all the big passions of a giant, glow in the songs of the ploughman; but as for the Parisian, he has not very much to do with passions. He is not a Burns, startling the quiet with his great emotions. He is not an Anacreon, rose-crowned and flushed with wine. Rich in the power and inspiration of a poet, he is, nevertheless, simply a citizen, living as everybody else does, thinking as everybody else thinks, throwing his sentiments about everything freely from him in lively and melodious verses, in happy refrains, in delightful turns of expression, which one loves to take into one's lips, as a child does a *bonbon*. It is not lovers, it is not pleasure-seekers who find expression for their fancies provided to their hand by the *chansonnier*. It is everybody who lives in the same age, who sees the same event, who shares with him in the universal sentiment. He is not seeking popularity by a choice of popular themes; but, living in the midst of the common world, he sings what he thinks about what he sees, and the people, whom the same events have moved perhaps to similar fancies, crowd round him in delighted surprise, taking the chorus from his lips. He, too, thinks just as we have been thinking. *Vive Beranger!* It is the secret of his fame.

This running comment upon things in general, embodied as it is in language rich with many of the happiest graces of poetry, does not exist in this country. We have love-songs, we have drinking songs, we have patriotic anthems and rebellious ballads—and we have, if such things can be named even in the very lowest limit of literature, innumerable piles of the rubbish called *fashionable* songs, which are generally about nothing at all; but we have no songs of the time like those which have established so great and important a place for themselves in the literature of France. That there is scope and audience for them is apparent enough when one remembers how even such a bald production as "A good time coming" rang through all our streets a few years ago, and how the kindred platitude of "Cheer, boys, cheer," even caught a momentary glory from the fact that our poor soldiers, for want of better, sang it under their tents in the Crimea, where even such very poor cheer had some comfort in it. But it is no fault of Dr. Charles Mackay that he is not Beranger—and it seems quite doubtful whether anybody *could* do in English what Beranger has done in his own land.

For our neighbours across the Channel, who do things *avec effusion* —who rush into each other's arms, when we only shake hands—who are in despair when we are simply annoyed—who deal in ecstasies and agonies with the most lavish prodigality—have, it is strange to say, though their speech abounds with

phrases expressive of all those superlative sensations, a language which is not adapted, as ours is, for the vehement and impetuous tide of passion. They have, instead, a voice which can be elegant, *spirituelle*, dainty, epigrammatic, and antithetical, beyond anything which we can attain to. The very genius of their speech is order, precision, neatness; their words balance each other with an instinct of propriety foreign to our wilder syllables; even their tragic muse marches heroically upon the stilts of rhyme. French is the special language of *bon-mots*, of sayings, of those little gleaming arrows of talk which carry the point of a dagger or a needle in their innocent-seeming: there is no latitude for a tumult of half-expressed thoughts in this well-ordered language; everything must be sharply and clearly cut, distinct in conception, and precise in word. The very power of *double entendre* for which it is famous, depends upon this extreme regularity and balance of speech; for it is only here that the separate meanings of which a word is capable are so distinctly yet delicately individualised. And this completest of tongues has its own virtues and its own defects consequent upon its nature. The greatest genius in the world could scarcely find in it that torrent of glowing and exuberant expression, overflowing all bounds, in which languages more primitive pour forth the strong passions of humanity, the wild human outcry of great hope or overwhelming despair; but for all the emotions which are less than the greatest—for lively sensations, vivid thoughts, incidents of pathos, all the superficial sentiments which stir us with pleasure or with melancholy, but do not stir us very deeply, there is no language equal to this language of points and epigrams—this native air of dialogue and syllogism, this tongue which is so happily adapted, not for song, but for songs.

In our language—especially in that which is the native tongue of Maga, our dear vernacular, which she does not employ so much as she once did—we have songs as perfect and as popular as ever have issued from the lips of any people. Like Beranger in this respect, Burns has taken hold of his entire nation. There are some of his songs which everybody sings everywhere; there is scarcely an individual to whom one or two at least among them are not as familiar as his own thoughts—but these are almost all songs peculiar, personal, and passionate—songs of love, of grief, or of that old enthusiastic patriotism, unreasoning and ardent, which once made every boy in Scotland worship the names of Bruce and Wallace. But let us once get clear of passion, of riotous mirth, or of that patriotic emotion which, more serious than effusive, strikes with us a note too lofty and too solemn for everyday choruses, and we have no expression left for the secondary poetries of life. Dibdin's songs are so nearly dead that the present generation knows little of them; but the fact is certain, that verses made about ordinary events in these days—or even about events extraordinary, such as unfortunately our present history abounds in—fall infinitely below the level of the sparkling and graceful *chanson*, in which Monsieur our neighbour sings to himself his own sentiment and his poet's. The *Times* contained not long ago sundry marvellous lines of doggrel, professing to describe the march of General Havelock, and enshrined in the midst of the musical ovation with which it pleased M. Jullien and his constituency to honour the name of that great soldier. It seems something scarcely conceivable that any human creature could be so far left to him or her-self as to speak, much less write, anything so nonsensical; and the idea of a workman in his workshop, or a needlewoman in her garret, singing such doleful rubbish, is enough to disgust one for ever with the hitherto cheerful and kindly fancy of labour lightened by song. No! in this island, this truth is certain—when we sing, we either sing something striking direct from one of the great primitive emotions of humanity—a poem rather than a song—or we sing nonsense, popularly known as "the words" to such and such an air. The *chanson*, as it lives and flourishes in France, has no existence among us. In these times of war, where is our war-song? It is "Come

into the garden, Maud," and the rest of Mr. Tennyson's roses, and swallows, and brooklets, and not such a stormy trumpet-note of battle as his March of the Six Hundred, which people among us sing and set to music.

On the contrary, Beranger, before everything else *chansonnier* and poet-laureate of the people, takes up every event of the life he lives. In the sparkling regularity of his native tongue he finds material the happiest and most handy; it is the genius of his language no less than of himself which gems those brilliant little periods. He sends the *ouvrier* to his work, singing something which he would have been thinking, only less delicately and gaily, had the master-singer failed to provide this expression for him. He throws into delightful verse the village grandmother's recollections, yet leaves them precisely as she will tell them by the cottage fireside in Champagne or Normandy. The sempstress in her solitary little room, the tailor at his board, the host of artisans of higher class, workmen with clever heads and delicate fingers, who make pretty things for all the world, and have in their own manners and life a species of refinement in consonance with their work—every individual of them takes up the refrain of Beranger with a familiar delight. They are all thinking more or less with the lively and superficial intellectual activity common to their country; and in those sparkling lines, which of themselves are a pleasure to their quick ears—with the sharp and brilliant logic which delights and suits their mental faculties—with all the enthusiasm of their own effervescing power, and the glitter of satirical wit which they can best appreciate, their poet makes his comment upon life and politics as they themselves would have made it, and furnishes them with an inexhaustible fountain of expression for their thoughts. They are not a reserved and silent people as we are; they must speak or die, all those throngs of vivacious and restless Frenchmen. So the genius of the poet and the nation combine in a benevolent overflow of music, various, diversified, brilliant, yet full of a consistent and personal unity; and one no longer wonders, in Paris, where every one was more or less indebted to him, where all sang his songs, and thought his thoughts, and where everybody delights in getting up impromptu ovations and dramatic scenes, that Beranger had sometimes to seek the protection of the authorities, and to fly with precipitation from the popular embrace.

It is but a few months since this old man ended his long, honest, kindly, and sensible life. He had a public funeral, a long procession of mourners, and an unlimited shower of *immortelles* upon his pall and grave. He has had, besides, his share of those literary funeral garlands, which are pretty much of the same character as the *immortelles;* but he has fortunately prevented any one from operating upon his life, by leaving behind him this brief and simple autobiography * which, without any great pretensions to eloquence, presents to us not only an admirable portrait of the great popular poet of France, but an extremely clear and simple picture of the manners of his rank and time.

Beranger was born in 1780, in the house of a Parisian tailor, his mother's father. *She* was a *modiste*, "pretty, sprightly, and of a beautiful figure." His father, at the time of his marriage, was book-keeper to a grocer in the street where the tailor's house was, the *Rue Montorgueil*, "one of the dirtiest and most turbulent streets of Paris." The elder Beranger pleased himself by prefixing the aristocratic De to his name, and made considerable pretensions to nobility of birth—pretensions which his son seems to have taken some pleasure in renouncing for himself: but whether noble or not, his fortunes were sufficiently humble. He was the son of an innkeeper in the little country town of Peronne—who, notwithstanding his position, held the same pretensions—and had been clerk to a notary in the country before he came to Paris, to keep the books of

* *Ma Biographie*, by Beranger. Perrotin, Paris. English copyright translation: Hurst & Blackett, London.

the *épicier*. Not many gifts of fortune, consequently, surrounded the cradle of Beranger. The newly-married couple had been but a few months together when they separated, tired of each other—the wife to return to her occupation and her father's house, the husband to seek his fortune in the country; and it was in the house of the Père Champy, his tailor grandfather, that Beranger was born.

The sketch of this household, and of these nearest relatives of the poet, is extremely French and characteristic. The father, who has nothing save his wits for a patrimony, disappears into the provinces to live upon that inalienable fortune. The mother, who seems always totally without any feeling of responsibility for her child, leaves her father's house presently, to adopt for herself that extraordinary kind of female bachelorship (for no more feminine word seems to express it) common to the workwomen of Paris. The boy is sent to a village in the country to be nursed, and afterwards returns to his grand-parents, who, "though they had not regarded their own children with much affection, did their utmost to spoil their grandchild." These two old French tradespeople have a great taste for literature. "I remember my grandmother carefully perusing the romances of Prévot and the works of Voltaire," says Beranger, "and my grandfather commenting aloud on the work of Raynal, which at that time enjoyed great popularity. I may since have doubted whether my kind grandmother understood much of what she read, passionately addicted as she was to her books. She was constantly quoting M. de Voltaire, which, however, did not lead her to neglect what she considered her religious duty to me, and on the occurrence of the sacred ceremonies of the *Fête Dieu* I was made to join in the celebration of the Holy Sacrament."

In the midst of this household—and where but in France could it be possible to find a family of working people, where the grandmother delighted herself with the works of a profane philosophy?—the little Beranger remained till he was nine years old. He was a delicate child, and had no inclination for school. He seems, indeed, just such a little boy as one would set down as a little dunce, of whom nothing ever could come, except some mechanical nicety of labour. He sat in a corner cutting paper figures, and making "little baskets of cherry-stones, skilfully hollowed out, and delicately carved; tiny masterpieces of art, which kept me employed whole days, and excited the admiration of all my relations." He was great in making excuses and inventing pretexts for staying at home from school. He managed, by some odd method of his own, to jump at the art of reading, so far as to comprehend the meaning of what he read, though "incapable," as he says, "of connecting and pronouncing even two syllables aloud;" and the only break in this lonely childhood was an occasional visit to his mother, who lived near the Temple, and who sometimes took him to the theatres on the Boulevard, to balls, or on pleasure excursions to the country. All this might be told of a Parisian bourgeois household to-day, but for the strange gleams of terror which break once or twice across the scene. The times in which Beranger's grandmother read Voltaire, were those in which the old world nodded to its fall, and the fires of the coming volcano smouldered: and it is strange to read, in a briefer intimation than that which he makes about the cherry-stones, how the child from the roof of his school saw the capture of the Bastille, and how his memory burned all his life with a recollection of another scene more dreadful and ominous. When crossing the street upon a holiday, the boy found himself in the midst of a crowd of men and women, who carried on the points of long pikes the heads of the *gardes du corps*, who had been massacred at Versailles. "This spectacle inspired me with such horror," he says, "that when I now think of it, I seem to behold in imagination, one of those blood-stained heads that passed quite close to me." It would have been little wonder had it haunted him night and day; and nothing can well be more strange than to turn from our usual pictures of the time of the French Revolution with all its ferocious and diabolical excitement, and find how the little households

revolve all the same in their quiet little orbits without disturbance, how the grisette still goes to the ball, and the child to school, and the grandmamma still reads Voltaire.

In the mean time, however, the poet has so much of his personal history to tell, that he passes very lightly over the grievous public events of his childhood. No one need fear to find here the oft-repeated story of the Revolution. He thanks Heaven that he was removed from Paris during the Terror, and passes on, accordingly, with little further reference to this horrible era. For the elder Beranger turns up once more, again a notary in the country, but not rich enough to educate his son. The old grandfather retires from business, and is no longer able to keep the boy, and he is sent to the hereditary *auberge* in Peronne, his parents caring nothing for him, to see whether his aunt, his father's sister, will receive the poor little outcast. At the door of the little inn, unexpected and unwelcome, the child drops suddenly, a little waif of fortune, but falls into motherly hands, and is henceforward safe for the days of his childhood. Here is another picture of a humble Frenchwoman, the innkeeper of a little country town, in the end of last century. Either Beranger saw those friends of his through rose-coloured glasses, or nature had been bountiful to those nurses of the coming poet.

"Endowed by nature with a superior mind, she had supplied the defects of her education by serious and select reading. Inspired with enthusiasm for all that was great, even in the last years of her life, she continued to dwell with interest on the announcement of new discoveries, the progress of industry, and even the embellishment of the city. As she was capable of the most sanguine exaltation of temperament, the Revolution had influence enough to make her as ardent a republican as was consistent with her humane disposition; and she was always able to associate with her patriotism as a Frenchwoman those religious sentiments for which a feeling soul is often more indebted to its own inherent nature than to early education." It was to this woman, who still united Voltaire to Telemachus and Racine in her little library, that Beranger owed all that he knew of the care of a mother: and a picture more pleasant and more true to nature could scarcely be than that presented to us in these incidental glimpses of the life of this kind widow and her boy. She was religious, so she sent him to church, and even had him employed as a kind of acolyte in the ministrations of the mass, while yet churches and masses were in that age of the Revolution. She took him with her to the prison, where some of her friends were confined, making a little moral application of the circumstance, as such good women use. She sat with him in the evening at the door of her house, listening with indignant alarm to the thunder of the cannon when the English and Austrians besieged Valenciennes—while ever stronger and stronger in their reaction upon each other grew the patriotism of the solitary woman and the child. They listened together with triumph to the proclamation of their Republic's victories; and the boy's heart beat so violently at the announcement of one of them, that he had to throw himself down on the grass to recover his breath. In this friendship and conjunction the "auld-farrant" child gave as well as received. The good woman frequently asked advice of her pupil, and sometimes, to her cost, did not take it, as in her second marriage, to which her wise little nephew was not favourable. She who was "sincerely religious" was in the habit of sprinkling the house with holy water on the approach of a storm, to defend it from the thunder. Notwithstanding this precaution, her boy was struck by lightning at the door of her house, as the fairy, according to his own showing, had predicted. They thought him dead, and his aunt was in despair; but when, after great exertions, he was restored to consciousness, the young critic turned upon her with his quick-witted childish intelligence, "Well, then, what was the use of your holy water?" Altogether a pleasanter representation of the strange, beautiful, amusing friendship which often exists

between a wise child and a simple mind of mature age, is scarcely to be found than this account of the little establishment of the *Epée Royale* at Peronne.

At Peronne also there was a school, which makes another amusing illustration of the temper of the times—a school established by a provincial magistrate and disciple of Rousseau, according to one of the educational theories so abundant at the time, and intended to turn out citizens made according to the most perfect rules, and ready to take their place at once in the political economy of the State. "The school was supposed to form a little community; the pupils elected from among themselves judges, members of districts, a mayor, municipal officers, a justice of peace. The system included also an armed force, composed of the whole body of the pupils, who were divided into chasseurs, grenadiers, and artillery, and who also elected their own officers. In our promenades we carried our lances and sabres, and were attended by our ammunition-waggon and a small piece of cannon, which was dragged after us, and in the manœuvring of which we were instructed." These unfortunate little men, of course, did not stop there; being like the grown-up people so far, they proceeded to the still more delightful privilege which remained. "We had also a club, the meetings of which attracted a number of the people of Peronne of all ages. The interests of the Republic had far greater attractions for us than lessons in language; and as every member of my family sang, it was there doubtless that the gift of song was awakened in me. I might also have acquired the power of public speaking, for I was invariably appointed the president of our club, and the duty was imposed on me of pronouncing addresses to the members of Convention who came to Peronne. Besides, in all the national ceremonies we had our appointed place. On such occasions I usually delivered an oration of my own composition; and I may add, that in times of more than ordinary importance I was appointed to draw up addresses to the Convention and to Robespierre."

Being then somewhere under twelve years old! These poor little souls, in their little coats, dressed after the fashion of the Directory, sending addresses and delivering orations like the bigger schoolboys who played with life and death—how strange, how odd, how laughable, and how melancholy is the scene!

After this period of home life it became necessary to find a trade for the little patriot. After one or two unsuccessful efforts he at last settled into a printing-office, a not uncongenial occupation, though the neophyte retained an obstinate aversion to spelling. At this time and even before this time, the future poet had begun to make verses, which he regulated by "drawing two pencil lines from the top to the bottom of his paper," and making all the lines of the same length. Let all young versers take courage! but observe no less the careful conscientiousness of this little hero, who could not spell. However, he was not very long permitted to remain at this occupation, with which he himself seems to have been perfectly satisfied. De Beranger, *père*, appears again on the stage. He has been a conspirator, a prisoner, and in peril of his head, during this tranquil period of his son's existence, and, fresh from his sufferings as a Royalist, finds with horror what a revolutionary they have made of his child. This reckless, gay, good-humoured scapegrace of a father has great ideas for the boy. He means him to be a page of Louis XVIII., when that personage comes into existence, having no conception in his own easy mind what a pertinacious little republican he has to deal with; and finally carries him off to Paris to assist himself (in the mean time, pending the return of the legitimate sovereign) in "the operations of the Bourse." It was the time of depreciated assignats and high rates of interest, all commercial matters being thrown into utter confusion by the hurry of events. The young poet developed almost immediately a great gift of mental calculation, was the most useful of coadjutors, and is half ashamed to confess that this new kind of business amused him very much at first. A

little further insight, however, into the concern disgusts him, especially as he is in the midst not only of reckless speculators, but of men who live in a perpetual ferment of conspiracy against his beloved Republic. "I, poor little patriot, was obliged to carry gold to the conspirators," he says; but he consoles himself with the thought that they used it for their own wants rather than for the purposes of their plot. In the mean time he amused himself by making epigrams upon these schemers, over which even his father chuckled in secret. At this period a most whimsical incident occurs for the confirmation of the young republican in his former opinions. He is directed to an old chevalier of the party to be converted to Legitimism, when it suddenly turns out, to the amazement of the pupil, that the legitimacy which his ancient instructor believes in, is that, not of Louis XVIII., but of a certain M. Vernon, a descendant of the Man with the Iron Mask, who turns out to have been the eldest son of Louis XIII., and, consequently, the true elder branch, to the confusion of the *Grand Monarque* and his successors! This odd romance of course made an end of any chance of conversion, which might have remained to the witty young financier, who did not laugh, he says, because the mystery interested his lively imagination; however, it proved an infallible answer ever after to the arguments of M. Beranger, *père*.

The wise boy did his best, but ineffectually, during this busy time, to moderate his father's speculations, and withdraw him from politics; failing that, when the imprudent conspirator got himself imprisoned, the lad, smothering his personal dislikes, took the entire business in hand at seventeen, and managed it with the greatest success, until the elder and less sensible partner was released. This French Micawber was charmed with the success of his son. As it was no longer likely that he could be a royal page, he should be the first banker in France; and M. de Beranger set himself to ruin the business by way of a beginning. The downfall followed almost immediately, to the intense vexation of the honourable lad, who felt his own credit involved, though he had no longer any share in the management. Some of the capitalists, who had trusted to his evident conscientiousness, young though he was, reproached him; others offered him the means of embarking again in business; in the mean time the boy, in his rigid honesty, lodged in a garret without fire, where the snow and rain came in at the roof, steadily refusing all inducements to return to his commercial occupation, bitterly regretting that he had been taken from the trade which even now he would have been glad to return to, and as his only refuge in his youthful troubles, arranging for himself the system of poetry from which he never afterwards departed. Up to this time, he says, he had made bad verses. Now, under the pressure of care, poverty, and humiliation, he escaped into the harder work of his real craft, and began to study the nature and genius of the language of which he soon became so great a master. When he was not in his garret, he was taking long walks in the neighbourhood of Paris, carefully avoiding the streets in which he might meet "the victims or the witnesses of our disaster," and punishing himself with the intense youthful chagrin of a high-spirited and independent boy for the ruin which he had done his best to avert while it was possible, and for which he was not in any way to blame.

The elder Beranger, however, was a Jack-in-a-box whom nothing could long keep down. He appears again presently, intrusting to his son the management of a reading-room, and plunging once more into all kinds of conspiracies. During this time the Revolution has been working itself out into a feebleness which prostrates all the powers of the country—the timid are in despair, the bourgeois wish for the triumph of the Coalition army, and such a good republican as young Beranger is overwhelmed with distress and shame. Order, finance, credit, the reputation of the country, and the safety of the people, are all at stake, and even victories abroad do not make up for the drift-

ing of the ship of State at home, where there is never a hand strong enough to steer it. At this moment, while the young poet pleased himself with Alexandrine rhymes of satire against the helpless and incompetent heads of affairs, Buonaparte, to whom the Legitimists looked hopefully as the instrument of restoring royalty, returned from Egypt; and nothing can better show the popular feeling of the time than the following little incident:—

"When the great news of his unexpected return arrived, I was in our *cabinet de lecture*, in the midst of more than thirty persons. They all rose spontaneously, uttering a long cry of joy. The same manifestations of delight were made throughout the whole country. France believed herself now saved. When the presence of a man in a country produces such effects on the people, he is unquestionably their master; the wise and prudent are without any influence in the matter. When Buonaparte disembarked at Frejus, he was already the Emperor Napoleon."

This incident the poet follows with some remarks full of truth and penetration. He does not feel himself able to take the first Napoleon to task for the violation of the Constitution of the 18th Brumaire, the beginning of his Consulate, and for this reason: "I will candidly confess that in my mind patriotism has always overruled all political doctrines, and that Providence does not always leave to nations the choice of the means by which their safety is secured. This great man alone was able to elevate France from the abyss into which the Directory had ended by precipitating her. I was nineteen years old at the time, and the whole world appeared to be only of my age in order to think as I did. The opposing parties had destroyed each other by violence. . . . The wise and prudent who still spoke of liberty, did so with that distrust with which their own minds had been inspired by the result of the unfortunate and badly-managed attempts which had been already made. At last France absolutely required a strong government to deliver her from the Jacobins and the Bourbons, from uncertainty and anarchy." This same crisis has come more than once in the history of France; and though it is impossible to justify in any man the deliberate breach of an oath, there is much in the extraordinary position occupied by both the first and the present Napoleon to make a historian pause upon this consideration of Beranger, and take the whole scene into account before he passes a hasty judgment. Every one must honour the man who could make magnificent sacrifice of a crown to his word and honour; but to sacrifice even to that the power of doing unspeakable service to his time and country, is a question less easily settled. We are in no such straits, nor have been for centuries; and it is very much easier for us, in the shelter of our seas, to say, "Let us not do evil that good may come."

Changes of state, however, made no great difference for the time in the position of the boy who lived in a garret on the fifth story in the Boulevard St. Martin, and "delighted in the evening to hover in spirit, as it were, over this immense city, especially when to the murmurs ascending from it was added the noise and tumult of some great storm!" Fancy the young poet, with all the troublous world beneath him, with all its cries and its tumults, its *emeutes* and its agitations, its unconscious human revelation of itself in the streets which his little window surveyed; his post by the window when summer evenings sent everybody out of doors, when snatches of songs and sounds of laughter and audible exclamations came softened up to him out of the heart of the crowd; or when his little light hung gleaming half-way between the lanterns and the stars, and the boy gazed abroad upon the great town growing silent, hushing itself, burying a million cares, an unknown world of hopes and heartache in the night, and in the dark. He is only nineteen; he has no money; he dwells alone, and is a poet. Friend, perhaps you would not choose to change places with Beranger; but there is a magical touch in this little picture which might make many think again with the pleasure of sadness of the early

joyous delightful troubles of their own youth.

After all these preludes and prolegomena—little Peronne, big Paris, the banker's office, and the reading-room—it is thus in his garret that the life of the poet really begins. He is very miserable, afraid of the conscription, terribly vexed about his father's late failure, penniless, and in indifferent health—yet very gay, writing songs and little *vaudevilles* for the little private fêtes of his comrades, and—full of friendly charity and tenderness, as he always was—sitting up night after night with a sick friend, and singing, to amuse his sleeplessness, the songs which he then for the first time committed to writing. This kind of life goes on for some considerable time. Things do not thrive with the young poet; though he has arranged his poetic system, he has not resolved yet to confine himself to the one thing which he can do so exquisitely. He tries odes and idyls, comedies and epic poems. Between hands he sends his watch to the *Mont de Piété;* his wardrobe dwindles down to "three bad shirts, which a friendly hand wearied itself in endeavouring to mend, a thin and well-patched greatcoat, a pair of trousers with a hole in the knee, and a pair of boots which I regarded with despair every morning as I was engaged in restoring their lustre, discovering some new damage." It was when brought down thus far by many adversities, that the youth, in a fit of sudden hope or of despair, enclosed a couple of his poems to Lucien Buonaparte, telling no one. Two days after, his friend Judith laughingly predicted to him the arrival of a letter which should overwhelm him with joy. He went home, and went to sleep, pleased in spite of himself with the prophecy, and dreaming delightful dreams of the postman. "But I awoke and—adieu, ye bright illusions!—the damaged boots met my sight; and moreover his old pair of trowsers must be patched by the tailor's grandson. Needle in hand, I continued ruminating on some misanthropical rhymes, such as I was then in the occasional habit of composing, when my *portière* enters out of breath, and hands to me a letter, the address of which was in a writing unknown to me. Rhymes, needle, trousers, everything is forgotten. In my agitation I cannot muster up courage to open the missive. At last with a trembling hand I break the seal: the senator Lucien Buonaparte has read my verses, and he wishes to see me. Let such young poets as are in my position, imagine to themselves my happiness, and describe it if they can. It was not fortune which first appeared to me—it was glory? My eyes swelled with tears, and I returned thanks to God, whom I have never forgotten in my moments of prosperity."

Lucien Buonaparte, the gentlest and most lovable of his family, established at once, to a modest and moderate extent, the fortunes of the young poet. He gave him kind criticism, suggestions, not over-wise perhaps, but in accordance with the spirit of the time; and with the natural

> —— "grace
> And open bounty of his race,"

conferred his more substantial benefits in such a manner as to elevate rather than humiliate the receiver of them. He made over to Beranger the little income to which he himself was entitled as a Member of the Institute—a thousand francs, or somewhere about forty pounds a-year. The arrears of three years were paid at once to the fortunate rhymster. He could help his father—he could maintain himself. So far as his worldly concerns went, he had no greater ambition. Fortune had come to him in a moment.

The protection of Lucien conferred other advantages upon the young poet. It introduced him to Arnault, then Minister of Public Instruction, through whom, at a later period, he obtained a permanent appointment, and who "opened to me the doors of the world of literature, which I had never been able to frequent till then." Beranger had, however, little personal intercourse afterwards with his first patron; but when Lucien was in exile at Rome, the grateful poet vainly endeavoured to do him homage in his banishment. He had then some pastoral poems nearly completed—poems of which he seems to have had no opinion, and which he desired to pub-

lish solely for the sake of the dedication to Lucien, which, however, the imperial censor condemned. Those sweet and tender verses which are quoted, seem very innocent matters for the ban of the censorship; and Beranger, finding that he could not be permitted to publish them, abandoned the book: he made another unsuccessful attempt subsequently—but it was not until 1888, eighteen years after the period of his brief acquaintance with this prince, that he was able to express the thanks of his grateful memory in a dedication to Lucien Buonaparte.

He was now twenty-five years old, and thoughts of more serious import stirred in the mind of the poet. These were the days in which the after-course of his life had to be settled. He was free of want, but he was not free of anxiety for the future, and feared the necessity of falling back upon literature as his sole support. Other questions too, still more important, yet all more or less connected with his art, which seems to have exercised an influence upon everything he did, occupied him. The *Génie du Christianisme* had a great effect upon his mind—almost he was persuaded to be, if not a Christian, a good Catholic, once more. He began to write idyls and religious poems, to frequent the churches when they were empty, to read ascetic works, and to endeavour to persuade himself into devoutness: but his mind was too honest to be content with the false faith of his verses, and true faith would not come to him—his religious studies came to no result. "I have often said," he concludes, "that the only thing of which Reason was capable, was to sink us when we fell into the water. Nevertheless, to my misfortune, she at this time assumed absolute dominion over my mind. Fool! she would not suffer me to believe in that which formed the faith of Turenne, Corneille, and Bossuet. And yet I have always been, I am at present, and I hope I shall die, that which in philosophy is termed a spiritualist." We confess we are not able to perceive the light which, according to some critics, this confession throws upon the life of Beranger; it is a record of the common crisis, terminating unhappily but not unnaturally the wrong way; for Reason, which cannot do much against Religion, finds a perfectly suitable antagonist in the religious sentiment, which she is sufficiently able to depose from the first place in every mind. This is what seems to have happened to Beranger. The sentiment which is his only idea of faith cannot reign paramount in a mind which, in spite of its poetic character, is still so practical and reasonable. He retains just enough of it to beautify nature and humanity with a thought of God, and to encourage his own benevolent intuitions. He cannot be a good Catholic. He sees nothing to believe in but the faith of the Church, or that which seems the faith of nature. With all his education and surroundings, his decision seems only what was to be looked for—and it is not for us to judge him.

However, he destroyed the religious verses; he was uneasy in any kind of sham. Nor did he please himself much better in dramatic writings: for a time, indeed, he is altogether at sea, irresolute about his work, his opinions, and his future, and even troubled with that other kind of scepticism—melancholy dissatisfaction and doubt about the world surrounding him, which is no unusual feature in the first serious period of thought. These shadows, however, pass away eventually from a mind about which there was nothing morbid. In correcting a pastoral poem which he had begun some time previously, but never completed, he began to see better than he had ever done the secrets of his own language. He discovered that the odes and dithyrambics, after which all the world ran wild, were but exotics transplanted into a soil where they had never taken deep root. He could find no parallel between a Pindar chanting the verse in which he celebrated his country, its heroes, and its gods, to the assembled people on Olympus, and a modern poet, whose works are submitted to the cool judgement of critical readers. His old dislike to the classical mania, then prevalent everywhere, takes form and force as he pursues his own stu-

dies. He throws aside all his attempts in the so-called higher orders of literature, and defies the Academy, "so strong in Latin and in Greek," to pardon him for his heresy. "They say," he adds with humour, "that nothing enlightens like the flame of manuscripts which their authors have had the courage to throw into the fire; *I* ought to see very clearly. I have known authors who have not lost one of their verses. I have not preserved more than a quarter of mine, yet I feel to-day that I have preserved too many."

At the same time in which he arrives at this decision, he also sets himself seriously to work to perfect his style. Ideas, good or bad, rarely failed him; but it is now the niceties of expression in which he labours. He thinks that each subject should have its own grammar and dictionary, and even its manner of rhyme, and broods long over his thoughts before he permits them to see the light. "I only give these details," says Beranger, "for those men who think that to write well it is enough to let their words fall at hazard on the paper, and that a foundation of reflection or preparatory reading is of no value. If this continues, you shall see that they will write without knowing how to read. Certainly there are some who, privileged by genius, might succeed in everything without trouble; but who has the right to believe himself a genius?"

The old man could not have put a better moral to his life. He, of all men, conscious of his native rights as a poet, yet voluntarily and soberly choosing for himself the occupation of a *chansonnier*, might have presumed upon his genius, if any one could. On the contrary, he laboured closely at his profession, bringing to it all his experience of life, all his conscientious exertions, all the helps which industry and good sense could see available. It is a lesson which many people may read with advantage; true genius seldom presumes upon its own powers.

Beranger by this time has become popular and sought after in society: his songs, still unpublished, have attained a private circulation from hand to hand, which perhaps gives a more piquant celebrity to their author than the mere reputation of a book. Official critics even predict troubles which do not overtake the author of the *Roi d' Yvetot*, though he has reason to believe that it has been brought under the notice of the Emperor as a political satire. Beranger himself, however, does not add this pleasant story, which we quote from his friend Lapointe's *Memoires sur Beranger*, of the reception given to this song by Napoleon.

"Certain courtiers, wishing to injure the poet, who then held a modest appointment worth twelve hundred francs, denounced the *chanson* and the *chansonnier* to the Emperor.

"'Who has made this song?' asked the hero, who was not much disturbed by it.

"'Sire, it is one employed at the University.'

"'How much has he?'

"'Twelve hundred francs, sire.'

"'*Eh bien*, let them give him fifteen.'"

When a poet's genius is acknowledged, his position assured, and his popularity steadily advancing, his life is apt to lose its events, and, so far as story-telling goes, its interest. He is no longer a boy in the shelter of domestic circumstances, which tenderness, discontent, uncertainty, and the vivid recollection of youth, make always picturesque and interesting. His father is dead, he has formed no new relations save those of friendship, and speaks of himself as strengthened against the hypocrisy of "*la haute société*" by "a ripe age, settled ideas, and a character tried by evil fortune." We are no longer made aware of the busy and perpetual flow of events and changes, of good fortune and evil fortune, every shadow of which helps to form the youth for his future life. He is now living the life for which all these things prepared him, not despising the charms of society, yet shy of them, and loving to dine with the companions of his poverty in the garret or behind the shop, places familiar and dear to him. Nor is he less shy of the organised society of wits which woos him next. Though he loves the social table, Beranger is no admirer of the systematised merry-

making which has no longer licence to be spontaneous. He does not refuse to go to the *Caveau*, the literary club of *chansonniers* and dramatists, nor to be elected a member of it; but he shrinks presently from habits so much unlike his own, and leaves it at last with one of those shrewd sayings which his good-humoured philosophy abounds in: "Societies which profess to be joyous are seldom gay."

In the latter part of this autobiography, these sparks of kindly and wise thought abound. He has arrived at the time of leisure, and the speed of his recital pauses. He has time to linger and let us know what he said under such and such circumstances, and what were the rules of his conduct—not without a pleasant old man's word of counsel to the young men whom he loves. It is these young men whom he warns not to permit themselves to be transplanted into gilded *salons*, where they will be separated from their old friends; and not to blush for their poverty, but to learn how to say, "I am poor;" and he pleases himself with recalling the comfort which he found in the society of youth, when those who professed to lead the liberal and revolutionary forces gave him small satisfaction. And in the slower course of personal experience, lively sketches of political personages and public events intervene. He sees with a sore heart the entrance of the allied armies into Paris, believing that if he had but got the gun which he wanted, in common with hundreds of the working people who sought for arms without being able to obtain them, "I should have been brave that day!" But the Allies entered, the Bourbons were restored, and the author of the *Roi d'Yvetot* was perfectly safe in his appointment, getting abundant credit from the Royalists for that satire. And it is not till after this period that the well-known and popular *chansonnier* publishes his first volume, which, though it makes him "*le chansonnier de l'opposition*," is tolerably well received for the moment by the authorities. This good humour does not last, however. By-and-by warned, that if he publishes more, it will be at the peril of his income. This is not a kind of threat to awe Beranger; and accordingly, when he is ready with his next publication, he resigns the situation, and trusts himself to fortune. The publication of the two volumes which now appear, he contracts for at the cost of fifteen thousand francs—a sum which it seems impossible to him can ever be paid by his little books, and the acquisition of which fills him with a "foolish joy," in comparison with which all his after-receipts have little effect upon him. This book, however, brings on a State prosecution, concluded by an imprisonment of three months and a fine of five hundred francs—in all which proceeding, the thing which Beranger feels most is that his advocate undervalued "the importance of the chanson." This was his friend Dupin, who defended him with the greatest zeal and eloquence, but who thought it was for his client's interest to speak as lightly as possible of those beloved verses, which Marchangy the *Avocat General* was more respectful to, even in opposing. The accusation did him more justice than the defence; he says with a whimsical and comic displeasure, "I love better to be hanged by my enemies than drowned by my friends. It was, however, not the less wise of my advocate to endeavour thus to avoid the long imprisonment with which I was menaced. Besides, it was not till some time later that they granted the quality of poet to the *chansonnier;* and, strange enough! the English were, I believe, the first to give me this title in the *Edinburgh Review*."

Beranger, however, spite of his annoyance at this *lèse majesté* on the part of his advocate, found his quarters in St. Pelagie extremely comfortable, and bore his imprisonment with much gaiety. He had scarcely left the prison when another accusation was preferred against him, which came to nothing. Later, when he published a fourth volume, he was again condemned, and spent another nine months in prison without losing heart. He suffered, however, for his own sentiments, and not for those of any party; indeed, he is particular

above all in defending his independence and perfect freedom from political bondage; and he had no respect for the leaders of the popular opinions. "Many of those gentlemen thanked me for the help which I had endeavoured to give," he says. "I answered, 'Do not thank me for songs made against our enemies—thank me for those which I have not made against you.'" But he was universally sought after in spite of the indomitable independence—always good-humoured, yet quite immovable, with which he resisted the advances of the great. "I have a dictionary different from that which is used in your *salons*," he says to M. de la Rouchefoucauld; and even speaks merrily of the chateau of his friend Lafitte, as a place which was insupportable save in the society of Manuel, Thiers, and Mignet, and cannot forget that he was never able to make a single couplet in it. "I was not born for the *chateaux*," he adds. With all his great friends, his immense popularity, and the eager desire of partisans, too enthusiastic to be wise, to bring him likewise into office and power as soon as the liberal party were at the head of affairs, Beranger's own perfect good sense and self-appreciation never faltered. His young friends would have had him receive the *portefeuille* of the Minister of Public Instruction at the Revolution of July. He turned it aside laughingly, with a favourite joke of his—"Be it so; I will make them adopt my *chansons* as a schoolbook in the *pensionnats de demoiselles;*" and though he heartily approves of Louis Philippe's election, republican though he is, being above all a patriot, nothing ever could induce him to present himself to the new king. It is in the same spirit that considerably later, long after he had concluded his autobiography, he resisted with the most anxious pertinacity all the attempts which were made to draw him into public affairs in 1848. We can only refer to the extremely touching and beautiful letter to the electors who were so anxious to send him to the National Assembly, which is printed in the appendix to this memoir. It is but the reiteration of a sentiment which has prevailed with him throughout his life. Singularly clear-sighted, and full of homely sense and self-command, nothing could induce Beranger to believe in the universality of his own powers. These powers, however, he had studied carefully, and became more and more thoroughly acquainted with during the course of his long life. He knew what he could do—a piece of knowledge which sundry other poets have attained to; but he knew at the same time what he could not do—a most rare and hardly-procured information. Knowing it, he cannot be persuaded to make experiments with his own fame; and his firmness in resisting all solicitations of the kind is very well illustrated by an anecdote of Lapointe upon this part of the poet's life:—

"In the first days of the Revolution of 1830, when all the world lost its wits," says this commentator, "when the people raised barricades and fought, the poet held out against the storm, reassured some, fed others; the *chansonnier* had become a soldier." But when the tempest was over—when "the friends of the poet held the new power, the *chansonnier* retired—all the honours which they proposed to him he refused. This constant persistance in being nothing was the result of a profound calculation; without nobility, without fortune, having no other *prestige* than that of his songs, he felt that it would be difficult for him to maintain an elevated post. '*Je ne serai quelque chose,*' said he, '*qu'à la condition que je ne serai rien.*'"

And to this determination he remained faithful all his life, declining even to seek admittance into the Academy, which might have been supposed more tempting than political power, to a poet so jealous for the due honour of his *genre* as Beranger.

With the establishment of the Citizen King upon the throne, the autobiography of the popular poet comes to a conclusion; but we are not without details as to his after-life. He thought his work over and his songs done at this political epoch, and he went to seek tranquillity for his old age in the country, where he

could at least be free from the solicitations which were so disagreeable to him. He tried Passy, Fontainbleau, and Tours in succession; but though he loved the country, he was entirely a man of the town, and did not remain long out of Paris, where all his friends and all his associations were. A lively account of his life and habits, in his last stage, is to be found in the work of Lapointe, who never tires of repeating tales of the kindness, the inexhaustible benevolence, and the abounding sympathies of the poet, whom he calls *Mon maître*. But that it is almost impossible to choose among so many, we should have been glad to quote some of these stories. They show kindly old age in one of its most beautiful aspects. Beranger cannot go about the streets without meeting a hundred little adventures. It does not appear that he can see any creature poor or in suffering, without pausing to ascertain how he can help them; and in these Parisian streets, which the popular poet has studied all his life, and to the lively and diversified animation of which he owed much of his power over the sympathies of his countrymen, he is continually repaying to some desolate widow or blind workman, or other unfortunate, the gain which he has derived from this busy book of life. The modest little income, and the much greater influence which his works have gained for him, he spends in an overflowing and inexhaustible charity. It is impossible to say that what he has is lightly won, after his own statement that he seldom produced more than fifteen or sixteen songs in a year. But it is splendidly spent; and his poor compatriots come to him from all quarters, confident in the open heart which is never shut against them, seeking every kind of benevolence, from substantial benefits of money, or recommendation still more potent, to the perfectly French and superlative petition of the old *concierge* who prays to be permitted to embrace him. "At that time they used to question me," says Lapointe, "'Does Beranger do nothing?—what is it that Beranger does? What does he?—he does that which he always did—good works." And he certainly proves what he says.

In those days the life of the old poet was of this fashion: "He went out usually about two o'clock, to visit those of his old friends whom death had left to him, now become few, or to solicit in some of the public offices, perhaps, employment for a young man without occupation; perhaps help for a family without bread; sometimes he went to the Bois de Boulogne, which he loved much before they spoiled it. At six he returned to dine, and did not go out again. He had always one, two, or sometimes three persons to dine with him. He loved not to dine alone. 'La compagnie oblige,' he said. On one day of the week he gave a great dinner. I have seen as many as sixteen persons in his little *salle à manger*. And what gaiety, what amiability was in his bearing! Sometimes they sang, and he sang himself. They talked of everything." This pleasant sketch is supplemented by various individual traits, and by witty or rather shrewd and humorous sayings. He had always a great appetite, and esteemed men who had an equal gift in this respect, and who were good laughers. "*Les bonnes pensées viennent d'un bon estomac*," he said pleasantly. He had no patience with the melancholy and *blasé* youth. "*Ils ont toujours l'air de s'être tués la veille*," he remarks upon these young men, and he thinks it a bad symptom. With all his benevolence, he was seldom in the crestfallen condition of the good Mayor of Gatesboro'; it was not very easy to deceive him, and he treats with sarcastic politeness what he calls "*mendicité en carosse*," the advantage which some people of wealth would have taken of his well-known charity. Indeed, in the midst of his gaiety, his liberality, his freedom of speech and action, the most striking feature in the character of Beranger is this admirable good sense, which never forsakes him. From the time when Maman Bouvet, in the little inn at Peronne, takes counsel with the young sage of twelve years old, until the period when he

sits, at seventy, cheerful, independent, and untrammelled, giving shrewd opinions upon all the passing events, this sagacity never forsakes him. It is not abstract wisdom, it is not wit; it is a shrewd, homely, practical insight into human affairs and motives, rarely mistaken, but never ill-natured, and often full of a happy and kindly humour. He is a patriot and a republican, but he is no theorist; he wants to see his country safe and happy, without insisting that she shall be happy in his way. Great plans do not deceive him, and he remains undeluded even by the enthusiasm of a revolution. "What divides you," he says to Armand Marrast in 1848, "is less the diversity of your opinions, than the similarity of your pretensions." For himself he pretends nothing, save the sole and simple dignity, of which alone he is jealous—the rank of poet. The position which he chooses for himself, and reserves, in spite of all temptations, with this unerring sagacity, throws a singular light of contrast well worth observation upon the more usual pretensions of men of literature in France. He is almost the only one among them who sees through the false philosophy of this strange result of literary fame; and even then he makes no brag of the principle, and condemns none of his *confrères*, who believe that they must be able to govern because they are able to write. He judges for himself clearly, simply, and with the most just perception of natural fitness and propriety; but, in spite of the moral with which the old man, as he grows old, loves to point the tale which he tells to youth, his natural wisdom always preserves him from any attempt to impose his own conclusion as a yoke upon the neck of others.

This autobiography of Beranger is not, however, a political work; it is his own life, naturally and simply told; and it is only when the events of his life become fewer, and his position is established, that he turns aside to tell stories of such historical names as Bernadotte, Talleyrand, and Fouché. During the times of the Revolution and the Empire, he is more engaged with the personal thread of his own experiences—those experiences which came to fruit in later times. But though the political reader may be disappointed to find so little record of the parties and discussions of State in this volume, no one who wished to make acquaintance with the man—no one interested in the real history of the people—will find reason to share this feeling. Beranger himself stands clear on a sunshiny background of lively observation and tender goodness. A man of steady good sense and humbleness, marvellous in a Frenchman—full, notwithstanding, of French sensibility and enthusiasm, which gives to his shrewd and kindly *bonhommie* the individual traits of his country; and not less clear are his surroundings, his humble relatives, his volatile father, his ambitious companions, and the crowd which adored him. For the under-current of history, always so interesting and full of instruction—for a delightful picture of the poet, and many pleasant side-lights thrown upon the principal incidents of the period, this little volume will be found as valuable as it is interesting. The charm of its naïve and natural story cannot be given in any *resumé*, however full; but we do not doubt that the English translation, which has appeared almost simultaneously with the French original, will convey to a great many English readers, who at present know little of him, some sympathy with the popular love and regard which surrounds the name of Beranger among his own countrymen.

We have left ourselves no space to consider the *Dernières Chansons*, a volume which has not very long preceded this memoir. But Beranger's graces and peculiarities are already so well known that it seems scarcely necessary. The poetry of old age never was expressed more exquisitely than in some of these last songs; and we cannot refrain from quoting an example or two of the old man's gravity and gaiety, each in its way so admirable and so true to nature. For the latter, see the humour, whimsical, yet not without a semi-tone of Pathos, in which he celebrates, having attain-

ed to it, the birthday of the *Septuagenaire*:—

"Me voilà septuagénaire,—
Beau titre, mais lourd à porter;
Amis, ce titre qu'on vénère,
Nul de vous n'ose le chanter:
Tout en respectant la vieillesse,
J'ai bien étudié les vieux,—
Ah! que les vieux
Sont ennuyeux!
Malgré moi, j'en grossis l'espèce;
Ah! que les vieux
Sont ennuyeux!
Ne rien faire est ce qu'ils font mieux.

. . . . . .

Que de plaisirs un vieux condamne!
Au progrès il met son *veto*;
Ne renversez *pas* ma tisane,
Ne dérangez pas mon loto;—
Tous ils ont peur qu'un nouveau monde
N'enterre leur monde trop vieux.
Ah! que les vieux
Sont ennuyeux!
Le ciel sourit: le vieillard gronde;—
Ah! que les vieux
Sont ennuyeux!
Ne rien faire est ce qu'ils font mieux."

Last of all comes the "Adieu to France" of her most loving and faithful son, whose warmest thoughts at all times have been for the welfare of his country. It is thus he says his farewell:—

"France, je meurs, je meurs: tout me l'annonce.
Mère adorée, adieu. Que tout saint nom
Soit le dernier que ma bouche prononce.
Aucun Français t'aima-t-il plus? Oh! non,
Je t'ai chantée avant de savoir lire;
Et quand la mort me tient sous son épieu,
En te chantant mon dernier souffle expire.
A tant d'amour donne une larme. Adieu!

. . . . . .

Demi-couché, je me vois dans la tombe.
Ah! viens en aide à tous ceux que j'aimais,
Tu le dois, France, à la pauvre colombe
Qui dans ton champ ne butina jamais.
Pour qu'à tes fils arrive ma prière,
Lorsque déjà j'entends la voix de Dieu,
De mon tombeau j'ai soutenu la pierre,
Mon bras se lasse; elle retombe—Adieu!"

It would be too tempting to go further, but there is abundant evidence that the old *chansonnier* had lost nothing of his gift, and that the *chanson* was still safe in his hands. Let us find room yet for one of the last arrows of his wit against the English, which, however, may possibly strike a good deal nearer to the mark in the consciousness of a certain class of authors among us, than do most of those witty projectiles discharged by our neighbours, at which our insular arrogance only laughs. It is the history of an idea, which has suddenly alarmed the *bourgeois* by knocking at their doors, and which gets disowned on all hands until—

"Pauvre idée! Enfin un Anglais
L'achète; et le sir Britannique
A Londres lui donne un palais,
En criant, C'est ma fille unique!
*Chœur de Bourgeois,*
Une idée a frappé chez nous,
Fermons notre porte aux verrous."

It would be easy to cite many passages from these songs illustrative of the life which is now fully before us, but we can only pause to repeat what we have already said, that we have nowhere seen the poetry of old age, peculiar as it is, expressed with greater sweetness and power.

Beranger died amidst such popular expressions of regard and anxiety, as we sometimes, but very rarely, bestow upon the end of a very popular statesman, but which no poet yet has attained in this country. Is the fault with the people or the poet? This singer lived among his fellow-citizens, thought like them, sang for them, met them in a hundred little rencontres of social life, and was never slow to acknowledge his origin and sympathies, which were entirely with them. The crowd preserved with French fervour as sacred relics the *immortelles* which had covered his pall, and which they divided among themselves; and public honours attended his funeral. So lived and so died the *chansonnier*.

## THE FIRST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS IN THE DELHI CAMPAIGN.

[A short history of some of the doings of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, formerly known as Lord Lake's "dear old dirty shirts"; taken on the spot in spare moments during the Delhi campaign.]

> "Historic pride clings to masses as much as to individuals, conducting to honourable pride when rightly felt; if otherwise, this cankers. With soldiers this springs from regimental traditions."
>
> SIR C. NAPIER.

ON the 13th May, 1857, Major Jacob rode into Dugshai from Simla, with orders from the Commander-in-Chief for the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers to march to Umballa without delay; and accordingly a reference to the Regimental Order-book will show, that at 4 P.M. the regiment was directed to parade in shirt-sleeves, with sixty rounds in pouch, and food in haversack. The corps marched, full of health and spirits, a little before five, only anxious not to be too late, and little anticipating the work to be done ere the brave fellows should again return to the Hill station of Dugshai.

Colonel Welchman was unable to accompany the corps, as he had a few days previously undergone a severe surgical operation.

The evening was cool in the station, yet no sooner did we begin to descend the shoulder of the hill, than the heat began to make itself unpleasantly felt; and this, added to the continual steep descent, almost uninterrupted for twenty-five miles, which necessarily occasioned the men's feet to be driven forward against the hard leather of their ammunition boots, caused so many to become foot-sore and exhausted, that before we reached Kalka, at least half the regiment had fallen out. Near Kalka we halted for four hours, but avoided any stay in the town, cholera being prevalent there.

The order to move from Dugshai being urgent, and no coolies or means of carriage being available, or procurable at that place, nothing for men or officers could be brought with the column, beyond what the private servant of the officer, or the regimental servants of the soldiers could bring, so that when after a twenty-four mile march, we reached our halting-place, all we could do was to go to bed camp fashion, *i. e.* on the ground, with our clothes on. After we had been lying there for some time, and I had nearly succeeded in falling asleep, I heard Wriford sing out, "Here's my servant at last. Who wants bread and beef?" Of course there were plenty of wanters, and then, strange to say, those who, when they had nothing, were quite contented, could not be satisfied, after the beef, without pushing on to Baines' hotel, about a mile a-head, where we found a good supper laid out, and above all tea, so that we got on famously.

We started again at half-past one A.M., but so many men had not come up that Captain Wriford was left to bring on the stragglers. We marched till daylight, halting at Pinjore, where we did not delay long, but pushed on to Chundeeghur, which we reached about half-past six, and the sun being very hot, we there rested for the day; the men in the serai, the officers under some trees, where the time passed pleasantly enough. In fact, though all ought to have been tired, none seemed to be disposed to sleep. One, the Indefatigable, absolutely set to reading the Military Regulations; of course, such a thing could never be permitted, and a shower of artificial snow, invented out of feathery grass expressly for the occasion by Master Frank, and poured on the Indefatigable's head, caused the military code to be shut up amid roars of laughter. Here we dined, and a more light-hearted party never sat under those old mangoes; for had we not heard how that the gallant Rifles and Carabineers had re-taken Delhi, and treated the muti-

neers just as they deserved? and were not we to do the same to the incendiaries at Umballa?

We marched at 5 P.M., and got on better than the first night, for it was now possible to procure carriage for the lame and exhausted. At 10 P.M. we reach Mobarrackpore and halted, the men cooking and having rum served out, the officers getting on as best they might, almost all servants being far behind. Here cholera first paid us a visit; two cases occurred, but both men did well. After three hours' rest we resumed our route, and, just before daylight, were met by a large string of elephants, most thoughtfully sent by the authorities to carry those who were wearied. We reached Umballa about 7 A.M. on the 15th May. Time taken to do these sixty miles, thirty-eight hours!

Our first feeling on reaching cantonments was one of disgust at having no work, all there being seemingly quiet; our next one of satisfaction at the prospect of forming part of the force proceeding to Delhi, for we were here undeceived as to the taking of that place by the Rifles and Carabineers; moreover, it was a great relief to be out of the sun, and to have plenty of soda water to drink. Oh, Messrs. Peake, Allan & Co. what a debt do we not owe you—painful the debt, delightful the draught! Yes; the memory of those long drinks is still refreshing, and even the Count was obliged to forget himself in some degree and "ask for more."

We had only been in cantonments a few days when cholera of the worst form showed itself among us, and continued with increasing severity till we left the ill-omened place, where so many of our strongest rest for ever.

Companies 7, 8, 9, and 10, were sent in advance to Kurnaul on the evening of the 17th, Captain Dennis commanding. The distance, forty miles, being got over in two days, this detachment was put, on arrival, under Brigadier G., who had escaped with others from Delhi. The headquarters marched from Umballa on the 21st May, at 11 P.M., and reached Shahabad about seven next morning. Cholera still kept with the corps and increased our difficulties, the medical establishment being unavoidably on the lowest numerical scale, from the division of the regiment into three parts, and the impossibility of procuring servants at Umballa. On the 22d we again marched to Peeple; on the 23d to Bootanah; and on the 24th to Kurnaul. Here we were quartered in the Dak Bungalow, and somewhat astonished the good and kind Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General of the Forces, by the vivacity of our fun. In fact, the uproar and cheering on the arrival of the Indefatigable from Meerut, where he went alone with despatches, to open the communication, was so great, that a stranger might have fancied the mutineers were being attacked and put to the rout.

On reaching Kurnaul we found the left wing had marched for Paneeput, symptoms of disaffection having been shown by the natives of that city. The place itself is not regularly fortified, though walled, and containing many thousand inhabitants. Here I must record a most particularly trying march performed by the left wing, and other troops composing this detachment. They had marched on the 23d from Kurnaul to Goroundah, which they reached at about 7 A.M., and the day was, I well remember, one of the very hottest of the season, close, burning, and oppressive. At 11 A.M. the order came, that they were urgently required at Paneeput; without a murmur the gallant fellows buckled on their accoutrements, and in that red hot sun, without refreshment, marched ten miles, just arriving in time to awe the disorderly, and save the city. The next day all the inhabitants were disarmed.

Above I have said the men were without any refreshment, but such was not entirely the case, for near one of the wells on the roadside was a bed of very fine onions, tempting fellows, green above, white below, regular sneezers, and no mistake. In a twinkling the khet* was clear, so much so, that when private No. 600 came to his officer and said, "Plaize

* Field.

yer honor wheres the onions lay," the officer was quite at a loss to tell private No. 600 where the esculents *had* been.

The right wing left Kurnaul a few hours before the Commander-in-Chief breathed his last, and marching eighteen miles, joined the left wing. We here left cholera behind us, and after a halt of three days, marched to Soomalka, and on the 30th again moved to Sursowlie, and on the 31st to Rae, where we halted till the morning of the 4th. At this place we made examples of some of the murderers and insulters of women and children. The rest of the Umballa force coming up on the 4th, we moved to Allepore, Brigadier Showers assuming charge of the 1st brigade, in which the 1st Fusiliers was placed. Colonel Welchman and Captain Brown joined us on the 5th, the first still weakly, but his gallant spirit urged the old soldier on, to leave his family and pleasant home for fatigues and dangers at the head of his corps. At Allepore we remained till Wilson and the heavy guns joined from the Hindon, where they had had some sharp fighting. While halted, the refreshing news was brought in by the Indefatigable that the enemy had occupied a serai on the road to Delhi, with a strong village to the left, and that a considerable number of guns had been brought by the mutineers to defend the place. Accordingly, when the orders came out on the 7th for the advance to be led by two companies (Nos. 5 and 6) of the 1st Fusiliers, completed to twenty-five files each, commanded by Captain Brown, with Lieutenants Daniell and Walters, followed by Her Majesty's 75th, the remainder of the 1st Fusiliers, and the other corps, with the artillery, we judged there would be some work to do, and therefore retired early, to be fresh for the morrow.

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"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law;
March on, join bravely, let's to it pell-mell."

The advance commenced at 1 A.M., slowly along the road; and just as the early dawn began to streak the horizon, we reached to within some 1200 yards of Bardul-ki-Serai. The watch-fires of the enemy could now be seen distinctly before the white tents, seemingly to the left of the road. At this time bang went the first gun of the enemy, down the road, but well over our heads, immediately followed by a shell from a howitzer of theirs, which, better directed, killed a man and horse, and the battle of Bardul-ki-Serai had begun. The road was at once deserted, the 1st forming in line to the right, in a ditch partly hid by trees; here we remained for only a minute till our guns came to the front at the gallop along the road in a most dashing style. We then advanced over an open plain, fully exposed to the continued fire of the enemy's guns, and losing in a minute about twenty in killed and wounded. Here Greville was hit, but not severely injured; Ellis, too, received three contusions from fragments of a shell which knocked over two men beside him, he fortunately escaping without serious injury. Two companies were on the right of the 75th, the remainder of the regiment formed the line in support. The fire from the enemy's guns, being, as above described, most intense, the infantry were ordered to seek for the cover afforded by a rising ground about 400 yards in front of the enemy's battery. Here the whole regiment was assembled with the exception of the advanced guard, which remained on the roadside, close to the enemy's position. The fire on this mound was truly constant, and fearfully accurate, and it was here Colonel Chester fell, horse and rider, killed by a round shot. Just at this time the order was given to re-form and charge the enemy's batteries; but while doing so, some staff-officer called out, "Prepare to receive cavalry!" The command was partially obeyed, and caused much confusion; moreover, it was quite unnecessary, as no cavalry could be seen. The regiment was then formed in line, and three companies detached to attack a village filled with rebel infantry; but so many counter orders were given, that it resulted in the whole regiment advancing to the right, instead of five companies assisting the 75th, as was originally intended. The corps

advanced under a heavy fire, but the village was quickly stormed by our men, and the enemy at once driven out. In fact the gallant way in which the 75th charged the battery in their front, and captured the guns in it, produced such an impression on the enemy, that they seemed to have no wish to stay. Here Colonel Welchman had a narrow escape; he galloped after three men, one of whom he cut down, but the second turned and made a cut at the Colonel, whose horse, however, received the blow intended for the rider. Private Clarke, No. 3 Company, then came to the assistance of the Colonel, and received a cut over the shoulder, but at the same time drove his bayonet into the Pandy, whose sword he took, and carried for the remainder of the day; the wound disabling him so far as to prevent his carrying his musket. This soldier did not escape without further injury, however, for as we were advancing, a cow charged, and knocked him down, breaking his collar bone. From that day Private Clarke declares he'd much rather meet two Sepoys than one cow.

The troops moved steadily onwards in the Delhi direction, 'till we came to Azadpore; where the cantonment branches from the Delhi road. Here the enemy had guns which commenced firing on the advancing column. The 1st were at once ordered off to the left, to skirmish through gardens, and over an open space immediately opposite the Delhi cantonment parade; we drove in the enemy quickly, their light guns meanwhile firing round shot into us from the ridge above cantonments. Having crossed the canal, and gained the parade, it became evident that, till supported, we could do little, and must incur much loss by advancing over the open parade; the men were therefore halted, under the shelter of the graveyard wall and the banks of the canal, till Money's guns, firing from the left, told us they had reached the old cantonment Bazaar, and flanked the enemy. The 1st then advanced across the parade, through the Sepoy lines, and up to the deserted guns on the ridge, along which we marched in column, till disturbed by a round shot from the city, when the men were ordered to fall a little behind the ridge, so as to be protected, yet continuing to advance. On this ridge was found a cart, which was at first thought to contain ammunition; on inspection we found it full of the remains of murdered fellow-Christians heaped together.

The regiment at last found shelter under some trees, in what was subsequently called "the Valley of Death;" and the men were to have had their grog served out, but the enemy's shot beginning to come in rather too frequently to be pleasant, and a horse or two being knocked over, we were marched back to the old cantonment, the parade ground being occupied as the camp. Here we had about two hours' rest, when informed that the enemy were coming out in force from the city. The regiment was at once under arms, but Colonel Welchman was so completely exhausted by the sun, he was quite unable to go out. Major Jacob, therefore, led us up to Hindoo Rao's house, from whence the regiment was sent skirmishing to the right. We returned to camp about 6 P.M., having had a pretty hard day's work, and having lost three in killed and twenty-six wounded. What think you of our first day's work, Mr. Ebony?

On the 9th June, about 1 P.M., the alarm sounded, and the regiment was ordered to the ridge, Major Jacob commanding; here we saw the Pandies coming out in hundreds, to the left and along the front. They observed no formation, but came sneaking along behind walls and hedges. Notwithstanding the command of shelter which they had, they were at once checked by the field-pieces, and retired, though they could have lost very few men. We were thinking, also, of returning to camp at 5 P.M., when the firing of musketry on the right, which had been gradually increasing, became exceedingly brisk, and shortly after orders were given for five companies to move and support the rifles. The enemy were quickly driven back almost to the walls of the city; and as nothing

more could possibly be done, the men were directed to retire. Most unfortunately, just then a bugler of one of the corps engaged sounded the retreat, and the enemy, knowing the call, advanced again to the attack in great force, and with increased courage. Night was then coming on, so that we were unable to see some of our men who were wounded, and the body of Corporal M'Gee, walking drum-major, was left on the ground; this was recovered next day frightfully mutilated.

Lieutenant Butler joined from leave on the 9th, having ridden in from Mussoorie, 110 miles, in three days. As this was done on one horse, it was pretty good travelling for the season; but the young soldier is partial to equestrian exercise, and his powers of adhesion are very great.

*June* 10.—The regiment moved out at 11 A.M. to the right, and remained for a few hours near the mound. Nothing further was done, and we returned in the evening. About this time the white shirts of the men were dyed, so as to present less conspicuous marks to the enemy.

11*th*.—The word was passed round about 3 A.M. for all officers and men to turn out; and it soon became whispered that the powder bags had been carried ahead for the purpose of blowing in the Lahore gate, and that Delhi was to be assaulted before daylight. We marched silently along for some short distance, when it was found that one of the brigadiers had not the men under his orders ready, and that day would dawn ere these men, absolutely necessary to increase the number of assailants, could join the attacking column. With our small force, to have assaulted Delhi, unless by surprise, would have been to insure failure; and thus this mode of attack was abandoned. Whether it would in the present instance have succeeded or not, is a question which must rest for ever undecided; but certainly this was the time to have made the attempt, if ever, and it looked very promising. The men were much discouraged by turning back, and from this time the leaguer of Delhi may be said to have commenced.

LEAGUER OF DELHI.

"To live means to work, and to work according to reason, but with us means to suffer."

*June* 12.—Moved out to the left, Colonel Welchman commanding. The wings were subsequently divided, the right marching down to the Subzee Mundeh, and the left skirmishing in the gardens down to the canal; the musketry was exceedingly lively, the rebels firing from behind walls and trees, retired on Delhi. In this contest the enemy's cavalry were mistaken for the Guides, and thus escaped severe punishment, giving us a parting volley as they galloped away. This morning we lost six men in killed and wounded.

17*th*.—It being suspected that the enemy were erecting a battery on our right, the fire from which would greatly annoy our guns at Hindoo Rao's, a force was ordered in the afternoon to attack the enemy, and capture the guns; Major Tombs, of the artillery, commanding the whole, Major Jacob, with three hundred men of the 1st, forming part of the force. This marched through the village of Subzee Munden, skirmishing through the dense gardens on the right. On reaching the Eed-ghar, the enemy retreated rapidly, and our men advancing, captured one gun, the only piece of artillery seen—no battery was discovered. In this action, which was admirably conducted, the 1st lost three killed and six wounded; Captain Brown was very severely injured, having one finger shot off, a bullet-wound through the wrist, another through the cheek; another smashed his collar-bone, and lodged among the muscles at the back of the neck; a graze on the side completed the list. The gallant Captain, I am happy to say, recovered.

19*th*.—The enemy having been observed advancing in force from the Lahore gate during the morning, evidently with the intention of acting on our right flank, the troops were ordered to receive them. Colonel Welchman commanding the 1st Fusiliers, these were directed to proceed to the mound, so as to protect the right flank, which the enemy first attacked. There we remained till half-past 5 P.M., about which time very

heavy firing from guns commenced within a mile and a half of camp and to the rear. The right wing, under Major Jacob, was now ordered to proceed to the scene of action and support the Rifles. By the time the wing reached the fight it was almost dark, and the position of the combatants could only be distinguished by the flashing of the guns and musketry, the fire from which was unceasing and sustained till dense darkness put an end to the combat. From this cause also the infantry got completely mingled: officers separated from their companies, and our men mistaken for and fired on as the enemy. In fact, so great was the confusion, and so little could officers tell where troops under their command were, that Colonel Beecher, a soldier always in the front, rode up to a corps of the enemy, supposing them to be our troops, and was there shot at, but happily escaped, not without a severe wound, however, the ball passing through his arm and breaking the bone. The men returned to camp worn out and exhausted. In this affair we lost five killed and ten wounded. Next morning the whole regiment was ordered out before daylight, Colonel Welchman commanding the 1st, which formed a portion of the attacking force. We came on the enemy just at dawn, drawn up in line to receive us. On the guns opening, however, they retired, without our infantry having fired a shot. One gun was abandoned by the enemy, it having stuck in a ditch. Two companies were ordered to skirmish to the right through gardens, and some entering a village were fired at by Sepoys lurking about. The 1st had one killed and two wounded. The troops returned about half-past 9 A.M., but were hardly in camp an hour, when two round shot falling in the head-quarter camp and smashing the General's crockery, gave notice that the enemy, so far from being discouraged, were again advancing to the attack. The troops were once more ordered out, but could not come up to the rebels, who retired as we advanced. A strong west wind, hot as the blast of a furnace, laden with dust, blew directly in the faces of our men, and distressed them extremely; moreover, from this cause, it was almost impossible to see the enemy. After skirmishing for miles, the troops returned about 1 P.M., greatly exhausted, and without being able to close with the foe.

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"Will he succumb, or will he not succumb?"
CLAUDIUS.

*June 23d.*—Shortly after breakfast the 1st Fusileers were ordered to the right of Hindoo Rao's house, where the gallant Goorkahs were greatly pressed by the enemy; the gardens in front and to the right were found occupied by the rebels in force, and as they were driven out of these, they fell slowly back on the Subzee Mundeh, we continuing to advance. There the fight became very sharp, the enemy occupying the roofs and interior of the houses, and firing from these and the cross streets; when pressed running away at once, but turning back and again forming up in our rear, we not having men enough to hold and advance at the same time. On facing about this style of contest was again renewed, and though the village was finally won and kept by the 1st and 2d Fusiliers and Goorkahs, who fought exceedingly well, yet the fighting was very sharp, continuing through the whole of the entire day. It was here Colonel Welchman was most severely wounded, and obliged to leave the field, a ball having passed through his arm and injured the elbow joint, as he waved his sword in the front. Captain Dennis then commanded, but was unable to remain, being struck down by the sun, from the effects of which he still continues to suffer. Lieutenant Wemyss then led on the men. Captain Greville, however, shortly relieved the Adjutant, and brought the corps finally into camp. The 1st lost seven killed and forty-three wounded, five having mortal injuries. Seven officers were brought in from the field quite exhausted by the sun; in fact the men, though conquerors, felt their powers had been tried to the utmost. The attack of the mutineers was particularly obstinate and sustained, from the belief that on this day—the centenary of Plassy—the Europeans

would be overcome and driven out of India for ever.

While occupying this village an occurrence so ludicrous, yet tragical, occurred, though not with a man of our corps, that I insert it. In the intense heat a soldier of the 2d Fusiliers and a Goorkah sought the shade and protection of the wall of a house, a window of which looked into the lane where they were seated. Not long had they rested when, from the open window, was seen to project the head of a sepoy. Now all Hindoos have what ladies at home call "back hair," and this is usually turned up in a knot. By this the unlucky wretch was at once seized, and, before he could even think of resistance, his head was, at a stroke, severed from the body by the sharp curved knife of the Goorkah. The soldier who saw this was so astonished at the whole thing, which looked so like an absurd scene in a pantomime, that he could not stir for laughing. It was on this day, too, I think, that Sergeant Dunlavy, No. 8 company 1st Fusiliers, held his celebrated court-martial. He had captured a man, evidently a sepoy, who had thrown away his arms. The sergeant, therefore, considered it unfair to take advantage of an unarmed man, and at the same time could not think of permitting a mutineer to escape; he therefore summoned some of his comrades, tried the man by military law, and as the judges were unanimous in sentencing the prisoner to be shot, the sentence was there and then carried into effect.

*July* 2.—Bareilly mutineers marched into Delhi with band playing, tune supposed to be the Rogue's march, as being most appropriate. Turned out at 11 P.M. to attack Delhi, by blowing in the gates. No. 1 company, under Lieutenant Cairnes, ordered to form storming party, supported by Nos. 2 and 8: point of attack to have been the Lahore gate. For some reason unknown the troops never marched, and I think every one in camp is now fully agreed that the abandonment of this measure was most fortunate. On the 5th General Barnard died of cholera, succeeded by General Wilson.

"Now hold thee well together,
Thou proud and knightly band,
For ne'er hast thou been threatened
With a danger more at hand."—UHLAND.

*July* 9.—We were sitting at breakfast when the alarm sounded; the men turned out instantly. There were only about two hundred men in the tents, the remainder being on picquet. Of these a hundred had been told off for night picquet, and in case of alarm during the day, were to go to the posts to which they had been told off.

On the alarm sounding, the men and officers formed up immediately and doubled to their posts, as above arranged; for at this time some of the carabineers were seen galloping in disarray; and loose horses, with saddles under their bellies, tearing through camp added to the confusion. The party told off for the rear battery moved quickly in that direction, but were much impeded by various orders given by different staff officers, such as, "Where are you running to?" "Come this way." "Don't run from a handful of natives," which considerably riled our men, who were only apt at running to the fighting point; however, on getting to the grave-yard, the whistling of lead showed this point had been reached, and several sowars seen with drawn swords in their hands riding down the banks of the canal, seemed to indicate that the picquet of the 9th Irregulars were driven in.

About a hundred of these men were collected behind the grave-yard wall, but as they did not fire, and by waving their swords in a friendly manner, and calling out at the same time, "Don't fire on friends," they were considered as such. Two sergeants were sent to them, and asked who they were, and were answered "Brothers;" the men were therefore ordered to double on to the rear picquet. All had passed the bridge save about ten, who were in the act of doing so, when the sowars advanced and fired on the party. The men on the bridge were at once halted, and directed to fire; this at once checked the advance of the sowars; a second discharge sent them to the right about.

This prompt act of Lieutenant Brown, little as it may seem, was of

the greatest consequence; for had the bridge been gained by the enemy's cavalry, not only would a clear and open road have been secured for them, but our rear picquet, together with the battery, would most probably have fallen into their hands, as just at this critical time other columns of cavalry could be distinguished at the edge of the open plain, within a mile of the rear picquet, evidently there with the purpose of supporting those who were in our camp.

While this was going on in our rear, a second detachment under Lieutenant Owen had moved rapidly in the direction of the mound. Here it was quickly perceived how matters had gone, and Lieutenant Owen, seeing no artillery officer in the battery, at once took charge of the guns, the loading and firing of which he superintended, while men of the 1st, and Sikhs, worked them, firing the 18-pounders on the enemy till an artillery officer came up.

While the detachments were thus doing their duty nobly, the main body of the regiment, under Major Jacob, moved at once to the rear where a considerable body of cavalry was seen among our light guns, and within probably a hundred yards of the tent where we had been breakfasting. These quickly edged off as we advanced, and were mistaken for the 9th Irregular Cavalry then in camp; in truth, there were good grounds for the error, since sowars of the 9th were shot amongst these men! It was not for some time that they were discovered to be the enemy; probably but for Lieutenant Brown's holding the bridge, all these miscreants would have escaped. This post, however, was now secured as above narrated. It was, therefore, necessary to find another road to retreat by; this they were almost on, and most unfortunately it led through our bazaar and the commissariat cattle. When, therefore, our mistake in not treating them as enemies was discovered, they were still able to retire, though in great precipitation, and leaving some behind; yet from the extreme confusion in the bazaar and among the cattle, it was impossible for our men to fire with the accuracy or effect desired. We had three wounded in this affair.

To show how little we were able to distinguish between these horsemen of the enemy and our own native sowars, I may briefly narrate a conversation I had with one of our wounded. "Well, Conolly, I see you have got a bad cut, but I hope you gave as good as you received." "No, sir, I am sorry I did not, for the villain came up to me dressed like a respectable native, and the first thing he did, without saying a word, was to cut me over the fingers, and before I could put my bayonet into him, he gave me the other cut over the head and I fell." I am glad to say Conolly recovered, and no doubt will avoid too intimate relations with respectable natives in future. On this day, too, Corporal Moran had a little "birding" of a peculiar character. The corporal was our Provost-Marshal, and one of the 'cutest men in the corps. He was not at all satisfied with so many rogues escaping; and being a "detective" by nature, after searching all about on the ground, began to look up in the trees, and seeing a large pair of spurs, took a shot and brought down a remarkably fine sowar, whose nest was particularly well feathered, much to the corporal's satisfaction.

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"The laurel chaplet when thou look'st on it,
Speaks more of suffering than of prosperous state."—GOETHE.

*July* 14.—A column was formed under Brigadier Showers, and directed, acting on the right against the enemy, to drive them back from the Subzee Mundeh as far as our right battery. The 1st led the column under Major Jacob, two companies skirmishing to the right of the road leading to Delhi as soon as we entered it; and this order was observed till the Subzee Mundeh picquet was reached, when two companies were also thrown out to the left, and almost immediately the enemy opened fire from the gardens, houses, and walls in front, and from light guns on the road. Our men advanced steadily, the enemy retreating rapidly; just then Brigadier-General Chamberlaine came up, and

assuming command, directed the advance, the whole of the 1st being thrown out on the right skirmishing; the advance now became most rapid, in fact, a chase after a flying foe, for our guns had opened on the enemy down the road. The 1st continued at the run for about a quarter of a mile, and then part of the men formed up at a narrow bridge, so as to protect the guns from the enemy now retiring from beneath our batteries on the left of the road, while Major Jacob advanced with the principal part of the regiment to the right. It was about this time Lieutenant and Adjutant Wemyss was struck by a musket-ball on the side, but he continued to perform his duties. Here, indeed, the enemy's fire became most deadly, and many of our men fell; Major Jacob's horse was shot under him by a ball in the forehead, and very shortly after this the order was given to retire, when the enemy again advanced in force, infantry and guns, those guns which Greville "longed to take." Lieutenant Daniell was about this time wounded severely, and obliged to retire, though the brave young soldier was loth to do so, and endeavoured, by attempting to whistle, to hide the agony he suffered. I have not yet heard what tune he attempted. I am glad to be able to add he is doing well. The picquet two or three times re-formed to meet and receive the enemy, who, however, kept at a very respectful distance, and thus we returned to camp at sunset, our loss in the 1st alone having been sixty-four in killed and wounded. About this time the work became much lighter, and the attacks of the enemy less frequent and harassing, so that the soldiers had some time to devote to the fine arts, at least I judge so from a drawing I saw on the walls of one of the houses in which they were picqueted. Of this I send you a copy; the painting itself needs no interpreter, and you will see the colour of the times tinges the ideas of the artist.* Others again devoted themselves to poetry, of which the following is a specimen:—

"John Company shows little sense,
In fighting Jack Sepoy at his own expense."

A third, evidently a man of stern mind, and, at the same time, having an eye to the good things of this life, has thus recorded his opinion of Sergeant ——:—

"Sergeant —— is suspected of having put water in the grog; 'tis to be hoped he'll not be guilty of such unsoldierlike conduct in future."

*July* 23.—A column was sent, under Brigadier Showers, in the hope of surprising and capturing some of the enemy's guns on the left. The whole of the 1st formed part of this force, and, marching down, deployed off the road at a bridge to the right of Metcalfe's picquet, H.M.'s 8th leading. After advancing a short distance in line, four companies, under Captain Greville, were ordered to the left of the road to clear the gardens up to Ludlow Castle; this they did, opposed by a numerous enemy. The main body of the corps meanwhile advanced so steadily and quickly, as soon to be in line with H.M.'s 8th, and, clearing Ludlow Castle, occupied a house to its right front. After remaining there for about half an hour, the order was given to retire, the enemy having successfully withdrawn his guns; the order was only accomplished for about 800 yards, when the adjutant of H.M.'s 61st called on us for assistance, many wounded having been taken into Ludlow Castle, and the enemy being on the advance. The 1st immediately turned to the right about, and lined the walls of the grounds of Ludlow Castle, till all the wounded of the 61st were removed; we then retired in skirmishing order, in alternate lines, with H.M.'s 8th. On this day the brave Colonel Seaton, 35th N.I., and brother of Colonel Seaton of the 1st Fusiliers, was struck by a musket ball while humanely helping a wounded man; the ball entered directly over his heart, but it fortunately glanced from the rib and passed out behind; he thus escaped a mortal injury, and we the loss of one justly esteemed.

*August* 10.—The regiment was on

* The drawing represents a gigantic Sepoy being transfixed by a British bayonet.

picquet at Metcalfe's Compound; the enemy attacked, bringing two guns to bear on the stable picquet, but were driven back. On the evening of the same day they again came on in force with like result. We lost nothing.

*August* 11.—The enemy opened with artillery on Metcalfe's picquet, killing Colour-sergeant Grey, No. 8 Company.

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"Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground—
Call for some men of sound discretion;—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
For, Lord, to-morrow is a busy day."

*August* 12.—The enemy had, as above described, been for some days annoying the picquets in Metcalfe's Compound from guns in and to the right of Ludlow Castle; we were not, therefore, surprised when, at 11 P.M. on the 11th, the 1st Fusilier picquets were relieved, and, on reaching camp, were told to be ready to turn out at 3 A.M. At that hour, then, the regiment was ready, and, marching round the ridge, so as to avoid being seen, joined the rest of the force. We then moved off down the road leading to the Cashmere Gate; shortly after passing the Racket Court we moved off the road to the right, and then the three left flank companies under Greville were told off as skirmishers; while the remainder of the regiment acted as a support. The orders were concise and distinct: "Move up silently and take the guns at Ludlow Castle." The manœuvre was accomplished in perfect silence—so much so, that the first word heard was the challenge of the enemy's sentry: "Ho come dere?" "Khou hye?" the reply was; "Take that!" as the bullet entered his body. On this the skirmishers brought their right shoulders forward, and opened fire on the surprised enemy, who confusedly attempted to return it; those who could escape, quickly did so, but many were surprised and killed in houses. Only two guns had been fired when our men closed on the battery. Private Reagan, rushing forward, prevented the discharge of the third—a howitzer loaded with grape—which, primed and ready, was pointed on our men; the artilleryman was in the act of applying the lighted portfire, when Private Reagan bayoneted him, but at the same time received a severe wound, which will disable him for life; the fight continued confusedly for some minutes, and about this time day dawned, when it was found we had captured four guns and killed many of the enemy. We then retired, bringing the guns safely into camp. Captain Greville was again wounded, also Lieutenant Owen slightly. This was a most brilliant affair, satisfactory in every way; and, considering the proximity of the enemy's post to Delhi, and that the action was fought under the guns of a heavy battery of theirs, the result must be considered as most felicitous and happy. Lieutenant Warner, 1st Fusiliers, had the satisfaction on this occasion of testing the value of a regimental spit as a cutting weapon against a powerful native who came out sword in hand. The young soldier made such a stroke as knocked the Pandy down without even cutting his skin; the fallen enemy was quickly accounted for, however.

This evening the regiment was ordered to be in readiness to march at 11 P.M., the 1st forming part of a force moving in the Allepore direction; the corps moved at the time appointed. The weather, however, proved so stormy, that they were obliged to return the next morning, it being found impossible to get on the guns.

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"EXETER.—There's five to one, besides they are all fresh!
SALISBURY.—God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds."

*August* 25.—The corps moved at about 5 A.M. on the Allepore road, forming part of a force under Brigadier-General Nicholson, sent to attack a division of the enemy which had moved out from Delhi with the intention of capturing our siege train, then coming to us from Kurnaul. On reaching Hoordapore, our force, leaving the main road, marched across the country to the left, and continued to advance till about 11 A.M. After halting for about an hour the route was continued over most difficult ground and swamps till

about 3 P.M., when the enemy were found occupying an old serai, or fort, armed with six guns, with a village to our left, where four guns were also placed: other guns were in the enemy's camp in rear of this position. As the troops advanced, the artillery of the enemy opened on our column, which was, however, protected greatly by the inequalities of the ground.

The advance continued steadily till in line with the serai, when the regiments were thrown in line to the left, and the General addressed a few short words to the men—short, but vastly to the purpose: "Fusiliers, remember that the greatest successes of the British have ever been gained where the bayonet has been used, and the musket discharged when close to the breast of the foe! I need say no more." Of course the men went and did it.

Our artillery had in the meantime come to the front and replied vigorously to the enemy's guns. After a few rounds the 1st advanced in line, and charged and took the serai—the 61st and Green's Sikhs being engaged also in this.

The enemy quickly retired, and began to mass in their camp, but, on our again attacking, retreated on the Delhi road, crossing the canal, and leaving the whole of their camp equipage, military chest, and guns (with the exception of two), in our hands. The 1st were halted at the canal, close to the bridge, held by about twenty men, till the enemy came down in such overpowering numbers and a heavy fire of shot and shell, that they were obliged to retire singly among a crash of cattle, carts, and guns. Two companies coming to support, the bridge was again held, which it was then attempted to blow up, but unsuccessfully. The enemy kept up a heavy fire from two guns till their tumbrils were exploded by Major Tombs' well-directed shots. They then retired, and the engineers were able to effect the desired destruction of the bridge about 8 A.M.

Our men were engaged till daylight, securing the guns and ammunition, after which they returned at once to camp, only halting for a short space, having in thirty-six hours gone over some forty miles of bad road, fought a general action, and brought the trophies into camp!

This was a most dashing affair, the importance of which cannot be too highly estimated, and the vigour and judgment displayed by General Nicholson cannot be too highly praised. By this victory, not only were the enemy well thrashed, and by the result greatly discouraged, but the road was most effectually opened for our heavy guns, which were brought into camp a few days subsequently without the slightest molestation; and from that time only the siege of Delhi may be fairly said to have commenced.

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"Fair St. George
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms."

After the 1st September our men were exercised in escalading in the engineers' yard, and working-parties were told off for the trenches, which were pushed on resolutely to within 200 yards of the walls. After the batteries were completed, the guns opened on the devoted city; and our batteries having thundered on the walls, bastions, and town for some forty-eight hours, arrangements for the assault were completed.

In order to relieve the columns selected for this, an attack was planned also on the right, and in both attacks our regiment bore a part. The right wing, under Major Jacob, attacking the Cashmere bastion by escalade, the left wing, consisting of 130 men under Captain Wriford, forming a portion of the force acting on our right. As this last detachment started first from camp, we shall endeavour to describe its movements on this truly eventful day.

The party passed out of camp at 7 P.M. on the 13th, and proceeding to Hindoo Rao's house, placed themselves under Major Reid, who commanded the right and right attack. There they remained with other troops intended to act in this direction till 4 A.M., when the whole body proceeded through Subzee Mundeh to Kissengunge. This is the second village on the road to Delhi, a sort of suburb to that place, and was reached

about daylight; and very shortly after the troops came in contact with the enemy, who seemed fully prepared for the fight, as was shown by the numerous replies to the sharp cracks of the rifles of the 60th on the right and left.

The Simoor battalion (Goorkahs) led the attack, but shrank from the heavy fire poured in from thousands of the enemy. The 1st Fusiliers were then ordered to the front, and under a very heavy fire, cleared a bridge and breastwork, which the enemy held in force. It was here the brave Captain M'Barnet, 55th Native Infantry, doing duty with the Fusiliers, met a soldier's death. Marching in front, and encouraging the men to the charge, he was shot in the forehead, and died instantly. This gallant officer seems to have had some presentiment of his end, for he left a message to her he honoured most, that if he died, he wished her to know he died like a Highlander.

It was then perceived that on the left flank the rebels had possession of a serai, built almost like a fort, and completely commanding the post taken; while in the front hardly less than 2000 men, in skirmishing order, were perpetually firing on our small body. Seeing it was impossible to remain where the Fusiliers were, and Major Reid being about this time obliged to retire from the field severely wounded, Captain Wriford gave the order to charge a second breastwork in the front, which was quickly cleared; but again the enemy were discovered in overpowering numbers, as here both cavalry and infantry were in large bodies, and the fire was most deadly and unceasing. Lieutenant Owen was severely wounded, sixteen men lay dead in the road, and thirty-four were wounded. Application was therefore made for immediate support; but the advance was so slow, and the pressure on the small party in front so great, that it was absolutely necessary to retire behind a small wall in rear. This was held for about three quarters of an hour by portions of the force, and here the poor Goorkahs suffered very severely. In fact, had not the flanks been partially protected by garden walls, the party must have been annihilated.

It was about this time discovered that the enemy, emboldened by our check, were creeping to our rear, and therefore if any were to escape, a retreat must take place; the force then retired in good order without further loss. In fact, the retreat was so well protected by the admirable firing, directed by Lieutenant Evans of the Artillery, that the enemy were quite unable to advance or molest the retreat effectively.

It is well known to many that the entire force of the enemy was for a short time brought to bear on the 1st Fusiliers, and that though the plan of the attack failed in the object wished, yet that probably the result attained was more important than had they succeeded in driving the enemy into Delhi, for by this fight hardly less than 8000 of the rebels were kept out of the city while the assault on the left was being successfully executed.

During the time the above was taking place on our right, the right wing of the regiment, consisting of 230 men, Major Jacob commanding, had at 4 A. M. marched from camp, and having reached Ludlow Castle, halted and remained till about an hour after daylight, this delay being considered necessary to enable the artillery to knock down the sandbags with which the active enemy had heaped the breaches during the night. The men were then ordered to advance down the open road, with ladders in front, to escalade the Cashmere Bastion. The movement was made under a heavy fire of grape and musketry. On reaching the ditch, it was found to be twenty feet deep, without water, down the slope of which the men easily slid, then placing the ladders against the scarp, and mounting quickly, they were at the foot of the walls of Delhi, and the breach, though eighteen feet high, offering no great difficulty, was gained at once, the 1st entering the Cashmere Battery through the embrasures. No sooner did the enemy see the white faces looking sternly on them,*

* This may seem far-fetched, but the truth is, all the 1st had their muskets

than they turned and fled, and the bastion was ours.

The 1st then advancing, cleared the church and took the rebels in the Water Bastion in flank, driving them in confusion before them.

After having thus far successfully gone on, the wing moved to the right along the rampart, capturing the guns and stores of shot and shell abandoned by the enemy, who offered little resistance. A party of about thirty men, pursuing the flying enemy, got separated from the main body. Captain Caulfield was the senior officer, with Captain Speke and Lieutenants Woodcock and Butler. With them were some Goorkahs, and men of Coke's Rifles, under Lieutenant Nicholson: these advanced through the College as far as the Magazine, but not knowing that it was the Magazine gate at which they stood, collecting all stragglers together, retired by Skinner's House, and found the men under Major Jacob advancing on the Cabul Gate. Lieutenant Woodcock, previously to reaching this gate, ascended the rampart, and entered one of the small towers which project from the wall, and looking in the direction of the Lahore Gate through an embrasure, was surprised to see a large body of men returning from the Subzee Mundee into the city by the Lahore and Ajmeer gates. In his estimation there were not less than 10,000 cavalry and infantry. Seeing these, and feeling sure they were the enemy who had been driven in by the right attack, he seized an Enfield rifle from one of the men to try the range, when some one laid his hand on the butt, and said, "Don't fire; these are Cashmere troops!" "No," replied Woodcock; "Cashmeres never wear white clothes." On this the officer turned to the 9th Lancers, who were then drawn up immediately under the walls. Some words passed, and men or officers rode out to the front to reconnoitre. The officer had borrowed Lieutenant Woodcock's glass, and was hurrying away with it, when Lieutenant Woodcock asked, "Am I mistaken in asking General Nicholson for my glass." "Ah, is it yours? Well, I shall know you again," as he hurried away—for the General now saw exactly how matters stood, and was thoroughly aware of the importance of moving on, which, however (from the confusion after such an assault, and the failure of the attack on the Gumma Muzjid, and no artillery having joined as ordered), was impossible. A lamentable delay at the Cabul Gate, therefore, took place for two hours. For thus far all had gone most happily; the assault had been wonderfully successful, and the loss, compared to the result, almost nothing. The enemy had been driven back from every point attacked, and we had got a firm footing in the city.

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"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion."

After this delay the men were ordered to charge three guns held by the enemy, two of which were in a lane, and one on the rampart. This lane, up which our braves had to charge, was tolerably straight, about twelve feet wide, but narrowed in places by projecting buttresses or towers, with parapets; and these small buildings narrowed the roadway where they were to about three feet. The rampart also, of which they formed, as it were, a part, was obstructed by them; for above they were constructed so as to form guard-houses, in which a few men could be sheltered from the weather. The city-side of the lane was bounded by houses with flat roofs and parapets; and all these different points were strongly occupied by the enemy, now returned in great force, as above mentioned.

About 160 yards up this formidable position was a brass field-gun, pointing straight in the line of advance, and about 100 yards in rear of this was a second which commanded the first; behind both was a bullet-proof screen; and as it were

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slung behind, to enable them to use their hands in ascending the breach; consequently there was not a shot fired at the enemy till the breach was entered: till this was gained, the men had no muskets in their hands.

projecting from without the wall was the Burn Bastion, armed with heavy field-pieces, and capable of containing a thousand men.

Our men charged up to and took the first gun, and advanced to within ten yards of the second, where the fire of grape and musketry, and shower of stones and round shot, which were thrown by hand, was so severe that none could stand it; and after seeking shelter, as far as was possible in such a place, we were compelled to retire, and unable to bring off the captured gun. At this place Lieutenant Butler greatly distinguished himself, doing his utmost to encourage the men; and how he escaped with life is a perfect marvel, for he was quite up to the bullet-proof screen, where two bayonets were thrust out at him, and there he had to stand between their points, till, by firing his revolver down the loop-holes, he caused the men who were thrusting at him to withdraw their weapons.

After a brief pause the men were called on again to advance, and responded as British soldiers are ever wont. The first gun was again captured and spiked by Captain Greville; but a little beyond, Major Jacob fell mortally wounded; and there, as the brave man lay, he still urged his men on against the foe. Captain Caulfield of the 3d Native Infantry, who on this day led the first company, tried to urge the men on; and almost immediately Captain Greville, who had been recalled from another street, advanced to the front, and took command of the corps. Lieutenant Wemyss was about this time hit while advancing to the front and encouraging the men, and almost immediately Captains Greville, Caulfield, and Speke, with Lieutenants Woodcock and Butler, were wounded, General Nicholson also fell here with a mortal injury. The men, who were greatly discouraged at seeing Major Jacob and so many officers fall, hesitated, and felt they could do nothing against such a fire in such a place; they therefore retired to the Cabul Gate, which they held.

It is surmised that in this lane eight officers and fifty men of the 1st were placed *hors de combat*.

Major Jacob and Captain Speke were both mortally wounded; and it may be not unbecoming to pay a tribute, small though it be, yet due to the brave. Jacob was an officer of great experience, having been present through the Cabul and Sutledge campaigns with his corps, and was subsequently engaged on the frontier in command of a regiment of horse. He was in the prime of life, quiet and gentlemanly in manner, kind to a degree, yet firm. He was loved by the men, and the officers looked to him as a friend. The great peculiarity of Major Jacob was, I should say, exceeding coolness in action; and, riding as he did at the head of his men on a white horse, how he escaped so long was to us a matter of wonder. His temperament fitted him admirably for the command of men, and in action enabled him to take advantage of any oversight on the part of the enemy. Soldiers ever look up with confidence to such a leader, and no wonder the men of the 1st looked up to him. Long will he be remembered in the corps he loved so well; and never will a better soldier command the first Fusiliers. Captain Speke, 65th Native Infantry, joined shortly after the battle of Bardul Ki Serai, and it was not long before we found by the ring of the metal that he was formed of sterling stuff. Rather reserved in manner, he might at first be considered cold, but underneath flowed the warm stream of human kindness. He was devotedly fond of his profession, more particularly that which calls forth the active energies; and for a fight there was no better captain than Speke, and his hardy wiry frame fitted him for the hardships of such a campaign. He entirely gained the hearts of the men of his company by carrying in one of the wounded men, Private Brock, who had his leg shattered by a round shot; and the poor fellow, I am told, said to the doctor, after he had been under the knife, "Ah, doctor, if I die, tell Captain Speke how much I feel his kindness." Yes, these are indeed the acts which bind men and officers as one, and make them invincible in fight, for the blow falls properly directed and concentrated, by

the full force of all willingly applied. In all our fights Speke had his share, escaping unhurt till the last. Strange to say, he had almost no pain, and retained his mental powers though his wound was very severe. Firmly yet humbly did he depart this life, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

After the repulse from the lane the regiment retired to the Cabul Gate, which they continued to hold, together with other troops composing the first column, notwithstanding a very annoying fire of grape and musketry from the mutineers, which continued very heavy till 5 P.M. The 1st remained at the Cabul Gate till the evening of the 15th, when they were ordered to take up their quarters in some narrow lanes and streets between the Moree Bastion and the Cabul Gate. In the course of the day, however, a party of men under Captain Beatson, attached to the regiment, and Lieutenant Monney, were sent to occupy the Moree Bastion.

Early in the morning, on the 16th, forty men of the regiment under Colonel Burn, with Lieutenants Cairnes and Vibart, proceeded to take possession of a house about a quarter of a mile further down the banks of the canal. This was done without opposition. A party of Her Majesty's 75th meanwhile advanced still further on, and occupied Jung-Bahadoor's house. On the evening of the 17th the rest of the regiment and right wing joined this party, with the exception of the men at the Moree Bastion.

At daylight on the 18th, a column, consisting of Her Majesty's 8th and 75th Foot, and some Sikhs, were sent to take the Lahore Gate. Fifty of the 1st were sent as a support. Colonel Burn, Campbell, and Vibart accompanied this party. The advance was up a narrow street leading into Chandne Chouk, where the insurgents had a 24-pound howitzer posted, which played on us with grape as we advanced, aided by a smart fire of musketry from the windows of the houses on both sides of the street. The 8th and 75th were driven back, though they had the gun in their possession at one time. The 1st were then ordered to the front to cover the retreat. This was done slowly, without much loss, till we eventually got back to our old quarters. In the course of the day, Beatson and Monney also joined us from the Moree Bastion.

It was now determined to get possession of the Burn Battery by means of sapping up to it gradually, and accordingly Lieutenant Wallace with twenty men were sent during the afternoon to occupy a house in advance of Jung Bahadoor's, in the direction of the Burn Bastion. The following day (the 19th), Lieutenant Vibart was also sent with another party of twenty men to take possession of a house still further in advance, and completely overlooking the Burn Battery. A fusilade was kept up between us and the Pandies, from behind loop-holes and walls, the whole of this day, till evening, when some of the 8th Foot and 4th Sikhs were ordered up to take and hold the Burn Battery; this they did without meeting any opposition; and early next day the remainder of our regiment also came up, and proceeded to occupy the Lahore Gate, which was found deserted. The men to-day were in a very unruly state, and the remark made to me by an experienced officer is singularly applicable, "That no men will act properly with officers of whom they know nothing." Moreover, much brandy, beer, and other intoxicating liquors were left so exposed by the enemy, that it would seem they had almost been left about purposely, and though the officers endeavoured to persuade their men that the liquor was poisoned, they did not succeed in persuading them that such was the case, as one old soldier, a thirsty soul, taking up a bottle of brandy, and looking at it, said, "Oh no, sir, the capsule is all right, Exshawe and Co.: lettering all correct; no poison in that."

In the evening, Lieutenants Wallace and Vibart received orders to march back to our old quarters near the Moree Bastion, from whence, together with Lieutenants Monney and Campbell (who had remained there with a few men the whole time), we proceeded to the Jamma Musgid, where, after waiting about

an hour, we got orders from Colonel Burn to join him at the Delhi Gate, or rather at a larger house in one of the streets not far off.

The next day, No. 6 Company was sent to reinforce the left wing at the Subzee Mundee Serai, where they had remained stationed ever since the morning of the 14th. On the 23d, the left wing joined the right at the Delhi Gate. On this evening, Lieutenant Cairnes, who had gone through the whole campaign without missing one turn of duty, and had ever been foremost when work was to be done, was taken ill of cholera, and died in a few hours. He was much beloved by the men, and respected by his brother officers. The regiment remained at the Delhi Gate, and had to furnish guards for that, the Tur Koman Gate, and also the Wellesley Bastion. On the evening of the 24th, however, we were sent on a scouring expedition to clear out that portion of the city. About thirty of the inhabitants fell victims to us, the men being fully persuaded that they had taken part in the siege, giving assistance to the enemy. All women were carefully protected from injury and insult.

Since the 27th, the regiment has remained in Mahomed-Ali-Khan's mansion, merely furnishing a daily guard for the Cashmere Gate.

*List of Officers who marched from Dugshai with the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, on the 13th May, 1857.*

Major Jacob. Wounded at the action of Nujjufghur—mortally at Delhi.
Captain Dennis. Struck down by the sun when in action at Subzee Mundah—sick certificate.
„ Greville. Wounded, Bardul Ki Serai—capture of guns, 14th—severely wounded, Delhi.
„ Wriford. Had Delhi fever twice.
Lieut. Hodson.
Adjutant Wemyss. Wounded in Subzee Mundah, and again in storming of Delhi.
Quartermaster MacFarlane.
Lieut. Daniell. Severely wounded,
„ Lambert. Suffered from sun-stroke.
„ Monney. Joined the regiment with detachment, 1st July 1857.
„ Walters. Sun-stroke while in action, Subzee Mundah—subsequently Delhi fever.
„ Butler. Knocked down by a stone or round-shot, thrown in the lane Subzee Mundah—sun-stroke.
„ Cairnes. Died of cholera after the capture of Delhi.
„ Wallace. Sun-stroke, twice.
„ Owen. Wounded, capture of guns, Ludlow Castle—and severely in the right attack on Delhi.
„ Brown.
„ Ellis. Wounded, Bardul Ki Serai—attacked with cholera, and after a very severe illness went on sick leave.
„ Chapman. Delhi fever.
„ Warner.

*Joined before the first action.*

Colonel Welchman. Severely wounded, Subzee Mundah.
Captain Brown. Do. Do.

*Officers attached to the Corps at different periods after first engagement.*

Captain Speke, 6th. Mortally wounded in assault of Delhi.
Lieut. Hadby, 36th N. I. Died of cholera.
„ Weavell, 45th N. I.
Captain Caulfield, N. I. Wounded in assault on Delhi.
„ MacBarnet, 55th N. I. Killed, right attack, capture of Delhi.
Lieut. Woodcock, 55th N. I. Wounded in assault of Delhi.
„ Vibart, 59th N. I.
„ Edwards, 45th N. I. Attached for a short time—present at Nujjufghur.
„ Proctor, 38th N. I.

Captain Stafford, 86th N. I.
„ Law, N. I.
„ Beatson, N. I.
„ Graydon, 16th N. I. Blown up in assault; severely injured.

*Medical Staff.*

Surg. Brougham. In medical charge, 1st E. B. Fusiliers, } marched from Dugshai;
Assistant-Surg. Charles, 1st E. B. Fusiliers. } present from first to last.
Surgeon Keates, 60th N. I. Attached to the corps for a few weeks.
„ Oakly, N. I. Attached to the corps for about two months.
Apothecary Marshall.
Steward Bond.
Assistant-Apothecary Fox.
Apprentice Stretton.
„ M'Hatton.

*Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the 1st Fusiliers.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Killed in action, | 61 |
| Mortally wounded, | 19 |
| Dangerously do. | 2 |
| Severely do. | 128 |
| Slightly do. | 141 |
| Had cholera, | 135 |
| Died from cholera, | 44 |
| „ from other diseases, | 10 |

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NOTE TO ARTICLE "THE COMPANY'S RAJ" IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

It was not without much misgiving that we adopted the statement—which appeared in our article on the *Company's Raj*, in November last (p. 624,) on the subject of the Nana Sahib's claims on the British Government—that the pension was granted to the Peishwah and his heirs. Our own impression of the facts was altogether different, and we had treated the claim as wholly unfounded, when we received from a high official authority a statement which misled us. We were just going to press, and could only bow to the supposed superior information of our informant.

The words of the treaty of 1st June, 1818, under which the old Peishwah surrendered to Sir John Malcolm, are these: "That Bajee Rao shall receive a liberal pension from the Company's Government for the support of *himself and family*"—an ambiguous expression, which, taken alone, might seem to admit the interpretation of "him and his heirs." We have since, however, inquired further, and are happy to be able to revert to our original conclusion, and to remove even the shadow of a suspicion on the good faith of the Company's Government. Sir John Malcolm himself, in his letter to Mr. Secretary Adam reporting the transaction, under date 13th June, 1818, writes as follows: "I therefore fixed his pension at one lac more than that enjoyed by Amrut Rao, as considering it only temporary, being *for his life*, and *including* all his family and future dependants, with whom we had not made separate terms." This language leaves no doubt as to the understanding upon which the surrender of Bajee Rao took place. The pension was for his life only, and to include all claims on the part of his family.

With respect to the adoption of the pretended heirs, we are also now enabled no less conclusively to refute the claim which has so strangely found a qualified credence among some official persons in this country. The following is a copy of the official letter from the Commissioner at Bithoor reporting the circumstance:—

From G. J. JOHNSON, Esq., Commissioner, Bithoor, to G. SWINTON, Esq., Secretary to the Government.—Fort William, 14th June, 1827.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report, for the information of the Right Honourable the Vice-President in Council, that Bajee Row adopted two children on the 7th instant.

"2. When informed that such was his purpose, a day before the ceremony took place I hinted to him that it might have been better had he given me the opportunity of informing his Lordship of his intentions.

"3. He replied that he had been unwell for some time past, and at that moment laboured under an attack of fever (which I am aware was the case), and that he did not deem it proper longer to put off what eventually he had determined on performing.

"4. Under these circumstances I did not think I had any right to offer further remarks; the ceremony was completed.

"5. The names of the two boys are Suddchoo Rao, aged four years; and Doondy Rao (the Nana Sahib), aged two years and a half: they are the sons of two Brahmins who have lately resided at Bithoor, and arrived from the Deccan about one year ago.

"6. It has been intimated to me that Bajee Row would consider it a great compliment were I to present a Klulluth to him, and receive one in return on this occasion. I of course declined so doing until I had received the orders of Government, which I now have the honour to solicit.—I have, &c.

(Signed) G. T. JOHNSON, *Commissioner.*

BITHOOR, COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
*14th June*, 1827."

This document makes it perfectly clear that this Doondy Rao or Punt, the Cawnpore butcher, is no blood-relation whatever to the deceased Peishwah, and that so far from meaning to confer on him the rights of succession now claimed, Bajee Rao did not even think it necessary to communicate the intended adoption to the Supreme Government. It is an established principle in Hindoo public law that political rights do not pass by adoption, unless guaranteed at the time by the paramount power; and as the Peishwah did not even solicit such a guarantee, it is clear that he knew his interest in the State pension to be only a life one, and had no thought of its being continued to the adopted son. We have already explained that adoption is a matter of religious obligation among Hindoos who have no male representative to perform the funeral rites. Bajee Rao, being a Brahmin, would naturally be solicitous that his pyre should be fired by an orthodox hand—Dardaniique rogam capitis permittere flammæ—and in strict accordance with the law, the whole of his enormous personality became the prize of the wandering "Brahmins from the Deccan," who had the good fortune to be intrusted with the office.

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M. DIX, N.Y.

# BLACKWOOD'S

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## THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

Civilisation, like every other condition of humanity, has its dark as well as its bright side. Strangely enough, every material power which we invoke for our service, and to which the popular will, or more often the will of an individual, gives the first impetus, becomes, when once fairly errant and in progress, a kind of blind irresponsible independent agent, working by immutable laws of its own, beyond our reach either to quicken or arrest. The great dumb irrational slave comes into existence because we will it so—creeps upon his earlier way by our assistance—finally rules over us with an absolutism more arbitrary than any personal tyranny, and, irresistible and not to be controlled, goes on like a Fate towards the ruin and destruction involved in his being. Civilisation, beneficent, gentle, full of charities and courtesies, the great ameliorator of the world, is no less, as old experience has often proved, the Nemesis of the very race which has cherished him. It would have been easier to check at their fiercest the wild Gothic hordes, which carried a fresh force of barbarous life into the ancient capitals of the world, than to have arrested the noiseless tide of that silken degeneration which left these old empires helpless beneath the rude foot of the conqueror. These waves are not to be limited by a "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further"—it is not in the power of either men or governments to curb the giant whom they have been able to bring into being; it is impossible to arrest him at the golden age, while luxury is still legitimate, art splendid, and the economy of national existence magnificent and noble. How to pause, there, is the often-tried problem of nations—it is one which none of the antique races ever solved. Those elegant, dissolute, nerveless, incapable communities, into the ranks of which, in an inglorious succession, sank the heroic republics of Greece, the Rome of the Cæsars, and the empire of the Constantines, have been hitherto a kind of inevitable aftercome to every climax of national glory. To control the event by law or regulation, to attempt vain sumptuary enactments, or vainer moral remonstrances against the progress of luxury and enervation, has been tried by many a terrified government, blindly struggling against the blind natural force, inaccessible to reason, which obeyed the law of its own being, and knew no other: but the contest has always been a fatally unsuccessful one; and it would require no particular strain of argument, or rather of the facts on which arguments are founded, to prove that civilisation by itself was the most

equivocal of benefits—an influence which increased the comfort of one generation only to bring a greater destruction upon another—a force, in reality, not favourable, but inimical, to man.

It would almost seem, however, so far as we and the modern world are concerned, as if this fatal proclivity had in a great degree disappeared. True, it is not a hundred years yet since the French Revolution, which was a fiercer overthrow of all the artificial amenities of life than that which the barbarians of the North carried to the ancient empires of the world; and it is still a shorter time since all the Continental kingdoms trembled to the echoes of a conqueror's progress, and surrendered for a moment their very identity to make tributary crowns for his relations and dependents. But among ourselves, at least, there has been no such catastrophe—the evils of civilisation have counteracted themselves without any violent disturbance of the national life. We have gained our comforts, our security, our luxury, at a less price than that of our national vigour. The wealth of centuries has not bound us in silken chains of imbecility, or left us ready or probable victims to any invasion. On the contrary, though this is not our golden age—though there is no heroic glory in the firmament, no peculiar combinations of good fortune in our position—every circumstance in the history of the time proves that the race never was more vigorous, more irresistible, or less likely to be worsted. We talk of the evils of extreme civilisation, and we see them; but these evils, thank Heaven, are not symptoms of that fatal decadence which killed the civilised races of antiquity, and which has again and again left the hopes of the world in the hands of an army of savage and barbarous tribes, possessed of little more than that primitive force of *life* which was necessary for the revival of all the social conditions well-nigh extinguished by living too well.

It is not our business to enter into the causes of this almost unparalleled national exemption. Christianity is beyond question the surest controller of the doubtful powers of civilisation, and our faith has been blessed by Providence with a freedom and power of action denied to many of our neighbours. We have also had the one other, lesser, but most effectual safety-valve of extreme civilisation—a constantly remaining balance of savage possessions, open to the conquest and the enterprise and the ambition of all bold spirits—a margin of woods and plains and islands to be won out of the primitive grip of nature, and holding primitive wealth, the wholesome original of all other riches, in their bosom. With this balance of healthful savagery in our own possession, sanctified as its natural influence is by the aggressive, invasive, and irrestrainable activity of the Gospel, civilisation, however "extreme," loses its usual tendency. We are in no danger of making sumptuary laws, of regulating the burgesses' wardrobe or the nobleman's plate-closet. Burgesses and noblemen alike send out young adventurers, as all the world knows—who would have been Rolands and Bayards in the days of chivalry—to every quarter of this prodigious empire which stands in need of such: and no man in the kingdom grudges to the mothers and sisters—nay, to the aunts, cousins, and sweethearts of these boys—flounces enough to set the island afloat if it pleases them. Luxury, present or prospective, affrights neither statesman nor philosopher in these realms; and it is not easy to make a British public believe that an American public can mean anything but a jest, when it throws the blame of its bankruptcy upon the extravagance of its womankind. It is possible that the course of years may reverse this picture, that civilisation may sink into effeminacy, and wealth run on to ruin with this kingdom, as with so many others; but at present, so far as human probabilities go, it seems our privilege to hold the balance, and solve to this extent at least every social problem of the world.

Let not so serious an introduction damp your courage, oh reader just and kind! We are not about to prefer an indictment of secret horrors, a muster-roll of the unacknowledged crimes of cities against the civilised

society of this realm and time. Sin, in all its varieties, belongs to no one condition of humanity, but lives where men live, in all places and in all ages. Civilisation may make crime more venomous and fiendish, as savage life makes it more brutal; but neither the one nor the other can be called the parent of this disease of the race. Our concern is with matters much less appalling. Civilisation amongst us stands at the bar to be judged by domestic juries, for offences against the social economy. In the present case, the complainants are women. Let us do their plea full justice: they are not the passionate women, making vehement appeal to public sympathy for personal wrongs too bitter to contain themselves within a private circle, to whose voices the world has not been unaccustomed hitherto. It is not any personal injury, but a general condition, which is the object of their statement, and they make their statement with reasonableness and gravity. It is, notwithstanding, somewhat too sweeping and extensive to be received without hesitation—being no less than a charge against civilisation of upsetting the commonest and most universal relation of life, and of leaving a large proportion of women, in all conditions, outside of the arrangements of the family, to provide for themselves, without at the same time leaving for them anything to do.

This is very hard, if it is true; and that it is true in many special instances, no one will deny. Special instances, however, do not make up a case so universal as we are called upon to believe this to be. It is not the common course of Providence which drops an individual now and then out of the current, but a circumstance so general as to change the current altogether. There were single ladies as there were single gentlemen as long as anybody can remember, yet it is only within a very short time that writers and critics have begun to call the attention of the public to the prevalence and multiplicity of the same. "What are we to do with our spinsters?" asks, with comic pathos, one of the many reviewers of the *Life of Charlotte Bronte;* and our enlightened contemporary, the *Athenæum*, congratulates itself that even novels—those arbitrary matchmakers—begin to see the propriety of recognising the condition of old maid; and even though they ultimately marry their heroine, suffer her first to come to years of extreme discretion, and to settle upon her own mode of life. While, still more formally, one of the latest lady-accusers of civilisation, not only prefaces her *Woman's Thoughts about Women* with the somewhat amazing limitation that "these thoughts do not concern married women," but adds in so many words, "this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that, in the present day, whether voluntary or not, one-half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life."

Now we cannot help thinking this a rather astounding statement. Is it really the condition of the feminine population of the three kingdoms? Persons of common sense and experience may well consider the question if it is so—and doubtless there is statistical information to be had on so important a subject. Judging by our own limited lights, we should have supposed that even our "unmarried daughters" still in the nursery, to whom a new doll is at present infinitely more attractive than the handsomest new Guardsman of the season, must have added their tiny quota to the tale, ere the "one-half" of single women had been fairly made out and numbered. One-half of the English women of the present time, not only unmarried, but voluntarily or otherwise unmarriageable—not only unmarried and unmarriageable, but without father, mother, brother, or family, sole units standing each upon her own responsibility before the world! Many an odd picture of this same world gets drawn by people in a corner, who find their own little horizon the limit of the scene; but never surely was there an odder or more remarkable misrepresentation than this—and it would be a curious inquiry to discover and settle those strange characteristics of the time

which make so many people elect into a general rule the special conditions surrounding themselves, concluding upon their own argument as upon the most infallible demonstration, and perfectly clear on the fact that they are expounding a new order of things which had no existence in the ages that are past.

Here is, however, one of the chief accusations brought against our civilization. Half the women in England are not married, and never will be; consequently a large proportion of Englishwomen have to seek their own maintenance and earn their own bread. But civilisation, while it makes this unnatural and anomalous arrangement, does not unmake the primitive arrangement by which labour out of doors, handicrafts, arts, and manual skill of all kinds, remain in the possession of men. There are consequently crowds of half-starved needlewomen, thousands of poor governesses, and a great many more feminine writers of novels than are supposed to be good for the health of the public; and so the tale is full. A woman who cannot be a governess or a novel-writer must fall back upon that poor little needle, the primitive and original handicraft of feminity. If she cannot do that, or even, doing it, stifled among a crowd of others like herself, who have no other gift, she must starve by inches, and die over the shirt she makes. We are all perfectly acquainted with this picture, and there can be no doubt that, with countless individual aggravations, it is true enough; the only thing doubtful is, whether these unfortunate circumstances are peculiar to women, and whether it is mainly upon them that civilisation imposes this necessity and works this wrong.

Many a sermon has been preached already upon the singular life of Currer Bell. It would be late now to recur to a book which has already had its day of popularity, and waked its own particular circles of curiosity and wonder; yet there is one aspect of it which bears with no small force upon the present subject. In that remarkable but not very prepossessing family, there was one brother equally gifted we are told, and in extreme youth the most hopeful of any of them. Which seems to have had the best chance for life and success? The sisters were governesses all, and hated their disagreeable occupation: the brother was a tutor, and ruined himself disgracefully in his. Wherein stood the peculiar advantages of this young man, putting out of the question the vices by which he made an end of himself? Is a tutor in a private family of moderate rank better than a governess in the same? Is his position more secure, his prospects less discouraging, his pretensions more suitably acknowledged? Everybody knows that it is not so. Most people know also instinctively that the position of the poor gentlewoman who teaches the children of a rich family, is less humiliating than that of the poor gentleman employed in the same office, and that we could admire a hundred petty endurances in a woman which we should despise a man for tolerating. Why? We have no leisure to enter into the psychology of the question; simply, we do so by nature. A woman who endures worthily even the pettiest slights of meanness, has the privilege of suffering no diminution of dignity—whereas for the man in the same circumstances, the best we can wish is that he should throw his Horace at his patron's head, and 'list incontinently, or start for the digging. He has no such privilege; and his patience must not go too far, under penalty of everybody's disdain.

The presence of the brother in this family of Brontes, which has been the subject of so many dissertations upon the condition of women, seems to us to change the *venu* entirely, and make the subject a much wider one. The women of the house did not like their occupation; what occupation would have contented these restless and self-devouring spirits? But the only one whose end was worse, and lower, and more debased than his beginning, was the brother. Civilisation, if that is the sinner, was far more bitterly in fault towards Branwell Bronte than towards Charlotte. It was the man for whose talents there was no outlet, for whose life there seemed no place in the world: it was not the woman, who did her duty, and in her season had her re-

ward; and so far as this example goes, the theory of undue limitation and unjust restraint in respect to women certainly does not hold. The limitation, the restraint, the bondage, the cruel laws and barriers of conventional life, may, notwithstanding, remain as cruel as ever, but their application is certainly not harder upon the daughters of the race than upon its sons.

For who does not know, who knows the world, of modern society—and if no such case is near and present to ourselves, let us be thankful—how many young men are to be found throughout England, but specially in London, recently emerged from Oxford or Cambridge, educated after the highest standard of modern education, full of general ability, considerable enough to pass for genius with many of their friends, well-mannered, well-read, and neither idle nor vicious, who, notwithstanding, linger on that eminence of youthful training perhaps for years, feeling themselves able for anything, and doing nothing, till the chances are, that, out of pure disgust, the more generous spirits among them throw their culture to the winds, and rush into something for which all their education had tended rather to disqualify than to train them. Perhaps parental intention—poor scapegoat of many a failure—has destined them for the Church; and but for the slight drawback of having no great faith in any particular doctrine, they are, in fact, better qualified to be incumbents of a tolerable living, than for anything else save the position of squire, which would suit them best of all. But the lads bear a conscience, and will not be ordained—not, at least, until the very latest shift. What are they to do? Sometimes, in spite of Mr. Thackeray, it happens that a man may be a very clever fellow, without being able even to write a newspaper article. So many as are able to do this feat "throw themselves into literature," as a matter of course, and something good comes of it in a few instances; but the majority swell the number of those unfortunates who do rueful comic stories, and live upon the humours of London cabmen and street-boys, sometimes advancing for a charmed moment to the beatitude of *Punch*. This is no fiction; we do not say "one-half" the young *alumni* of our universities are in this position, or represent it as a universal fate; but the class is large, numerous, full of capabilities, able to be of infinite service to its generation, if it but knew or saw what to do; and how, in the face of this, we should recognise a special injustice to woman, or groan over a conventional limitation of her powers of working, in presence of the very same restraint acting still more unfortunately upon the more natural and stronger workman, we cannot allow or perceive.

Yes, the rules of civilization are hard, and conventional life is cruel; but the injury does not limit itself by any arbitrary law of sex, or imaginary line of demarcation between men and women. The burden lies upon all those educated classes, who, without fortune, have yet a position and habits which seem to make it needful that they should earn their bread by the toil of their brain, rather than by the labour of their hands—who must be banished to the antipodes before they can permit themselves to take up the original tools of nature, and who are in a much greater degree slaves of society and of their own social standing, than either the assured rich or the certain poor. In this vast London, which is the centre and focus of our extremity of civilization, there are crowds of young men, trained to that pitch of bodily perfection and development which English public schools and universities, without doubt, keep up to a higher degree than any other educational institutions in the world—with a high average of intelligence, and all the advantages which are to be derived from that system of mental training which this country approves as the most complete—who, nevertheless, are as entirely at sea as to the best method of employing themselves and their faculties, as any woman with a feminine education equivalent to theirs, could possibly find herself. Teaching, literature, art, which they have practised as amateurs to the admiration of their own families—

or, last alternatives of all, Australia or a curacy, lie before them, which to choose. Even female novels, and the stories in minor magazines about "proud pale girls" who support themselves by the work of their own hands, are not less profitable or less noble than the stories in other minor magazines about freshmen and town adventures, to which civilization drives scores who never learnt to dig and can see no other way than this of helping themselves; and if it is hard to be a governess let no one suppose it is much lighter or more delightful to be a tutor. The burden, the restraint, the limitation is true, but it is one of no partial or one-sided application; and this bondage of society, of conventional life, and of a false individual pride, bears with a more dismal and discouraging blight upon men, who are the natural labourers and bread-winners, than it can ever do upon women constrained by special circumstances to labour for their own bread.

As for needlewomen, few people who think on the subject will need to be told what a heavy equipoise of this evil all great towns carry within them. Poor penmen, lost far away down the miserable ranks of penny-a-liners—poor, poor, shabby unemployed clerks, as utterly incapable of using any implement of labour, save the sharp iron nibs of the pen, as ever woman was incapable of more than her needle—poor fluctuating vagabonds, who live by directing circulars for tradesmen, and to whom an election is a carnival. There is little comfort in contemplating this widened prospect of misery, nevertheless it is the real state of the case. The pen—not the pen of Savage or of Chatterton, or any other shipwrecked genius, but the mere mechanical instrument, which makes out cobblers' accounts and keeps huxters' books, and directs circulars—counts its miserable craftsmen by thousands, down far below the ken of the criticising world, and sends sighs as pitiful out of cellars and garrets, as any that ever have breathed their melancholy inspiration into the "Song of the Shirt."

Let us not attempt to ignore this dark and sad other side to all the comfort and luxury of our modern life; but at the same time let no special complaint appropriate the greater share of the injury. It is a universal injury, an evil common to the time; it is not a one-sided and newly discovered aggravation of the wrongs and disabilities of women.

There is, however, in almost all public discussions upon the social position of women, an odd peculiarity which betrays itself here with great distinctness: it is, that writers on the subject invariably treat this half of humankind as a distinct creation rather than as a portion of a general race—not as human creatures primarily, and women in the second place, but as women, and nothing but women—a distinct sphere of being, a separate globe of existence, to which different rules, different motives, an altogether distinct economy, belong. One would almost suppose, to take modern prelections upon this subject for our guide, that a different, and more delicate gospel, a law of finer and more elaborate gradations, must be necessary for this second creation; and that the old morality which slumped the whole race in one, was a barbarous imposition upon the nature, not human, but feminine, which ought to have had more delicate handling. Yet in spite of all the new light which new experience throws, it still remains true that there is only one law and one Gospel, and that God has made provision for one moral nature, and not for two, even in those commandments which are exceeding broad. One fundamental and general ground of humanity is common to men and to women; one faith is propounded to both, without alteration of terms or change of inducements; one hope and one indiscriminated heaven shines on the ending of their days; they are born precisely after the same manner, and by the same event die;—they are, in fact, different, distinct, and individual, as every detail of their responsible existence may be, one race; and without the slightest inclination to ignore or lessen the essential differences between them, we can see no true philosophy in any view of this subject which does not recognise the ground they hold in common, as well as the

peculiar standing which they hold apart.

Let us not be misunderstood: we are not endeavouring to establish the "equality" of the two. Equality is the mightiest of humbugs—there is no such thing in existence; and the idea of opening the professions and occupations and governments of men to women, seems to us the vainest as well as the vulgarest of chimeras. God has ordained visibly, by all the arrangements of nature and of providence, one sphere and kind of work for a man and another for a woman. He has given them different constitutions, different organisations, a perfectly distinct and unmistakable identity. Yet above and beyond and beneath all their differences, He has made them primarily human creatures, answering, in the unity of an indivisible race, to His own government and laws; rebelling against them with a simultaneous impulse; moved by the same emotions; bound by the same obligations; under all diversities of detail, one creation. What folly could be greater than the supposition, that in this time of great public events, the public interest and opinion which follows breathlessly, with tears and with triumph, the course of affairs, for example, in India, should require two expressions instead of one, or two currents to flow in? The sympathy, the enthusiasm, the swell of answering heroic impulse, which the sight of heroes produces everywhere, is not communicated from man to man and from woman to woman, but from one human heart to another, in defiance of all limitations. The two creatures are as different as creatures made for different vocations, and different offices, can well be; yet in all the great fundamental principles of their mind and nature, the two are one.

At all events, most dear and impartial reader, whether you agree with us or not, we are bound to declare we think so—and, thinking so, we cannot avoid thinking that there is a perfectly preposterous quantity of nonsense spoken about womankind by most of those people who profess to have studied the subject. To have studied the subject means, as we apprehend the words, to have formed certain theories upon it, cleverly propped up by certain facts, or, with a philosophy more sincere and singleminded, to have simply mistaken a little limited private circle for an epitome of society and the world: one or other of which blunders we cannot but think every one falls into, who represents Woman as a separate existence, suffering under the action of special principles which affect her, without affecting generally the whole race.

How then about our unmarried sisters, our unmarried daughters, that alarming independent army which a bold calculator affirms to amount to "one-half" of the women of these kingdoms? If there is really one-fourth of our population in these astounding circumstances, we fear the question is one beyond the power of the circulating libraries, and that even the remaining three-fourths, English, Scotch, and Irish, can scarcely solve so big a problem. On the whole, one would suppose that the best expedient for such an emergency was, after all, Australia, where there is no Act of Parliament to compel emigrant ladies to marry within three days of their landing, and where at least there is room and scope for the energy which over-civilisation cramps and keeps in bondage. If it is true that so large a proportion of women stand in circumstances of isolation so entire, and self-responsibility so complete, it is certainly very weak and very foolish of them to sacrifice, for a mere piece of womanish delicacy, that safety-valve which men in the same position avail themselves of so much—especially, we repeat, as it is certain there is no Act of Parliament coercing them to the necessity of marriage as soon as they have touched the wealthy shores of our great young colony; and the benevolence of leaving a little room among the crowd might well indemnify an emigrant sisterhood for the momentary joke of going out to be married, which every one among them has it quite in her own hands to prove untrue. If the evil has gone so far, or nearly so far—if the half of British women have to support themselves, and to do that by

means of three, or at most four, limited occupations—to wit, teaching, needlework, domestic service, and novel-writing—we humbly submit that a little watchmaking, book-keeping, or jewellery, additional thereto, would be a very inadequate remedy. To upset the ordinary social economy for any clamant grievance of a time, however just, would be the most shortsighted and ruinous policy imaginable. It is, besides, what is still more to the purpose, impossible. These great questions of the common weal are happily impervious to all philosophies, theories, and reasonings. They arrange themselves by laws of their own, which the warmest appeal of eloquence, and the most infallible array of argument, can neither reach nor influence. Nowhere in all the civilised world is the power of the Press so great as in this empire; but the *Times* itself, backed by every lesser brother of the art, cannot prop up a failing trade, or persuade the master-craftsman to employ a dearer or less profitable class of labour. Inevitable rules of necessity and self-interest sway the whole social economy. Obdurate as flint to all kinds of intellectual persuasions, it is perfectly elastic to every practical necessity, and answers to the changes of the time as a ship answers to its helm. If female work, which is always so much cheaper, is available in such a quantity as to enter into real competition with the work of men, we may safely trust the employers of Great Britain to know their own interests; if it is not, no sentiment is likely to have the slightest effect upon them. Trade, like civilisation, is an irrational and abstract influence, upon which individual hardships make no impression whatever. It has no particular regard for men, none for women, and very small concern for the general interest of the race. When it suits its own purposes to employ women, and even children, though at the cost of all health, loveliness, and domestic comfort, it does so without the slightest compunction; and if it had command of an equal amount of female material for other crafts as it has for cotton-mills and had for collieries, would doubtless employ them with the most sublime impartiality. No, let no one suppose it—there is no conspiracy of mankind to keep women excluded from the workshop or the manufactory. On the contrary, the work of women, if it abounded to only half the extent, could always undersell the work of men, and, consequently, would always retain a certain degree of unfair advantage. But if civilisation has unduly increased the class of poor gentlemen and poor gentlewomen—if the advance of education and refinement adds yearly to the number of those who will rather starve genteelly than "descend in the social scale"—let nobody run away from the real question with a false idea of special or peculiar injustice to women. The real drawback is, that while the rough work of nature always remains in one quarter or another, ready for those who will work at it, delicate labour for delicate hands is not capable of more than a certain degree of extension; and that, under the burden of our social state, women, to whose hands Providence has not committed the establishment and support of families, are neither the only nor the primary sufferers.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that many people of sense, looking on while somebody else's clever son, finding nothing to do with himself, falls into disgust and uselessness, and that don't-care-for-anything superiority which mature minds find intolerable in youth, must have felt that the best thing they could wish for the lad was just one of those thoughtless, reckless, imprudent marriages, which are the bugbears of all good boys and girls, and careful fathers and mothers; and his female contemporary is not less likely to be benefited by the same prescription; but imprudent marriages, philosophers tell us, are not in the ascendant, while prudence and regard for "social position" is. We are past the condition in which girls and boys, having nothing else to do, fall in love. Why should they not fall in love? The condition is natural, and so even is its attendant heartbreak, which does not kill the young people: but

the matter changes when, instead of this love in idleness, the young men and the young women alike take to philosophy, and the latter concern themselves with questions about the relations of the sexes, which are by no means seemly subjects for their handling, and lead them into paths where they can scarcely fail to soil their feet. This volunteer occupation of women is a more disagreeable symptom of the time than the want of legitimate employments for them. False delicacies there may be in ordinary education, but nothing can well be more utterly false than that artificial courage which tempts many women, simply because they are women, to rush into subjects of which they can have little practical knowledge and no personal experience—to discuss the delicate laws of marriage, the subtle and intricate mutual rights and wrongs of the two great portions of humanity, and to make arbitrary and sweeping condemnations of those who may, in the real course and practice of life, have neither leisure nor inclination to defend themselves. Marriage is possibly an event of more absorbing importance in the life of a woman than in that of a man; but if it is, this mere fact is not enough to make her the natural critic and special pleader of the whole subject: rather the other way, for extreme personal interest is not supposed, in general cases, to clear the vision or steady the judgment. Yet we find it not only occupying a most prominent place in a considerable proportion of the feminine teachings of the day, but even earnestly recommended to the mind of young womankind as a subject on which they are bound to inform themselves. Do nothing of the sort, young ladies! Don't come to any conscientious convictions on the subject. Don't be persuaded to believe that you are more intimately and lastingly concerned in the matter than your lover is, or have any private course of casuistry to go through, in your professional position as a woman. If you have really and seriously come to the conclusion that to be married is the natural and best condition of existence, be married, for Heaven's sake, and be done with it! Every human creature is bound to do his or her duty (let us say it boldly), whether it has the solace of love to sweeten it or no. It may seem a frightful doctrine, yet it is the merest dictate of ordinary sense and wisdom. If a woman is certain that she is more fitted to be the mistress of a house, and the mother of a family, than anything else, and that this is her true vocation—spite of all natural human prejudices in favour of the natural preliminary of marriage, we are bound to declare that her first duty, as it seems to us, is to *be* married, even though it should be quite impossible for her to persuade herself that she is "in love" before. But if her sense of duty is not equal to this venture, the very worst thing she can do is to console herself by concluding most marriages to be unhappy, and the estate, in the greatest number of instances, an unholy state. And it is just this hankering after a condition of which she will neither accept the risk nor relinquish the thought, and of which, having no experience, she is quite unqualified to be a judge, which exposes unmarried women of philosophic tendencies, not young enough to be judged leniently as under the glamour of youth, and not old enough to have their arbitrary fancies subdued by the mellowing touch of age, to the disapproval of the sympathetic critic, and the derision of hastier judgments.

And it is also true, and a fact worth remembering, that the maiden lady is not an invention of these times. There were unmarried women long ago, before civilisation had made such fatal progress; while all the heroines in all the novels were still married at eighteen—before the life of Charlotte Bronte had even begun, or there was a woman in existence, qualified to write it—unmarried ladies existed in this world, where nothing is ever new. Judging by literature, indeed, Scotland herself, our respected mither, seems always to have had a very fair average of unmarried daughters; and for the instruction of womankind in general, and novel-writers in particular, we are bound to add that there were three such personages as Miss Austin, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier,

novelists of the old world, and representatives of the three respective kingdoms, whom none of their successors in the craft have yet been able to displace from the popular liking; so that we might suppose it was rather late in the day to begin, *de novo*, to teach unmarried women how, in spite of their unfortunate circumstances, it is still possible for them to keep themselves respected and respectable. Many hundred, nay, thousand years ago, there was even a certain characteristic and remarkable person called Miriam, who, wilful and womanlike, and unquestionably unmarried, was still so far from being disrespected or unimportant, that a whole nation waited for her, till she was able to join their journey. Our age, which likes so much to declare itself the origin of changes, is not the inventor of feminine celibacy. There were unmarried women before our time, and there will be unmarried women after it. Nay, not only so—but Paul the apostle, eighteen hundred years ago, gave anything but an inferior place to the unwedded maidens of his time: "She that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how she may please the Lord,' says the writer of the Epistles; and many an unmarried woman since his day has proved his statement, happily unwitting of all the philosophies which should prove to her how lonely and comfortless she ought to find herself, and what a hard case hers was, and how, notwithstanding, it behoved her to make some certain amount of sad and patient exertion to vindicate her womanly credit with the world.

Might it not be as well, in a general way, does any one think, to try Paul's version of the matter, and leave the statistics and the laws of marriage quietly alone?

We presume there must be something terribly wrong with that famous windmill, which has borne the assault of so many fiery knights, the thing called Female Education. Since the days of Hannah More—and how much further back beyond that virtuous era who will venture to say?—everybody has broken a spear upon this maiden fortress; yet, judging from the undiminished fervour with which it is still assaulted in the present day, we conclude that no one has succeeded in any measure of reformation. We do not profess to be very learned in the question—the mysteries of a female college have never been penetrated by our profane eyes, though we profess, like most other people, to have seen the product, and to be aware, in a limited way, what kind of persons our young countrywomen are, and in what manner they manage to fulfil the duties of the after-life, for which, in the first place, their education, in general, does not seem to unfit them. *That* is something in its favour to begin with—but we cannot help being rather doubtful about the value of the report as to the frivolity of female education, when we find the strange inaccuracies and blunders into which its critics fall regarding matters of social usage open to everybody's observation. There is that wise book, for instance, *Friends in Council*, which all proper people quote and admire. Wise books, we are ashamed to confess, inspire us with an instinctive aversion; yet, notwithstanding, we would quote honestly, if the volume were at our hand. There are sundry essays and conversations there touching upon this subject, in one of which the oracle informs us that it is no wonder to find women inaccessible to reason, considering all the homage and false worship with which they are surrounded in society during the first part of their lives, and which is all calculated to persuade them of their own superlative and angelical gifts, and elevation above ordinary fact and information. Is that so? Perhaps if every young girl who shone her little day in polite society, happened to be a great beauty, intoxicating everybody who approached her with that irresistible charm, it might be partially true; for that men, and women too, fall out of their wits at sight of a lovely face, and are beguiled into all manner of foolishness by its glamour, is indisputable; but even then we should decidedly claim it as a necessary condition, that the beauty herself had no young brothers to bring her down to common ground, and only a gracious sire

of romance, never worried in the city, nor disturbed by factious opposition in the House. As for all ranks less than the highest, the thing is preposterous and out of the question; and even in the highest, every young girl is not a beauty, and society generously provides its little budget of mortifications for the moral advantage of neophytes. But for the daughter of the professional man, of the merchant, of all the throngs of middle life, to which, in reality, all great rules must primarily apply, if there is any truth in them,—what can possibly be more false, we had almost said more absurd? These are not days of euphuism or extravagant compliments. We do not permit the common acquaintances of common society to administer serious flattery to our womankind; and an average young lady of a moderate degree of intelligence, we apprehend, would—so far is the thing out of usage—be much more likely to consider herself affronted than honoured by the old hyperboles of admiration; and as for home, good lack! what do *Friends in Council* know about it? Fathers who have bills to meet and clients to satisfy; mothers who are straining income and expenditure to a needful junction, and who have all the cares of the house upon their shoulders; brothers who vex the young lady's soul before her time with premature buttons,—are these the kind of surroundings to persuade a woman that she is angelical, and make her giddy with the incense of flattery and admiration? We appeal to everybody who knows anything of common life, and the existence of the family, which is true? And we humbly submit that one might object to take for gospel, without more effectual demonstration, anything else which the *Friends in Council* choose to advance upon female education, or any other of the vexed questions concerning womankind.

Again, another writer, whom we cannot place by the side of Mr. Helps, yet who ought probably, being a woman, to be better informed, writes thus of the same unfortunate girls, who are supposed by the previous authority to be dazzled out of their wits by the flattery of society.

"Tom, Dick, and Harry leave school and plunge into life; 'the girls' likewise finish their education, come home, and stay at home. That is enough. Nobody thinks it needful to waste a care upon them. Bless them, pretty dears, how sweet they are! papa's nosegay of beauty to adorn his drawing-room. He delights to give them all they can desire—clothes, amusements, society; he and mamma together take every domestic care off their hands. . . . From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness—except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are 'not proper for girls.'"

Where, oh where, are to be found those adorable papas who delight to give their daughters everything they can desire?—those mammas most dutiful, who take every domestic care off their hands? Are they in Bloomsbury? Are they in Belgravia? might we have a chance of finding them in beautiful Edinburgh, or in rich Manchester? And when shall we be able to lay hands upon this ecstatic conception of the boys and brothers, who have learned self-dependence all their lives, are helpful and handy, and may do a thousand things which are not proper for the girls? We should very much like to know; and so, we do not doubt, would a very large number of young ladies still more immediately concerned. For, alas! we are obliged to confess that the greater number of the papas whom we have the personal honour of including in our acquaintance, are apt to hold unjustifiably strong opinions on the subject of milliners' bills—that the majority of the mammas are provokingly disposed to provide for the proper regulation of the future households of their daughters, by advancing these young ladies to an economical participation in domestic difficulties; and as for the boys, did anybody ever know a well-conditioned boy who was good for anything in this life but making mischief? In this holiday season one can speak feelingly—who is it that keeps the house in din and disorder from morning to night—who are the ogres who bring on mamma's headaches,

who upset the girls' workboxes, who lose the books, who mislay the music, who play tricks upon the visitors, who run riot in the unmitigated luxury of total idleness, who are about as helpful as the kittens are, and whom the very littlest of little sisters patronise as incapables, who can do nothing for themselves? Oh, happy people who have boys at home for the holidays! do you need to pause before answering the question?

"God bless all large families!" says a recent writer of sense and feeling, who knows something of the life of such, and who finds in them the best nurseries for mutual forbearance, good-temper, and kindness. Large families are common enough, let us be thankful, in our much-populated island; and nobody need fear that young women brought up in these will be educated in undue idleness, or with false ideas of their own angelic qualities. Among all those classes with whom economy is a needful virtue, every one who knows family life, knows very well that it is the girls who are in reality the helpful portion of the household—so much and so unquestionably so, that everybody congratulates the mother of many children who has one or two elder daughters at the head of them, on the fact that her first-born are girls not boys—natural coadjutors in her many duties; and those delightful urchins of Mr. Leech's, who make tents out of hoop-petticoats, and dance into the drawing-room in triumph with "the things Clara stuffs out her hair with," may safely be trusted to keep Clara from undue elation even under the intoxicating flatteries of the only person whom English society permits to flatter its daughter—her lover.

We might well add, what is a fact very patent to many people, that the chief secretaries and helpers of men largely engaged in public business, are in very many cases their daughters—oftener a great deal than their sons—and that from Milton and Sir Thomas More down to Fowell Buxton, those filial auxiliaries have attended the steps of great men in a singularly large proportion. To descend to a very much lower platform, it is his daughter who keeps the tradesman's books, and makes out his bills, almost universally; and every one who condescends to make personal visits to the baker's and the butcher's, and the fishmonger's, must have seen the little railed-in desk in the corner, where the grown-up daughter, if there is such a person, finds her invariable place. The amanuensis of the higher class, worked remorselessly by the great philanthropist, who finds his most devoted servant in his female child, and the accountant of the lower, whose bills are not always extremely legible, but who is kept at her post with an unvarying steadiness, ought to find some account made of them in books about women; and the almost entire omission of so large a class, proves better, perhaps, than anything we can say would do, how entirely it is a view out of a corner which is given to the public as the general aspect of womankind.

We do not speak abstractly, or in general terms; we say plainly and simply, that whatever theoretical faults there may be in English female education, it turns out women as little apt to fail in the duties of their life as any class of human creatures, male or female, under the sun. We say that it is a mere exploded piece of antique nonsense to assert that society flatters women into foolishness, or permits them to be flattered; and that those who find in the young girls of our families only helpless nosegays of ornament, unqualified to do service either to themselves or other people, are either totally unacquainted with household life, or have a determined "cast" in their vision, not to be remedied. All these things are patent and visible to every simple observer who has no theory to support; but truth often suffers herself to be obscured out of sheer unbelief in the power of misrepresentation; and we do not doubt that many a mother of a family, who knows a great deal better if she but took time to consider, receives the decision which comes to her in a book, with a show of authority, and an appearance of wisdom, supposing, though it does not tally with her own experience, that somehow or other it must be true. The next step is, that the wise book gets put into the hands of

young people, to fill them at their outset with false ideas—not of themselves, for we have generally vanity enough, all of us, to keep us clear, in our own persons, of any share in the unjust condemnation—but, what is much worse, of their neighbours. We protest against the whole system loudly and earnestly. Why a young girl should have the disagreeable idea of sex dinned into her ears all day long—why she should be taught to make the most sweeping and wholesale condemnation of other classes round her—to believe that the servant-maidens who encompass her in almost every action of her life, and with whom she very likely holds a natural sympathy, are in a state of such universal depravity and degradation that the greater part of them are married, if at all, "just a week or two before maternity;" and that among the married people to whom she looks up, "a happy marriage is the most uncommon lot of all," and the condition was frequently "an unholy state"—we confess we are totally at a loss to perceive. What is likely to be the natural product of such teaching? A woman perpetually self-conscious, no longer a spontaneous human creature, but a representative of her sex—conscious of purity in her own person, but doubting every other—fancying that she has found out a new condition, and a new development of feminity, yet holding fast by the hundred-year-old traditions of frivolous education and social flattery—"pretty dolls, the playthings of our lords and masters," and all the other humbug of ancient times—fancying, if she does not marry, that it is because her views are higher and her principles more elevated than those of the vulgar persons who do; and that, looking over their heads, she is able to perceive how unfit they are for the relations which she herself will not accept—a woman who sincerely pities other people's children and other people's servants, and looks on with an observant scientific compassion at the world, which is going gradually to ruin, and out of which she is half afraid good-sense will die in her own person. Is it to this extent of wisdom and superiority that we desire to see our daughters grow?—is this the model after which we would willingly frame them? For our own part, we can only say, let us have back *Pamela*, and *Clarissa*, and the *Spectator*. If our young people are to be instructed in the social vices, by way of establishing their own morality, let Richardson once more be the support of virtue. It is better to tell the story of the much-tried milkmaid, which is visibly a fiction, than to preach philosophical suggestions of universal wickedness, which are supposed to be true.

It is very odd to remark how questionable many of those productions are, which are warranted by the newspapers to be suitable gift-books for young ladies. Chance threw in our way, some time ago, a little volume with a very innocent title, fresh from America, and the production of an elder sister of the world-famous Mrs. Stowe. With such a name as the title-page who could entertain any doubts about *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness*? *We* did not certainly, though we were somewhat astounded to find the little book adorned with anatomical diagrams: but we cannot say that we were at all impressed with this symptom of the increased elevation and profundity of the age, when we found this volume to consist, not of an elderly lady's kindly counsels to her country-folk upon subjects within her own knowledge, but, in the first place, of surgical lectures upon the construction of the human frame; and, in the second, of an anatomy much more shocking, a sort of morbid dissection of the health and morals of the United States, full of hints and implications of the most unbelievable evil. Doing all justice to the entire lack of evil intention, or even of evil consciousness, on the part of the writer of this and of other such productions, we are obliged to add our sincere conviction that no French novel, under rigorous *taboo*, bears more, or perhaps as much, mischief in it, as one of those didactic expositions of mysterious and secret vice, those public whispers of scandal, which do not indeed take away personal reputation, but which, so far as any one believes them, throw a blight

upon the universal fair fame, and suggest to the inexperienced a horrible suspicion of everybody and of everything around them. Private scandal has no cloak to keep it from the contempt of every one whose opinion is worth caring for. Public scandal, which—strange shame to think of! is to be found in no hands more frequent than in those of women, puts on the robes of the preacher, and asserts for itself one of the highest of moral uses. Nothing in this country, which we have ever seen or heard of, dares go so far as the letters of Miss Beecher. But why, of all classes in the world, our tender young girls, the margin of innocence, and, if you will, ignorance, which we are all heartily glad to believe in, fringing the garment of the sadder world, should be instructed in all the delicate social questions of an artificial life, and put up to every possible emergency of all the relationships between men and women, it seems to us impossible to conceive. Not to say that it is ridiculously unfair in the first instance, for people don't write books for the lads their compeers, instructing them how to arrange their love-affairs, and informing them what the young ladies think of their general conduct. The unfortunate boys have to collect their information on this subject at first hand, or to take the hints of their favourite novels; and we really think it might be a happy experiment to suspend all the talk for a generation, and leave their partners to follow their example.

We have left ourselves no great space to consider the circumstances of that inconsiderable and inferior portion of the feminine population of these kingdoms, the married women, for whose benefit law itself has been moving, and Parliament talking itself hoarse. We say for whose benefit—but we are glad to think that the new Act, whatever its action may be, so far from having been called for by any clamour of public necessity, is more a matter of theoretical justice, proved by individual cases, than of anything more broad and general. The progress of popular opinion had made it notable that there was one case in the jurisprudence of the country, in which a man of the richer classes could get himself relieved, and in which a man of the poorer could not; along with which, universal experience proved likewise, that, save under the unlikely circumstances of a sudden and extraordinary prostration of morals, divorce was by no means likely to be a favourite speculation in this empire. It is not very much with divorce, however, that women have to do. Save in cases horrible and extreme, *that* is not the woman's remedy. No law, no argument, no manner of thinking, can change the primitive order of nature; and in spite of all the risks of female inconsequence and vehemence, experience and reason alike prove that a woman must be frightfully put to it before she will cast from herself the name, if that were all, which is borne by her children, and which she herself has borne for years. This looks a small and superficial consideration, but there is more in it than meets the eye; it is one great demonstration, subtle and universal, of that different position of man and woman, which no law can alter. We can conceive no circumstances, for our own part, which could make the position of a woman, who had divorced her husband, tolerable to the ordinary feelings of the women of this country. So far as women are concerned, it must always remain the dreadful alternative of an evil which has such monstrous and unnatural aggravations as to be beyond all limits of possible endurance. We cannot comprehend it else; and with safe means of separation extended to them, very few even of the wives most bitterly insulted would desire, we should suppose, to adopt this last means of escape. For the power of lawful and formal separation placed within their reach, and for the possible security of their property and earnings, women unhappily compelled to bring their miseries into public vision may well be grateful; and we can suppose, that for women without children the new regulations must be all that could be desired. But who shall open the terrible complication of the rights of fathers and

mothers? What Solomon shall venture to divide between the two that most precious and inalienable of all treasures, the unfortunate child whose very existence stands as a ceaseless protest of nature against their disjunction? From this most painful branch of the question the law retreats, not daring to put in its hand. The present state of affairs is not just—is cruel, frightful, almost intolerable—but national legislation, and all the wisdom of the wise, can find no arbitrary and universal law which could be juster. There is none, let us seek it where we will. Crime itself does not abrogate natural rights and quench natural love; and so long as there are divorced and separated parents, there must be in one way or other, on one side or another, a certain amount of painful and bitter injustice. Women, so far as the law goes, are at present the sufferers, and not the benefited parties; but if the arrangement were reversed, the principle would still be exactly the same. Partition can be made of worldly goods—security obtained for the wages of labour and the gifts of inheritance—but the great gift of God to married people remains undividable—a difficulty which the law shrinks from encountering, and which no human power can make plain. This is not a hardship of legislation, but one of nature. We are very slow to acknowledge the hardships of nature in these days, and still more reluctant to put up with them. All the progress which we have really made, and all the additional and fictitious progress which exists in our imagination, prompts us to the false idea that there is a remedy for everything, and that no pain is inevitable. But there *are* pains which are inevitable in spite of philosophy, and conflicting claims to which Solomon himself could do no justice. We are not complete syllogisms, to be kept in balance by intellectual regulations, we human creatures. We are of all things and creatures in the world the most incomplete; and there are conditions of our warfare, for the redress of which, in spite of all the expedients of social economy, every man and woman, thrown by whatever accident out of the course of nature, must be content to wait perhaps for years, perhaps for a life long, perhaps till the consummation of all things.

It is, however, an unfortunate feature in the special literature which professes to concern itself with women, that it is in great part limited to personal "cases" and individual details, and those incidents of domestic life which it is so easy, by the slightest shade of mistaken colouring, to change the real character of. The disputed questions and aggrieved feelings which rise between near relatives are, of all other human matters, the most difficult to settle; and arbitrary critics, who see this "case" and the other, from their own point of view—who are most probably informed only on one side, and have all their own theories and prejudices to sway their judgment—at all times made sad havoc with known facts and principles of human conduct, and often offer us a ludicrous travestie of the life which they profess to judge and set in order. All the greater questions of existence are common to men and women alike, and common to the higher literature which belongs equally to both. A kind of literature which is meant exclusively for one, must of necessity be an inferior species, and limits itself by its very profession of wisdom. Perhaps, if some pedagogic genius of "the male sect" were to address moral volumes to the husbands and brothers of England—to instruct them in the rights, privileges, and duties of their sex, and expound their true and wisest position towards the other, the eyes of female moralists might be opened to the true nature of their own prelections. No man, however, does so; the young men are supposed to be sufficiently instructed by the Gospel and the law, home and literature, life itself, and ordinary experience; the Gospel and the law of Heaven—the literature and the home of British purity—life in its truest sense, and experience of all those greatest incidents and events which guide it, belong to women as fully and as freely as they do to men. It is possible in these days to be

well-read, well-informed—to have the loftiest poetry, the highest philosophy, the purest eloquence, open to one's mind, for one's own private delight and improvement, without knowing Latin or Greek; and Latin and Greek even are not impossible achievements, though they form the most remarkable difference, so far as we are aware, between the education of our sons and that of our daughters. But the supplementary literature of a sex—the private and particular address to one portion of humanity—is, however high its professions, nothing better than a confession of foolishness. It is as much as to say, over and over, with an undesirable repetition, that what is enough for the brother is not enough for the sister—that what the poets and philosophers, and even the apostles and prophets, have said and written, is primarily for *him*, and not for *her*; and that a secondary course of morals is the necessary food for the less noble capacity. If women in general adopt this theory, nobody of course has any right to thwart them; but every honest critic, loving the benefit of the race, which is not a question of one but of both, ought to raise his voice against so petty and partial a policy. Everything which lowers the mind to a primary consideration of its own personal feelings, circumstances, and emotions, or which sets it speculating on the individual emotions, circumstances, and feelings of its neighbours, is in the end a process of debasement; and we should think it a very miserable prospect for the future, could we suppose, that while literature in general, and their Bible, is all we adopt for the moral guidance of our boys, our girls required the artificial bolstering of a quite additional support of virtue; and to protect them from becoming useless, vain, discontented, repining, and good-for-nothing, it was necessary to support a staff of volunteer lecturers, to communicate to them a certain *esprit du corps*, and make their womanhood, instead of a fact of nature, a kind of profession. If this is the case, is it not an odd mistake—not for the young people in love, who are privileged to say anything, but for our very philosophers themselves, who do all the supplementary feminine morality—to hold fast still by the old assertion that womanhood is purer by native right than manhood, and that women still are next to the angels? If they are, they ought to need rather less than more lecturing than falls to the share of the more obdurate rebel; either one thing or the other must be untrue.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART IX.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

*[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]*

### CHAPTER XV.

"When God wills, all winds bring rain."—*Ancient Proverb.*

THE Manager had not submitted to the loss of his property in Sophy and £100, without taking much vain trouble to recover the one or the other. He had visited Jasper while that gentleman lodged in St. James's, but the moment he hinted at the return of the £100, Mr. Losely opened both door and window, and requested the manager to make his immediate choice of the two. Taking the more usual mode of exit, Mr. Rugge vented his just indignation in a lawyer's letter, threatening Mr. Losely with an action for conspiracy and fraud. He had also more than once visited Mrs. Crane, who somewhat soothed him by allowing that he had been very badly used, that he ought at least to be repaid his money, and promising to do her best to persuade Mr. Losely to "behave like a gentleman." With regard to Sophy herself, Mrs. Crane appeared to feel a profound indifference. In fact, the hatred which Mrs. Crane had unquestionably conceived for Sophy while under her charge, was much diminished by Losely's unnatural conduct towards the child. To her it was probably a matter of no interest whether Sophy was in Rugge's hands or Waife's; enough for her that the daughter of a woman against whose memory her fiercest passions were enlisted was, in either case, so far below herself in the grades of the social ladder.

Perhaps of the two protectors for Sophy—Rugge and Waife—her spite alone would have given the preference to Waife. He was on a still lower step of the ladder than the itinerant manager. Nor, though she had so mortally injured the forlorn cripple in the eyes of Mr. Hartopp, had she any deliberate purpose of revenge to gratify against *him!* On the contrary, if she viewed him with contempt, it was a contempt not unmixed with pity. It was necessary to make to the Mayor the communications she had made, or that worthy magistrate would not have surrendered the child intrusted to him, at least until Waife's return. And really it was a kindness to the old man to save him both from an agonising scene with Jasper, and from the more public opprobrium which any resistance on his part to Jasper's authority, or any altercation between the two, would occasion. And as her main object then was to secure Losely's allegiance to her, by proving her power to be useful to him, so Waifes, and Sophys, and Mayors, and Managers, were to her but as pawns to be moved and sacrificed, according to the leading strategy of her game.

Rugge came now, agitated and breathless, to inform Mrs. Crane that Waife had been seen in London. Mr. Rugge's clown had seen him, not far from the Tower; but the cripple had disappeared before the clown, who was on the top of an omnibus, had time to descend. "And even if he had actually caught hold of Mr. Waife," observed Mrs. Crane, "what then? You have no claim on Mr. Waife."

"But the Phenomenon must be with that ravishing marauder," said Rugge. "However, I have set a minister of justice—that is, ma'am, a detective police—at work; and what I now ask of you is simply this: should it be necessary for Mr. Losely to appear with me before the senate—that is to say, ma'am, a metropolitan police-court—in order to prove my legal property in my own bought and paid-for Phenomenon, will you induce that bold bad man not again to return the poisoned chalice to my lips?"

"I do not even know where Mr. Losely is—perhaps not in London."

"Ma'am, I saw him last night at the theatre—Princess's. I was in the shilling gallery. He who owes me £100, ma'am—he in a private-box!"

"Ah! you are sure; by himself?"

"With a lady, ma'am—a lady in a shawl from Ingee. I know them shawls. My father taught me to know them in early childhood, for he was an ornament to British commerce—a broker, ma'am—pawn! And," continued Rugge, with a withering smile, "that man in a private-box, which at the Princess's costs two pounds two, and with the spoils of Ingee by his side, lifted his eye-glass and beheld me—me in the shilling gallery!—and his conscience did not say 'should we not change places if I paid that gentleman £100.' Can such things be, and overcome us, ma'am, like a summer cloud, without our special—I put it to you, ma'am—wonder?"

"Oh, with a lady, was he?" exclaimed Arabella Crane—her wrath, which, while the manager spoke, gathered fast and full, bursting now into words: "His ladies shall know the man who sells his own child for a show; only find out where the girl is, then come here again before you stir further. Oh, with a lady! Go to your detective policeman, or rather, send him to me; we will first discover Mr. Losely's address. I will pay all the expenses. Rely on my zeal, Mr. Rugge."

Much comforted, the manager went his way. He had not been long gone before Jasper himself appeared. The traitor entered with a more than customary bravado of manner, as if he apprehended a scolding, and was prepared to face it; but Mrs. Crane neither reproached him for his prolonged absence, nor expressed surprise at his return. With true feminine duplicity she received him as if nothing had happened. Jasper, thus relieved, became of his own accord apologetic and explanatory; evidently he wanted something of Mrs. Crane. "The fact is, my dear friend," said he, sinking into a chair, "that the day after I last saw you, I happened to go to the General Post-Office to see if there were any letters for me. You smile—you don't believe me. Honour bright,—here they are," and Jasper took from the side-pocket of his coat a pocket-book—a new pocket-book—a brilliant pocket-book—fragrant Russian leather—delicately embossed—golden clasps—silken linings—jewelled pencil-case—malachite penknife—an arsenal of nicknacks stored in neat recesses; such a pocket-book as no man ever gives to himself. Sardanapalus would not have given that pocket-book to himself! Such a pocket-book never comes to you, oh enviable Lotharios, save as tributary keepsakes from the charmers who adore you! Grimly the Adopted Mother eyed that pocket-book. Never had she seen it before. Grimly she pinched her lips. Out of this dainty volume—which would have been of cumbrous size to a slim thread-paper exquisite, but scarcely bulged into ripple the Atlantic expanse of Jasper Losely's magnificent chest—the monster drew forth two letters on French paper—foreign post-marks. He replaced them quickly, only suffering her eye to glance at the address, and continued: "Fancy! that purse-proud Grand Turk of an infidel, tho' he would not believe me, has been to France—yes, actually to * * * * * making inquiries evidently with reference to Sophy. The woman who ought to have thoroughly converted him took flight, however, and missed seeing him. Confound her! I ought to have been there. So I have no doubt for the present the Pagan remains stubborn. Gone on into Italy, I hear; doing me, violating the laws of nature, and roving about the world, with his own solitary hands in his bottomless pockets,—like the Wandering Jew! But, as some slight set-off in my run of ill-luck, I find at the Post-office a pleasanter letter than the one which brings me this news: A rich elderly lady, who has no family, wants to adopt a nice child, will take Sophy; make it worth my while to let her have Sophy. 'Tis convenient in a thousand ways to settle one's child comfortably in a rich house—establishes rights, subject, of course, to *cheques* which would not affront *me*—a Father! But the first thing requisite is to catch Sophy; 'tis in that I

ask your help—you are so clever. Best of creatures! what could I do without you? As you say, whenever I want a friend I come to you—Bella!"

Mrs. Crane surveyed Jasper's face deliberately. It is strange how much more readily women read the thoughts of men than men detect those of women. "You know where the child is," said she slowly.

"Well, I take it for granted she is with the old man; and I have seen him—seen him yesterday."

"Go on; you saw him—where?"

"Near London Bridge."

"What business could you possibly have in that direction? Ah! I guess, the railway-station—to Dover—you are going abroad?"

"No such thing—you are so horridly suspicious. But it is true I had been to the station inquiring after some luggage or parcels which a friend of mine had ordered to be left there—now, don't interrupt me. At the foot of the bridge I caught a sudden glimpse of the old man—changed—altered—aged—one eye lost. You had said I should not know him again, but I did; I should never have recognised his face. I knew him by the build of the shoulder, a certain turn of the arms—I don't know what; one knows a man familiar to one from birth without seeing his face. Oh, Bella! I declare that I felt as soft—as soft as the silliest muff who ever—" Jasper did not complete his comparison, but paused a moment, breathing hard, and then broke into another sentence. "He was selling something in a basket—matches, boot-straps, deuce knows what. He! a clever man, too! I should have liked to drop into that d—d basket all the money I had about me."

"Why did not you?"

"Why? How could I? He would have recognised me. There would have been a scene—a row—a flare-up—a mob round us, I dare say. I had no idea it would so upset me; to see him selling matches, too;—glad we did not meet at Gatesboro'. Not even for that £100 do I think I could have faced him. No—as he said when we last parted, 'The world is wide enough for both.' Give me some brandy—thank you."

"You did not speak to the old man—he did not see you—but you wanted to get back the child; you felt sure she must be with him; you followed him home?"

"I? No; I should have had to wait for hours. A man like me, loitering about London Bridge!—I should have been too conspicuous—he would have soon caught sight of me, though I kept on his blind side. I employed a ragged boy to watch and follow him, and here is the address. Now will you get Sophy back for me without any trouble to me, without my appearing? I would rather charge a regiment of horse-guards than bully that old man."

"Yet you would rob him of that child—his sole comfort?"

"Bother!" cried Losely impatiently: "the child can be only a burden to him; well out of his way; 'tis for the sake of that child he is selling matches! It would be the greatest charity we could do him to set him free from that child sponging on him, dragging him down; without her he'd find a way to shift for himself, Why, he's even cleverer than I am! And there—there—give him this money, but don't say it came from me."

He thrust, without counting, several sovereigns—at least twelve or fourteen—into Mrs. Crane's palm; and so powerful a charm has goodness the very least, even in natures the most evil, that that unusual, eccentric, inconsistent gleam of human pity in Jasper Losely's benighted soul, shed its relenting influence over the angry, wrathful, and vindictive feelings with which Mrs. Crane the moment before regarded the perfidious miscreant; and she gazed at him with a sort of melancholy wonder. What! though so little sympathising with affection, that he could not comprehend that he was about to rob the old man of a comfort which no gold could repay,—what! though so contemptuously callous to his own child—yet there in her hand lay the unmistakable token that a something of humanity, compunction, compassion, still lingered in the breast of the greedy cynic; and at that thought all that was softest in her own human nature moved to-

wards him—indulgent—gentle. But in the rapid changes of the heart-feminine, the very sentiment that touched upon love brought back the jealousy that bordered upon hate. How came he by so much money? more than, days ago, he, the insatiate spendthrift, had received for his taskwork? And that POCKET-BOOK!

"You have suddenly grown rich, Jasper?"

For a moment he looked confused, but replied as he re-helped himself to the brandy, "Yes, *rouge-et-noir*—luck. Now, do go and see after this affair, that's a dear good woman. Get the child to-day if you can; I will call here in the evening."

"Should you take her, then, abroad at once to this worthy lady who will adopt her? If so, we shall meet, I suppose, no more; and I am assisting you to forget that I live still."

"Abroad—that crotchet of yours again. You are quite mistaken—in fact, the lady is in London. It was for her effects that I went to the station. Oh, don't be jealous—quite elderly."

"Jealous, my dear Jasper; you forget. I am as your mother. One of your letters, then, announced this lady's intended arrival; you were in correspondence with this—elderly lady?"

"Why, not exactly in correspondence. But when I left Paris, I gave the General Post-office as my address to a few friends in France. And this lady, who took an interest in my affairs (ladies, whether old or young, who have once known me, always do), was aware that I had expectations with respect to the child. So, some days ago, when I was so badly off, I wrote a line to tell her that Sophy had been no go, and that, but for a dear friend (that is you), I might be on the *pavé*. In her answer, she said she should be in London as soon as I received her letter; and gave me an address here at which to learn where to find her when arrived—a good old soul, but strange to London. I have been very busy, helping her to find a house, recommending tradesmen, and so forth. She likes style, and can afford it. A pleasant house enough; but our quiet evenings here spoil me for anything else. Now get on your bonnet, and let me see you off."

"On one condition, my dear Jasper, that you stay here till I return."

Jasper made a wry face. But, as it was near dinner-time, and he never wanted for appetite, he at length agreed to employ the interval of her absence in discussing a meal, which experience had told him Mrs. Crane's new cook would, not unskilfully, though hastily, prepare. Mrs. Crane left him to order the dinner, and put on her shawl and bonnet. But, gaining her own room, she rung for Bridgett Greggs; and when that confidential servant appeared, she said: "In the side-pocket of Mr. Losely's coat there is a POCKET-BOOK; in it there are some letters which I must see. I shall appear to go out,—leave the street-door ajar, that I may slip in again unobserved. You will serve dinner as soon as possible. And when Mr. Losely, as usual, exchanges his coat for the dressing-gown, contrive to take out that pocket-book unobserved by him. Bring it to me here, in this room: you can as easily replace it afterwards. A moment will suffice to my purpose."

Bridgett nodded, and understood. Jasper, standing by the window, saw Mrs. Crane leave the house, walking briskly. He then threw himself on the sofa, and began to doze: the doze deepened, and became sleep. Bridgett, entering to lay the cloth, so found him. She approached on tiptoe—sniffed the perfume of the pocket-book—saw its gilded corners peep forth from its lair. She hesitated—she trembled—she was in mortal fear of that truculent slumberer; but sleep lessens the awe thieves feel, or heroes inspire. She has taken the pocket-book—she has fled with the booty—she is in Mrs. Crane's apartment, not five minutes after Mrs. Crane has regained its threshold.

Rapidly the jealous woman ransacked the pocket-book—started to see, elegantly worked with gold threads, in the lining, the words, "SOUVIENS-TOI DE TA GABRIELLE"—no other letters, save the two, of which Jasper had vouchsafed to her but the glimpse. Over these she hurried her glittering eyes; and when

she restored them to their place, and gave back the book to Bridgett, who stood by, breathless and listening, lest Jasper should awake, her face was colourless, and a kind of shudder seemed to come over her. Left alone, she rested her face on her hand, her lips moving as if in self-commune. Then noiselessly she glided down the stairs, regained the street, and hurried fast upon her way.

Bridgett was not in time to restore the book to Jasper's pocket, for when she re-entered he was turning round and stretching himself between sleep and waking. But she dropped the book skilfully on the floor, close beside the sofa: it would seem to him, on waking, to have fallen out of the pocket in the natural movement of sleep.

And, in fact, when he rose, dinner now on the table, he picked up the pocket-book without suspicion. But it was lucky that Bridgett had not waited for the opportunity suggested by her mistress. For when Jasper put on the dressing-gown, he observed that his coat wanted brushing; and, in giving it to the servant for that purpose, he used the precaution of taking out the pocket-book, and placing it in some other receptacle of his dress.

Mrs. Crane returned in less than two hours—returned with a disappointed look, which at once prepared Jasper for the intelligence that the birds to be entrapped had flown.

"They went away this afternoon," said Mrs. Crane, tossing Jasper's sovereigns on the table, as if they burned her fingers. "But leave the fugitives to me. I will find them."

Jasper relieved his angry mind by a series of guilty but meaningless expletives; and then, seeing no farther use to which Mrs. Crane's wits could be applied at present, finished the remainder of her brandy, and wished her good-night, with a promise to call again, but without any intimation of his own address. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Crane once more summoned Bridgett.

"You told me last week that your brother-in-law, Simpson, wished to go to America, that he had the offer of employment there, but that he could not afford the fare of the voyage. I promised I would help him if it was a service to you."

"You are a hangel, miss!" exclaimed Bridgett, dropping a low curtsy—so low that it seemed as if she was going on her knees. "And may you have your deserts in the next blessed world, where there are no black-hearted villings."

"Enough, enough," said Mrs. Crane, recoiling perhaps from that grateful benediction. "You have been faithful to me, as none else have ever been; but this time I do not serve you in return so much as I meant to do. The service is reciprocal, if your brother-in-law will do me a favour. He takes with him his daughter, a mere child. Bridgett, let them enter their names on the steam-vessel as William and Sophy Waife; they can, of course, resume their own name when the voyage is over. There is the fare for them, and something more. Pooh, no thanks. I can spare the money. See your brother-in-law the first thing in the morning; and remember they go by the next vessel, which sails from Liverpool on Thursday."

### CHAPTER XVI.

**Those poor Pocket Cannibals, how society does persecute them! Even a menial servant would give warning if disturbed at his meals. But your Man-eater is the meekest of creatures; he will never give warning, and—not often take it.**

Whatever the source that had supplied Jasper Losely with the money, from which he had so generously extracted the sovereigns intended to console Waife for the loss of Sophy, that source either dried up, or became wholly inadequate to his wants. For elasticity was the felicitous peculiarity of Mr. Losely's wants. They accommodated themselves to the state of his finances with mathematical precision, always requiring exactly five times the amount of the means placed at his disposal. From a shil

ling to a million, multiply his wants by five times the total of his means, and you arrived at a just conclusion. Jasper called upon Poole, who was slowly recovering, but unable to leave his room; and finding that gentleman in a more melancholy state of mind than usual, occasioned by Uncle Sam's brutal declaration, that "if responsible for his godson's sins, he was not responsible for his debts," and that he really thought "the best thing Samuel Dolly could do, was to go to prison for a short time, and get whitewashed," Jasper began to lament his own hard fate: "And just when one of the finest women in Paris has come here on purpose to see me," said the lady-killer, "a lady who keeps her carriage, Dolly! Would have introduced you, if you had been well enough to go out. One can't be always borrowing of her. I wish one could. There's Mother Crane would sell her gown off her back for me; but, 'Gad, sir, she snubs, and positively frightens me. Besides, she lays traps to demean me—set me to work like a clerk! (not that I would hurt your feelings, Dolly. If you are a clerk, or something of that sort, you are a gentleman at heart.) Well, then, we are both done up and cleaned out; and my decided opinion is, that nothing is left but a bold stroke."

"I have no objection to bold strokes, but I don't see any; and Uncle Sam's bold stroke of the Fleet prison is not at all to my taste."

"Fleet prison! Fleet fiddlestick! No. You have never been in Russia? Why should we not go there both? My Paris friend, Madame Caumartin, was going to Italy, but her plans are changed, and she is now all for St. Petersburgh. She will wait a few days for you to get well. We will all go together and enjoy ourselves. The Russians doat upon whist. We shall get into their swell sets, and live like princes." Therewith Jasper launched forth on the text of Russian existence in such glowing terms, that Dolly Poole shut his aching eyes and fancied himself sledging down the Neva, covered with furs—a countess waiting for him at dinner, and counts in dozens ready to offer bets, to a fabulous amount, that Jasper Losely lost the rubber.

Having lifted his friend into this region of aerial castles, Jasper then descending into the practical world, wound up with the mournful fact, that one could not get to Petersburg, nor, when there, into swell sets, without having some little capital on hand.

"I tell you what we will do. Madame Caumartin lives in prime style. Get old Latham, your employer, to discount her bill at three months' date for £500, and we will be all off in a crack." Poole shook his head. "Old Latham is too knowing a file for that—a foreigner! He'd want security."

"I'll be security."

Dolly shook his head a second time, still more emphatically than the first.

"But you say he does discount paper—gets rich on it?"

"Yes, gets rich on it, which he might not do if he discounted the paper you propose. No offence."

"Oh, no offence among friends! You have taken him bills which he has discounted?"

"Yes—good paper."

"Any paper signed by good names is good paper. We can sign good names if we know their handwritings."

Dolly started, and turned white. Knave he was—cheat at cards, blackleg on the turf—but forgery! that crime was new to him. The very notion of it brought on a return of fever. And while Jasper was increasing his malady by arguing with his apprehensions, luckily for Poole, Uncle Sam came in. Uncle Sam, a sagacious old tradesman, no sooner clapped eyes on the brilliant Losely than he conceived for him a distrustful repugnance, similar to that with which an experienced gander may regard a fox in colloquy with its gosling. He had already learned enough of his godson's ways and chosen society, to be assured that Samuel Dolly had indulged in very anti-commercial tastes, and been sadly contaminated by very anti-commercial friends. He felt persuaded that Dolly's sole chance of redemption was in working on his mind while his body was still suffering, so that Poole might, on recovery, break with all former associations. On seeing Jasper in the dress of an exquisite,

with the thews of a prize-fighter, Uncle Sam saw the stalwart incarnation of all the sins which a godfather had vowed that a godson should renounce. Accordingly, he made himself so disagreeable, that Losely, in great disgust, took a hasty departure. And Uncle Sam, as he helped the nurse to plunge Dolly into his bed, had the brutality to tell his nephew, in very plain terms, that if ever he found that Brummagem gent in Poole's rooms again, Poole would never again see the colour of Uncle Sam's money. Dolly beginning to blubber, the good man relenting, patted him on the back, and said: "But as soon as you are well, I'll carry you with me to my country box, and keep you out of harm's way till I find you a wife, who will comb your head for you"—at which cheering prospect Poole blubbered more dolefully than before. On retiring to his own lodging in the Gloucester Coffee-house, uncle Sam, to make all sure, gave positive orders to Poole's landlady, who respected in Uncle Sam the man who might pay what Poole owed to her, on no account to let in any of Dolly's profligate friends, but especially the chap he had found there: adding, "'Tis as much as my nephew's life is worth; and, what is more to the purpose, as much as your bill is." Accordingly, when Jasper presented himself at Poole's door again that very evening, the landlady apprised him of her orders; and, proof to his insinuating remonstrances, closed the door in his face. But a French chronicler has recorded, that when Henry IV. was besieging Paris, though not a loaf of bread could enter the walls, love-letters passed between city and camp as easily as if there had been no siege at all. And does not Mercury preside over money as well as love? Jasper, spurred on by Madame Caumartin, who was exceedingly anxious to exchange London for Petersburg as soon as possible, maintained a close and frequent correspondence with Poole by the agency of the nurse, who luckily was not above being bribed by shillings. Poole continued to reject the villany proposed by Jasper; but, in the course of the correspondence, he threw out rather incoherently—for his mind began somewhat to wander—a scheme equally flagitious, which Jasper, aided perhaps by Madame Caumartin's yet keener wit, caught up, and quickly reduced to deliberate method. Old Mr. Latham, amongst the bills he discounted, kept those of such more bashful customers as stipulated that their resort to temporary accommodation should be maintained a profound secret, in his own safe. Amongst these bills Poole knew that there was one for £1000 given by a young nobleman of immense estates, but so entailed that he could neither sell nor mortgage, and, therefore, often in need of a few hundreds for pocket-money. The nobleman's name stood high. His fortune was universally known; his honour unimpeachable. A bill of his any one would cash at sight. Could Poole but obtain that bill! It had, he believed, only a few weeks yet to run. Jasper or Madame Caumartin might get it discounted even by Lord ——'s own banker; and if that were too bold, by any professional bill-broker, and all three be off before a suspicion could arise. But to get at that safe, a false key might be necessary. Poole suggested a waxen impression of the lock. Jasper sent him a readier contrivance—a queer-looking tool, that looked an instrument of torture. All now necessary was for Poole to recover sufficiently to return to business, and to get rid of Uncle Sam by a promise to run down to the country the moment Poole had conscientiously cleared some necessary arrears of work. While this correspondence went on, Jasper Losely shunned Mrs. Crane, and took his meals and spent his leisure hours with Madame Caumartin. He needed no dressing-gown and slippers to feel himself at home there. Madame Caumartin had really taken a showy house in a genteel street. Her own appearance was eminently what the French call *distinguée*. Drest to perfection, from head to foot; neat and finished as an epigram. Her face, in shape like a thorough-bred cobra-capella,—low smooth frontal, widening at the summit; chin tapering, but jaw strong, teeth marvellously white, small, and with points sharp as those in the maw of the fish called the "Sea

Devil;" eyes like dark emeralds, of which the pupils, when she was angry or when she was scheming, retreated upward towards the temples, emitting a luminous green ray that shot through space like the gleam that escapes from a dark-lanthorn; complexion superlatively feminine—call it not pale, but white, as if she lived on blanched almonds, peach-stones, and arsenic; hands so fine and so bloodless, with fingers so pointedly taper there seemed stings at their tips; manners of one who had ranged all ranks of society from highest to lowest, and duped the most wary in each of them. Did she please it, a crown prince might have thought her youth must have passed in the chambers of porphyry! Did she please it, an old soldier would have sworn the creature had been a *vivandière*. In age, perhaps, bordering on forty. She looked younger, but had she been a hundred and twenty, she could not have been more wicked. Ah, happy indeed for Sophy, if it were to save her youth from ever being fostered in elegant boudoirs by those bloodless hands, that the crippled vagabond had borne her away from Arabella's less cruel unkindness; better far even Rugge's village stage; better far stealthy by-lanes, feigned names, and the erudite tricks of Sir Isaac!

But still it is due even to Jasper to state here, that in Losely's recent design to transfer Sophy from Waife's care to that of Madame Caumartin, the Sharper harboured no idea of a villany so execrable as the character of the *Parisienne* led the jealous Arabella to suspect. His real object in getting the child at that time once more into his power was (whatever its nature) harmless compared with the mildest of Arabella's dark doubts. But still if Sophy *had* been regained, and the object, on regaining her, foiled (as it probably would have been), what *then* might have become of her? Lost, perhaps, for ever, to Waife—in a foreign land—and under such guardianship! Grave question, which Jasper Losely, who exercised so little foresight in the paramount question—viz., what some day or other will become of himself?—was not likely to rack his brains by conjecturing!

Meanwhile Mrs. Crane was vigilant. The detective police-officer, sent to her by Mr. Rugge, could not give her the information which Rugge desired, and which she did not longer need. She gave the detective some information respecting Madame Caumartin. One day towards the evening she was surprised by a visit from Uncle Sam. He called ostensibly to thank her for her kindness to his godson and nephew; and to beg her not to be offended if he had been rude to Mr. Losely, who, he understood from Dolly, was a particular friend of hers. "You see, ma'am, Samuel Dolly is a weak young man, and easily led astray; but, luckily for himself, he has no money and no stomach. So he may repent in time; and if I could find a wife to manage him, he has not a bad head for the main chance, and may become a practical man. Repeatedly I have told him he should go to prison, but that was only to frighten him,—fact is, I want to get him safe down into the country, and he don't take to that. So I am forced to say, 'My box, home-brewed and south-down, Samuel Dolly, or a Lunnon jail, and debtors' allowance.' Must give a young man his choice, my dear lady."

Mrs. Crane, observing that what he said was extremely sensible, Uncle Sam warmed in his confidence.

"And I thought I had him, till I found Mr. Losely in his sick-room; but ever since that day, I don't know how it is, the lad has had something on his mind, which I don't half like—cracky, I think, my dear lady—cracky. I suspect that old nurse passes letters. I taxed her with it, and she immediately wanted to take her Bible-oath, and smelt of gin—two things which, taken together, look guilty."

"But," said Mrs. Crane, growing much interested, "if Mr. Losely and Mr. Poole do correspond, what then?"

"That's what I want to know, ma'am. Excuse me; I don't wish to disparage Mr. Losely—a dashing gent, and nothing worse, I dare say. But certain sure I am that he has put into Samuel Dolly's head something which has cracked it! There is the lad now up and dressed, when he ought to be in bed, and swearing

he'll go to old Latham's to-morrow, and that long arrears of work are on his conscience! Never heard him talk of conscience before—that looks guilty! And it does not frighten him any longer when I say he shall go to prison for his debts; and he's very anxious to get me out of Lunnon; and when I threw in a word about Mr. Losely (slily, my good lady—just to see its effect), he grew as white as that paper; and then he began strutting and swelling, and saying that Mr. Losely would be a great man, and that he should be a great man, and that he did not care for my money—he could get as much money as he liked. That looks guilty, my dear lady. And, oh," cried Uncle Sam, clasping his hands, "I do fear that he's thinking of something worse than he has ever done before, and his brain can't stand it. And, ma'am, he has a great respect for you; and you've a friendship for Mr. Losely. Now, just suppose that Mr. Losely should have been thinking of what your flash sporting gents call a harmless spree, and my sister's son should, being cracky, construe it into something criminal. Oh, Mrs. Crane, do go and see Mr. Losely, and tell him that Samuel Dolly is not safe—is not safe!"

"Much better that I should go to your nephew," said Mrs. Crane; "and with your leave I will do so at once. Let me see him alone. Where shall I find you afterwards?"

"At the Gloucester Coffee-house. Oh, my dear lady, how can I thank you enough! The boy can be nothing to you; but to me, he's my sister's son—the blackguard!"

### CHAPTER XVII.

"Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen."—HORAT.

Mrs. Crane found Poole in his little sitting-room, hung round with prints of opera-dancers, prize-fighters, race-horses, and the dog Billy. Samuel Dolly was in full dress. His cheeks, usually so pale, seemed much flushed. He was evidently in a state of high excitement, bowed extremely low to Mrs. Crane, called her countess, asked if she had been lately on the Continent, and if she knew Madame Caumartin; and whether the nobility at St. Petersburg were jolly, or stuck-up fellows, who gave themselves airs;—not waiting for her answer. In fact his mind was unquestionably disordered.

Arabella Crane abruptly laid her hand on his shoulder. "You are going to the gallows," she said, suddenly. "Down on your knees and tell me all, and I will keep your secret, and save you; lie—and you are lost!"

Poole burst into tears, and dropped on his knees as he was told.

In ten minutes Mrs. Crane knew all that she cared to know, possessed herself of Losely's letters, and, leaving Poole less light-headed and more light-hearted, she hastened to Uncle Sam at the Gloucester Coffee-house. "Take your nephew out of town this evening, and do not let him from your sight for the next six months. Hark you, he will never be a good man; but you may save him from the hulks. Do so. Take my advice." She was gone before Uncle Sam could answer.

She next proceeded to the private house of the detective with whom she had before conferred — this time less to give than to receive information. Not half an hour after her interview with him, Arabella Crane stood in the street wherein was placed the showy house of Madame Caumartin. The lamps in the street were now lighted—the street, even at day a quiet one, was comparatively deserted. All the windows in the Frenchwoman's house were closed with shutters and curtains, except on the drawing-room floor. From those the lights within streamed over a balcony filled with gay plants—one of the casements was partially open. And now and then, where the watcher stood, she could just catch the glimpse of a passing form behind the muslin

draperies, or hear the sound of some louder laugh. In her dark-grey dress, and still darker mantle, Arabella Crane stood motionless, her eyes fixed on those windows. The rare foot-passenger who brushed by her turned involuntarily to glance at the countenance of one so still, and then as involuntarily to survey the house to which that countenance was lifted. No such observer so incurious as not to hazard conjecture what evil to that house was boded by the dark lurid eyes that watched it with so fixed a menace. Thus she remained, sometimes, indeed, moving from her post, as a sentry moves from his, slowly pacing a few steps to and fro, returning to the same place, and again motionless; thus she remained for hours. Evening deepened into night—night grew near to dawn; she was still there in that street, and still her eyes were on that house. At length the door opened noiselessly—a tall man tripped forth with a light step, and humming the tune of a gay French *chanson*. As he came straight towards the spot where Arabella Crane was at watch, from her dark mantle stretched forth her long arm and lean hand, and seized him. He started, and recognised her.

"You here!" he exclaimed—"you! —at such an hour!—you!"

"I, Jasper Losely, here to warn you. To-morrow the officers of justice will be in that accursed house. To-morrow that woman—not for her worst crimes, they elude the law, but for her least, by which the law hunts her down—will be a prisoner —— No—you shall not return to warn her as I warn you" (for Jasper here broke away, and retreated some steps towards the house); "or, if you do, share her fate. I cast you off."

"What do you mean?" said Jasper, halting, till with slow steps she regained his side. "Speak more plainly: if poor Madame Caumartin has got into a scrape, which I don't think likely, what have I to do with it?"

"The woman you call Caumartin fled from Paris to escape its tribunals. She has been tracked; the French government have claimed her—Ho! you smile. This does not touch you."

"Certainly not."

"But there are charges against her from English tradesmen; and if it be proved that you knew her in her proper name—the infamous Gabrielle Desmarets—if it be proved that you have passed off the French *billets de banque* that she stole—if you were her accomplice in obtaining goods under her false name—if you, enriched by her robberies, were aiding and abetting her as a swindler here, though you may be safe from the French law, will you be safe from the English? You may be innocent, Jasper Losely; if so, fear nothing. You may be guilty; if so, hide, or follow me!"

Jasper paused. His first impulse was to trust implicitly to Mrs. Crane, and lose not a moment in profiting by such counsels of concealment or flight as an intelligence so superior to his own could suggest. But suddenly remembering that Poole had undertaken to get the bill for £1000 by the next day—that if flight were necessary, there was yet a chance of flight with booty — his constitutional hardihood, and the grasping cupidity by which it was accompanied, made him resolve at least to hazard the delay of a few hours. And after all, might not Mrs. Crane exaggerate? Was not this the counsel of a jealous woman?

"Pray," said he, moving on, and fixing quick keen eyes on her as she walked by his side—"pray, how did you learn all these particulars?"

"From a detective policeman employed to discover Sophy. In conferring with him, the name of Jasper Losely as her legal protector was of course stated: that name was already coupled with the name of the false Caumartin. Thus, indirectly, the child you would have consigned to that woman, saves you from sharing that woman's ignominy and doom."

"Stuff!" said Jasper stubbornly, though he winced at her words: "I don't, on reflection, see that anything can be proved against me. I am not bound to know why a lady changes her name, nor how she comes by her money. And as to her credit with tradesmen—nothing to speak of; most of what she has got is paid for—what is not paid for, is less than the worth of her goods. Pooh!

I am not so easily frightened—much obliged to you all the same. Go home now; 'tis horridly late. Good-night, or rather good-morning."

"Jasper, mark me, if you see that woman again—if you attempt to save or screen her—I shall know, and you lose in me your last friend—last hope—last plank in a devouring sea!"

These words were so solemnly uttered that they thrilled the hard heart of the reckless man. "I have no wish to screen or save her," he said, with selfish sincerity. "And after what you have said, I would as soon enter a fireship as that house. But let me have some hours to consider what is best to be done."

"Yes, consider—I shall expect you to-morrow."

He went his way up the twilight streets towards a new lodging he had hired not far from the showy house. She drew her mantle closer round her gaunt figure, and, taking the opposite direction, threaded thoroughfares yet lonelier, till she gained her door, and was welcomed back by the faithful Bridgett.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Hope tells a flattering tale to Mr. Rugge. He is undeceived by a Solicitor, and left to mourn; but in turn, though unconsciously, Mr. Rugge deceives the Solicitor, and the Solicitor deceives his client, which is 6s. 8d. in the Solicitor's pocket.

The next morning Arabella Crane was scarcely dressed before Mr. Rugge knocked at her door. On the previous day the detective had informed him that William and Sophy Waife were discovered to have sailed for America. Frantic, the unhappy manager rushed to the steam-packet office, and was favoured by an inspection of the books, which confirmed the hateful tidings. As if in mockery of his bereaved and defrauded state, on returning home he found a polite note from Mr. Gotobed, requesting him to call at the office of that eminent solicitor, with reference to a young actress named Sophy Waife, and hinting "that the visit might prove to his advantage!" Dreaming for a wild moment that Mr. Losely, conscience-stricken, might through this solicitor pay back his £100, he rushed incontinent to Mr. Gotobed's office, and was at once admitted into the presence of that stately practitioner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Gotobed with formal politeness, "but I heard a day or two ago accidentally from my head-clerk, who had learned it also accidentally from a sporting friend, that you were exhibiting, at Humberston during the race-week, a young actress, named on the play-bills (here is one) 'Juliet Araminta,' and whom, as I am informed, you had previously exhibited in Surrey and elsewhere; but she was supposed to have relinquished that earlier engagement, and left your stage with her grandfather, William Waife. I am instructed by a distinguished client, who is wealthy, and who, from motives of mere benevolence, interests himself in the said William and Sophy Waife, to discover their residence. Please, therefore, to render up the child to my charge, apprising me also of the address of her grandfather, if he be not with you; and without waiting for further instructions from my client, who is abroad, I will venture to say that any sacrifice in the loss of your juvenile actress will be most liberally compensated."

"Sir," cried the miserable and imprudent Rugge, "I paid £100 for that fiendish child—a three years' engagement—and I have been robbed. Restore me the £100, and I will tell you where she is, and her vile grandfather also."

At hearing so bad a character lavished upon objects recommended to his client's disinterested charity, the wary solicitor drew in his pecuniary horns.

"Mr. Rugge," said he, "I understand from your words that you cannot place the child Sophy, *alias* Juliet Araminta, in my hands. You ask £100 to inform me where she is. Have you a lawful claim on her?"

"Certainly, sir; she is my property."

"Then it is quite clear that though you may know where she is, you cannot get at her yourself, and cannot, therefore, place her in my hands. Perhaps she is—in heaven!"

"Confound her, sir! no—in America! or on the seas to it."

"Are you sure?"

"I have just come from the steam-packet office, and seen the names in their book. William and Sophy Waife sailed from Liverpool last Thursday week."

"And they formed an engagement with you—received your money; broke the one, absconded with the other. Bad characters indeed!"

"Bad! you may well say that—a set of swindling scoundrels, the whole kit and kin. And the ingratitude!" continued Rugge: "I was more than a father to that child" (he began to whimper): "I had a babe of my own once—died of convulsions in teething. I thought that child would have supplied its place, and I dreamed of the York Theatre; but"—here his voice was lost in the folds of a marvellously dirty red pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Gotobed having now, however, learned all that he cared to learn, and not being a soft-hearted man (first-rate solicitors rarely are), here pulled out his watch, and said—

"Sir, you have been very ill-treated, I perceive. I must wish you good-day; I have an engagement in the City. I cannot help you back to your £100, but accept this trifle (a £5 note) for your loss of time in calling" (ringing the bell violently). "Door—show out this gentleman."

That evening Mr. Gotobed wrote at length to Guy Darrell, informing him that, after great pains and prolonged research, he had been so fortunate as to ascertain that the strolling player and little girl whom Mr. Darrell had so benevolently requested him to look up, were very bad characters, and had left the country for the United States, as, happily for England, bad characters were wont to do.

That letter reached Guy Darrell when he was far away, amidst the forlorn pomp of some old Italian city, and Lionel's tale of the little girl not very fresh in his gloomy thoughts. Naturally, he supposed that the boy had been duped by a pretty face and his own inexperienced kindly heart: And so and so—why, so end half the efforts of men who intrust to others the troublesome execution of humane intentions! The scales of earthly justice are poised in their quivering equilibrium, not by huge hundredweights, but by infinitesimal grains, needing the most wary caution—the most considerate patience—the most delicate touch, to arrange or readjust. Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth, or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just. Sins of commission may not, perhaps, shock the retrospect of conscience. Large and obtrusive to view, we have confessed, mourned, repented, possibly atoned them. Sins of omission, so veiled amidst our hourly emotions—blent, confused, unseen in the conventional routine of existence;—Alas! could these suddenly emerge from their shadow, group together in serried mass and accusing order—alas, alas! would not the best of us then start in dismay, and would not the proudest humble himself at the Throne of Mercy!

## CHAPTER XIX.

Joy, nevertheless, does return to Mr. Rugge; and Hope now inflicts herself on Mrs. Crane. A very fine-looking Hope, too—six feet one—strong as Achilles, and as fleet of foot!

But we have left Mr. Rugge at Mrs. Crane's door; admit him. He bursts into her drawing-room, wiping his brows.

"Ma'am, they are off to America."

"So I have heard. You are fairly entitled to the return of your money—"

"Entitled, of course—but—"

"There it is; restore to me the contract for the child's services."

Rugge gazed on a roll of bank-notes, and could scarcely believe his eyes. He darted forth his hand, the notes receded like the dagger in Macbeth—"First the contract," said Mrs. Crane. Rugge drew out his greasy pocket-book, and extracted the worthless engagement.

"Henceforth, then," said Mrs. Crane, "you have no right to complain; and whether or not the girl ever again fall in your way, your claim over her ceases."

"The gods be praised! it does, ma'am; I have had quite enough of her. But you are every inch a lady, and allow me to add that I put you on my free list for life."

Rugge gone; Arabella Crane summoned Bridgett to her presence.

"Lor, miss," cried Bridgett impulsively, "who'd think you'd been up all night raking! I have not seen you look so well this many a year."

"Ah," said Arabella Crane, "I will tell you why. I have done what for many a year I never thought I should do again—a good action. That child—that Sophy—you remember how cruelly I used her?"

"Oh, miss, don't go for to blame yourself; you fed her, you clothed her, when her own father, the villing, sent her away from hisself to you—you of all people—*you*. How could *you* be caressing and fawning on his child—their child?"

Mrs. Crane hung her head gloomily. "What is past is past. I have lived to save that child, and a curse seems lifted from my soul. Now listen. I shall leave London—England, probably this evening. You will keep this house; it will be ready for me any moment I return. The agent who collects my house-rents will give you money as you want it. Stint not yourself, Bridgett. I have been saving, and saving, and saving, for dreary years—nothing else to interest me—and I am richer than I seem."

"But where are you going, miss?" said Bridgett, slowly recovering from the stupefaction occasioned by her mistress's announcement.

"I don't know—I don't care."

"Oh, gracious stars! is it with that dreadful Jasper Losely?—it is, it is. You are crazed, you are bewitched, miss!"

"Possibly I am crazed—possibly bewitched; but I take that man's life to mine as a penance for all the evil mine has ever known; and a day or two since I should have said, with rage and shame, 'I cannot help it; I loathe myself that I can care what becomes of him.' Now, without rage, without shame, I say, 'The man whom I once so loved shall not die on a gibbet if I can help it; and, please Heaven, help it, I will.'"

The grim woman folded her arms on her breast, and raising her head to its full height, there was in her face and air a stern gloomy grandeur, which could not have been seen without a mixed sensation of compassion and awe.

"Go, now, Bridgett; I have said all. He will be here soon; he will come—he must come—he has no choice; and then—and then—" she closed her eyes, bowed her head, and shivered.

Arabella Crane was, as usual, right in her predictions. Before noon Jasper came—came, not with his jocund swagger, but with that sideling sinister look—look of the man whom the world cuts—triumphantly restored to its former place in his visage. Madame Caumartin had been arrested; Poole had gone into the country with Uncle Sam; Jasper had seen a police-officer at the door of his own lodgings. He slunk away from the fashionable thoroughfares—slunk to the recesses of Podden Place—slunk into Arabella Crane's prim drawing-room, and said sullenly, "All is up; here I am!"

Three days afterwards, in a quiet street in a quiet town of Belgium—wherein a sharper, striving to live by his profession, would soon become a skeleton—in a commodious airy apartment, looking upon a magnificent street, the reverse of noisy, Jasper Losely sat secure, innocuous, and profoundly miserable. In another house, the windows of which—facing those of Jasper's sitting-room, from an upper story—commanded so good a view therein that it placed him under a surveillance akin to that designed by Mr. Bentham's reformatory Panopticon, sat Arabella Crane. Whatever her real feelings towards Jasper Losely (and what those feelings were no virile pen can presume authoritatively

to define; for lived there ever a man who thoroughly—thoroughly understood a woman?) or whatever in earlier life might have been their reciprocated vows of eternal love—not only from the day that Jasper, on his return to his native shores, presented himself in Podden Place, had their intimacy been restricted to the austerest bonds of friendship, but after Jasper had so rudely declined the hand which now fed him, Arabella Crane had probably perceived that her sole chance of retaining intellectual power over his lawless being, necessitated the utter relinquishment of every hope or project that could expose her again to his contempt. Suiting appearances to reality, the decorum of a separate house was essential to the maintenance of that authority with which the rigid nature of their intercourse invested her. The additional cost strained her pecuniary resources, but she saved in her own accommodation in order to leave Jasper no cause to complain of any stinting in his. There, then, she sate by her window, herself unseen, eyeing him in his opposite solitude, accepting for her own life a barren sacrifice, but a jealous sentinel on his. Meditating as she sate, and as she eyed him—meditating what employment she could invent, with the bribe of emoluments to be paid furtively by her, for those strong hands that could have felled an ox, but were nerveless in turning an honest penny—and for that restless mind, hungering for occupation, with the digestion of an ostrich for dice and debauch, riot and fraud, but queasy as an exhausted dyspeptic at the reception of one innocent amusement, one honourable toil. But while that woman still schemes how to rescue from hulks or halter that execrable man, who shall say that he is without a chance? A chance he has—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

Envy will be a science when it learns the use of the microscope.

When leaves fall and flowers fade, great people are found in their country-seats. Look!—that is Montfort Court! A place of regal magnificence, so far as extent of pile and amplitude of domain could satisfy the pride of ownership, or inspire the visitor with the respect due to wealth and power. An artist could have made nothing of it. The Sumptuous everywhere—the Picturesque nowhere. The House was built in the reign of George I., when first commenced that horror of the Beautiful, as something in bad taste, which, agreeable to our natural love of progress, progressively advanced through the reigns of succeeding Georges. An enormous *façade*—in dull brown brick—two wings and a centre, with double flights of steps to the hall-door from the carriage-sweep. No trees allowed to grow too near the house; in front, a stately flat with stone balustrades. But wherever the eye turned, there was nothing to be seen but park—miles upon miles of park; not a cornfield in sight—not a rooftree—not a spire—only those *lata silentia*—still widths of turf, and, somewhat thinly scattered and afar, those groves of giant trees. The whole prospect so vast and so monotonous that it never tempted you to take a walk. No close-neighbouring poetic thicket into which to plunge, uncertain whither you would emerge; no devious stream to follow. The very deer, fat and heavy, seemed bored by pastures it would take them a week to traverse. People of moderate wishes and modest fortunes never envied Montfort Court; they admired it—they were proud to say they had seen it. But never did they say,

"Oh, that for me some home like this would smile!"

Not so, very—*very* great people!—*they* rather coveted than admired. Those oak-trees so large, yet so undecayed—that park, eighteen miles at least in circumference—that solid palace which, without inconvenience, could entertain and stow away a king and his whole court;

—in short, all that evidence of a princely territory, and a weighty rent-roll, made English dukes respectfully envious, and foreign potentates gratifyingly jealous.

But turn from the front. Open the gate in that stone balustrade. Come southward to the garden side of the house. Lady Montfort's flower-garden. Yes; not so dull!—flowers, even autumnal flowers, enliven any sward. Still, on so large a scale, and so little relief; so little mystery about those broad gravel-walks; not a winding alley anywhere. Oh for a vulgar summer-house; for some alcove, all honeysuckle and ivy! But the dahlias are splendid! Very true; only dahlias, at the best, are such uninteresting prosy things. What poet ever wrote upon a dahlia? Surely Lady Montfort might have introduced a little more taste here—shown a little more fancy! Lady Montfort! I should like to see my lord's face, if Lady Montfort took any such liberty. But there is Lady Montfort walking slowly along that broad, broad, broad, gravel-walk—those splendid dahlias, on either side, in their set parterres. There she walks, in full evidence from all those sixty remorseless windows on the garden front, each window exactly like the other. There she walks, looking wistfully to the far end—('tis a long way off)—where, happily, there is a wicket that carries a persevering pedestrian out of sight of the sixty windows, into shady walks, towards the banks of that immense piece of water, two miles from the house. My lord has not returned from his moor in Scotland.—My lady is alone. No company in the house—it is like saying, "No acquaintance in a city." But the retinue is full. Though she dined alone, she might, had she pleased, have had almost as many servants to gaze upon her as there were windows now staring at her lonely walk, with their glassy spectral eyes.

Just as Lady Montfort gains the wicket, she is overtaken by a visitor, walking fast from the gravel sweep by the front door, where he has dismounted—where he has caught sight of her: any one so dismounting might have caught sight of her—could not help it. Gardens so fine, were made on purpose for fine persons walking in them to be seen.

"Ah, Lady Montfort," said the visitor, stammering painfully, "I am so glad to find you at home."

"At home, George!" said the lady, extending her hand; "where else is it likely that I should be found? But how pale you are. What has happened?"

She seated herself on a bench, under a cedar-tree, just without the wicket, and George Morley, our old friend the Oxonian, seated himself by her side familiarly, but with a certain reverence. Lady Montfort was a few years older than himself—his cousin—he had known her from his childhood.

"What has happened!" he repeated; "nothing new. I have just come from visiting the good bishop."

"He does not hesitate to ordain you?"

"No—but I shall never ask him to do so."

"My dear cousin, are you not over-scrupulous? You would be an ornament to the Church, sufficient in all else to justify your compulsory omission of one duty, which a curate could perform for you."

Morley shook his head sadly. "One duty omitted!" said he. "But is it not that duty which distinguishes the priest from the layman? and how far extends that duty? Wherever there needs a voice to speak the Word—not in the pulpit only, but at the hearth, by the sick-bed—*there* should be the Pastor! No—I cannot, I ought not, I dare not! Incompetent as the labourer, how can I be worthy of the hire?" It took him long to bring out these words: his emotion increased his infirmity. Lady Montfort listened with an exquisite respect, visible in her compassion, and paused long before she answered.

George Morley was the younger son of a country gentleman, with a good estate settled upon the elder son. George's father had been an intimate friend of his kinsman, the Marquess of Montfort (predecessor and grandsire of the present lord); and the Marquess had, as he thought,

amply provided for George in undertaking to secure to him, when of fitting age, the living of Humberston, the most lucrative preferment in his gift. The living had been held for the last fifteen years by an incumbent, now very old, upon the honourable understanding that it was to be resigned in favour of George, should George take orders. The young man from his earliest childhood thus destined to the Church, devoted to the prospect of that profession all his studies, all his thoughts. Not till he was sixteen did his infirmity of speech make itself seriously perceptible; and then elocution-masters undertook to cure it—they failed. But George's mind continued in the direction towards which it had been so systematically biassed. Entering Oxford, he became absorbed in its academical shades. Amidst his books he almost forgot the impediment of his speech. Shy, taciturn, and solitary, he mixed too little with others to have it much brought before his own notice. He carried off prizes—he took high honours. On leaving the university, a profound theologian—an enthusiastic churchman, filled with the most earnest sense of the pastor's solemn calling—he was thus complimentarily accosted by the Archimandrite of his College, "What a pity you cannot go into the Church!"

"Cannot—but I *am* going into the Church."

"You! is it possible? But, perhaps, you are sure of a living—"

"Yes—Humberston."

"An immense living, but a very large population. Certainly it is in the bishop's own discretionary power to ordain you, and for all the duties you can keep a curate. But—" The Don stopped short, and took snuff.

That "But" said as plainly as words could say, "It may be a good thing for you, but is it fair for the Church?"

So George Morley, at least, thought that "But" implied. His conscience took alarm. He was a thoroughly noble-hearted man, likely to be the more tender of conscience where tempted by worldly interests. With that living he was rich, without it very poor. But to give up a calling, to the idea of which he had attached himself with all the force of a powerful and zealous nature, was to give up the whole scheme and dream of his existence. He remained irresolute for some time; at last he wrote to the present Lord Montfort, intimating his doubts, and relieving the Marquess from the engagement which his lordship's predecessor had made. The present Marquess was not a man capable of understanding such scruples. But, luckily perhaps for George and for the Church, the larger affairs of the great House of Montfort were not administered by the Marquess. The parliamentary influences, the ecclesiastical preferments, together with the practical direction of minor agents to the vast and complicated estates attached to the title, were at that time under the direction of Mr. Carr Vipont, a powerful member of Parliament, and husband to that Lady Selina whose condescension had so disturbed the nerves of Frank Vance the artist. Mr. Carr Vipont governed this vice-royalty according to the rules and traditions by which the House of Montfort had become great and prosperous. For not only every state, but every great seignorial House has its hereditary maxims of policy; not less the House of Montfort than the House of Hapsburgh. Now the House of Montfort made it a rule that all admitted to be members of the family should help each other; that the head of the House should never, if it could be avoided, suffer any of its branches to decay and wither into poverty. The House of Montfort also held it a duty to foster and make the most of every species of talent that could swell the influence, or adorn the annals of the family. Having rank, having wealth, it sought also to secure intellect, and to knit together into solid union, throughout all ramifications of kinship and cousinhood, each variety of repute and power that could root the ancient tree more firmly in the land. Agreeably to this traditional policy, Mr. Carr Vipont not only desired that a Vipont Morley should not lose a very good thing, but that a very good thing should not lose a Vipont Morley of high academical distinction

—a Vipont Morley who might be a bishop! He therefore drew up an admirable letter, which the Marquess signed—that the Marquess should take the trouble of copying it was out of the question—wherein Lord Montfort was made to express great admiration of the disinterested delicacy of sentiment, which proved George Vipont Morley to be still more fitted to the cure of souls; and, placing rooms at Montfort Court at his service, (the Marquess not being himself there at the moment), suggested that George should talk the matter over with the present incumbent of Humberston (that town was not many miles distant from Montfort Court), who, though he had no impediment in his speech, still never himself preached or read prayers, owing to an affection of the trachea, and who was, nevertheless, a most efficient clergyman. George Morley, therefore, had gone down to Montfort Court some months ago, just after his interview with Mrs. Crane. He had then accepted an invitation to spend a week or two with the Rev. Mr. Allsop, the Rector of Humberston—a clergyman of the old school, a fair scholar, a perfect gentleman, a man of the highest honour, good-natured, charitable, but who took pastoral duties much more easily than good clergymen of the new school—be they high or low—are disposed to do. Mr. Allsop, who was then in his eightieth year, a bachelor with a very good fortune of his own, was perfectly willing to fulfil the engagement on which he held his living, and render it up to George; but he was touched by the earnestness with which George assured him that at all events he would not consent to displace the venerable incumbent from a tenure he had so long and honourably held—and would wait till the living was vacated in the ordinary course of nature. Mr. Allsop conceived a warm affection for the young scholar. He had a grand-niece staying with him on a visit, who less openly, but not less warmly, shared that affection; and with her George Morley fell shyly and timorously in love. With that living he would be rich enough to marry—without it, no. Without it he had nothing but a fellowship, which matrimony would forfeit, and the scanty portion of a country squire's younger son. The young lady herself was dowerless, for Allsop's fortune was so settled that no share of it would come to his grand-niece. Another reason for conscience to gulp down that unhappy impediment of speech! Certainly, during this visit, Morley's scruples relaxed; but when he returned home they came back with greater force than ever—with greater force, because he felt that now not only a spiritual ambition, but a human love was a casuist in favour of self-interest. He had returned on a visit to Humberston Rectory about a week previous to the date of this chapter—the niece was not there. Sternly he had forced himself to examine a little more closely into the condition of the flock which (if he accepted the charge) he would have to guide, and the duties that devolved upon the chief pastor, in a populous trading town. He became appalled. Humberston, like most towns under the political influence of a Great House, was rent by parties. One party, who succeeded in returning one of the two members for Parliament, all for the House of Montfort; the other party, who returned also their member, all against it. By one half the town, whatever came from Montfort Court was sure to be regarded with a most malignant and distorted vision. Meanwhile, though Mr. Allsop was popular with the higher classes, and with such of the extreme poor as his charity relieved, his pastoral influence generally was a dead letter. His curate, who preached for him—a good young man enough, but extremely dull—was not one of those men who fill a church. Tradesmen wanted an excuse to stay away or choose another place of worship; and they contrived to hear some passage in the sermons, over which, while the curate mumbled, they habitually slept—that they declared to be "Puseyite." The church became deserted; and about the same time a very eloquent Dissenting minister appeared at Humberston, and even professed churchfolks went to hear him. George Morley, alas! perceived that at Humberston, if the church there were to hold her own, a power-

ful and popular preacher was essentially required. His mind was now made up. At Carr Vipont's suggestion, the bishop of the diocese, being then at his palace, had sent to see him; and, while granting the force of his scruples, had yet said, "Mine is the main responsibility. But if you ask me to ordain you, I will do so without hesitation; for if the church wants preachers, it also wants deep scholars and virtuous pastors." Fresh from this interview, George Morley came to announce to Lady Montfort that his resolve was unshaken. She, I have said, paused long before she answered. "George," she began at last, in a voice so touchingly sweet that its very sound was balm to a wounded spirit—"I must not argue with you—I bow before the grandeur of your motives, and I will not say that you are not right. One thing I do feel, that if you thus sacrifice your inclinations and interests from scruples so pure and holy, you will never be to be pitied—you will never know regret. Poor or rich, single or wedded, a soul that so seeks to reflect heaven will be serene and blessed." Thus she continued to address him for some time, he all the while inexpressibly soothed and comforted; then gradually she insinuated hopes even of a worldly and temporal kind—literature was left to him—the scholar's pen, if not the preacher's voice. In literature he might make a career that would lead on to fortune. There were places also in the public service to which a defect in speech was no obstacle. She knew his secret, modest attachment; she alluded to it just enough to encourage constancy and rebuke despair. As she ceased, his admiring and grateful consciousness of his cousin's rare qualities changed the tide of his emotions towards her from himself, and he exclaimed with an earnestness that almost wholly subdued his stutter,—

"What a counsellor you are!—what a soother! If Montfort were but less prosperous or more ambitious, what a treasure, either to console or to sustain, in a mind like yours!"

As those words were said, you might have seen at once why Lady Montfort was called haughty and reserved. Her lip seemed suddenly to snatch back its sweet smile—her dark eye, before so purely, softly friend-like, became coldly distant—the tones of her voice were not the same as she answered—

"Lord Montfort values me, as it is, far beyond my merits:—far," she added, with a different intonation, gravely mournful.

"Forgive me; I have displeased you. I did not mean it. Heaven forbid that I should presume either to disparage Lord Montfort—or—or to—" he stopped short, saving the hiatus by a convenient stammer. "Only," he continued, after a pause, "only forgive me this once. Recollect I was a little boy when you were a young lady, and I have pelted you with snowballs, and called you 'Caroline.'" Lady Montfort suppressed a sigh, and gave the young scholar back her gracious smile, but not a smile that would have permitted him to call her "Caroline" again. She remained, indeed, a little more distant than usual during the rest of their interview, which was not much prolonged; for Morley felt annoyed with himself that he had so indiscreetly offended her, and seized an excuse to escape. "By the by," said he, "I have a letter from Mr. Carr Vipont, asking me to give him a sketch for a Gothic bridge to the water yonder. I will, with your leave, walk down and look at the proposed site. Only do say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you, Cousin George, oh yes. One word only—it is true you were a child still when I fancied I was a woman, and you have a right to talk to me upon all things, except those that relate to me and Lord Montfort; unless, indeed," she added with a bewitching half laugh, "unless you ever see cause to scold me, there. Good-by, my cousin, and in turn forgive me, if I was so petulant. The Caroline you pelted with snowballs was always a wayward, impulsive creature, quick to take offence, to misunderstand, and—to repent."

Back into the broad, broad gravel walk, walked, more slowly than before, Lady Montfort. Again the sixty ghastly windows stared at her

with all their eyes—back from the gravel walk, through a side-door, into the pompous solitude of the stately house—across long chambers, where the mirrors reflected her form, and the huge chairs, in their flaunting damask and flaring gold, stood stiff on desolate floors — into her own private room—neither large nor splendid that; plain chintzes, quiet book-shelves. She need not have been the Marchioness of Montfort to inhabit a room as pleasant and as luxurious. And the rooms that she could only have owned as Marchioness, what were those worth to her happiness? I know not. "Nothing," fine ladies will perhaps answer. Yet those same fine ladies will contrive to dispose their daughters to answer, "All." In her own room Lady Montfort sunk on her chair; wearily;—wearily she looked at the clock—wearily at the books on the shelves—at the harp near the window. Then she leant her face on her hand, and that face was so sad, and so humbly sad, that you would have wondered how any one could call Lady Montfort proud.

"Treasure! I — I! — worthless, fickle, credulous fool!—I—I!"

The groom of the chambers entered with the letters by the afternoon post. That Great House contrived to worry itself with two posts a-day. A royal command to Windsor——

"I shall be more alone in the court than here," murmured Lady Montfort.

## CHAPTER II.

Truly saith the proverb, "Much corn lies under the straw that is not seen."

Meanwhile George Morley followed the long shady walk — very handsome walk, full of prize roses and rare exotics—artificially winding, too—walk so well kept that it took thirty-four men to keep it—noble walk, tiresome walk—till it brought him to the great piece of water, which, perhaps, four times in the year was visited by the great folks in the Great House. And being thus out of the immediate patronage of fashion, the great piece of water really look natural — companionable, refreshing — you began to breathe — to unbutton your waistcoat, loosen your neckcloth — quote Chaucer, if you could recollect him, or Cowper, or Shakespeare, or Thomson's Seasons; in short, any scraps of verse that came into your head — as your feet grew joyously entangled with fern — as the trees grouped forest like before and round you — trees which there, being out of sight, were allowed to grow too old to be worth five shillings a-piece, moss-grown, hollow-trunked, some pollarded — trees invaluable! Ha, the hare! how she scuds! See, the deer marching down to the water-side. What groves of bulrushes — islands of water-lily! And to throw a Gothic bridge there, bring a great gravel road over the bridge! Oh, shame, shame!

So would have said the scholar, for he had a true sentiment for nature, if the bridge had not clean gone out of his head.

Wandering alone, he came at last to the most umbrageous and sequestered bank of the wide water, closed round on every side by brushwood, or still patriarchal trees.

Suddenly he arrested his steps—an idea struck him—one of those odd, whimsical, grotesque ideas which often when we are alone come across us, even in our quietest or most anxious moods. Was his infirmity really incurable? Elocution masters had said "certainly not;" but they had done him no good. Yet had not the greatest orator the world ever knew a defect in utterance? He too, Demosthenes, had, no doubt, paid fees to elocution masters, the best in Athens, where elocution masters must have studied their art *ad unguem*, and the defect had baffled them. But did Demosthenes despair? No, he resolved to cure himself—How? Was it not one of his methods to fill his mouth with pebbles, and practice manfully to the roaring sea? George Morley had never tried the effect of pebbles. Was there any virtue in them? Why not try? No sea there, it is true; but a sea was only useful as representing the noise of a stormy democratic audience. To represent a peaceful congregatior

that still sheet of water would do as well. Pebbles there were in plenty just by that gravelly cove, near which a young pike lay sunning his green back. Half in jest, half in earnest, the scholar picked up a handful of pebbles, wiped them from sand and mould, inserted them between his teeth cautiously, and, looking round to assure himself that none were by, began an extempore discourse. So interested did he become in that classical experiment, that he might have tortured the air and astonished the magpies (three of whom from a neighbouring thicket listened perfectly spell-bound) for more than half an hour, when, seized with shame at the ludicrous impotence of his exertions—with despair that so wretched a barrier should stand between his mind and its expression—he flung away the pebbles, and sinking on the ground, he fairly wept—wept like a baffled child.

The fact was, that Morley had really the temperament of an orator; he had the orator's gifts in warmth of passion, rush of thought, logical arrangement; there was in him the genius of a great preacher. He felt it—he knew it; and in that despair which only Genius knows, when some pitiful cause obstructs its energies and strikes down its powers—making a confidant of Solitude—he wept loud and freely

"Do not despond, sir, I undertake to cure you," said a voice behind.

George started up in confusion; a man, elderly but fresh and vigorous, stood beside him, in a light fustian jacket, a blue apron, and with rushes in his hands, which he continued to plait together nimbly and deftly as he bowed to the startled scholar.

"I was in the shade of the thicket yonder, sir; pardon me, I could not help hearing you."

The Oxonian rubbed his eyes, and stared at the man with a vague impression that he had seen him before—When? Where?

"You can cure me," he stuttered out; "what of?—the folly of trying to speak in public. Thank you, I am cured."

"Nay, sir, you see before you a man who can make you a very good speaker. Your voice is naturally fine. I repeat I can cure a defect which is not in the organ, but in the management!"

"You can! you—who and what are you?"

"A basket-maker, sir; I hope for your custom."

"Surely this is not the first time I have seen you?"

"True, you once kindly suffered me to borrow a resting-place on your father's land. One good turn deserves another."

At that moment Sir Isaac peered through the brambles, and, restored to his original whiteness, and relieved from his false, horned ears, marched gravely towards the water, sniffed at the scholar, slightly wagged his tail, and buried himself amongst the reeds in search of a water-rat he had therein disturbed a week before, and always expected to find again.

The sight of the dog immediately cleared up the cloud in the scholar's memory; but with recognition came back a keen curiosity and a sharp pang of remorse.

"And your little girl?" he asked, looking down abashed.

"Better than she was when we last met. Providence is so kind to us."

Poor Waife, he never guessed that to the person he thus revealed himself he owed the grief for Sophy's abduction. He divined no reason for the scholar's flushing cheek and embarrassed manner.

"Yes, sir, we have just settled in this neighbourhood. I have a pretty cottage yonder at the outskirts of the village, and near the park-pales. I recognised you at once; and as I heard you just now, I called to mind that, when we met before, you said your calling should be the Church, were it not for your difficulty in utterance; and I said to myself, 'no bad things those pebbles, if his utterance were thick, which it is not;' and I have not a doubt, sir, that the true fault of Demosthenes, whom I presume you were imitating, was that he spoke through his nose."

"Eh!" said the scholar, "through his nose? I never knew that!—and I—"

"And you are trying to speak without lungs; that is, without air

in them. You don't smoke, I presume?"

"No—certainly not."

"You must learn—speak between each slow puff of your pipe. All you want is time, time to quiet the nerves, time to think, time to breathe. The moment you begin to stammer—stop—fill the lungs thus, then try again! It is only a clever man who can learn to write; that is, to compose; but any fool can be taught to speak.—Courage!"

"If you really can teach me," cried the learned man, forgetting all self-reproach for his betrayal of Waife to Mrs. Crane in the absorbing interest of the hope that sprang up within him —"If you can teach me—if I can but con—con—con—conq—"

"Slowly — slowly — breath and time; take a whiff from my pipe—that's right. Yes, you can conquer the impediment."

"Then I will be the best friend to you that man ever had. There's my hand on it."

"I take it, but I ask leave to change the parties in the contract. I don't want a friend, I don't deserve one. You'll be a friend to my little girl, instead; and if ever I ask you to help me in aught for her welfare and happiness—"

"I will help, heart and soul! slight indeed any service to her or to you compared with such service to me. Free this wretched tongue from its stammer, and thought and zeal will not stammer whenever you say, 'Keep your promise.' I am so glad your little girl is still with you."

Waife looked surprised—"Is still with me!—why not?"

The scholar bit his tongue. That was not the moment to confess; it might destroy all Waife's confidence in him. He would do so later.—"When shall I begin my lesson?"

"Now, if you like. But have you a book in your pocket?"

"I always have."

"Not Greek, I hope, sir?"

"No, a volume of Barrow's Sermons. Lord Chatham recommended those sermons to his great son as a study for eloquence."

"Good! Will you lend me the volume, sir? and now for it, listen to me—one sentence at a time—draw your breath when I do."

The three magpies pricked up their ears again, and, as they listened, marvelled much.

## CHAPTER III.

Could we know by what strange circumstances a man's genius became prepared for practical success, we should discover that the most serviceable items in his education were never entered in the bills which his father paid for it.

At the end of the very first lesson, George Morley saw that all the elocution-masters to whose skill he had been consigned were blunderers in comparison to the basket-maker.

Waife did not puzzle him with scientific theories. All that the great comedian required of him was to observe and to imitate. Observation, imitation, lo! the groundwork of all art! the primal elements of all genius! Not there, indeed, to halt, but there ever to commence. What remains to carry on the intellect to mastery? Two steps—to reflect, to reproduce. Observation, imitation, reflection, reproduction. In these stands a mind complete and consummate, fit to cope with all labour, achieve all success.

At the end of the first lesson George Morley felt that his cure was possible. Making an appointment for the next day at the same place, he came thither stealthily, and so on day by day. At the end of a week he felt that the cure was nearly sure; at the end of a month the cure was self-evident. He should live to preach the Word. True, that he practised incessantly in private. Not a moment in his waking hours that the one thought, one object, were absent from his mind; true, that with all his patience, all his toil, the obstacle was yet serious, might never be entirely overcome. Nervous hurry —rapidity of action—vehemence of feeling brought back, might, at unguarded moments, always bring back the gasping breath — the emptied lungs—the struggling utterance. But

the relapse—rarer and rarer now with each trial, would be at last scarce a drawback. "Nay," quoth Waife, "instead of a drawback, become but an orator, and you will convert a defect into a beauty."

Thus justly sanguine of the accomplishment of his life's chosen object, the scholar's gratitude to Waife was unspeakable. And seeing the man daily at last in his own cottage—Sophy's health restored to her cheeks, smiles to her lip, and cheered at her light fancy-work beside her grandsire's elbow-chair, with fairy legends instilling perhaps golden truths—seeing Waife thus, the scholar mingled with gratitude a strange tenderness of respect. He knew nought of the vagrant's past—his reason might admit that in a position of life so at variance with the gifts natural and acquired of the singular basket-maker, there was something mysterious and suspicious. But he blushed to think that he had ever ascribed to a flawed or wandering intellect, the eccentricities of glorious Humour—abetted an attempt to separate an old age so innocent and genial from a childhood so fostered and so fostering. And sure I am that if the whole world had risen up to point the finger of scorn at the one-eyed cripple, George Morley, the well-born gentleman—the refined scholar—the spotless churchman—would have given him his arm to lean upon, and walked by his side unashamed.

## CHAPTER IV.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

Numa Pompilius did not more conceal from notice the lessons he received from Egeria, than did George Morley those which he received from the basket-maker. Natural, indeed, must be his wish for secresy—pretty story it would be for Humberston, its future rector, learning how to preach a sermon from an old basket-maker! But he had a nobler and more imperious motive for discretion—his honour was engaged to it. Waife exacted a promise that he would regard the intercourse between them as strictly private and confidential.

"It is for my sake I ask this," said Waife frankly, "though I might say it was for yours;" the Oxonian promised, and was bound. Fortunately, Lady Montfort, quitting the great house the very day after George had first encountered the basket-maker, and writing word that she should not return to it for some weeks—George was at liberty to avail himself of her lord's general invitation to make use of Montfort Court as his lodgings when in the neighbourhood, which the proprieties of the world would not have allowed him to do while Lady Montfort was there without either host or female guests. Accordingly, he took up his abode in a corner of the vast palace, and was easily enabled, when he pleased, to traverse unobserved the solitudes of the park, gain the water-side, or stroll thence through the thick copse leading to Waife's cottage which bordered the park pales, solitary, sequestered, beyond sight of the neighbouring village. The great house all to himself, George was brought in contact with no one to whom, in unguarded moments, he could even have let out a hint of his new acquaintance, except the clergyman of the parish, a worthy man, who lived in strict retirement upon a scanty stipend. For the Marquess was the lay impropriator; the living was therefore but a very poor vicarage, below the acceptance of a Vipont or a Vipont's tutor—sure to go to a quiet worthy man forced to live in strict retirement. George saw too little of this clergyman, either to let out secrets or pick up information. From him, however, George did incidentally learn that Waife had some months previously visited the village, and proposed to the bailiff to take the cottage and osier land, which he now rented—that he represented himself as having known an old basket-maker who had dwelt there many years ago, and had learned the basket craft of

that long deceased operative. As he offered a higher rent than the bailiff could elsewhere obtain, and as the bailiff was desirous to get credit with Mr. Carr Vipont for improving the property, by reviving thereon an art which had fallen into desuetude, the bargain was struck, provided the candidate, being a stranger to the place, could furnish the bailiff with any satisfactory reference. Waife had gone away, saying he should shortly return with the requisite testimonial. In fact, poor man, as we know, he was then counting on a good word from Mr. Hartopp. He had not, however, returned for some months. The cottage having been meanwhile wanted for the temporary occupation of an under gamekeeper, while his own was under repair, fortunately remained unlet. Waife, on returning, accompanied by his little girl, had referred the bailiff to a respectable house-agent and collector of street rents in Bloomsbury, who wrote word that a lady, then abroad, had authorised him, as the agent employed in the management of a house property from which much of her income was derived, not only to state that Waife was a very intelligent man, likely to do well whatever he undertook, but also to guarantee, if required, the punctual payment of the rent for any holding of which he became the occupier. On this the agreement was concluded — the basket-market installed. In the immediate neighbourhood there was no custom for basket work, but Waife's performances were so neat, and some so elegant and fanciful, that he had no difficulty in contracting with a large tradesman (not at Humberston, but a more distant and yet more thriving town about twenty miles off), for as much of such work as he could supply. Each week the carrier took his goods and brought back the payments; the profits amply sufficed for Waife's and Sophy's daily bread, with even more than the surplus set aside for the rent. For the rest, the basket-maker's cottage being at the farthest outskirts of the straggling village inhabited but by a labouring peasantry, his way of life was not much known, nor much inquired into. He seemed a harmless hard-working man — never seen at the beerhouse, always seen with his neatly-dressed little grandchild in his quiet corner at church on Sundays—a civil, well-behaved man too, who touched his hat to the bailiff, and took it off to the vicar.

An idea prevailed that the basket-maker had spent much of his life in foreign parts, favoured partly by a sobriety of habits which is not altogether national, partly by something in his appearance, which, without being above his lowly calling, did not seem quite in keeping with it—outlandish in short,—but principally by the fact that he had received since his arrival two letters with a foreign postmark. The idea befriended the old man; allowing it to be inferred that he had probably outlived the friends he had formerly left behind him in England, and on his return, been sufficiently fatigued with his rambles to drop contented in any corner of his native soil, wherein he could find a quiet home, and earn by light toil a decent livelihood.

George, though naturally curious to know what had been the result of his communication to Mrs. Crane,—whether it had led to Waife's discovery or caused him annoyance, had hitherto, however, shrunk from touching upon a topic which subjected himself to an awkward confession of officious intermeddling, and might appear an indirect and indelicate mode of prying into painful family affairs. But one day he received a letter from his father which disturbed him greatly, and induced him to break ground and speak to his preceptor frankly. In this letter, the elder Mr. Morley mentioned incidentally amongst other scraps of local news, that he had seen Mr. Hartopp, who was rather out of sorts, his good heart not having recovered the shock of having been abominably "taken in" by an impostor for whom he had conceived a great fancy, and to whose discovery George himself had providentially led (the father referring here to what George had told him of his first meeting with Waife, and his visit to Mrs. Crane), the impostor, it seemed, from what Mr. Hartopp let fall — not being a little queer in the head, as George had been led to surmise — but a

very bad character. "In fact," added the elder Morley, "a character so bad, that Mr. Hartopp was too glad to give up the child, whom the man appears to have abducted, to her lawful protectors; and I suspect, from what Hartopp said, though he does not like to own that he was taken in to so gross a degree, that he had been actually introducing to his fellow townsfolk, and conferring familiarly, with a regular jail-bird—perhaps a burglar. How lucky for that poor, soft-headed, excellent Jos Hartopp—whom it is positively as inhuman to take in as if he were a born natural—that the lady you saw arrived in time to expose the snares laid for his benevolent credulity. But for that, Jos might have taken the fellow into his own house—(just like him!)—and been robbed by this time — perhaps murdered — Heaven knows!"

Incredulous and indignant, and longing to be empowered to vindicate his friend's fair name, George seized his hat, and strode quick along the path towards the basket-maker's cottage. As he gained the water-side, he perceived Waife himself, seated on a mossy bank, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, watching a deer as it came to drink, and whistling a soft mellow tune—the tune of an old English border-song. The deer lifted its antlers from the water, and turned its large bright eyes towards the opposite bank, whence the note came—listening and wistful. As George's step crushed the wild thyme, which the thorn-tree shadowed — "Hush," said Waife, "and mark how the rudest musical sound can affect the brute creation." He resumed the whistle — a clearer, louder, wilder tune—that of a lively hunting-song. The deer turned quickly round—uneasy, restless, tossed its antlers, and bounded through the fern. Waife again changed the key of his primitive music — a melancholy *belling* note, like the belling itself of a melancholy hart, but more modulated into sweetness. The deer arrested its flight, and, lured by the mimic sound, returned towards the water-side, slow and stately.

"I don't think the story of Orpheus charming the brutes was a able — do you, sir?" said Waife. "The rabbits about here know me already; and if I had but a fiddle, I would undertake to make friends with that reserved and unsocial water-rat, on whom Sir Isaac in vain endeavours at present to force his acquaintance. Man commits a great mistake in not cultivating more intimate and amicable relations with the other branches of earth's great family. Few of them not more amusing than we are—naturally, for they have not our cares. And such variety of character, too, where you would least expect it?"

George Morley. — "Very true: Cowper noticed marked differences of character in his favourite hares."

Waife.—"Hares! I am sure that there are not two house-flies on a window-pane, two minnows in that water, that would not present to us interesting points of contrast as to temper and disposition, If house-flies and minnows could but coin money, or set up a manufacture—contrive something, in short, to buy or sell attractive to Anglo-Saxon enterprise and intelligence—of course we should soon have diplomatic relations with them; and our despatches and newspapers would instruct us to a T in the characters and propensities of their leading personages. But, where man has no pecuniary nor ambitious interests at stake in his commerce with any class of his fellow-creatures, his information about them is extremely confused and superficial. The best naturalists are mere generalisers, and think they have done a vast deal when they classify a species. What should we know about mankind if we had only a naturalist's definition of man? We only know mankind by knocking classification on the head, and studying each man as a class in himself. Compare Buffon with Shakespeare! Alas! sir — can we never have a Shakespeare for house-flies and minnows?"

George Morley. — "With all respect for minnows and house-flies, if we found another Shakespeare, he might be better employed, like his predecessor, in selecting individualities from the classifications of man."

Waife.—"Being yourself a man, you think so—a house-fly might be of a different opinion. But permit

me, at least, to doubt whether such an investigator would be better employed in reference to his own happiness, though I grant that he would be so in reference to your intellectual amusement and social interests. Poor Shakespeare! — How much he must have suffered!"

GEORGE MORLEY. — "You mean that he must have been racked by the passions he describes — bruised by collision with the hearts he dissects. That is not necessary to genius. The judge on his bench, summing up evidence, and charging the jury, has no need to have shared the temptations, or been privy to the acts, of the prisoner at the bar. Yet how consummate may be his analysis!"

"No," cried Waife roughly. "No. Your illustration destroys your argument. The judge knows nothing of the prisoner! There are the circumstances—there is the law. By these he generalises—by these he judges—right or wrong. But of the individual at the bar—of the world—the tremendous world within that individual heart — I repeat—he knows nothing. Did he know, law and circumstance might vanish — human justice would be paralysed. Ho, there! place that swart-visaged, ill-looking foreigner in the dock, and let counsel open the case—hear the witnesses depose! O, horrible wretch! —a murderer—unmanly murderer!— a defenceless woman smothered by caitiff hands! Hang him up—hang him up! 'Softly,' whispers the POET, and lifts the veil from the Assassin's heart. 'Lo! it is Othello the Moor!' What jury now dare find that criminal guilty?—what judge now will put on the black cap?—who now says—'Hang him up—hang him up?'"

With such lifelike force did the Comedian vent this passionate outburst, that he thrilled his listener with an awe akin to that which the convicted Moor gathers round himself at the close of the sublime drama: Even Sir Isaac was startled; and, leaving his hopeless pursuit of the water-rat, uttered a low bark, came to his master, and looked into his face with solemn curiosity.

WAIFE — relapsing into colloquial accents — "Why do we sympathise with those above us more than with those below? why with the sorrows of a king rather than those of a beggar? why does Sir Isaac sympathise with me more than (let that water-rat vex him ever so much) I can possibly sympathise with him? — Whatever be the cause, see at least, Mr. Morley, one reason why a poor creature like myself finds it better employment to cultivate the intimacy of brutes than to prosecute the study of men. Among men, all are too high to sympathise with me; but I have known two friends who never injured nor betrayed me. Sir Isaac is one, Wamba was another. Wamba, sir, the native of a remote district of the globe (two friends civilised Europe is not large enough to afford to any one man)—Wamba, sir, was less gifted by nature, less refined by education, than Sir Isaac; but he was a safe and trustworthy companion. Wamba, sir, was—an opossum."

GEORGE MORLEY. — "Alas, my dear Mr. Waife, I fear that men must have behaved very ill to you."

WAIFE.—"I have no right to complain. I have behaved very ill to myself. When a man is his own enemy, he is very unreasonable if he expect other men to be his benefactors."

GEORGE MORLEY (with emotion). —"Listen, I have a confession to make to you. I fear I have done you an injury—where, officiously, I meant to do a kindness." The scholar hurried on to narrate the particulars of his visit to Mrs. Crane. On concluding the recital he added—"When again I met you here and learned that your Sophy was with you, I felt inexpressibly relieved. It was clear then, I thought, that your grandchild had been left to your care unmolested, either that you had proved not to be the person of whom the parties were in search, or family affairs had been so explained and reconciled, that my interference had occasioned you no harm. But to-day I have a letter from my father which disquiets me much. It seems that the persons in question did visit Gatesboro' and have maligned you to Mr. Hartopp. Understand me, I ask for no confidence which you may be unwilling to give; but if you will arm me with the power to vindicate your character from aspersions which I need not your assurance to hold unjust and

false, I will not rest till that task be triumphantly accomplished."

WAIFE—in a tone calm but dejected.—"I thank you with all my heart. But there is nothing to be done. I am glad that the subject did not start up between us until such little service as I could render you, Mr. Morley, was pretty well over. It would have been a pity if you had been compelled to drop all communication with a man of attainted character before you had learned how to manage the powers that will enable you hereafter, to exhort sinners worse than I have been. Hush, sir! you feel that, at least now, I am an inoffensive old man—labouring for a humble livelihood. You will not repeat here what you may have heard, or yet hear, to the discredit of my former life? You will not send me and my grandchild forth from our obscure refuge to confront a world with which we have no strength to cope? And, believing this, it only remains for me to say Fare-you-well, sir."

"I should deserve to lose spe—spe—speech altogether," cried the Oxonian, gasping and stammering fearfully as he caught Waife firmly by the arm, "if I suffered—suff—suff—suff—"

"One, two! take time, sir!" said the Comedian softly. And with a sweet patience he reseated himself on the bank.

The Oxonian threw himself at length by the outcast's side; and with the noble tenderness of a nature as chivalrously Christian as Heaven ever gave to priest, he rested his folded hands upon Waife's shoulder, and looking him full and close in the face, said thus, slowly, deliberately, not a stammer—

"You do not guess what you have done for me; you have secured to me a home and a career—the wife of whom I must otherwise have despaired—the divine vocation on which all my earthly hopes were set, and which I was on the eve of renouncing—do not think these are obligations which can be lightly shaken off. If there are circumstances which forbid me to disabuse others of impressions which wrong you, imagine not that their false notions will affect my own gratitude—my own respect for you!"

"Nay, sir! they ought—they must. Perhaps not your exaggerated gratitude for a service which you should not, however, measure by its effects on yourself, but by the slightness of the trouble it gave to me; not perhaps your gratitude—but your respect, yes."

"I tell you no! Do you fancy that I cannot judge of a man's nature without calling on him to trust me with all the secrets—all the errors, if you will, of his past life? Will not the calling to which I may now hold myself destined give me power and commandment to absolve all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe? Oh, Mr. Waife! if in earlier days you have sinned, do you not repent? and how often, in many a lovely gentle sentence dropped unawares from your lips, have I had cause to know that you unfeignedly believe! Were I now clothed with sacred authority, could I not absolve you as a priest? Think you that, in the meanwhile, I dare judge you as a man? I—life's new recruit, guarded hitherto from temptation by careful parents and favouring fortune—*I* presume to judge, and judge harshly, the grey-haired veteran, wearied by the march, wounded in the battle!"

"You are a noble-hearted human being," said Waife, greatly affected. "And—mark my words—a mantle of charity so large you will live to wear as a robe of honour. But hear me, sir! Mr. Hartopp also is a man infinitely charitable, benevolent, kindly, and, through all his simplicity, acutely shrewd. Mr. Hartopp, on hearing what was said against me, deemed me unfit to retain my grandchild, resigned the trust I had confided to him, and would have given me alms, no doubt, had I asked them, but not his hand. Take your hands, sir, from my shoulder, lest the touch sully you."

George did take his hands from the vagrant's shoulder, but it was to grasp the hand that waived them off, and struggled to escape the pressure. "You are innocent, you are innocent! forgive me that I spoke to you of repentance, as if you had been guilty. I feel you are innocent—feel it by my own heart. You turn away. I defy you to say that you

are guilty of what has been laid to your charge, of what has darkened your good name, of what Mr. Hartopp believed to your prejudice. Look me in the face and say, 'I am not innocent, I have not been belied.'"

Waife remained voiceless—motionless.

The young man, in whose nature lay yet unproved all those grand qualities of heart, without which, never was there a grand orator, a grand preacher — qualities which grasp the results of argument, and arrive at the end of elaborate reasoning by sudden impulse—here released Waife's hand, rose to his feet, and, facing Waife, as the old man sate with face averted, eyes downcast, breast heaving, said loftily—

"Forget that I may soon be the Christian minister whose duty bows his ear to the lips of shame and guilt—whose hand, when it points to Heaven, no mortal touch can sully—whose sublimest post is by the sinner's side. Look on me, but as man and gentleman. See, I now extend this hand to you. If, as man and gentleman, you have done that which, could all hearts be read, all secrets known — human judgment reversed by Divine omniscience—forbids you to take this hand—*then* reject it—go hence—we part! But, if no such act be on your conscience—however you submit to its imputation—THEN in the name of Truth, as man and gentleman to man and gentleman, I command you to take this right hand, and in the name of that Honour which bears no paltering, I forbid you to disobey."

The vagabond rose, like the dead at the spell of a magician—took, as if irresistibly, the hand held out to him. And the scholar, overjoyed, fell on his breast, embracing him as a son.

"You know," said George, in trembling accents, "that the hand you have taken will never betray—never desert; but is it—is it really powerless to raise and to restore you to your place?"

"Powerless amongst your kind for that indeed," answered Waife, in accents still more tremulous. "All the kings of the earth are not strong enough to raise a name that has once been trampled into the mire. Learn that it is not only impossible for me to clear myself, but that it is equally impossible for me to confide to mortal being a single plea in defence if I am innocent, in extenuation if I am guilty. And saying this, and entreating you to hold it more merciful to condemn than to question me—for question is torture—I cannot reject your pity; but it would be mockery to offer me respect!"

"What! not respect the fortitude which calumny cannot crush? Would that fortitude be possible if you were not calm in the knowledge that no false witnesses can mislead the Eternal Judge? Respect you! yes—because I have seen you happy in despite of men, and therefore I know that the cloud around you is not the frown of heaven."

"Oh," cried Waife, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "and not an hour ago I was jesting at human friendship — venting graceless spleen on my fellow-men! And now—now—Ah! sir, Providence is so kind to me! And,"—said he, brushing away his tears, as the old arch smile began to play round the corner of his mouth, —"and kind to me in the very quarter in which unkindness had most sorely smitten me. True, you directed towards me the woman who took from me my grandchild — who destroyed me in the esteem of good Mr. Hartopp. Well, you see, I have my sweet Sophy back again; we are in the home of all others I most longed for; and that woman—yes, I can, at least, thus far, confide to you my secrets, so that you may not blame yourself for sending her to Gatesboro'—that very woman knows of my shelter — furnished me with the very reference necessary to obtain it; has freed my grandchild from a loathsome bondage, which I could not have legally resisted; and should new persecutions chase us, will watch, and warn, and help us. And if you ask me how this change in her was effected — how, when we had abandoned all hope of green fields, and deemed that only in the crowd of a city we could escape those who pursued us when discovered there, though I fancied myself an adept in disguise, and the child and the dog were never seen out of the four garret walls in

which I hid them;—if you ask me, I say, to explain how that very woman was suddenly converted from a remorseless foe into a saving guardian, I can only answer by no wit, no device, no persuasive art of mine. Providence softened her heart, and made it kind, just at the moment when no other agency on earth could have rescued us from—from—"

"Say no more—I guess! the paper this woman showed me was a legal form authorising your poor little Sophy to be given up to the care of a father. I guess! of that father you would not speak ill to me; yet from that father you would save your grandchild. Say no more. And you quiet home—your humble employment, really content you?"

"Oh, if such a life can but last! Sophy is so well, so cheerful, so happy. Did not you hear her singing the other day? She never used to sing! But we had not been here a week when song broke out from her, untaught as from a bird. But if any ill report of me travel hither from Gatesboro', or elsewhere, we should be sent away, and the bird would be mute in my thorn tree—Sophy would sing no more."

"Do not fear that slander shall drive you hence. Lady Montfort, you know, is my cousin, but you know not—few do—how thoroughly generous and gentle-hearted she is. I will speak of you to her—Oh, do not look alarmed. She will take my word when I tell her, 'that is a good man;' and if she ask more, it will be enough to say, 'those who have known better days are loth to speak to strangers of the past.'"

"I thank you earnestly, sincerely," said Waife, brightening up. "One favour more—if you saw in the formal document shown to you, or retain on your memory, the name of—of the person authorised to claim Sophy as his child, you will not mention it to Lady Montfort. I am not sure if ever she heard that name, but she may have done so—and—and—" He paused a moment, and seemed to muse; then went on, not concluding his sentence. "You are so good to me, Mr. Morley, that I wish to confide in you as far as I can. Now, you see I am already an old man, and my chief object is to raise up a friend for Sophy when I am gone—a friend in her own sex, sir. Oh, you cannot guess how I long—how I yearn to view that child under the holy fostering eyes of woman. Perhaps if Lady Montfort saw my pretty Sophy, she might take a fancy to her. Oh, if she did—if she did! And Sophy," added Waife proudly, "*has* a right to respect. She is not like me—any hovel good enough for me: But for her!—do you know that I conceived that hope—that the hope helped to lead me back here when, months ago, I was at Humberston, intent upon rescuing Sophy; and saw, though," observed Waife, with a sly twitch of the muscles round his mouth, "I had no right at that precise moment to be seeing anything—Lady Montfort's humane fear for a blind old impostor, who was trying to save his dog—a black dog, sir, who had dyed his hair,—from her carriage wheels. And the hope became stronger still, when, the first Sunday I attended yon village church, I again saw that fair—wondrously fair—face at the far end—fair as moonlight and as melancholy. Strange it is, sir, that I, naturally a boisterous mirthful man, and now a shy, skulking fugitive—feel more attracted, more allured toward a countenance, in proportion as I read there the trace of sadness. I feel less abashed by my own nothingness—more emboldened to approach and say—'not so far apart from me, thou too hast suffered'—Why is this?"

George Morley.—"'The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God;' but the fool hath not said in his heart that there is no sorrow"—pithy and most profound sentence; intimating the irrefragable chain that binds men to the Father. And where the chain tightens, the children are closer drawn together. But to your wish—I will remember it. And when my cousin returns, she shall see your Sophy."

## PEOPLE I HAVE NEVER MET.

I HAVE knocked about the world, and allowed Observation, with considerable extent of view, to survey mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from the Court to the kitchen, from the University to the shilling Ordinary; and in the course of these wanderings and fraternisings, I have naturally met with strange people enough, wise and otherwise; some lovely, and some *pas si bien;* some eccentric, and millions implacably commonplace. But there are various types of human character which, though frequently hearing of them, and reading of them, in conversations, and books, I have never been able to get a glimpse of; and this is all the more noticeable, because the types are said to be abundant. To call these mythical people, would be rash; no cautious mind will limit nature to the boundaries of our individual experience, nor pronounce that an animal cannot veritably exist because the seeker has not yet discovered it; and as my mind piques itself on being intensely philosophical, it refuses to pronounce the Unmet People to be myths. I am ready to give the most generous credence to the reports of others. If they say they have met such people, all I can say is, that my researches have not been so fortunate. The world is wide, nature is various; let us rather seek than deny. Meanwhile, let us be rigorous in the truth, no man carelessly saying he has seen the animal which in truth he has not seen, and all of us confessing our ignorance with great freedom. Among "The people I have never met," a few may be registered here as specimens.

### NO. I.—THE AUTHOR OF A REALLY BAD BOOK.

A very interesting type, unfortunately to me quite unknown. I have seen and lived with authors of all classes, and of various degrees of merit: profound thinkers, and thinkers not so profound; brilliant wits, and wits of paste; learned pundits, and scholars of imperfect accuracy; laborious compilers, and men with able scissors; men with great creative power, and men with a facility in mistaking old characters for new creations; but the author of a really bad book I never did meet. Books are written which publishers enter into a conspiracy *not* to publish; and plays are presented at the stage door of every theatre, to be always, and in almost similar terms, declined; but this is never because the work is *bad.* Not in the least. The question of merit is never raised. If raised, both publisher and manager are profuse in acknowledgments of the talent, but——

There is much virtue in a "but." Here the "but" implies, or perhaps introduces the statement that public taste does not lie in the direction taken by this clever performance; the market is overcrowded; the publisher is not just now extending his engagements; the book-trade is in a peculiar condition, and this excellent work must therefore be declined. The manager grieves that a comedy so brilliant, a tragedy so poetical, should not adorn his stage, but unhappily just now the resources of his theatre do not admit of his accepting the work.

It is clear, therefore, that the mere fact of a work remaining unpublished is no evidence against its quality, and the writer of a bad book is not indicated by such a fact. Besides, you have only to ask the author, and he will supply you with a hundred reasons why he is still in manuscript, not one of which has the remotest reference to any badness. And if you, dear reader, should ever alight on that zoological rarity, the author of a book avowedly bad, who tells you that Paternoster Row declines transactions with him because his work is not good, catch him, hurry him to the Regent's Park, cage him, and advertise the novelty in the *Times.*

Here some mind, not duly imbued with inductive caution, will probably

tell me that bad books and "damned" plays are produced, and as these must have had authors, *ergo* authors of bad works must exist. But let us scrutinise this position. It is perfectly true that many books, not of supreme excellence, and many plays inferior to those of Shakespeare and Sheridan, have been, and are, constantly brought before the public. The critics, with unfaltering severity, expose what *they* consider the pretension, the dulness, the inaccuracy, the pertness, the plagiarism, and the platitude of their works. The audience yawn, cough, blow their noses with uneasy iteration, and finally hiss these plays. No copies are sold, and those unkindly "presented by the author" are, with equal unkindness, left unread. With such evidence before him, the hasty inquirer is apt to pronounce, Here we have a really bad work; here all the claims to ignominy unite. Yet such a judgment is hasty, and vanishes before extended investigation. You have only to get introduced to the author, and from his lips you will learn the true explanations of these unfavourable reviews, and hissing audiences; explanations which place the book in a very different light.

To begin with the reviews. It may be taken as a law, not less universal than that of gravitation, that no man is ever unfavourably criticised except by an enemy. In every case apply to the fountain-head, ask the reviewed author, and he will enter into minute particulars. He will tell you quietly, or indignantly, as the case may be, that he knows the reviewer, and knows *why* he is so hostile. This "why" has never, I assure you, the slightest reference to any possible demerit in the book. The author and his critic have met at the club, or in society, "where I kept aloof, sir; didn't choose to cultivate him, and he saw it." Or they have quarrelled, and the criticism is revenge. Or the author has spoken slightingly of the critic's powers. Or the critic is himself engaged on a similar work. Or the critic has a "personal feeling against my publisher." One or all of these motives may have dictated the review, but *never* the intrinsic badness of the book.

Philosophers tell you that Consciousness is higher than evidence. Consciousness frequently overrides all evidence, and is employed as the strongest of weapons. Granting this, does it not seem clear that when the author is conscious of his critic's personal malevolence, no amount of counter-evidence can avail? So deeply rooted is this conviction that unfavourable reviews are always inspired by personal impulses, quite removed from those of simple intellect, that we must accept it among the ultimate facts of consciousness, against which argument is idle.

It may be noticed, parenthetically, that the author is by no means so ready to suppose that when he is praised, the praise is an expression of friendliness: and that when on inquiry the severe critic turns out to be one personally a stranger to the author, he cannot contain his surprise. I have heard one say with the utmost *naïveté*: "I can't think why Blank should have written that notice, I never offended him." Another once expressed great indignation to me at an unfavourable review from a critic whom he had quoted and praised in his preface! This was, indeed, dastardly conduct on the part of the critic.

We thus perceive, that inasmuch as extended investigation always elicits some personal unfriendliness in the critic, no amount of condemnation in the reviews can guide us to the author of a really bad book. A similar result issues from an examination of the hissing audiences. The house was known to be "full of enemies." They went to the theatre determined to "damn" the piece. It is true the author's friends were mustered pretty strong by him, yet they were outnumbered. Besides Grogrum didn't know his part, and Miss Bilkers was totally incapable of doing justice to Juliana: thus all the "effects" of the play were missed, and its failure was inevitable.

But go to the fountain-head, ask the author, or his wife, or his sister, of his mother, they will eloquently assure you that Charles has been treated "most unjustly," the press having been disgracefully unfair, for the work "is really beautiful, as I am

sure *you* will say, if you read it." They will further tell you, that if the *Spectator* and *Examiner* affect to despise this fine production, other reviewers have been more honest, and they lay before you laudatory critiques from the *Cumberland Courant* and the *Gateshead Times*. As to Charles himself, he despises the critics and "bides his time." All great writers have been opposed, vilified, misrepresented, but posterity is just. With a sickly smile as if he were amiably struggling with the cholic, he sets criticism at defiance, and, as Boileau says,

"Lui-méme s'applaudissant à son maigre génie,
Se donne par ses mains l'encens qu'on lui dénie."

Now, I ask, can this be the author of a really bad book? Absurd. The book was excellent, but its success was hindered by certain extraneous obstacles. We must look elsewhere for our bad author: this is clearly not the man.

NO. II.—AN UGLY DISAGREEABLE BABY.

I have had many babies thrust under my nose to kiss and admire, some of them which, to my inexperienced eyes, seemed like mere lumps of mortality, with the complexion of a Cambridge sausage, and features of a general squashiness: fat babies, bloated babies, brickdust-coloured babies, yellow babies, and skinny babies—but an *ugly* baby I have never seen. Moreover I have had my amiable temper slightly ruffled by the howling and fretting of those interesting embryos. I have had my whiskers mercilessly tugged by their fat fingers, and my shirt-front dabbled by the same, holding a well-sucked crust of bread; but a *disagreeable* baby has not yet made its appearance.

True it is, that had I relied solely on my own impressions, a fastidious taste would have prompted a very unequivocal judgment in these cases, and I should have recommended immediate boiling as the one thing needful to be done with such babies. But a philosopher will not rely on his single impressions: he inquires, investigates, compares. Personal beauty and personal attractiveness are too volatile for fixed formulas; they escape the rigours of demonstration, and appeal wholly to sentiment. Now sentiment is personal, relative, *subjective;* one man's liking is as legitimate as another's. What Charles thinks insipid, Philip thinks enchanting, and both are right. When, therefore, distrusting the limitation of my own finite nature, and my own imperfect experience of babydom, I sought for confirmation of my opinion among those whose greater experience invested them with authority, I invariably found myself in direct opposition to some one more competent. I was told that I was "no judge of babies;" and indeed I am far from being a connoisseur in that interesting branch of the Fine Arts. The mother, the nurse, the aunts, the elder sisters, the proud father, the unobtrusive mother-in-law, and the much-experienced Mrs. Muggeridge "expecting her ninth," were, one and all, in a high state of æsthetic enthusiasm about this very baby which I had declared, with all politeness, but with a sincerity how misplaced! to fall somewhat short of my ideal of humanity in long clothes. They pointed to its head, which Mr. Thickskull the phrenologist had assured them was remarkably fine in its developments. They pointed to its lovely hair (a thin sprinkling of colourless fluff); to its legs—had I ever seen such legs? (I had seen pale polonies much resembling them); to its nose (a dab of putty); to its sweet mouth—and then what eyes! what intelligence! what *mind!* In fact I was overwhelmed with details and arguments all proving this particular baby to be the "sweetest love;" and as my opponents were persons apparently versed in the varieties of the species, I could only conclude that my opinion was the result of ignorance.

Philosophers have long vainly striven to fix a standard of Beauty. Whether they will ever succeed may be a question; but it is certain they will never succeed in fixing a standard for babies, because that is ne-

cessarily a sliding scale. If the baby happens to be a monster of fat, he is the pride of the household, because he is "such a splendid fellow." The mother tells you with smiling complacency what his weight is, and no flattery is sweeter to her than the complaints of the nurserymaid, that it "breaks her back to carry him." If instead of a mass of blubber, which suggests the soap and candle manufactory, the baby happens to be excessively diminutive, the same mother, nurse, aunts, sisters, unobtrusive mother-in-law, and much-experienced Mrs. Muggeridge, who raised the chorus in praise of the young Daniel Lambert, are now equally ecstatic over this suspicious resemblance to a new-born ape. He is small, indeed, but "so compact," and so "beautifully proportioned;" for their parts they greatly prefer "a small well-shaped child" to those "monstrous babies all fat." You silently note the fact, that two very different standards are applied to the different children; and why not? What have you to say against either?

Then as to attractiveness of demeanour. If he squalls all night, and generally during the day, when not sleeping, nor engaged in nutritive pursuits, you are told with sparkling pride: "baby has such a temper of his own: a perfect little demon!" as if *that* were the highest of moral attributes: and, in truth, we may observe that mothers are excessively proud of "the spirit" manifested by their children, and excessively grieved by the exhibitions of the same spirit in after life, or in their neighbours' children. But should the baby, instead of vigorous and relentless squalling, pass its days like an apathetic lump of dough, you are called upon to idolise him for his "angelic sweetness."

What chance is there of finding an ugly or disagreeable baby? Little indeed. At any rate, the animal is so rare that hitherto I have been unable to meet with it.

I need not multiply specimens of Unmet People which may be ranged under the class of the two just described; for my object is not an exhaustive enumeration so much as a survey of various types. Let me, therefore, pass on to a different class.

### NO. III.—THE MAN WHO WISHES TO HEAR THE TRUTH.

Truth is the object of the Intellect, and whenever the Intellect is entirely free, not leashed to any Feelings which may draw it from the straight path, Truth is, and must ever be, the one desired and desirable end. If men were pure intelligences they would all be unhesitating lovers of Truth, desiring to hear it at all times and on all occasions; spurning sophisms as odious entanglements, welcoming refutations of their opinions as light-bearing torches by whose aid their path may be cleared. It happens, however, that men are far from being pure intelligences; they have other tendencies besides those of the intellect, other motives besides Truth. Indeed, I have known men in whom the intellect was by no means burningly conspicuous, whose conversation and conduct were far from exhibiting any indications of a tyrannous intelligence. And even men whose intellect was more conspicuous, I have observed to exhibit a very mitigated concern for that much-lauded lady, Madam Truth, owing to the influence of their feelings.

Truth is doubtless a goddess whom we all worship—but only when her temples are magnificent. Truth beaten and despised, Truth draggling through the dirt with garments of no splendour to cover her nakedness, has but a feeble chance against Madam Error, flaunting in cambric and fine linen, and looking from her carriage-window with some contempt on her splashed rival. It is in the nature of things. Man loves success, and only when Truth is successful will the ordinary man love her with heart and soul. Man loves Truth, I know, but he also loves cambric and fine linen, respectability, and the sympathy and applause of his fellows; when these are freely offered him by Error, and taken away from him by Truth, what wonder if he prefer siding with the old against

the new, with the successful against the one whose fortunes are low, and whose future is dubious? Truth may appeal imploringly to his intellect, but he remembers that he is the father of a family, with sons to get established and daughters to get married — results not greatly facilitated by intellect, and seriously imperilled by his adoption of unpleasant truths.

In this way we all love Truth, and slight her. Whenever she presents herself without encumbrances, we give her hearty welcome. But, distinguished from the mass of human beings, having this passion for truth modified by circumstances, there are, as I am given to understand, certain men who wish for nothing but the Truth. "Before all things truth; and truth at all times," is their proud device. Numerous as these persons appear to be, I have never met one. I have heard men say in public that they cared for nothing else; I have known unblushing humbugs who, in prefaces, declared the same. "The author of the following work submits it to the judgment of his critics. *Truth is his only object;* and should his theory be proved erroneous, he will be the first to withdraw it." Trusting to such declarations, I have innocently taken these truth-lovers at their word, proving their facts to be incomplete, and their conclusions fallacious. They have been exceedingly fond of me ever since.

Moreover, friendly authors have sent me their works, with an engaging request that I should favour them with my opinion of those performances, warning me against the unfriendliness of not being sincere, for they "want to hear the truth." In such a case, the truth can only be what the critic troweth — the true expression of his opinion, although the opinion itself may be erroneous. This I have given, and I pledge you my word that the countenance of the author was very unlike what a physiognomist would interpret as the emotion roused by the satisfaction of fervent desire.

Wandering about the world, I have eagerly sought, but sought in vain, for the being who does wish to hear the Truth. I have not found him among philosophers, not even among cabmen. No poet, no politician, no critic, no divine, has been able to stand the simple test. If I tell Weissnicht that his theory cannot be true, because it is in flagrant contradiction with notorious facts, he gets angry, denies my facts, or tries to evade their application, shuffles, sophisticates, and, if hard pressed, retorts upon me some insinuation disrespectful to my moral character. If I point out to the Rev. Mr. Brimstone that his doctrine is unscriptural, he grieves over my declension from the simplicity of vital truth, or perhaps insinuates that I am an infidel. If Pericles Brown asks for my candid opinion on his verses, and hears that I think them mediocre, he becomes my foe for ever.

In fact, instead of finding men desirous of hearing the Truth for Truth's sake, I uniformly find them desirous of hearing it only when it is agreeable, when it flatters their pride, their prejudices, or their interest.

### NO IV.—THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE.

A rare, a mythical character! It is often advertised, often believed in, but has never yet crossed my path. "Biggam is an excellent man—he thoroughly knows his place." I straightway seek Biggam's acquaintance; for a man who knows his place must be one of eagle eye, rapid intuition, and rare modesty. He cannot know his own place without knowing that of every one else; and as this is the most difficult of all social problems, I am naturally eager to see the man who can solve it. On investigation, Biggam turns out by no means an eagle. I find him a man of servile, timid, cringing disposition, acknowledging, with great alacrity, the superiority of those who are more wealthy, or of more consequence than himself. He is either a flatterer or a "mush of concession." He does not know his place; he only knows that it is pleasant for others to have their assumption of superiority recognised, their opinions uncontradicted, their

efforts unopposed. One of the most conceited men I ever knew—that is to say, the man having the most exorbitant and unwarranted estimate of his own capacity—was one of those conceding, unopposing gentlemen said to "know their place." He knew his place so little, that he was always attempting to do that for which he was utterly unfit, and always failing, but verbally acquiescing in his failure, and saying, "I have not your talents, or success would have followed."

NO. V.—THE MAN WHO HAS NO NONSENSE ABOUT HIM.

"Wardle is a capital fellow, I assure you—no nonsense about him." Who has not heard of Wardle? Who can honestly say he has the pleasure of Wardle's acquaintance? I got introduced to one of the Wardles, fondly hoping that at last I had found the man with no nonsense about him. But the illusion quickly vanished. I found him a large man, bald and ventripotent, loud in voice, coarse in manner, and narrow in intellect. He wore mutton-chop whiskers, and had strong opinions about foreigners, who, he thought, were all dirty and exiles. He had strong views on politics and statesmanship, without any acquaintance with history or political economy. He thought birth and blood were nonsensical prejudices, and refinement effeminacy. He never read novels; his newspaper sufficed. He despised poetry, and all that stuff. He bought pictures as furniture, but pronounced the old masters "all humbug." He knew nothing of philosophy or science, but asked for commonsense. "As long as I have commonsense, sir, I don't care a button who has philosophy." He sent his eldest son to college, and ran into debt to keep him there; not that he saw any good in Greek and Latin, but he was as proud of "my son's friend, Lord Fiddlefaddle," as if he had a great deal of nonsense about him. In the domestic circle he was at once harsh and feeble, self-willed and vacillating. He ate, drank, slept, and snored with robust energy; but, on the whole, he did not strike me as being wholly without nonsense.

Other people besides Wardle I have met, who bore the same proud character, but I found them all belonging to one of two classes—either they were free-and-easy people, who conceived that taking every possible liberty with you, your name, your books, your horses, and your friends, was proof of their having no nonsense about them; or else they were coarse rude people who jarred upon your sensibilities, and made virtues of their very deficiencies.

The best men I have known have been more generous than prudent, more imaginative than Bentham, less virtuous than Cato. They have been fond of children, of animals, of poetry, of art, of sentiment, of joking, of buffoonery, of extravagance, of good society, of honours, of picnics, of dances, of private theatricals—in short, men with no inconsiderable amount of nonsense mingled in their daily lives; but one form of nonsense they were entirely free from, and that is the pretension of having no nonsense about them.

NO. VI.—THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN A FORTUITOUS CONCOURSE OF ATOMS.

Every reader of semi-philosophical works, especially works of polemics, must have frequently noticed eloquent refutations of, and sarcastic allusions to, shallow philosophers who are said to maintain that this universe, with its marvels, arose from a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." An opinion so monstrous, so hyperbolically absurd, naturally attracted a lover of the eccentric like myself. I cannot express the youthful contempt I felt for such shallowness, and eagerly hunted through debating societies in the hope of finding and studying a man who could maintain such a proposition. Not succeeding in these efforts, I sought in books for some historical person on whom to fix my scorn, but without success. This was surprising. It appeared from the allusions and arguments constantly recurring in theological and semi-philosophical works, that there still exist-

ed men who held the absurd hypothesis; because if no writer had ever held that hypothesis—if no one had traditionally inherited it, a vast amount of polemical powder was constantly being wasted. One could not imagine so much fighting to go on without an antagonist—one could not suppose learned doctors would elaborately demonstrate that two multipled by two could not make five, unless some imperfect Cocker existed who held that two and two did make five. The believer in a fortuitous concourse of atoms must therefore exist. Yet I have never met with him. It was puzzling to me to observe, that although so many writers seemed perfectly familiar with the existence of this philosopher, and with the scope of his hypothesis, no one ever gave the slightest clue by which he could be traced. No one cited his works; no one mentioned his name. He was always being ridiculed and outargued, but never quoted. In vain did I search through books; no trace could I find of this man. Yet how could I suppose him to be a myth? Surely learned doctors would not set up a fictitious opponent, holding the most outrageous hypothesis, merely for the easy feat of refuting the said opponent? It is common enough to find doctors misrepresenting their adversaries, and attributing to them opinions they do not hold, but surely they never invent the adversary as well as the opinions? I find many silly gentlemen complacently asserting of some thinkers with whom they do not agree, that "this school believes in nothing but what it can see and feel." And although this assertion is curiously inept, and carries folly on its very face, yet it is at least applied to thinkers whose names are mentioned, and whose works are cited, so that we can verify the truth of the assertion, if verification be needed. But with respect to the "fortuitous concourse of atoms," no thinker is ever named, no work cited, and consequently I have never yet met with the man who holds, or ever held, that hypothesis.

### NO. VII.—THE MAN WHOSE WORD IS AS GOOD AS HIS BOND.

This also is a type which would seem to be abundant if we trusted to the unproven statements of lax admirers. But I have never met with it. Observe, I do not say the man whose word is as good as his bond is altogether a myth; far from it. Men of noble integrity I have met, and men of integrity not so noble—men who would blush at the thought of an injustice, and men who, if they might think an injustice, would be slow to act it. But even the noblest of these men may die, and be succeeded by a son or nephew of less scrupulous conscience, and in this case the "word" is unsubstantial vapour, whereas the "bond" is a solid litigable document, admitting of no equivocation except among lawyers, who, I am informed, would detect a flaw in the title-deeds of the universe, and argue an *alibi* for the sun at noon. The bond, then, has a prodigious superiority over the word even of the honestest of men.

There are other men I have met, whose word for five pounds would be as good as their bond for that sum, even allowing for all casualties; but if, instead of five pounds, the sum in question be five thousand, what a wondrous possibility is opened! How easily the force of some small subterfuge may assail the integrity—how greedily some irregularity, which in the case of a small sum would never be noticed, is seized upon as a pretext for nonfulfilment of the agreement! Such is the temper of the mass of men, who can only be kept to their engagements by their bonds. Thus taking into consideration the casualties of life, which may render the word of the strictly honest man mere vapour, and the sophistications of self-interest, which may render the word of one less scrupulous in conscience, no better, it is clear that the frequent boast of such a one's word being as good as his bond, can only be accepted with a grain of salt.

Nevertheless, I must do mankind the justice to confess that, from time to time, I have met with a man whose word was absolutely as good as his bond—but his bond was good for nothing.

## LORD ST. LEONARD'S HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW.

THE work now before us, and the title of which stands at the bottom of this page, is in several aspects unique. In the first place it is written by one who, as exactly twelve months ago* we ourselves felt justified in saying, was unique in his fourfold capacity as a first-rate "author, advocate, judge, and legislator." We did not then expect that in our Number for February 1858 we should have to introduce to our readers another work from the pen of such a man, and be justified in pronouncing it, also, unique; but so it is. Here we have a little—almost a pocket—volume of 192 pages, such as no man but Lord St. Leonards could have written: for in it is to be found the essence of all the Property Law of England. The simplicity, precision, and point with which this is done, indicate, at every turn, the hand of a great master. His powers of condensation are truly wonderful, but equalled by his accuracy; while the Saxon strength and plainness of his language must find ready access for his teachings to the understanding of almost every one possessed of, or interested in, Property, in all its modifications, to however small an amount, and however humble his position in society. Peer and commoner,—gentle and simple—every one who has, or is interested in, a house or an acre of land—may henceforth, for half-a-crown, have at his elbow, as a permanent adviser in acquiring and disposing of his property, not an attorney, or solicitor, or counsel, though experienced and shrewd—but one who twice held the Great Seal of Ireland, and afterwards that of England, with universal acclamations. We doubt whether a work so well calculated as the little volume before us, to serve all classes of society in the most important practical business of life, ever made its appearance, independently even of its cheap and convenient form, in this country. It is at once law for the million, and yet does not aim at making every man his own lawyer—which would be simply giving every man a fool for a client; but its precious counsels inspire him with a prudent self-distrust, put him upon inquiry, and arm him with weapons against fraud and over-reaching. Let us, however, introduce the reader to his sagacious adviser, by putting together his first Letter and the concluding paragraph of his last; whereby we shall see at a glance both what he proposes, and what he considers that he has effected.

"You complain to me," he says in his first Letter, "that, although utterly ignorant of law, you are constantly compelled to exercise your own judgment on legal points: that you cannot always have your solicitor at your elbow; and yet a contract for the sale, purchase, or lease of an estate, a loan, or, perhaps, even an agreement to make a settlement on a child's marriage, must be entered into at once; and it is not until you have gone too far to retreat, that you learn what errors you have committed: that you are even at a loss in giving instructions for your will, and wholly incapable of making the most simple one for yourself: that you cannot readily comprehend your solicitor when you seek his advice: that, in a word, you have been plunged into a lawsuit, which a slight previous knowledge might happily have prevented. It is, unquestionably, a matter of profound regret, that so large a proportion of contracts respecting estates should lead to litigation. It is equally to be regretted that, however desirous the man of property may be, to understand the effect of his daily contracts, there is no source to which he can apply for the desired information. You ask me to remove the cause of your complaint, and in particular to point out the precautions to which you should attend in selling, buying, mortgaging, leasing, settling, and devising estates. You express, besides, a desire to know something, in a popular way, of the nature of the different interests in property, and of

*A Handy Book on Property Law:* In a series of Letters, by LORD ST LEONARDS. William Blackwood & Sons. 1858.

* No. CCCCXCVI., February 1, 1857, p. 264.

the mutual rights of yourself and your wife, and your power over your children, which would lead me to introduce the new law of divorce to your notice. You further ask me to give you some general hints as to your conduct in the character of a trustee or executor, which may keep you from harm. In short, you want, in the form of familiar Letters, what is now so much in vogue, a work upon an interesting subject calculated "for the million," whom I should be but too happy to assist: such a work, whilst it imparts knowledge, may, perchance, beguile a few hours in a railway carriage. I have in my youth and in my manhood written much for the learned in the law; why should I not, at the close of my career, write somewhat for the unlearned? This I shall proceed to do concisely, and without encumbering my pages with many technical phrases. I must premise, that I shall say little which is not warranted by decided cases; but I shall not burden you with reference to them, as they lie scattered in many a bulky volume to which you have not access."

"I have now," he says in concluding his last Letter, "only to express my hope that you may derive some benefit from my correspondence. If it merely teach you to distrust your own knowledge on the subject, it will not have been written in vain. Much that I have written has cost me little more than the labour of writing *currente calamo;* although the portions explaining the new Acts of Parliament, well as I am acquainted with them, have not been unattended by labour of a severer character. The learning which my Letters contain is, however, of common occurrence; but you will not therefore find it of less use. It has been justly observed, that refined sense, and enlightened sense, are not half as good as common sense. The same may be said of legal learning. It would have been idle in me to furnish you with nice disquisitions on abstruse points of law. I have felt no anxiety in any case to point out to you how you may evade or break in upon any rule. I have avoided the lanes and byways, and endeavoured to keep you in the public high-road. If you wander from it, the blame will rest with yourself. Farewell!"

The "Letters" of which this little volume consists, are twenty-five in number, averaging about seven pages each. The first—that which we have already quoted *in extenso*—is of an introductory character. The next eight are on the subjects of "Sales and Purchases;" the favoured correspondent being alternately advised as Seller, and Buyer. The tenth Letter deals with Real Property generally, its various heads, and the Enfranchisement of Copyholds: the eleventh explains the Rights of Husband and Wife in their respective properties. The twelfth is a luminous exposition of the newly established law of Judicial Separation and Divorce. The thirteenth treats of the important subject of a father's and a mother's power over their children. The fourteenth is on Mortgages; the fifteenth and sixteenth are devoted to Leases; the seventeenth is on Settlements; the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth admirably expound the law of Wills, and the twenty-first and twenty-second as admirably that of Trustees. The twenty-third Letter is devoted to Title acquired by Possession; the twenty-fourth to Charges on Land barred by Time; and the last to Church Patronage—Rights to Light, Ways, and Water—and Rights of Common.

Any competent professional reader, and any thoughtful layman, moderately conversant with affairs, must, on reading these Letters, be strongly impressed with their pregnant and suggestive character. In proportion to their experience, they cannot fail to be struck by the multitude of exigencies there provided for, and that with the skill and decision of one consciously master of the situation in which his reader is placed. The ablest practical lawyer will see here a multitude of little suggestions thrown out, often in little more than a word or two, of the greatest value, and reminding him at once of the many occasions of litigation, vexatious, expensive, and often ruinous, which, if known at the time, they would have prevented; and of the litigation of a similar character which originated these suggestions. We have, indeed, little doubt that, even before the present number of the Magazine makes its appearance, this little *Handy Book* will have found its way into the hands of every judge in England, from the highest to the lowest,—every practitioner,

whether as counsel, or attorney and solicitor,—every student for the bar, and every attorney's clerk—who can afford to expend upon the book the almost nominal sum at which it is, in our opinion, very wisely published. It ought to be at once made a text-book whereon English law is taught—at the universities, Inns of Court, and elsewhere. We know, indeed, nothing of the kind to compare with it as a means of testing, by examination, the actual progress of a student in legal knowledge. It will suggest questions very different from those which are mere echoes of ordinary law-books. Here let us mention that Lord St. Leonards has judiciously abstained from citing a single authority or law-case.* It would have been perfectly idle to do so, he himself states, for the general reader, whose eye would be only uselessly irritated by incessant references from the body of the text to the bottom of the page. All, therefore — both lawyers and laymen— must be content to rely on the mere statements of so great an authority, —so celebrated for his rigorous accuracy—of what the law is. Young lawyers, however, we strongly recommend to have their copies interleaved, and then hunt out, and note down, the leading authorities for themselves—than which there cannot be a more profitable expenditure of time and labour. The very scheme of the *Handy Book* suggested the necessity of elementary instruction; inasmuch as Lord St. Leonards professedly aims at lay readers, who, without such instruction, could not comprehend or appreciate the scope of the work. That elementary instruction the law student also will find of the highest value, especially in respect of those great statutory changes in the law of property effected during the last few years—often by the noble author himself—and which are here explained briefly, and with lucid accuracy.

It is, however, the lay reader whom we are most anxious to make aware of the importance of a familiarity with this great little volume; and for that purpose shall proceed to indicate its scope and character, as distinctly and fully as is consistent with our space.

And first of all, every member of the Legislature—of both Houses of Parliament — will find his account in a careful perusal of the *Handy Book*, and that beyond the guidance which it will afford each in the management of his own property. How frequently alterations in the law affecting that property are attempted, and from time to time effected—the scope of which is but inadequately apprehended — must be obvious to every lay member of the Legislature; and yet these alterations are usually of as great, as permanent, importance. Here he may see, in half or quarter of a page's space, the pith and marrow of bulky blue-books, the very sight of which is discouraging, as a fair acquaintance with their contents is expected, by the country, of its hereditary and representative legislators. Take as an instance the subject of a General Registration of Title, with reference to the Sale and Transfer of Land. During the last session (1857) a Blue Book appeared on this subject, extending to 457 closely-printed folio pages, consisting of the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into that intricate question, together with the Evidence on which the report is founded. In the eighth Letter of the *Handy Book* will be seen, compressed into three pages, the opinion of Lord St. Leonards, who says,† "I have often directed my attention to the expediency of a general registry; and my settled conviction is, that it would not be advisable." What member of either House would not wish to become acquainted with the reasons assigned by so eminent an authority, with a terseness equalled only by the force and plainness with which those reasons are conveyed? Here, also, will be seen his account of "the new plan now on foot,"‡ and a sketch of that which he himself would

* It is, however, otherwise with the titles of the leading Acts of Parliament to which he refers, and on which he comments often very elaborately, though not at length.

† *Handy Book*, p. 54.

‡ Ibid., p. 55.

substitute for it. This he embodied in a bill, read a second time in the House of Lords during the last session; and one of the essential features of it — that for rendering vendors, their solicitors and agents, *criminally* responsible for concealing inheritances or falsifying pedigrees*—has been discreetly appropriated by the Lord Chancellor, in an analogous bill just introduced by himself.

The other instance occurs to us in the case of the relief of honest trustees from such rules of equity as at present press too heavily on them, especially since the Fraudulent Trustee Act of the last session. We learn from the *Handy Book*† that Lord St Leonards endeavoured to deal with this matter during the last session, by a bill which passed the House of Lords, and was postponed in the House of Commons only at the end of the session. The general scope of the measure will be found explained in the twenty-second Letter. Though more might be said upon this subject, thus much must suffice for the value of this book to laymen, in their Parliamentary capacities. To them, in such capacity, nothing else extant will supply the place of this book. We have now, however, to deal with them also in their private capacities. Every one of them is, or ought to be, possessed of property, in one shape or other, to the extent of at least £300 a-year: at least every honourable member of the Lower House, with one or two exceptions, is estopped from denying such to be his own fortunate case! Almost every member of the upper classes, almost every member of the middle classes, and very large sections of those who are somewhat cavalierly called the lower classes, are almost from necessity either possessed of, or interested in, property: for which of them that has a house over his head, is not a LESSEE, or a LESSOR, unless, as the Irishman said, he is his own tenant? It is often said of another sort of contract, "marry in haste and repent at leisure:" and how often may it not also be said, take, or become a tenant in a hurry, and repent at leisure? and enjoy for that purpose a seven, if not a fourteen or twenty-one years' pleasing interval, and with quarterly mementoes of the relationship between them? How many of these reciprocally hating parties would not give more than a trifle never to have seen or heard of each other, or the mansion, house, warehouse, coach-house, stable, cottage, land of every description, which now form the bond of delectable union? Let every person contemplating this relation, take the trouble of first reading carefully "the few instructions and cautions as to leases," which will be found in Letter XV., extending to little more than six pages; while the next, of not four pages, explains, as clearly as daylight, the provisions of the recent important Act,‡ "to facilitate leases and sales of settled estates;" superseding the necessity of costly Parliamentary interposition on such occasions, and which ought, says Lord St. Leonards, "to be known by every owner of a settled estate in the kingdom."§ In these Letters good advice is offered to each party, as usual with this unique common friend.

Perhaps our lessee, though of but a cottage, and that a very small one, would be pleased by hearing that he may also become, himself, an owner of property: that "there is a mode in which a man may acquire real property without paying for it, or receiving it as a gift, or receiving it by descent. This, at first sight," says the welcome informant, "may appear singular to you."‖ But is it not also equally interesting? No encouragement, however, is here held out to "poor, and ignorant, and sometimes crafty persons — the latter generally supporting the former, where they think they can work upon the credulity of mankind." What, then, it may be asked, would our Mentor be at? He is pointing, in Letter XXIII., to rights acquired by ADVERSE POSSESSION, which signifies, as here excellently defined, "a possession, by a person not being the

* *Handy Book*, p. 56, *note*.
† Letter XXI., p. 163.
‡ 19 & 20 Vict., c. 120. *Note*.—It extends to Ireland.
§ *Handy Book*, p. 105.
‖ Ibid., p. 177.

opening to the conservatory rendered it hazardous, and if so, of course both policies had been void from their commencement. I was prepared to try the question; and ultimately the objection was withdrawn, and my loss was paid for. Upon renewing my policy, with some alterations, I actually had some difficulty with the clerk of the company to induce, or rather to force him, to add to the description the fact, that the drawing-rooms opened through glass-doors into conservatories! In treating, at a later period, for a policy with another company, I required them to send their surveyor to look at the house; and the stoves and everything to which objection could be taken, were shown to him. The company then prepared the policy, and made it subject to the report made to them by their surveyor, referring to it by date. This report I never saw, and the objectionable stoves, &c., were not noticed. Of course I had the reference to the report struck out, and the policy made correct, but not without some personal trouble. I state these circumstances, to show you how careful you should be. I advise you to look at once at your existing policy. If you have added an Arnot's stove, or made any other important change in your mode of heating your house, since your policy, or you had at the time of your policy any peculiar stove, &c. not noticed in the policy, you should call upon the company to admit the validity of your policy, by an endorsement on it."*

Many a buyer and many a seller may perhaps feel special interest in the following significant paragraph, and catch a crumb of comfort from the promise half held out by Lord St. Leonards.

"One great complaint at the present day, is the necessity of carrying back abstracts of title for sixty years. This period I hope to persuade the Legislature to shorten. But still the want of confidence is frequently, nay, constantly, the cause of the expense upon every occasion of examining a long and complicated title: for if I bought an estate ten years ago, which I am now offering for sale, and then had the title sifted by competent counsel, with the aid of an equally competent solicitor, and have the opinion of the counsel, and the result of the searches to show to the new purchaser, it might be supposed that, upon proof of the title since the purchase, and of my undisturbed possession from that period, the title would be deemed satisfactory. But no such thing. Upon every occasion the early title is again submitted to counsel, not more learned, with the aid of solicitors, not more competent, than those before employed; and this causes that repetition of expense of which both sellers and purchasers so much complain, but which really is not necessary in the great majority of cases, if men would but place reasonable confidence in those who advised the seller (always presuming them to be competent persons) upon his purchase."†

And here we take leave of our reader, in his or her capacity as buyer or seller, in order to regard them for a moment in a different relation — that between Borrower and Lender. This, the Fourteenth, is the longest of the Letters, and relates to a subject of commensurate importance and difficulty — that of MORTGAGES. The rights and duties of each party to their contract are sketched with our author's characteristic pregnant brevity. Here follows a practical hint, backed by an anecdote worth remembering:—

"Pay the money yourself to the mortgagee, and see the deed executed. Do not pay the money to the person bringing the deed, although executed and the receipt signed, unless by the written authority of the borrower; for the mere possession of the deed by the solicitor or agent will give him no authority to receive the money. It is not safe in all cases to rely on mortgages apparently duly executed, and brought to you by the regular man of business of the borrower, to whom it has been delivered by your solicitor to get it executed by his client the borrower. Unhappily, I have known more instances than one of forged mortgages having been delivered to an unsuspecting lender. In one case, the lender and his solicitors were assembled, waiting for the mortgage deed, which was to be brought duly executed by the solicitor of the supposed borrower, who was confined to his bed by illness; and at length tired with waiting, a messenger was just being despatched to the supposed borrower's house, when the solicitor, who had evidently been delayed in concocting the forged deed and its attestations, arrived with the deed executed and attested, and received the money. He escaped detection at the moment, but

* *Handy Book*, p. 45.

†Ibid., p. 57.

ultimately left the country. The lender, of course, lost his money. These instances will make you cautious, but will not lead you to suspect men of character and reputation. It is advisable to keep your own securities in your own deed-box at home, for the same persons who forged mortgages, forged also transfers of mortgages, and delivered up the deeds to the new lender; an act which was facilitated by the possession of the mortgage deed. The forger, of course, continued to pay interest regularly to the first lender. In one remarkable case the agent acted for two persons, and he actually mortgaged the property of one to the other by a forged instrument, and although he and these two persons frequently dined together, the forgery was not discovered till the guilty party was wholly ruined. The lender did not like to talk about the mortgage, and was not called upon to do so, as the interest was regularly paid by the agent; and the supposed borrower was, of course, silent on the subject." *

Let us now, however, glance at our reader — lady or gentleman — contemplating a more pleasant relation, that of marriage; which, with its incidents and consequences, requires for its treatment four Letters. The first of them † is devoted to SETTLEMENTS —very matter-of-fact personages often standing earnestly talking together at the porch of Hymen's temple. Business, however, is business everywhere, and ought to precede pleasure; so if there be only anything to settle, it must be settled; but how? Ask Lord St. Leonards.

Here is a very naughty father and daughter, and a sharp judge:—

"Equity will, in some cases, relieve a party on the ground of fraud, although there is not a valid agreement. A man of the name of Halfpenny, upon a treaty for the marriage of his daughter, signed a writing, comprising the terms of the agreement; and afterwards designing to elude the force of it, and get loose from his agreement, ordered his daughter to put on a good humour, and get the intended husband to deliver up the writing, and then to marry him, which she accordingly did; and Halfpenny stood at the corner of a street to see them go by to be married, and afterward refused to perform the agreement. He was, however, compelled by equity to do so; although while the case was before the Court he walked backwards and forwards, calling out to the judge *to remember the statute*, which he humorously said, *I do, I do;* and he held the case to be out of the statute on the ground of fraud." ‡

Our lady readers may feel some curiosity to see how the subject of *pin-money* is dealt with by a profound equity lawyer. Possibly, also, husbands may not be disinclined to look in the same direction.

"Sometimes a separate provision is made for a wife during her husband's lifetime. This is called pin-money. It is always the first charge on the estate, so that the husband takes subject to it. If, however, a wife permit her husband to receive her pin-money, or, what is the same thing, do not claim it, and he maintains her, she cannot after his death compel payment of more than one year's arrears out of his estate.

"In an important case in the House of Lords, it was asked with reference to the wife of a noble duke, with a large amount of pin-money—Shall it be said that this lady may dress herself like a peasant's wife, may lay out £10 by the year upon her own personal expenses, may give no money, either in charity to the poor, or in largesse to her servants, her attendants, or her maidens—that she may in every respect spare every expense upon her person, and hoard her pin-money, and that she has a right to do so in neglect of the rank, and in spite of the authority of her husband? ‡ And an opinion was expressed that pin-money is a fund which she may be made to spend during the coverture, by the intercession and advice, and at the instance of her husband; and an opinion was even expressed that he might hold back her pin-money, if she did not attire herself in a becoming way. But notwithstanding this high authority, I must warn you that the wife's liability thus to expend her pin-money is one which the civilians call a duty of imperfect obligation. She cannot be made to spend it in dress, ornament, gifts, or charity; nor can her husband withhold payment of the pin-money, though she be a miser and a slattern. Such a power in the husband would destroy the very object of the provision—that he should not examine into her disposition of her pin-money, whether for articles of dress, ornaments

* *Handy Book*, p. 86–7. † Letter XVII.

‡ "These circumstances had not occurred; but the questions were asked with reference to the right to the arrears of the pin-money after the duchess's death."

of her person, pocket-money, card-money, charities, or any other objects. But her right to demand from her husband what her pin-money ought to supply her with, is a very different question."*

The Eleventh Letter expounds carefully the respective joint and separate rights of the married couple in each other's property during their lives, and after the death of either; while the Twelfth is occupied with a subject of infinite interest and importance, and will be read by all classes with deep attention and grateful respect to the distinguished person who has undertaken the labour of explaining popularly "the new law of divorce, as it affects the rights of property."

The Thirteenth Letter deals with a subject of kindred interest and importance—the powers of fathers and mothers over their children, with regard to the custody of their person, and to their property, education, and religious faith. Every one will like to see Lord St. Leonards' observation on the recent case of Amelia Race.†

"One of the most important subjects on which I have promised you any information," says Lord St. Leonards,‡ "is that of WILLS." It is hardly necessary to say, especially to any one who read the article in our last February number, to which we have already referred, that every one having an acre of land, or the most modest amount of personalty, to dispose of by will, stands permanently indebted to the author of the *Handy Book* himself, in his legislative capacity, for one of the most salutary acts on the Statute-Book, and the provisions of which are briefly but distinctly stated at pp. 135–6, with reference to the execution of wills. The three Letters devoted to wills may be said to be worth their weight in gold to everybody; instructing, as they do, how to make a will that shall effectuate intention, and, by so doing, prevent death being followed by disastrous family dissension, and ruinous litigation. Every line of these three Letters should be carefully conned again and again by testators in all ranks of life. Three passages of the highest practical value we must make room for.

"Before making your will, there are many questions which you should ask yourself. Is it probable that I shall be much in debt at my decease? Are there charges on my estate which must be provided for on my death? What is the nature of my property? Is any part of it already settled, or agreed to be settled, on my family? Have I charged portions on any part of it for my children? What advancements have I already made for them? Is my wife dowable of any part of it? Am I only tenant in tail of any part of my estate? in which case it would be necessary to bar the entail to give effect to your will, even if the property be leasehold, in which you cannot, properly speaking, be tenant in tail, but only a tenant in the nature of a tenant in tail. These are questions which you should resolve before you give instructions for your will."§

These, however, are only a few of the considerations which are brought to the notice of a provident testator.

"I am somewhat unwilling to give you any instructions for making your will, without the assistance of your professional adviser; and I would particularly warn you against the use of printed forms, which have misled many men. They are as dangerous as the country schoolmaster, or the vestry clerk. It is quite shocking to reflect upon the litigation which has been occasioned by men making their own wills, or employing incompetent persons to do so. To save a few guineas in their lifetime, men leave behind them a will which it may cost hundreds of pounds to have expounded by the Courts before the various claimants will desist from ligitation. Looking at this as a simple money transaction, lawyers might well be in despair if every man's will were prepared by a competent person. To put off making your will, until the hand of death is upon you, evinces either cowardice, or a shameful neglect of your temporal concerns. Lest, however, such a moment should arrive, I must arm you in some measure against it."‖

What wise counsel, and given in how fine and fatherly a spirit, may be seen in the following passage!—

"No hatred is more intense than that which arises in a man's family after his death, where, under his will, the rights of each member of it are not separate and strictly defined. None is more af-

* Pp. 113–114. † P. 82. ‡ P. 131. § P. 131. ‖ P 133.

flicting or degrading to our common nature. We weep over the loss of our relative, and we quarrel over the division of his property! Be careful not to make an unwise or ill-considered disposition, particularly of your residue, upon which the contest generally arises. As you love your family, pity them—throw not the apple of discord amongst them. If you leave to every one *separately*, what you desire each to have, and give nothing amongst them all which requires division, and therefore selection and choice, peace and good-will will continue to reign amongst them.

"Still further: in disposing of your residue, neither overrate nor underrate its value. It is a duty which you owe to yourself, and to those who are to succeed you, carefully to ascertain the value of your property. I know an instance of a person who succeeded to a great estate, simply by declining a particular legacy, in common with the general legatees—the mere gift of the residue would satisfy him—he begged the testator would not consider him until every other claim was satisfied! The residue greatly exceeded in value the aggregate amount of all the legacies!"*

Both wills and marriage-settlements naturally suggest the existence of certain functionaries, whose duty it is honestly and prudently to carry them into effect—to wit, TRUSTEES. We advise every trustee in the kingdom, whether old or newly appointed, and every one considering whether he will become one, to lay to heart the two Letters in which Lord St. Leonards, with beautiful perspicuity, delineates their civil rights and liabilities, and also those infinitely more serious criminal liabilities, to which delinquent trustees have recently been subjected by the Legislature. They will also be grateful to him for the efforts which he here announces that he has made, and means to continue, for the protection of trustees acting erroneously, but without fraudulent intentions.† All success to these efforts!

Thus have we endeavoured imperfectly to introduce to the notice of our readers one of the most important contributions to popular literature, or "literature for the million," in the phrase of the day, that has been or can be made. It "comes home to the business and the bosoms" of all. Its author is acknowledged on all hands to be the great master—perhaps the greatest this country has ever seen—of the all-important subject to which this small but precious volume relates—the law of Property. What, indeed, is property, but that which God has ordained as the bond of temporal connection and union between all classes of mankin? To acquire it, to retain it, to dispose of it, constitute objects dear to, and supply motives potent with, all; and so intimately influence human feelings, thoughts, characters, and actions, that he makes an immense contribution to the peace and welfare of society at large, who gives them plain and sound practical counsel in matters of such vital moment. That contribution has been made by Lord St. Leonards in a noble spirit, and it will never be forgotten. As no man living but himself could have written this book, so in no man living but himself would be reposed such implicit, unhesitating, and justifiable confidence by his readers, be their positions and acquirements what they may. If he were never to set pen to paper again, and if he had never done so before, this little *Handy Book* would, coming from such a man, and at such a period of his life, and of such a distinguished career, carry his name down to posterity as one of the best-hearted and most learned Chancellors that ever held the Great Seal of England.

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* Pp. 154–5.

† Pp. 175–6.

## ZANZIBAR; AND TWO MONTHS IN EAST AFRICA.

[Some months ago we received a note, dated Zanzibar, 10th June, from Captain Burton, the accomplished author of *The Pilgrimage to Meccah*, saying that he had sent us the following journal, which, however, did not reach us until the present month.

In his note Captain Burton said that it was no use to write to him, as he was on the point of again plunging into Africa, and would be *non inventus* for some time to come.

Our readers will join us in hoping that we may soon receive tidings of the safe return of the gallant and indefatigable traveller.]

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"To animate and influence the hearts of all the noble gentlemen who desire to see the world."—*La Brocquière.*

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### CHAPTER I.—ZANZIBAR.

"There is probably no part of the world where the British Government has so long had a Resident, where there are always some half-a-dozen merchants and planters, of which we know so little, as of the capital and part of the kingdom of one of the most faithful of our allies, with whom we have for half a century (since 1804) been on terms of intimacy."—*Trans. Bombay Geogr. Society*, 1856.

Of the gladdest moments, methinks, in human life, is the departing upon a distant journey into unknown lands. Shaking off with one effort the fetters of Habit—the leaden weight of Routine—the cloak of carking Care, and the slavery of Home—man feels once more happy. The blood flows with the fast circulation of youth, excitement gives new vigour to the muscles, and a sense of sudden freedom adds an inch to the stature. Afresh dawns the morn of life, again the bright world is beautiful to the eye, and the glorious face of nature gladdens the soul. A journey, in fact, appeals to Imagination, to Memory, to Hope—the sister Graces of our moral being.

The shrill screaming of the boatswain's whistle, and sundry shouts of "Stand by yer booms!"—"All ready for'ard?"—"Now make sail!"—sounded in mine ears with a sweet significance. The H.E.I.C.'s sloop of war "Elphinstone," Captain Freyhard, I. N., commanding, swung round in obedience to orders, and as the rosy beams of morning leaped gaily over the green-capped head of Elephanta, we bade a long farewell to Bombay. It was a Red-Calendar day—a day to be noted with white clay, that 2d of December 1856.

We were not fanned across the Indian Ocean by the delicatest airs: a stiff breeze ran us right home without a flaw, and the weather was varied by occasional showers, and a squall or two followed by a high combing sea. The track seemed a desert; not a being of life, except gannets and flying-fish, met our sight. The good old ship—now in her thirty-third year—made an average of 150, and, on one occasion, a run of 200 knots per diem, accomplishing the 2500 miles in eighteen days. On the afternoon of the 18th December, we hove in sight of a strip of land, blue and blurred by distance, then waxing purple, and lastly green. This was Pemba, or Fezirat el Khazra, "the Emerald Isle," as this outlying picket of East Intertropical Africa is called by the inhabitants of tawny Oman.

We had tasted the contrast between the order and cleanliness of a ship-of-war, and the confusion, impurity, and annoyances of a Red-Sea steam-packet. Here were no rattling, heaving throbs, making you tremulous as a jelly in the canicule; nor coal-smoke intrusive as on a

German railway; nor thirsty cockroaches exploring men's mouths for water; nor cabins rank with sulphuretted hydrogen; nor decks whereon pallid and jaundiced passengers shook convulsive shoulders as they rushed to and from the bulwarks and the taffrail. No "larboard and starboard exclusiveness;" no flirting Abigails tending majestic dames, who looked crooked at all beyond the salvation-pale of their own "set;" no peppery civilians rubbing skirts against heedless griffins; nor fair lips ill-treating the letter H; nor "officers" singing lullabies to their etiolated terrible infants, and lacking but one little dispensation of Nature to become the completest of nurses. The "Elphinstone" belonged not to the category "Shippe of Helle:" we would willingly have drawn out our cruise with the jovial Captain, and the good fellows in the gun-room, over many and many a path of waves.

But Fate willed otherwise. On the night of the 18th December we anchored off Tumbatu, one of the long, narrow coralline reefs which fringe these shores. It is scantily inhabited by a race of Makhadim or serviles, who have preserved in El Telam a variety of heathen abominations. They repair for divination to a kind of Trophonius' cave. At funerals they lay out and abuse the corpse after this wise. "Fellow," a man will cry, "but yesterday I asked thee for some tobacco, and thou didst refuse, *hein?* Where now is the use of it?" Or says a woman, "Dost thou remember making fierce love to me on a certain occasion? Much good can thy love do, now that thou goest to feed ugly worms in the grave!" I have heard of a Hindu caste in Madras, who, after filling the corpse's mouth with milk, and rapping its face with a conch-shell, most opprobriously insult its female relatives. The Arrawak Indians of Guiana also, according to travellers, switch the body's opened eyes with thorns, anoint the lips and cheeks with lard, and use alternately sweet and bitter words. The idea underlying the act is probably the same as in the Irish "wake"—a test whether the clay be really inanimate. The Tumbatu men are celebrated as fishers and sailors: they burn large fires of dry leaves upon the sand, and spear their prey as it flocks to the light. They are an industrious race for these climates; their low jungly ledge of ground obliges them to fetch water from Zanzibar Island, and their sooty skins testify its heat.

Next morning, as we appeared on deck,

> "Sabæan odours from the spicy shore,"

affected the sensorium with a sense of novelty, pleasant after the ocean's briny breath. It is generally doubted that India can thus be "nosed" from afar; and certain facetiousnesses, played upon the softer man, have made scepticism fashionable. Here, however, there is no mistake; the night-breeze from the island is heavy with a clove-perfume, which the European residents are careful to exclude.

After a two-hours' sail, the first terminus of our voyage declared itself. Most prepossessing was the distant view of this storehouse of Eastern Africa. Earth, sea, and air were all soft and smiling as a poet's conception of Paradise, with a winning feminine beauty: in Arab phrase, a repose unto the eye of the beholder. The central ridges, gently swelling, were streaked with rows of spice-trees resembling from afar the vines of romantic Provence. Contrasting with these prim plantations, the tall palm, a living column, luxuriant and perennial, rose behind and above the bright metallic underwood which separated the land from the snowy foam creaming upon the yellow shore. Intense was the glowing azure of the sky: every object stood out distinct and brilliant, as if viewed through ethereal medium. Under a blaze of sun that touched everything with burnished gold, the sea was a sheet of purest sapphire, save where it showed

> "A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
> From brooding clouds;"

the lucid depths were stained with amethyst; the transparent shoals with lightest chrysoprase; and each ship anchored in the bay hovered

over her own reflected image. More like Malabar than dreary Arabia and sterile Persia, this land has a spring even in its midsummer.

We glided south by east through a breach in the coralline reef that recalled the gateways of Jeddah. Presently, detached houses sprinked the shore. A large unfinished pile, whitewashed, but fast decaying, was called by our pilot Akhir el Zaman — the End of Time. Under divers inauspicious omens, it had been commenced by the late Prince in his latter days; and the death of sundry masons killed by a falling wall, rendered it so hateful to the Arabs that it will probably remain uninhabitable. Then at the distance of a mile, appeared the royal harem and demesne of Mtony, a large rusty building with an extinguisher-roofed balcony, of dingy planking. It has a quaint kind of Gothic look, like a castle in a play, or the Schloss of a pensionless German baron; the luxuriant trees in rear have the *faux air* of an English park. A fetid lagoon here diffuses pestilence around it; and skippers anchoring off Mtony for convenience of watering with the purest element on the island, have, in the course of a few days, had occasion to lament the loss of half their crews. Presently we floated past the "Shah Allum," an old fifty-gun frigate, of Bombay build; she showed no colours, as is usual when a ship enters; and the few men on board shouted information which neither we nor the pilot understood. This worthy, as we drew near, decided, from the absence of Friday flags on the consular staffs, that some great man had gone to his long home. The "Elphinstone," however, would not have the trouble of casting loose her guns for nothing: with H. H., the Sazzid* of Zanzibar's ensign—a plain red—at the fore, and the union at the main, she cast anchor in Front Bay, about half a mile from shore, and fired a salute of twenty-one. A gay bunting thereupon flew up to every truck, and the brass cannon of the "Victoria" roared a response of twenty-two. We had arrived on the fortieth, or the last day of mourning.

St. Julien, patron of the wayfarer, had frowned upon us this time; the first visit to Colonel Hamerton, H. B. M.'s Consul, showed us the extent of our mishap. H. H. Sezzid Said of Maskat, upon whose aid and influence we calculated, had died on his way from Arabia to Zanzibar. State affairs had not been settled between the rival brothers, Sazzid Suwazui, the eldest, and successor, to whom Oman had been left, and Sazzid Majid, installed by his father Viceroy of the African possessions. This prince, moreover, being still confined to the house by an attack of the small-pox, which, during the last three years, has twice carried off thousands of the inhabitants, was ashamed to show a pitted face to subjects or visitors. Colonel Hamerton, now our mainstay, was also in poor health. The northern coast of the mainland, about Lamu, as usual on such occasions, was in anarchy, the southern suffering from drought and famine. We spent some heavy hours that night. I will relieve my feelings by describing the town of Zanzibar:—

Zanzibar (to begin with the beginning) lies in S. lat. 6° 9′, and in E. long. 39° 14′. The chief, and indeed the only settlement upon the island, it occupies one side of a wide curve on the coast of Coralline. Ras Chhangany, "Sandy Point" (this name, corrupted to "Shangany," has erroneously been given to the whole town in charts), divides the front harbour from a back bay, where ships anchor, especially during the N.E. monsoon, to avoid the swell whilst landing cargo. The place is modern, owing its existence to the exigencies of trade. At the beginning of the present century it consisted of a fort and a ragged line of mat huts, where the Suk Mshogo, or Manioc Market, now stands; as late as 1842, it boasted but five storehouses of the humblest construction, and the now crowded east end was in those days a palm plantation. But an Arab ever builds as soon and as extensively as

* It is incorrect to call the Chief of Oman an Imam, although some of his ancestors had a right to the ecclesiastical title. Moreover, "Sazzid," amongst these Arabs, means a chief or ruler, not, as "Sheriff," a descendant of the Prophet.

his means permit. Zanzibar now contains in the season about fifty thousand inhabitants (slaves included), and there cannot be less than three thousand stationary habitations.

This normal Arab town forms the segment of a circle, the chord resting upon the sea, and the arc fronting the plantations of the interior. It is a mere "dicky"—a clean front, concealing something unsightly. Facing northwards is a line, about a mile and a half long, of large Arab houses, glaring, dazzling, whitewashed like sepulchres, and unrelieved save by a straggling cocoa, instead of domes and minarets. Like Jeddah and the Red-Sea cities, the material is wholly lime and coralline. The best houses —of course, those of the European merchants—are in the west end; wealthy "natives," and a few foreigners, inhabit the eastern extremity. In rear of the dicky, and at both flanks, is a foul dense mass of dwelling-places, where the poor and the slaves pig together. There are huts of cadjan-matting, with or without wattle-and-dab walls, windowless, blackened externally by wind and sun, and consisting internally of a "but and a ben," surrounded by projecting eaves, forming a deep and shady verandah, where articles are exposed for sale. The poorest classes content themselves with mere sheds. Two tumble-down bridges, ignorant of the arch, span the foul lagoon, which, at the Lyzygies, converts the settlement into almost an island, and leaves behind it a legacy of fevers and terrible maladies. The drainage of the front is good, owing to the seaward slopes, but the inner town is in a dead flat. Drainage is all in all where tropical suns shine; drainage has rendered even Sierra Leone and our West Indian barracks salubrious. In the hands of Europeans, Zanzibar would soon be drained into healthiness; but the Arab looks upon pestilence as a minor plague compared with the trouble of cutting a trench or building a dam.

The tides, here rising twelve, sometimes fifteen, and even sixteen feet, occasionally walk into the lower apartments. Unchecked by quay or breakwater, this nuisance is on the increase. Off Chhangany Point, where, in 1823, stood a clump of huts and a mosque, five fathoms of water now roll. The British Consulate, formerly many yards removed from the surf, at present requires the protection of piles and rubble. Some of the larger houses have sunk four feet, and have sloped nine from terrace to ground, owing to the instability of their soppy foundations. These coral formations are peculiarly fickle. The "Middle Shoal," about fifteen years ago, was awash; it is now high and day. The "Tree Island" of our earliest charts has been undermined and carried away by the waves. On the other hand, the sea has encroached upon Mtony, where the Prince's flagstaff four times required removal.

At Zanzibar the line of streets is, as it should be, deep, narrow, and winding. In the west end a pavement of chunam, provided with a gutter — the first I have seen in "Orient climes" — carries off the violent rain, and secures coolness and purity. The east end shows attempts at similar civilisation; but green and miry puddles argue a preponderance of black population. Houses are on the favourite Arab plan familiar to travellers in Spain and her colonies: some of the oldest buildings in Galway and western Ireland still display the type — a "patio," or hollow paved quadrangle, where animals may be penned for safety, with galleries, into which the rooms open, running round the several floors. But architecture is at its lowest ebb. There is not a straight line in the masonry; the arches are of every shape and form, and the floors will have a foot of depression between the centre and the corners. The roofs, or rather terraces, supported by Zanzibar rafters, and walls of massy thickness, are copiously chunamed: here men sit to enjoy the sundown breezes. Bandanis, or pent-houses of cadjans, garnish the house-tops in the native town: Europeans do not allow these adjuncts, fires being frequent, and the slaves being addicted to aiding the work of destruction in hope of plunder. Some foreigners secure the delights of a cool night by erecting upper cabins of planking: the oldster, however,

conforms to Arab precept, and always perspires during the hours of sleep. The higher the house, the larger the doorway, the huger the studs which adorn the massive planks, and the heavier the padlock, the greater is the owner's dignity. An inscription cut in the wood of the lintel secures the entrance from witchcraft; and half a yard of ship's chain-cable, from thieves. Even the little square holes placed high up in the wall, and doing duty for windows, are closely barred. As glass cannot be used in sleeping rooms, by reason of the heat, rough or painted plank-shutters supply its place, and persiannes deform the best habitations. Arabs here, as elsewhere, love long narrow apartments, with many apertures towards the sea, securing the breeze essential to health: they as carefully close the eastern side-walls against the spicy feverish land-wind. The reception-hall is always on the ground-floor. It contrasts strongly with an English room, where the uncomfortable confusion of furniture, and the crowding of ornaments, ruin the proportions, and "put out" the eye. Here the long lines and the rows of niches, which, as elsewhere in the East, supply the want of tables, are unbroken save by the presence of a chandelier and a mirror, a Persian rug or carpet for the dais, a matting over the floor, and half-a-dozen Indian black-wood chairs. Such is the upholstery of an Arab palace and an Italian villa. In the houses of the very wealthy, porcelain, glass-ware ornaments, and articles of European luxury, lie about the niches. The abodes of the poorer classes are provided with kitandahs, or cartels of cord, twisted round a rude wooden frame, trays for food, gourds, coarse stools, pots, and similar necessaries.

The centre of the town frontage is occupied by the Fort, one of those naïve, straight-curtained, round-towered, crenellated, and tumble-down erections, whose plan dates probably from the days of Peleg. It is fronted by a detached battery of twenty guns, with embrasures so close together that the first salvo would blow away the thin wall, and with armature so placed that every bullet striking the Fort must send a billet into the battery. Between the two, a space of fifty feet or so represents the arsenal: a score of iron carronades, and a few fine old brass pieces, probably the plunder of Hormuz—one of them bears the dent of a heavy blow—lie piled on the right of the Fort entrance. The gateway is the usual intricate manner of barbican: the square excrescence from the main body contains upper rooms for the Beloch Yemadar or commandant; the interior ground-floor is a large vestibule, and the soldiery, with their armed slaves, lounge, play, chew betel, and chat upon the shady masonry-benches at the outer door. On the left of the Fort is a cadjan shed, where native artists are continually occupied in making carriages for the battery, whose furniture now lies upon the ground. The experiment of firing a gun was lately attempted: the piece reared up and fell backwards, smashing the crazy woodwork and crushing two gunner-slaves. Some traveller has observed that a launch would suffice to capture this Fort. It was once, according to accounts, taken by a drunken American sailor, who, determining to liberate a pair of citizens in trouble, attacked the guard cutlass in hand, accompanied by a huge Newfoundland, and remaining master of a bloodless field, waved his flag in triumph upon the walls. Melancholy to relate, this hero fell by African fraud. The discomfited slaves, holding a long rope, ran round him, till, wound up like a windlass, he could no longer keep his footing.

The interior of the Fort is jammed with soldiers' huts and courts, divided by rickety walls. Here, too, is the only jail on the island. Its stocks, fetters, iron collars, and waist-chains do not prevent Black Man from chatting, singing, and gambling with cowries and pebbles. But the most refractory white that ever knocked down merchant-skipper has not fortitude to endure it a second night. Such is the Arab's *beau ideal* of a prison: the very word should cause the horrors and the goose-skin. They term our Bombay jail "El Bistan" (the garden) because the courts are planted with a few shrubs; and, with them, a Bistan has always an *arrière*

*pensée* of Paradise. Foreigners usually visit the prison to see its standing curiosity—one Mezingera, a wretched clansman of the villain Panzij, who had beaten the death-drum whilst his chief was cutting M. Maizan the French traveller's throat. Mezingera was seized, instead of his master, by an Arab expedition, and chained two years in front of the French Consulate. Since that time (1847) he has been heavily ironed to a gun in the Fort, under a cadjan shed, where he can neither stand nor lie; yet the wretch looks fat and well.

Eastward of the Fort is the custom-house, an Arab bourse, where millions of dollars change hands under the dirtiest shed, a long low cadjan roof supported by two dozen rough uprights. It is surrounded by sacks and bales, baskets and packages, heaps of hides, old ships' tanks, piles of valuable woods, layers of ivory, and a heterogeneous mass of waifs and strays. The small adjacent square shows a dilapidated and unfinished line of arches, the fragments of a new custom-house: it was begun twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, but the superstition of Yaryaram, the late Hindu collector, who had become rich under the matting, but was not sure that stone and chunam would be as lucky to him, condemned it to rot. This is a general idea with Orientals: they are full of wise instances concerning the downfall of great men who have exposed themselves to the shafts of misfortune by enlarging their gates, or by building for themselves palaces.

In the centre of the square opposite the palace stands the Sazzid's flagstaff, where the Bakur—the Kurbaj of these regions—brings man to a sense of his duty, and where, according to an American traveller,* distinguished criminals are fastened to the pole, and bound upwards from the ankles to the throat, till "the soul of the dying man is literally squeezed out of its earthly tenement." I may observe, *en passant*, that in this part of the world the two potent romancers, Ignorance and Interest, have been busily at work. An industrious Frenchman, seeing scrapings of elephants' tusks upon the beach, reported to the Prussian Government that ivory is so plentiful as to be thrown up by the tide. Adventurers of all nations have circulated the most ridiculous tales; amazons bestriding battle-bullocks—a confusion with the 5000 women-musketeers of Dahomey, or possibly a revival of El Masudi, who, in our tenth century, reports that the king of Zanj, or Zanzibar, commanded an army mounted, like modern Kaffirs, on oxen—hordes of steel-clad negroes, and brilliant troops of horse-artillery:—a battery was actually sent out to the Sazzid as a present from Woolwich!

The palace, fronted by a stuccoed platform that supports eight or nine small brass guns, placed *in barbette* for show, is a kind of double-storied barrack, 140 feet long, whitewashed, with tender green shutters, pent-roofed with dingy-red tiles, provided seawards with a verandah for levees, and backed by stables full of Oman blood, an oratory and a graveyard, where runaway slaves, chained together by the neck, lie in the shade.

The public buildings in Zanzibar are poor. The mosques, which adorn other Eastern towns with light and airy turrets, breaking the monotony of square white houses, are here in the simplest form. There are about thirty of these buildings, oblong flat-roofed rooms, divided internally by dwarf rows of square and polygonal columns supporting Saracenic arches, broad, pointed, and lanceated, with inner emarginations in the shape of small crescents or scollops. A Shafei place of worship boasts of a diminutive cone, resembling an Egyptian pigeon-tower, and another has a dwarf excrescence like the lantern of a lighthouse. The Kojahs have a ruined old mosque at Nazimozza, on the sea-shore south of the town; and the Shiahs their place of

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*Recollections of Mazunga, Zanzibar, Muscat, Aden, Mocha, and other Eastern Ports.* Salem: George Creamer, 1854. The author, who visited Zanzibar "in the mercantile," was grievously "hoaxed" by some kind friend. Only one mutilation took place under H. H. Sazzid Said. Death was inflicted according to Koranic order, and torture was unknown.

meeting in the Kipondah Quarter. Prayers of the great festivals, during the Prince's life, were recited at Mtony: now in the Palace oratory, and other mosques. Sazzid Said also built a gable-ended house, after the model of the Dutch factory at Bunder Abbas. Unhappily a large chandelier dropped from the ceiling, and gave the place, which was intended for levees and a "hall of pleasure," a permanent bad name. It has ever since been shut up.

There are four Suk or bazars at Zanzibar; the fish-market lies behind the Suk Mahogo, a long street in the south of the town, where paddy and grain, cloth and cotton, vegetables and provisions, generally are for sale; and eastward is the Suk Melinde, where the butchers expose their vendibles. The best articles disappear before 7 A.M., after which time nought but refuse remains. The most characteristic spot in Zanzibar—the slave auctions are held in an empty walled court—is undoubtedly the salt bazar at the foot of the Fort's eastern bastion. It derives its name from huge heaps of saline sand, exposed for sale by the Mekranis and the Suri Arabs. Being near the custom-house, it is thronged with people, and gives, like the bazars of Cairo and Damascus, an exaggerated idea of the population. The staple material is a double line of negresses and black youth, with heaps of sun-dried manioc, mangoes, pine-apples, greasy fritters, the abominable jack-fruit, and redolent fish piled up between their extended legs. They vary the tedium of plaiting leaves and mat-weaving, with conversations arguing an admirable conformation of the articulating organs, and a somewhat lax morality. Pairs of muscular Hazramaut porters, hobbling along with bales of goods and packs of hides suspended from a pole, pass chanting down the central road, kicking out of their way the humped cows, who placidly munch offal, fruits, and vegetables under the shadow of their worshippers the Banyans. Stout Bhattias, traders from Cutch, distinguished by high features, pale skins, shaven beards, peaked turbans of spotted puople or crimson edged with gold, snowy cotton coats, and immaculate loin-cloths, chaffer with yellow Indian Kojahs; tricky-faced men with evil eyes and silky beards, forked after the fashion of ancient Rustam. More picturesque than these, gaunt light-brown Arabs from the Gulf, whose unkempt elf-locks flow low over their saffron-stained shirts, armed with two-handed swords, daggers, and small round hide-targes, stalk like beasts of prey, eyeing the crowd with cut-throat stare and single gaze. Sometimes a white man—how hideous his garb appears!—threads the streets, arousing the mangy curs, and usirg the stick upon the naked shoulders that obstruct him. Here and there waddles an Arab woman—a heap of unwashed clothes on invisible feet, with the Maskat masque exposing only her eye-balls. The black population, male and female, is more varied. Here is the tall Mhiao woman, of stalwart frame and sooty skin, known by the hole which, pierced in her upper lip, allows a pearl to shine through the outer darkness, and her man, with cauterised skin worked and raised in intricate patterns over all his muscular trunk. The half-caste Sawahili girl wears a single piece of loose red or blue check bound tight under her arms, and extending to her ankles; her frizzly crop of hair is twisted into a multitude of lines, which have the appearance of being razor-traced upon the scalp; one wing of her flat nose is pierced to admit a bone or metal stod, and the lobes of her ears are distended with wooden pegs or twists of palm-leaf, which, by continued pressure, enlarge the aperture to a prodigious extent. The slave shaves her head into the semblance of a magnified coco-nut. She is accompanied by her hopeful, a small black imp ignorant of clothing; on his head is a water-jar bigger than his own pot-belly and he screams *Na-kújá*—"I come"—to his friends, who are otherwise disporting themselves. There a group of Wanyassa, with teeth filed into shark shape, are "chaffing" old Shylock, an Arab slave-dealer; whilst Wazegura, with patterned skins, scowl evilly at the Suri Nakhoda, the professed kidnapper of their race. The tattoo distinguishes this confusion of tribes; all, how-

ever, have the common national marks, gashes, pelagra, and small-pox. But see, two Moslem Sawahili have met; let us listen to the lengthy greetings exchanged:—

*A.*—"Yambo?" (the state?)

*B.*—"Yambo sana!" (the state is good!)

*A.*—"I seize the feet!"

*B.*—"How hast thou eaten and slept?"

*A.*—"I have made my reverential bow."

*B.*—"Yambo?"

*A.*—"It is good!"

*B.*—"Like unto gold?"

*A.*—"Like unto gold!"

*B.*—"Like unto coral?"

*A.*—"Like unto coral!"

*B.*—"Like unto pearl?"

*A.*—"Like unto pearl!"

*B.*—"In happiness kuahery! (farewell!")

*A.*—"In happiness let us meet, if Allah please."

*B.*—"Hem!"

*A.*—"Hum!" (drawn out like the German's "So-o-o!")

Most national salutations, from "How do you do?" to "How do you carry yourself?" are below the organisation of those that use them. But these efforts of African politeness, performed with a scrupulous earnestness by a pair of *gueux*, are amusing in a high degree.

## CHAPTER II.—DEPARTURE FROM ZANZIBAR.

> "The billows are all sparkling
> And bounding in the light,
> Like creatures in whose sunny veins
> The blood is running bright."—BARRY CORNWALL.

The beauties of this Hormos Episalos—the open road of the Periplus—are the labours of the Lithophyte,

> "Sea-girt isles,
> That like to rich and various gems inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep."

These are five in number—Champany Island, Kibandiko, Chaugu, Bawy, and Chumby. I prefer their less barbarous European names. Northmost is French Island,—here as at Canton, a cemetery for Europeans, more decently buried than at Maskat, where they have their choice of a dunghill or the Cove. Formerly this Death's Acre was frequented by turtle-fishers. "Mahogo," however, has seen so many ghastly visions of yellow-faced ghosts rising from the growth of Christian graves, that he now abandons the green clump to naval and commercial sportsmen, who repair here to shoot the Sazzid's tame deer, and occasionally other brownish objects imperfectly seen through the bushes. Westward, and connected at low tides by a practicable reef, lies the Ponton—the hulk—a ledge of verdure. It is separated from Middle Island by a channel deep enough for a man-of-war; and the neighbouring shoals supply certain small rock-oysters of by no means despicable flavour. The most important is Bawy, or Turtle Island, a long coralline bank, covered with tall cocos, which are the Sazzid's property, governed by a peculiarly vicious baboon deported from Zanzibar, and used, as Colaba was of old, "to keep antelopes, goats, and other beasts of delight." Near it is the celebrated Harp-shell bank, so rich before its produce was spoiled for watch-dials. Furthest to the south is Isle la Passe, which, mistaken for Bawy, has caused many a shipwreck.

Far westward, across the blue expanse of ocean, lies a faint line of flat coast, broken by high and remarkable cones. Within the islands is an animated scene. Over the outer waters scuds a mosquito fleet of Galawa—canoes and monoxyles—cutting the waves like flying proas, and most skilfully handled by the sable fishermen. Some of these negroes, especially those of Brava, have retained the broad-brimmed straw-hat which they borrowed from their conquerors the Portuguese. The "pequenos batteis" of the *Lusiad* are still the same, except that a disproportioned sail of Ameri-

can cotton, based upon a pair of outriggers ten or eleven feet square, in some cases now supplies the place of "velos d'huma folhas de palma bem tecidas." Many progress by means of a loin-cloth held up in the bow by a negro acting mast; others are propelled by a single paddle with a broad curved blade, shifted from right to left, and pulled, as amongst the Mandans, towards the paddler. They form a curious national contrast with the launches and lighters that unload European merchandise.

The north-east monsoon being the season at Zanzibar, the two bays present a busy scene. Over the square near the custom-house, a mob of "natives," dense as bees, swarm to feast their eyes upon an approaching ship of war. Slaves wash ivories in the sea, pile hides, and heap logwood upon the sands, amongst sleek Brahminy bulls, pushing and butting by way of excitement. The younger blacks of both sexes bathe and disport themselves in an absence of costume which would astonish even Ramsgate. During this season the number of craft in port may average from sixty to seventy. They are anchored close inland, and are sometimes bumped to pieces from the wondrous apathy of their crews. The eye is first struck by the picturesque form of the "Mtepe," a lineal descendant from the Ploairia Khapta of the Periplus, which floated upon the seas two thousand years ago. This Lamu craft, with a beam one-third of its length, a thin mast that carries any amount of square matting, with a swan-necked prow, upon whose red head, as in Chinese junks, and in the ark of Egyptian Osiris, is painted a white circular eye, and with cowhoop and other talismans depending from its curved throat, swims the tide buoyantly as a huge bird. The "mtepe" carries from fifteen to twenty tons, has not a nail in her, can go to windward of anything, never lies up for the monsoon, and by her breadth and elasticity can stand almost any amount of dancing upon sandbanks. The "Beden," from Sur, Sohar, and Maskat, discharges a load of Arab loafers. Having a boarded cabin, and being a fast sailer—she has accomplished eleven knots—this craft is preferred by passengers, and can carry, as Arabs travel, from eighty to one hundred men; on short trips, one per ton. At a distance, in hazy weather, her sail has often caused the Zanzibarites to fly their flags in hopes of news from home: nearer, the stern-post, rising above its overall, and the powerful rudder, like a shark's caudal-fin, suggest the idea of a vast fish. The "Grab," a kind of overgrown "Dow," rigged bark-fashion, is, to appearance, wondrous couthless. Baghlas and Ganjas from Cutch, with low projecting bows, elevated and elaborately carved and painted sterns, some with masts struck, others ready to weigh anchor, split like giant's wedges the opposing waves. This stumbling craft, so dangerous in head-seas, is perpetuated only by popular prejudice for the antique. Add to these a variety of "dows," with immense outriggers on the stern, Battelas with poop-cabinets, open Matumbis and Machuas—gentle reader, I am not forwarding a report on Moslem naval architecture—and you have the outlines of the outlandish craft, withal interesting, that bethrongs the harbour of Zanzibar.

Outside these "country ships" lie some half-a-dozen French, Hamburg, and American square-rigged merchantmen, awaiting cargoes of copal and ivory, cowries and hides. The oft-puffed squadron of the late Sazzid flanks these peaceful traders, with its single and double banks of guns. There is a frigate, a jackass frigate, a corvette, a bark, and a brig; the number is imposing. But the masts are struck, and stripped for economy of rigging; the yards are fore and aft upon the booms; the crews consist of half-a-dozen thievish slaves, the live stock rats and cockroaches, the exterior dingy, and the internals foul. A single screw-steamer would have been more efficient in war, and far more useful in peace. It is difficult, however, to convince an Arab that number is not strength.

Our error in dealing with Orientals is always one and the same. If a man evinces signs of superiority, we push him hopelessly before and beyond his age. The late ruler of

Zanzibar was probably as shrewd and enlightened a prince as Arabia ever produced, yet we overrated his powers. A beautiful model of a steam-engine was sent out from England; it was allowed to rust unopened in his stores. Like all Orientals, he was ever surrounded by an odious *entourage*, whom he consulted, trusted, and apparently preferred to his friends and well-wishers. He believed firmly in the African fetiss, and in the Arabian Sahin's power of metamorphosis;* he would never flog a Mganga, or medicine-man, nor cut down a "devil's tree." He sent for a Shaykh whose characts were celebrated, and fastened the paper with a silver nail to the doorway of Colonel Hamerton's sick-room, thereby excluding evil spirits and the ghost of Mr. Napier, who had died in the Consulate. He refused to sit for his portrait; even Colonel Smyth's *History of Knight-errantry and Chivalrous Characters* failed to tempt him—for the European peasant's reason, it would take away part of his life. When "chivalry" was explained to him, he remarked that only the Sifiah (low fellows) interfere between husband and wife. His favourite axiom—a fair test of man's mind—was, that "Mullahs, women, and horses, never can be called good till death;" meaning, there is no knowing when they deceive. The Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord sent him their diploma; he refused to belong to a body of gentlemen who robbed graves and snatched corpses. The census of Zanzibar being proposed to him, he took refuge with Allah from the sin of numbering his people. When tide-gauges were sent by the Geographical Society of Bombay, he observed that "the Creator had bidden the ocean to ebb and flow—what else did man want to know about it?" Such was his incapability of understanding European affairs, that until death-day he believed Louis Philippe to have carried into exile, as he himself would have done, all the fleets and the public treasury of the realm. And, finally, he could never comprehend a republic—"who administered the stick?" Yet, peace to his soul! he was the model of Arab princes; a firm friend to the English nation, and a great admirer of the "Malikat el Aazameh," our most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

On the 20th of December, riding through the surf, we landed, regretting that wealthy Zanzibar had not

* I have alluded to this subject in a previous work (*An Exploration of Harar*, chap. ii.); a few more details may not be uninteresting. Strong-headed Pliny believes metamorphosis to be a "fabulous opinion," and remarks of Greek trustworthiness, "there is no falsehood, however impudent, that wants its testimony among them." Petronius gives an account of the "fact." Pomponius Mela accuses the Druidesses of assuming bestial shapes. Suidas mentions a city where men changed their forms. Simon Magus could produce a double of himself. Saxo Grammaticus declares that the priest of Odin assumed various appearances. Our ancestry had their were-wolf (homo-lupus), and the Bretons their Bisclavaret. John of Salisbury asserts that Mercury taught mankind the damnable art of fascinating the eyes. Joseph Acosta instances fellow-countrymen in the West Indies, who were shot during transformation. Mr. Coffin, the Abyssinian traveller, all but saw his Buda change himself into a hyena. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns heard of a human horse. In Shoa and Bornou men became leopards; in Persia, bears; in Simali-land, cyn-hyenas; Krumen in West Africa, elephants and sharks; and among the Namaquas, according to Mr. Andersson, lions. In Maskat, transformation is fearfully frequent; and Shiahs believe the good Caliph Abubekr to be trotting through the deserts of Oman in the semblance of a she-hyena. Even in Europe, after an age of scepticism, the old natural superstition is returning, despite the pitchfork, under another shape. The learned authoress of the *Night-side of Nature* objects to "illusionists," reasons lycanthropy to be the effect of magico-magnetic influence, and instances certain hysterical and nervous phenomena of eyes paralysed by their own weakness.

Ten years I have carefully sifted every reported case in Oriental lands, and have come to the conclusion with which most men begin. No amount of evidence can justify belief in impossibilities. Such evidence comes from the ignorant and the deceitful. Moreover, as knowledge increases, objective miracles diminish in inverse ratio, and supernaturalisms gradually dwindle to *nil*.

afforded herself the luxury of a T-shaped stone-pier. We were received by Colonel Hamerton with a true Irishman's welcome; and when the small mountain of luggage had been duly housed, we addressed ourselves seriously to the difficulties of our position. The report of our coming had preceded us. The Arabs were alarmed, and busy in conjecturing the objects with which the Frank was about to visit their copal coast, and explore their ivory lands: they knew that Europeans have coveted a possession upon the sea-board, and remembered nothing but evil results from the missionary visits to Fuga. The unworthy merchants at Zanzibar, American and European, did their best to secure for us the fate of M. Maizan, both on this and on a subsequent occasion, by spreading all manner of reports amongst the Banyans, Arabs, and Sawahilis. The Consul, warned of this commotion by Kazi Muhiy el Din, the "celestial doctor" of the Sawahili, did not hesitate, when pressed by the Arab chiefs, to swear by the "Kalamat Ullah," that the expedition was wholly composed of English officers, and should have nothing in common with missionaries or Dutchmen, as these gentlemen from Germany are called by the Zanzibaris. Had Colonel Hamerton refused to gratify them, the course of events is clear to all who know this race. The surface of Arab civility would have been to appearance unruffled, but the undercurrent would have carried us off our legs. Considering the unfitness of the season, we were strongly advised to defer exploration of the interior until we had learned something of the coast, and for that purpose to set out at once for a two or three months' cruise. Persuaded by the Consul's earnestness, Sazzid Sulayman bin Hamid, popularly known as the "Bahary Mziry," or Sea of Milk—the Ethiopic equivalent for "soft sawder"—came forward in our favour. This old chief was governor of Zanzibar during the minority of Sazzid Khalid, the heir-apparent, who died in 1854, and his good word was strong upon the sea-board. He gave us circulars, to which the young Prince Majid added one, addressed to Sultan Kimwere of Usumbara, and another to the Diwans, or Sawahili Headmen, and to the Beloch Yemadars commanding the several garrisons. On the other hand, Ladha Damha of Mandavie, the Banyan Collector of Customs, provided us with orders upon the Hindu merchants to advance requisite moneys: without these, our reception would have been of the coolest.

If we, travellers in transit, had reason to be proud of our countryman's influence at Zanzibar, the European and American merchants should be truly thankful for it. Appointed in 1840 H.B.M.'s consul and H.E.I. Co.'s agent at the court of H. H. Sazzid Said, and directed to make this island his headquarters, Colonel Hamerton found that for nine years not a British cruiser had visited it, and that report declared us to be no longer masters of the Indian seas. Slavery was rampant. Wretches were thrown overboard, when sick, to prevent paying duty; and the sea-beach before the town, as well as the plantations, presented horrible spectacles of dogs devouring human flesh. The consul's representations were accepted by Sazzid Said; certain dry floggings and confiscations of property instilled into slave-owners the semblance of humanity. The insolence of the negro was as summarily dealt with. The Arabs had persuaded the Sawahilis and blacks that a white man is a being below contempt, and the "poor African" carried out the theory. Only seventeen years have elapsed since an American trader-consul, in consular cocked hat and sword, was horsed upon a slave's back, and solemnly "bakured" in his own consular house, under his own consular flag.* A Sawahili would at any time enter the merchant's bureau, dispose his sandalled feet upon the table, call for cognac, and if refused, draw his dagger. Negro fishermen would anchor their craft close to a window, and, clinging to the mast, enjoy the novel

* This occurrence was afterwards denied by the best of all authorities,—the gentleman who told the tale. I have, however, every reason to believe it.

spectacle of Kaffirs feeding. The Arabs jostled strangers in the streets, drove them from the centre, and forced them to pass by the left hand. At night none dared to carry a lantern, which would inevitably be broken; and a promenade in the dark usually caused insults, sometimes a bastinado. To such a pitch rose contempt for the white face, that even the "mild Hindoo"—our fellow-subjects from Cutch and other parts of Western India—would not preserve with a European the appearance of civility. It required some time to uproot an evil made inveterate by mercantile tameness: patience and the Sazzid's goodwill, however, succeeded; and now an Englishman here is even more civilly treated than at one of our presidencies. This change is the work of Colonel Hamerton, who, in the strenuous and unremitting discharge of his duties, has lost youth, strength, and health. The iron constitution of this valuable public servant—I have quoted merely a specimen of his worth—has been undermined by the terrible fever, and at fifty his head bears the "blossoms of the grave," as though it had seen its seventieth summer.

Before we could set out a guide was requisite: this necessary was provided for us by the Sea of Milk. Said bin Salim el Lamki, the companion of our way for many a weary mile, well deserves the honour of a sketch. He is a diminutive Arab, short, thin, and delicate, a kind of man for the pocket, forty years old, with a yellow skin, weak and prominent eyes, and a long nose like a young bird, loose lips, regular teeth, dyed by betel to the crimson of chessmen, almost beardless, and scantily mustachioed. Of noble family, the Beni Lamk of the Hinawi, his father Salim had been governor of Kilwa (Quiloa), and he himself commanded at the little port Saadan. Yet had dignity not invested him with the externals of authority. He says "Karrib," (draw nigh!) to simple and gentle. He cannot beat his naughty bondsmen, though he perpetually quotes—

"Buy thou not the slave but with staff in hand,
"Or the lord will slave, and the slave command;"

and though I have heard him address with "rotund mouth" the small boy Faraj, he is mostly ashamed to scold. This results from extreme nervousness and timidity. Though he never appears without a dagger, and a two-handled blade fit for the Richard of England, he will sleep in an oven rather than open the door after hearing of a leopard. On board ship he groans like a colicky patient at every blast, and a sea shipped brings the squeak of mortal agony involuntarily from his lips. In the hour of safety he has a certain mild valour, which is exceeding likely to impose. He cannot bear fatigue, hunger, or thirst, and until fate threw him in our way, probably never walked one consecutive mile. Though owner of a wife and three assistant wives, he was refused by Allah the gift of increase and multiplication. Possibly the glad tidings that a slave-girl was likely to make him a father, suddenly communicated on his return from the cruise, made him judge our companionship canny, and resolve once more to link his destiny with the Frank.

Said bin Salim is a Bayazi of the Kharijite schism; he prays regularly, fasts uncompromisingly, chews, but will not smoke tobacco, never casts away a date-stone, and "sips water," but "swills milk," as the Arab proverb directs. His mother-tongue is the Lingua Franca called Ki-Sawahili; he speaks the vile Arabic of Oman, but sometimes, to display the humanities, he mixes up hashed Koran and terminating vowels with Maskat "baragouinage"—*Paradise Lost* and thieves' Latin. He has read Syntax, writes a pretty hand, is great at epistles, and loves to garnish discourse with saw and song. When in the "doldrums" he will exclaim:—

"The grave's the gate all flesh must pass,—
Ah! would I knew what lies behind!"

I have heard him crooning for long hours,

"The knowledge of this nether world,
Say, friend, what is it?—false or true?
The false what mortal cares to know?—
The truth what mortal ever knew?"

Sometimes he will break out into rather a "fast" strain—

"At Mecca I saw the lass selling perfume:
She put forth her hand, and I cried, 'O sweet!' [Three sniffs crescendo.
She leaned over me, casting a glance of love;
But from Mecca I sped, saying, 'Farewell, sweet!'"
[Three Kaffir-clicks diminuendo, signifying, "no go."

The reader asks, What induced us to take a guide apparently so little fit for rough-and-ready work? In the first place, the presence of Said bin Salim el Lamki was a pledge of respectability. Secondly, our companion had a well-filled knowledge-box, and was no churl in imparting its contents. Thirdly, he was courteous, thoroughly good-tempered, generous, and kind-hearted. And, lastly, a bright exception to the rule of his unconscientious race, he appeared truthful, honest, and honourable. I have never yet had reason to suspect him of a low action. This rare and solid merit determined us to attach him, and when we communicated to him the resolution, "Verily," was the reply, "whoso benefiteth the beneficent becometh his lord, but the vile well treated, turneth and rendeth thee." I almost hope that he may not deceive us in the end.

On the evening of the 5th January 1857, Captain S—— and I shook hands with our host and kind friend, and found ourselves on board the Riami, an Arab "Beden," hired for our coasting cruise, and stored with necessaries for two months by Ladha, the collector of customs.* Our Nakhoda, Hamid — never was brain of goose or heart of hen-partridge hidden by brow so broad and intellectual, and by beard so fierce and bushy—belonged to that Suri race, the self-called descendants of Syrians, well known for beggary and covetousness, for kidnapping and safe piracy. These men, most uncourteous and vilest of the Arabs, would address even their prince, "O Said!" and though ever demanding El Hishmah, or respect for themselves, will on no occasion accord it to others.

It were vain to describe how, after we had been peremptorily summoned on board, our gallant captain eclipsed himself in quest of two sailors who had absconded—how he had forgotten to lay in stores of wood and water—how he did not come home till morning, when, making sail, he ran down to Mtony, and there wasted twenty-four hours — how he again went on shore, promising to return in half an hour, but leaving us to spend the day in vain expectation — how Said bin Salim solaced himself by wishing that the Shatyan might appear to Hamid on his deathbed, and say, "O friend of my soul, welcome home!" — how he reappeared with half-a-dozen fellows, mostly Suris culled from the bazar, one maimed, another a stammerer, a third sick, a fourth malingering, No. 5 a tailor, and No. 6 a diminutive Somali boy—how he was greeted by me with a flea in his ear and the threat of Bakur, and by Said bin Salim with a cup of coffee and a proverb, importing that out of woe cometh weal—and, finally, how, after

* The outfit and expenses of an African journey are always interesting to travellers. We paid 50 German crowns (about 4s. 2d. each) to our guide Said, 20 dols. per mensem to our two Portuguese boys, and 32 dols. were the monthly hire of the Beden, besides the inevitable bakhshish. Total in two months, 160 dollars.

Our presents for chiefs were 20 jamdarris, or sprig muslins for turbans (15 dols.); 20 embroidered Surat caps (17 dols. 50 cts.); a broadcloth coat and a Maskat loincloth (20 dols. 50 cts.) for Sultan Kimwere; 35 pounds of small white-and-pink Venetian beads (14 dols.), and 2 cotton shawls, yellow and scarlet (2 dols. 50 cts.) Total about 70 dollars.

The provisions were tea, coffee (20 lb.), tobacco, snuff, salt, pepper, curry-stuff, half-a-dozen of cognac, sugar (20 lb.), rice (3 bags), onions, dates (1 bag), manioc flour (1 barrel), clarified butter, oil, and candles. The expenses of living and travelling, the whole party included, were in January 94 dols., and 84 dols. in February. Total about 250 dollars.

These several items form a grand total of 480 dols., equivalent to about £50 per mensem. But I must observe we travelled in humble guise, walked the whole way, had no animals, hired poor vessels, and practised a somewhat rigid economy.

a clear loss of two nights and a day, we drew up our ground-tackle and went our way. Orientals notably want the principle of immediate action. The traveller in Eastern Africa must ever be prepared for three distinct departures—the little start, the great start, and the start.

Our old tub, with knees and mast loose like a slaver, soon reached the usual point of departure, Kokotony Bay—"in the pebbles"—a roadstead with the usual trimmings of mangrove and manioc, lime and orange, superb mangoes and cocos waving in the clear sea-breeze. Clove plantations adorn the little hills, and the giant calabash stretches its stumpy crooked arms over the clustering huts. This tree is at once majestic and grotesque; the tall conical bole of spongy and porous wood, covered with a soft glossy rind at the base, will have a girth of forty or fifty feet, and bear from five hundred to six hundred gourds. Arbutus-like, in the same season some trees will be bare, others in leaf, in flower, or in fruit. When thickly clothed with foliage growing almost stalkless from the wood, topped with snowy flowers like the fairest of water-lilies, and hung about with ovals here somewhat longer than a coco-nut, covered with a green velvet, and attached by a long thin cord, its appearance is striking as it is novel.

On the 10th of January we ran through the paradise of verdant banks and plateaus forming the approach to Pemba, and halted a day to admire the Emerald Isle of these Eastern seas. In A.D. 1698, the bold buccaneer Captain Kidd buried there his blood-stained hoards of precious stones and metal, the plunder of India and the further Orient. The people of Pemba have found pots full of gold lumps, probably moulded from buttons that the pirate might wear his wealth. Thus it is that the modern skipper, landing at Madagascar or other robber haunts of the olden time, still frequently witnesses the disappearance of his brass buttons, whilst the edge of a knife resting upon his throat secures the quiescence essential to the rapid performance of the operation. Landing at Chakchak, the principal harbour, we inspected the town and sketched the fort, an old building, vain and picturesque as any restored castle on the Rhine.

Our gallant captain of the beard—"the Lord have mercy on him for a hen!"—determined to doze away the day, and at night to sleep soundly, anchored in some quiet bay. On this latter point we differed. Yet when running out of Pemba, grave doubts regarding my own wisdom suggested themselves as the moonless night fell like a pall, and, exaggerated by the dim twinkling of the stars, rose within biscuit toss the silhouettes of island and plateau, whence proceeded the threatening sounds of a wash. Presently, however, emerging from the reefs, we smelt sea-air, and felt with pleasure the long throb of the Indian Ocean. Our progress northwards was made under difficulties. Rain fell almost daily; the wind was high and contrary, the sea wild and stormy; a strong current set dead against us; the lee-shore, within a few yards of which we were periodically drifted, was steep too, with coralline rocks and bars; and if all was unpleasant outside the Riami, the interior, with its atmosphere of cockroaches, bilge-water, and rotting wood, was scarcely more attractive. On the 16th January, after beating about for three days in sight of the conical Hummocks, called by the Portuguese Corva de Mombassa, and when almost despairing of reaching them, we were driven by a fair puff round Ras Betany into the land-locked harbour. Our reception at Mombas was characteristic of Africa. The men hailed us from afar with the query, "What news?" We were unmercifully derided by black nymphs bathing in the costume of the Nereids. And the sable imps upon the sands shouted the free-and-easy "Mzungu!"—white man!

## CHAPTER III.—MOMBAS.

"Here reigned a hoary king of ancient fame,
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the island's name."—MICKLE'S *Lusiad.*

From earliest ages the people of this inhospitable coast left untried neither force nor fraud, no secret treachery nor open hostility, to hinder and deter Europeans from exploration. Bribed by the white and black Moors, the Arabs and Sawahili, then monopolists of the interior trade, Vasco de Gama's pilots attempted to wreck his ships. In later years the Banyans, now chief merchants of the coast, have excited against us the half-caste maritime races—as usual, the worst specimens of population—and their neighbours, the sanguinary savages, who, in addition to their natural fear of our complexion, have preserved in verse and song a "reivayat," or prophecy, that sovereignty shall depart from them when the Frank's first footstep has defiled the soil. In 1826, the brig "Mary Anne" was assaulted near Berberah, and some of her crew were murdered by the Somal, according to Lieut. Wellsted,* at the instigation of the Banyans, who certainly withheld all information by which the attack could have been prevented or repelled. In 1844, a combination secretly headed by Yayaram, the collector of customs at Zanzibar, so effectually opposed Colonel Hamerton, that, unable to procure a vessel on the island, he crossed over to the mainland with his own boat's crew in a launch borrowed from the Prince. Now, however, the number of the European merchants, the increasing power of the Sazzid, and the presence of our ships in these ports, have convinced Arabs, Banyans, and Sawahilis that it is vain for them to kick against the pricks in European shape. Yet they yield unwillingly, knowing that by the advance of our interests their monopoly will be diverted into another channel. At present, fortune-favoured travellers may perhaps enter the country, but they should consider the countenance of the Sazzid's government a *sine quâ non*, and never, unless marching in great force, or prepared to bribe in all directions, make any port distant from headquarters their starting-point.

The town of Mombas is mentioned in 1330 by the Shaykh Ibn Batutah as a large place abounding in fruits, and peopled by a chaste, honest, and religious race. Two centuries afterwards it is thus described by the "Colto e buon Luigi," as Camoens is called by the amiable Tasso. In these days of general knowledge I forbear translation.

"Estava a ilha a terra tão chegada
Que humo estreito pequeno a dividia
Huma cidade nella situada
Que na fronte do mar apparecia
Do nobres edificios fabricada
Como por fora se longe des cobria—
Regida por hum Rei de antigua idade
Mombaca he o nome da ilha eda cidade."

We read also attractive details of beautiful gardens, lofty towers, a harbour full of ships; of handsome men, and of honourable women, in silk robes, adorned with gold and jewels; "the horsemen of Mombas," which now barely contains an ass; and the "ladies of Melinde," at present a heap of ruins. The venerable monarch received Vasco de Gama with peculiar attention, and with the benevolent purpose of cutting his throat, enticed him to land by samples of pepper, ginger, and cloves,† appa-

* *Travels in Arabia*, chap. xviii. I have alluded to this event in a previous work, *An Exploration of Harar*, chap. i.

† I cannot understand what these cloves were; Andrea Corsali in Ramusia describes them as "not like those of India, but shaped more like our acorns." All authors mention the Portuguese finding cloves at the ports of East Africa; these must have been brought from Bourbon, or from Malacca. The pepper and ginger were doubtless Indian imports, as Calicut Banyans and Christians of St. Thomas are mentioned.

rently all imports, and promises to furnish wax, wheat, ambergris, ivory, and precious metals. When the general's ship weighed anchor to enter Mombas, she struck upon a shoal, probably the reef off Ras Betany. The "Moors" tumbled into their canoes, the Mozambique pilot plunged from the ship's stern, and an ugly treason stood forth in its nakedness. To make certain, de Gama of the "awful eyes" obtained confession from his Moslem captives by "heating bacon, and dropping it upon their flesh."* Unable, however, to revenge himself, he set sail for Melinde.

In A.D. 1500 Mombas yielded to D. Alvarez Cabral; in 1503, D. Roderigo Ravasco settled its tribute; and two years afterwards — events succeeded one another rapidly in those dear old days—it was attacked, captured, and garrisoned by the first viceroy of India, D. Francesco d'Almeyda, a venerable who had been gravely insulted by its turbulent citizens. A fort was built, stringent regulations were made, and in 1508 the conquest was placed in the first of the three provinces of Ethiopia and Arabia. The government of the general capital, Mozambique, was confided by the king to D. Duarte de Lemos.

The Portuguese were now masters of the principal ports and positions in a coast two thousand miles long. Contrary to received opinion, tradition declares that they penetrated far into the interior, and it is not probable that soldiers so adventurous would confine themselves to the sea-board. The Sawahilis speak of a ruined castle on 'Njuira, a hill north of the Pangany river, and placed by M. Rebmann 160 miles from the ocean. On the heights of Chhaga† (the mountain region whose apex is the much-vexed Kilimanjaro), stone walls, a breastwork for cannon, and an image of a long-haired woman seated in a chair and holding a child, are reported to remain. The Wanika or desert people of the Mombas hills have preserved at Rabai Mku, in one of the strongholds called a "Kaya," certain images which they declare came from the *West;* and inconolatry being here unknown,‡ the savages must have derived them from some more civilised race. According to Dr. Krafft, the statuettes are called *Kisukas*, or little devils, and carried in

* Europeans wonder that the East has attached contempt to the word Feringhee. Easterns became acquainted with Europe at a time when the Portuguese were slavers in the Lord's name, the French and Dutch second-rate traders, and the English were rank "salt-water thieves." Vasco de Gama did not hesitate to decorate his yardarms with wretches suspended like the captives of Sallee rovers. Torture and cruel death, especially wholesale burning, fell to the lot of Moslems and pagans. Albuquerque's soldiers hewed off the hands and feet of women and children, to secure their bracelets and armlets more quickly. In the seventeenth century, even the commanders of the English East India Company's ships, according to Della Valle, committed robberies on the high seas and on shore. The Great Mogul regarded our nation as "a people of dissolute morals and degraded religion."

† In the Portuguese inscription over the fort gate of Mombas, dated 1639, and half defaced by the Arabs, mention is made of the King of "Zara" becoming their tributory. Prichard (*Nat. Hist. of Man*) confounds the nomadic and cannibal Zagas or Giagas of Congo, so formidable to the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, with the Chhaga country near Mombas. His words are, "In 1569 the same people are said to have been completely routed on the Eastern coast near Mombase, after having laid waste the whole region of Monomotapa." Chhaga in East Africa—by some it is pronounced Zaga—is the name of a district. The people never call themselves Wachhaga or Wajaga, but Wakirniva or Mountaineers. "Zaga," on the other hand, in Western Africa, is said to signify "warlike nomades," and to be now a title of honour.

‡ According to Andrew Battel, the English captive at Angola in 1589, the Giagas or Zagas had little images in their towns. As a rule, however, the want of constructiveness and plastic power in the African prevent his being an idolator in the strict sense of the word. He finds it more convenient to make a god of grass or palm-leaves and broken pieces of calabashes, to which feathers of fowls were fastened by means of blood.—*Messrs. J. Shön and Samuel Crowther's Journals with the Niger Expedition of* 1841. London, 1842.

war-procession to encourage the combatants. No European, however, has seen this great medicine; the chief never dared even to propose showing them to a missionary; and whenever an individual evinced more persistency than was pleasing, he found every bush upon his path bristling with bows and spears, and capped by the wool mop of some sable Roderick Dhu's clansmen.

On the 9th of Jemadi el Akhir, A.H. 1110 (A.D. 1698)—the date is celebrated in many ballads—the Mazrui, a noble Arab tribe, and the dependent Sawahilis, emboldened by the squadron of Sayf bin Malih el Yurabi, Imaum of Oman, massacred the European masters of Mombas. They continued quasi-independent, sending occasional presents to the Ayzal Bú Said, the present dynasty of Maskat, till 1823 or 1824, when they placed themselves under British protection in their rebellion against the late Sazzid. They were permitted to fly our flag—a favour for which, when danger disappeared, they proved themselves ungrateful: and a Mr Reece* was placed at Mombas to watch its interests. Sazzid Said, however, who showed a kind of title to the town, was permitted to attack it; and in 1837, after two seasons of desultory warfare, he succeeded. Rashid bin Salim, chief of the Mazrui, accompanied by twenty-six kinsmen, was enticed on board the Sazzid's ship by an oath and a sealed Koran. He fell into the trap—it is wonderful how liar trusts liar—and the vessel at once stood for Maskat. The chiefs spent the remnant of their days at Hormuz, and the power of the Mazrui was for ever destroyed. The traveller laments that we abandoned Mombas: had England retained it, the whole interior would now be open to us. But such is the history of Britain the Great; hard won by blood and gold, her conquests are parted with for a song.

Mombas is built upon one of those small coralline islands, which, from Ras Hafun to Cape Corrientes, form the centres of commerce with a coast whose people, brutalised by slavery and incapable of civilisation, would have converted mainland depots into dens of rapine and bloodshed. Of this chain the principal links are Masawwah, Old Zayla, Berberah (in the sixteenth century an islet), Lamu, Wasin, ancient Tanga, Pemba, Zanzibar, Mafiyeh (by us called Monfia), the original Kilwa, and Mozambique. Mombas island is an irregular oval, about three miles long by two and a half in breadth; a *meeres arm*, or narrow channel of coralline and oyster rock, separates it on every side from the coast. Behind lies a deep land-locked basin, called by Captain Owen "Port Tudor," and westward, one similar, "Port Reitz." Vessels generally lie under the town opposite English Point on the mainland, and near a wharf made by Lieutenant Emery in 1825. The harbour is snug; in the south-west monsoon, however, square-rigged ships must be warped out, and in so doing they run the greatest risk of a wreck.

Of the Portuguese at Mombas the only traces are ruins of desecrated churches, some old wells of good masonry, still supplying the best water, and a large fort well placed to command the entrance: standing full to the bay, and detached from the town, if provided with a few batteries *à fleur d'eau*, it would soon dispose of Arab assailants. The picturesque yellow pile, with tall, long, and buttressed curtains, enclosing towers streaked with perpendicular loopholes, high donjons, trees, and little domes, was undergoing repair at the time of our visit; not being authorised to enter by the Prince, I can describe only its exterior.

The town is an array of brown cadjan huts, with a few glaring piles of coralline and lime, surrounded by a tumbling *enceinte*; the position is a diminutive rise at the eastern and seaward edge of the island. Landing at a natural jetty, where the marks of cannon-balls show the old position of a battery, you ascend the cliff by a flight of steps in a dark dwarf-tunnel, the labour of your countrymen. Above, it opens upon the Mission-house, a double-storied pile of coarse masonry;

* He died and was buried here, but his tomb has been built over.

to the right and left are others more or less dilapidated, and the east point of the town is occupied by a small custom-house painfully whitewashed. The wind-blackened sun-burnt huts stand far beyond the *enceinte*, and outside this suburb, the country—it served for skirmishing-ground during the wars—is a bushy plantation of coco and fruit trees. On the mainland, separated by a pure blue channel, verdure and orchards face the town. Mombas is, as far as Nature made her, pleasing and picturesque.

The climate of this islet is hotter and healthier than Zanzibar. The people suffer a little from the fever, which renders it so dangerous for us. The endemic complaint is an ulcer upon the legs, and parts most distant from the seat of circulation. As in Yemen and in the Hejaz, here the least scratch becomes an ugly wound. The cause may be sought in that cachetic and scorbutic habit induced by the want of vegetables, and by brackish water. The pure element is indeed to be found in the old wells beyond the town, and on the mainland; the citizens, however, to save trouble, prefer the nearer pits, where water penetrates through briny coralline,

The population, including a Beloch garrison rated at 300 men, may amount to 8000 souls; of these there are 25 or 30 Indian Moslems, and nearly 50 Bhattias. We found unexpectedly—the Mombas mission was well received—by no means friendly inclinations. Small communities are rarely remarkable for amiability or morality. These people are taxed by other Arabs with overweening pride, insolence of manner, bigotry and evil-speaking, turbulence and treachery. Their habits of pilfering are inveterate; few travellers have failed to miss some valuable. All seemed to regard us as rivals and enemies. They devoted energy to the task of spoiling us, and, that failing, they tried insolence. I was obliged on one occasion to administer, sword in hand, the descent down-stairs. The terrors of the interior and the expense of travelling were studiously exaggerated. Tangai the Jermadar, a quaint old Mekrani, who, unable to read or write, was renowned for "akl" — intellect, synonymous with knavery—did nothing but beg our guns and revolvers. His son would have been contented with a little cloth, powder, and a gold chronometer. "Yabir," a chief so powerful, that men spoke his name in an undertone, almost merited, and narrowly escaped, being led out of the room by his ears. The very Hindus required a lesson in civility. With the Wali or Governor, Khalfan bin Ali, an Omani Arab of noble family, we were on the best of terms. But the manifest animus of the public made us feel light-hearted, when, our inquiries concluded, we bade adieu to Mombas.

Leaving orders with Lakhmidan, the Banyan collector of customs, to land and lodge our cockroach-gnawed luggage, and directing Said bin Salim, supported by our two Portuguese servants and his three slaves, to protect it, Captain S—— and I set out on the morning after our arrival to visit the Rev. Mr. Rebmann of the Mombas mission at Kisulodiny, his station. Before the sun had power to destroy the dewy freshness of dawn, we slowly punted up the river-like creek bounding the islet eastward, and in our heavy "dow"—here all small craft are so called—manned by two men and a boy, we justified stern Omar's base comparison for those who tempt the sea, "worms floating upon a log." Whilst rounding the islet our attention was attracted by groups of market-people, who called to be ferried across. The acknowledgment on our crew's part was an African modification of Marlow Bridge and its infamous pie. Sundry small settlements, bosomed in trees and bush mixed with brabs, cocos, and the W-shaped toddy, appeared upon each "adverse strand." After a two miles' progress, lame as the march of African civilisation, appeared Port Tudor, a salt-water lagoon north of and behind Mombas. Its broad surface, broken only by the Rock of Rats, and hedged on both sides by the water-loving mangrove, prolongs itself in two river-like arms towards the interior, till stopped by high ground. Such in nature is the original of the "Tuaca or Nash," with which our mappers

enliven dull tracts of desert. Here, like the "Great Quilca River," a salt-water inlet, receiving in the dry season a slender runnel, and during rain the surface-drainage of a seaward slope, becomes a noble black streak, dispensing the blessings of commerce and civilisation throughout three inches of white paper.

As we advanced up the "Water of Rabai," the sea-arms shrank and the scenery brightened. A broken blue line of well-wooded hills—the Rabai Range—formed the background. On the nearer slopes westward were the beginnings of plantations; knots of peasants' huts hove successively in sight, and pale smoke, showing that the land is being prepared for approaching showers, curled high from field and fell. Above was the normal mottled sky of the rainy zone, fleecy mists, opal-tinted, floating upon azure depths; and from the western horizon a purple nimbus moved majestically against the wind. Below, the water caught various and varying reflections of the firmament; in places it was smooth as glass, and sometimes dimpled by the zephyrs that found a way through the hill-gaps, and merrily danced over the glistening floor. Here little fishes, pursued by some tyrant of the waters, played duck and drake upon the surface; there larger kinds, skate-shaped, sprang nineteen or twenty feet into the air, glittering like plates of silver in the sun. On both sides the view was bounded by veritable forests of the sea. The white and the red mangrove on firmer ground rose unsupported; on the water's edge they were propped like miniature banyan-trees by succulent offsets of luscious purple and emerald green, so intricate that the eye would vainly unravel the web of root and trunk, of branch and shoot. The parasitical oyster clustered to the portions denuded by the receding tide, whilst the brown newt and the rainbow crab with single claw plunged into their little hiding-holes, or ran amongst the harrow-work of roots and upshoots binding the black mass of ooze. These "green and superb, though unfruitful trees," of the old Portuguese navigator, supply the well-known Zanzibar rafters. Various lichens, especially the orchilla, grew upon the fork. Here and there towered a nodding coco, a silk-cotton tree, or the "Phun," with noble shaft and canopied head of green, glinted through by golden beams. White and brown fish-hawks soared high in ether; lower down, bright fly-catchers hunted in concert the yellow butterflies rashly travelling from bank to bank; doves cooed in the thicker foliage; snowy paddy-birds perched upon the topmost tree-boughs, and over the shoal-water lining the sides; the small grey kingfisher poised himself with twinkling wings; while sober-coated curlews and sand-pipers took little runs, and stopped to peck into the dark vegetable mud.

After ten miles of alternate rowing, sailing, and pulling through pelting rain and potent sun, we reached about mid-day the landing-place, a tree projecting from the right bank over the mud graves of many defunct mangroves. Our boat, stripped of sail, oars, and rudder, to secure her presence next morning, was made fast to a stump, and we proceeded to breast the hills. A footpath led us over rolling ground sliced by the heavy rains, thickly grown with tall coarse grass, sun-scorched to a sickly tawny brown, and thinly sprinkled with thorny acacias. After a mile we began the ascent of the Rabai Range. Rising behind the coralline of the coast, this ridge of yellow or rufous sandstone and red ochreish clay, varying in height from 700 to 1200 feet, fringes the line from Melinde to the Pangany river. The hills rise abruptly seaward, and fall inland with a somewhat gentler slope, thus forming a mere ridge, not, as such maritime ranges usually are, the rampart of an interior plateau. This unusual disposition may have led to the opinion that inland the country falls to or below sea-level.* The chine is broken by deep ravines, which, after rains, pour torrents to the ocean. Despite the blighting salt-breeze, aricas and cocos, mangoes

* As instruments were not used by those who formed the opinion, it is still a disputed point.

and custard apples, the guava and the castor plant, the feathery cassava and the broad-leaved papaw and plantain, flourish upon its flanks; and in the patches of black forests spared by the wild woodman, the copal and the Invule, a majestic timber tree, still linger. The ascent of the hills was short but sharp, and the way, checkered with boulders, wound at times under clumps of palms and grateful shade. On the summit appeared the straggling huts of the savages, pent-housed sheds of dried fronds, surrounded by sparse cultivation, lean cattle, and vegetation drooping for want of rain. Amid cries of "Yambo?" especially from that part of the sable community termed by prescriptive right the fair, and the screams of children, we pursued our road over seaward ridge and dell; at the end of a five-mile walk we entered the mission-house, introduced ourselves to the inmates, and received the most hospitable welcome.

The Kisulodiny mission-house struck us as a miracle of industry in these lands. Begun in 1850 by Messrs. Rebmann and Ehrhardt, it was finished after about two years. The form is in three sides of a hollow square, completed with a railing to keep poultry from vagrancy, and a flat roof is ascended by an external ladder: the material is sandstone plastered with clay and whitewashed; mangrove rafters form the ceiling, and Invule-planks the doors and shutters. It has its inconveniences, being distant from that source of all comfort, the well, and beplagued with ants. The little red wretches are ubiquitous by day, overrunning the clothes, nestling in the hair, and exploring nose and ears, and, never resting by night, compel the inmates to sleep with pans full of water supporting the bed-legs. We enjoyed the cool refreshing evening, which, unlike Zanzibar, here follows a shower. The servants, most grotesque in garb and form, collected to stare at the new white men; and those hill-savages who were brave enough to enter a house — your true African has a lively horror of stone walls — stalked about, and stopped occasionally to relieve their minds by begging snuff or cloth. Considering the intense desire of civilisation to know something of man in his state of nature, I proceed, with the aid of Mr. Rebmann, who during nine years has made a conscientious study of these races, and who imparted it with the greatest courtesy, to sketch the two typical tribes.

The people of Eastern Intertropical Africa are divided by their occupations into three orders. First is the fierce pastoral nomade, the Galla and Masai, the Somal and the Kafir, who lives upon the produce of his cattle, the chase, and the foray. He is the constant terror of the neighbouring races. Secondly rank the semi-pastoral, as the Wakamba, who, though without fixed abodes, make their women cultivate the ground. They occasionally indulge in raids and feuds. And the last degree of civilisation, agriculture, is peculiar to the Wanika, the Wasumbara, and the various tribes living between the coast and the interior lakes. This third order is peaceful with strangers, but thievish, and fond of intestine strife.

The Wanika* or Desert race is composed of a Negritic base, now intimately mixed with Semitic blood. Of old Mulattoes, the antiquity of these East African families has enabled them to throw off the variety and irregularity of half-castes. Receiving for ages distinct impresses of physical agents, they have settled

* There is no reason to seek this name in the "Toniki Emporion" of the Periplus: here every wilderness is called "Nika." The principiative or prefix M denotes in this group of dialects the individual; its plural Wa, the population; U or N, the country; and Ki the language or other accident. Thus Nika is the wild-land, Mnika the wild-lander, Wanika the wild-land folk, and Kinika the wild-land tongue. To this general rule there are many exceptions. Some races, like the Rabai and Toruma, do not prefix Wa to the name. The people of Chhaga, as I have mentioned, term themselves Wakirima. On the other hand, the Masai collectively should be called Wamasai. In these pages the popular Moslem corruption has been preserved.

down into several and uniform national types. Many considerations argue them rather a degeneracy from civilised man, than a people advancing towards improvement; and linguistic reasons induce belief in the consanguinity of all the African races south of the equator, and an ancient subjection to the great Ethiopian or Kushite empire. The historian of these lands, however, has to grope through the shades of the past, guided only by the power to avail himself of the dimmest present lights.

Physiologically, the Wanika are not an inferior African race. The features are Negritic only from the eyes downwards. Like the Galla and the Somal, the skull is pyramido-oval, flattened at the moral region of the phrenologist, and compressed at the sides. The face is somewhat broad and plane, with highly-developed zygomata; the brow is moderately conical, high and broad; the orbits wide and distant; the nose depressed with patulated nostrils; the lips *bordés*, fleshy and swelling; the jaw prognathous, and the beard scant. The Mnika's hair, which grows long and wiry, is shaved off the forehead from ear to ear, and hangs down in the thinnest of corkscrews, stiffened with fat. His complexion is chocolate-brown, seldom black, unless the mother be a slave from the south. The skin is soft, but the effluvium truly African. His figure is, like his features, Semitic above and Negritic below. The head is well seated upon broad shoulders; the chest is ample; the stomach, except in early boyhood or age, does not protrude, and there is little steatopyga. But the lean calf is placed high, the shank bows forward, and the foot is large, flat, and "lark-heeled." The gait—no two natives walk exactly alike—is half-stride, half-lounge; and the favorite standing position is crow-legged. Eyes wild and staring, abrupt gestures, harsh, loud, and barking voices, evidence the savage. Nothing is more remarkable in the women than the contrast between face and form. Upon the lower limbs, especially the haunches, of the Medician Venus, a hideous wrinkled face meets the disappointed eye.

The Wanika are a curious study of rudimental mind. In some points a nation of semi-naturals, all with them is confusion. To the incapacity of childhood they unite the hard-headedness of age. With the germs of the ideas that belong to a Bacon or a Shakespeare, they combine incapability of developing them. Their religion is that of "gently worshipping nothing," yet feeling instinctively something above them—a Fetiss-system of demonolatry, and the ghost-faith common to Africans; in fact, the vain terrors of our childhood rudely systematised. Thus they have neither god nor devil, nor heaven nor hell, nor soul nor idol. "Mulungu," the word applied, like the Kafir Uhlunga, to the Supreme, also denotes any good or evil *revenant*. They offer sheep, goats, poultry, and palm-wine upon the tombs of their ancestors,* but they cannot comprehend a futurity. They fear the Coma or Evestrum: etymologically it means "one departed;"—but they say of the dead, *Yuzi sira*—"he is finished." Thus believing, with our philosophers, the Koma to be a subjective, not an objective existence, ghost craft is still the only article of their idiotic creed. All their diseases arise from possession. They have evil ghosts, and haunters of both faiths—the Mulungu is the Pagan's, the Phaypo is the Moslem's departed spirit. Their rites are intended either to avert evils from themselves, or to cast them upon others, and the primal cause of their sacrifices is the Mganga or medicine-man's self-interest. When the critical moment has arrived, the ghost is adjured to come forth from the possessed; and he names some article in which, if worn

* The Rev. Mr. Schön falls into the common European error of supposing that drops of liquor spilt in honour of the old people, *i. e.* ancestors, food-offerings at graves, and fires lighted there on cold nights, evidences in the West African belief in futurity. As the act proves, it is a belief in presentity. Savages cannot separate the idea of an immortal soul from an immortal body. Can we wonder, when the wisest of the civilised have not yet agreed upon the subject?

round the neck or limbs, he will reside without annoyance to the wearer. This idea lies at the bottom of many practices. It is the object of the leopard's claw, the strings of white, black, and blue beads worn over the shoulder, and called *Mudugu ga mulungu*, (ghost-beads), and the rags taken from the sick man's body, and nailed to what Europeans call the "Devil's tree"—termed technically a *kehi*, or chair. This article is preferred by the ghost or demon to the patient, and thus, by mutual agreement, both are happy. Some people, especially women, are haunted by a dozen *revenants*, each of which has his peculiar charm and name. One of them is ridiculously enough called Barakat—in Arabic, a blessing.

It has not suited the Moslem's purpose to proselytise the Wanika, who doubtless would have adopted the saving faith like their brethren the Somal. As it is, the Toruma clan has been partly converted, and many of the heathen fast like Mohammedans, feeling themselves raised in the scale of creation by doing something. Their ceremonies are the simplest contrivances of savage priestcraft. Births are not celebrated, and the new-born infant is strangled if weakly or deformed. Children become the mother's, or rather her brother's property, to be disposed of as he pleases. Circumcision, partially practised by the gentile throughout East Africa from Egypt to the Cape, is a semi-religious act, performed once every five or six years upon the youths *en masse*, and accompanied by the usual eating and drinking, drumming and dancing. A man may marry any number of wives; the genial rite—no tie, however, to these fickle souls—is celebrated by jollifications, and broken at leisure. The principal festivities, if they can be so called, are at funerals. The object is, as the people say, *Ussa kiwewe*, to "break the fear" of death—an event which, savage-like, they regard with inexpressible horror. For a whole week the relations of the deceased must abstain from business, however urgent, and, under pain of insult and a heavy fine, ruin themselves by killing cattle and broaching palm-wine for the community. At these times also there is a laxity of manners which recalls to mind the abominations of the classical Adonia. The characteristic of their customs is the division of both sexes, with initiatory rites—resembling masonic degrees. The orders are three in number*—*Nyere*, the young; *Khambi*, the middle-aged; and *Mfaya*, the old. Each has its different initiation and ceremonies, the principle of which is, that the junior must purchase promotion from the senior order. Once about every twenty years happens the great festival Unyaro, at which the middle-aged degree is conferred upon men from thirty down to years of childhood. The candidates retire to the woods for a fortnight, during the first half claying themselves with white, during the second with red earth. On this occasion a slave is sacrificed, and the ceremony is performed with a number of mysterious rites concerning which I could learn nothing. This year the Unyaro was to occur; the arrival of the Masai prevented the rite. When all the Khambi have been raised to the highest order, Mfaya, these, formerly the elders, return literally to a second childhood. They are once more Nyere (old boys), and there is no future promotion for them. After the bloody sacrifice and the coatings of clay, these orders are mainly distinguished by their religious utensils: for instance, the *Miansa*, or huge drum, a goat-skin stretched upon a hollow tree-trunk, six feet long, whose hollow prolonged sounds, heard at night from the depths of distant hills, resemble a melancholy moan, is peculiar to the third degree, or elders. It is brought during dark to the Kaya, that the junior orders may not look upon it. Similarly,

* Traces of this threefold organisation, founded as it is upon nature's laws, may be found in many communities of the negro and negroid race. The Kru republic, for instance, which flourishes in pure democracy close to the Ashanti and Dahomey despotisms, divides its members into three classes—the Kedibo, or juveniles; the Sedibo, or soldiers (adults); and the Guekbade, elders and censors. A fee is also paid for entering the different orders.

the women have earthenware drums, which are concealed from the men.

Languor and apathy are the gifts of the climate; moreover, man in these lands, wanting little, works little. Two great bodies, indeed, seem everywhere to make of life one long holiday—the civilised rich, who have all things; and the savage, who possesses little or nothing. Yet are the Wanika, and indeed all wild men, greedy of gain—perfectly dishonest in quest of lucre, and not to be bound by agreement or oath. Like all nations in this part of Africa, they are essentially and instinctively thieves. They never go to war. Agriculture and settled life have enervated them, without supplying superior knowledge. They scratch the ground with small hoes—wander about with their few goats and cows—sit in the sun, and spend hours squatting around an old well whilst water collects, rather than dig a pit or dam a ravine. They thus labour three days, and rest on the fourth, called Yuna, from Yuma, the Moslem Sabbath: this is their only idea of weeks. Their time is principally passed in intoxication, by means of *thembu*, or palm-wine. The drum scarcely ever ceases; as amongst the Sawahili, it sounds at all times, seasons, and occasions. The music is simple: they are contented to recite, for the livelong night, such *merum nectar* as

"Kitósi múlállání káúká."*

The polity of the Wanika is the rude and lawless equality of Bushmen. None commands where none obeys; consequently there is no combination, no improvement. The chief plies his hoe like the serf; and even to protect life, men will not unite. Causes are decided according to the great African code, ancient custom, by a council of elders. Adultery is punished by the fine of a cow; the murderer is more generally mulcted than slain. Little is said concerning the death of a slave, and a man found pilfering is chastised by the proprietor with sword or arrow. The tribe is divided into half-a-dozen clans, each in number perhaps sufficient to stock a small European town. Petty political jealousies and dissensions are as necessary to these savages as to the highly civilised.

The Wanika are an anomaly in mental gifts. With time and tune well developed, they easily learned music from the missionaries; but they ever prefer their own meaningless recitative. At first they attended the schools; presently, with their usual laxity and levity, growing weary of application, they dubbed all who so exerted themselves *Wazingu*, or fools. They possess in a high degree the gift of most African races, an unstudied eloquence. Their unpremeditated speech rolls like the torrent; every limb takes its part in the work of persuasion, and the peculiar rhythm of their dialect is favourable to such displays of oratory. Few, however, can "follow the words" that is to say, answer the heads of an opponent's speech. Such power of memory and logical faculty are not in them. The abuse of the gift of language makes them boisterous in conversation, unable to keep silence—the negro race is ever loquacious—and to "bend their tongue like their bows for lies." They cannot even, to use a Zanzibar German merchant's phrase, "lie honestly." Their character may thus be briefly summed up: a futile race of degraded men, drunken, destructive, cowardly, boisterous, immoral, indolent, and improvident. Their redeeming points are a tender love of family, which displays itself by violent "kin-grief," and a strong attachment to an uninviting home.†

The men's dress is a tanned skin

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* "The bird starts not from the palm."

† A proletarian critic has complained of my description of Somal inconsistency:—"This affectionately-atrocious people," he declares, "is painted in strangely opposite colours." Can he not, then, conceive the high development of destructiveness and adhesiveness, to speak phrenologically, combining in the same individual? and are not the Irish peasantry a familiar instance of the phenomenon? Such is the negro's destructiveness, that I have never seen him drop or break an article without a burst of laughter. During the fires at Zanzibar he appears like a demon—

or a cotton cloth tied round the waist; strips of hairy cowhide are bound like garters below the knee, and ostrich and other feathers are stuck in the tufty poll. Their ornaments are earrings of brass or iron wire, and small brass chains; around their necks and shoulders, arms and ankles, hang beads, talisman-case, and "ghost-chairs"—generally some article difficult to obtain, like a leopard's claw. They now rarely tattoo, saying, "Why should we spoil our bodies?" This ornament is abandoned to women, who raise the skin with a long sharp thorn, prick it with a knife, and wash the wounds with ochre and water. Abroad, the Mnika carries his bow, and long hide quiver full of reed arrows, tipped with wood or iron, and poisoned by means of some bulbous root: the citizens of Mombas have wisely prohibited the sale of guns. He has also a spear, a knife at his waist for cutting coco-nuts, a *Rungu* or knob-stick in his girdle behind, and a long sword rudely imitating the straight Omani blade, half-sheathed, and sharpened near the point. On journeys he slings to his back a three-knobbed stool of solid wood*—sitting on the bare ground is supposed to cause dysentery; he hangs round his neck a gourd sneeze-mull, containing powdered tobacco, with fragrant herbs and the dried heart of plantain; and he holds a long thin staff surmounted by a little cross, which serves to churn his blood-and-milk.† The wife's toilette is as simple—a skin or cloth round the loins, another veiling the bosom, and, in some cases, a Márindá or broad lap of woven beads, like the Coëoo of Guiana, falling in front, and displaying a broader tail behind. A flat disk of thick brass wire adorns her throat, making the head appear as in a platter; white and pink beads, or the scarlet beans of the abrus, form her earrings and necklaces, bracelets and anklets; and a polished coil of brass wire wound round a few inches of the leg below the knee, sets off the magnificent proportions of the limb. Young girls wear long hair, and "the bold bairn takes his bow" and arrows before thinking of a waist-cloth.

The Wanika are a slave-importing people. They prefer the darker women of the south to their own wives. Children are sold, as in India, only where famine compels, and all have the usual hatred of slave-merchants. "When that enlightened Arab statesman, H. E. Ali bin Nasir, H. H. the Imaum of Muscat's Envoy Extraordinary to H.B.M. Majesty," was Governor of Mombas, he took advantage of a scarcity to feed the starving Wanika from the public granaries. He was careful, however, to secure as pledges of repayment the wives and children of his debtors, and he lost no time in selling off the whole number. Such a feat was probably little suspected by our countrymen, when, to honour enlightened beneficence, they welcomed the statesman with all the triumphs of Exeter Hall, presented him with costly specimens of geology and gold chronometers, entertained him at the expense of Government, and sent him from Aden to Zanzibar in the H.E.I.C.'s brig of war "Tigris." This Oriental votary of free trade came to a merited end. In 1844 he was one of the prisoners taken by Bana Mtakha, chief of Sewy, after the late Sazzid's ill-starred and ill-managed force had been destroyed by the Bajuny spear. Recognised by the enraged savages, he saw his sons expire in torments;

waving brands over his head, dancing with delight, and spreading the flames as much from instinct as with the object of plundering. On the other hand, he will lose his senses with grief for the death of near relations: I have seen men who have remained in this state for years. But why enlarge upon what is apparent to the most superficial observer's eye?

* In the "Reise auf dem Weissen Nil," extracted from the Vicar-General, Dr Ignaz Knoblecher's Journals (p. 32), we read of the chief Nighila and his followers carrying stools of tree stumps ornamented with glass-ware. The other approximations in character, costume, and climate, between the upper country of the White River and the coast of East Africa, are exceedingly interesting.

† A common article of diet in East Africa. Similarly, the Lapps mix reindeer blood with milk.

vent the noble search for truth from permanently overcasting the soul with that indefinable melancholy. But poor Thorndale! what has *he* to dislodge it? He has no personal ambition, no domestic bonds, no duties, no cares. Life has no interest for him—*now* at least—if philosophy can yield no truth. No wonder, then, that that kindly, pallid, lustrous face is burdened with sadness.

It was during a Continental tour, made when he was in perfect health, that Thorndale had first seen and been charmed with the exquisite retreat in which we find him. He was not long to enjoy it now. So far as relates to life on earth, he is a doomed man. The pulmonary disease which was his excuse, rather than his motive, for quitting England, was of too decided a character to be checked by a change of climate. This he knew: he allowed others to talk of the medicinal virtues of the air of Italy,—he thought only of his beautiful solitude on Mount Posilipo. He wished to be alone, and "look his last" here. The habit of the pen, too, clung to him to the end; and in the little time left, he felt there was so much to think of—a whole world of thoughts still to be put in order, and all the fruitless fascinating speculations of philosophy to be reviewed once more, before they were parted with for ever. He is at Naples, the Elysian fields of the scholar and archæologist,—but you will hear no more scholarly talk upon petrified trifles of the past from him. Themes of the dilettanti! how small you look in the light of everlasting truth, or when man is face to face with eternity!

"I am here upon classic ground," he says—"surrounded, as they say, by classical associations;—a Sybil's cave—the tomb of Virgil—the baths of one Emperor, the palace of another. Very slight and transitory, and mere affairs of yesterday, seem these grave antiquities to me. Such classical associations have ceased to affect me; they have fallen off from the scene. I see only this beautiful nature,—I meditate only upon man. Rome and the Cæsars are a little matter; God, Nature, and Humanity—on these I think incessantly." Again he speaks: "God—Immortality—Progress, these are my three watchwords; these are the three great faiths which I desire to keep steadily before my mind. Much still remains obscure to me, and would remain obscure were I to live to the age of Methuselah, as to the precise conception we can permit ourselves to form of God—as to the nature of our life Immortal—as to the degree and description of Progress which man is destined to achieve on earth. But I can say—and am happy in saying it—that these three faiths are mine."

He does not tell you this as you stand with him under the colonnade of the Villa. Musing and reserved, he does not speak on such themes, save to the rare few—the two or three—who enjoy his confidence. We are reading from a large solid note-book which lies on a table in the room within, close to the open window. Seen from that shaded recess, the panorama without presents quite a magical effect: the bay, with all its waters, islands, and mountain-shores, seems no longer to rest upon the earth at all, but to be lifted up and poised like the clouds, midway to heaven — rather itself a veritable heaven. And there Thorndale used to sit, admiring "that beautiful nature," and noting down, in disjointed fragments, those thoughts upon man, and souvenirs of his own life, which came back upon him most vividly when life itself was waning. Do not think he was all sad as he sat there. His burden of melancholy, indeed, was too great, but in essence it was divine. Let those secret pages tell how the hours passed with him:—"I cannot describe (he writes) that mysterious tremulous calm with which I look out upon this expanse of sun-lit waters,—tremulous they also with light, as I with feeling. Here, as I sit at the open window, with this beautiful bay outstretched before me, the mind is stirred as with the music of unutterable thoughts. Happy memories, and every sweet emotion I have known, come back and crowd around me. 'Once more! once more!—look too on me, and on me!' each thought seems to utter as it passes. . . . . Why should I wish to live? Have I

not seen, and felt, and thought, as I could never again see, or feel, or think? Why desire old age—which is but the same world, with dimness and a film drawn over the vision of the man? Better lapse at once from youth into oblivion. What there is of brief and fitful enchantment in this life of man, I too have partly known. I have heard music, I have seen mountains, I have looked on the sea, and clouds, and flowing rivers, and the beauty of woman. I have loved; vainly or foolishly, I still have loved. I have known, too, that other enchantment, second only to love, that early dawn of meditative thought, when the stars of heaven are still seen in the faint fresh light of the morning: afterwards there is more light upon the earth, but there is no star, and we wait till the dark comes down upon us, before we see the heavens again!"

There is compensation in all things, though many find it not. Joy and trouble are bound up in every event of life,—even as opposite poles are inseparable in the magnet. Pity it is, that the night of trouble is at times so dark, or the mental eye of the sufferer so feeble, that the interwoven gold with which Providence relieves the woof of calamity remains undiscovered. It was not so now with Thorndale. His load fell off as he saw himself near the end of his journey. If not happy, he is at least imperturbably calm as the silence and solitude around him. "No long vista, dark with extinguished hopes," he says, "now lies before me to be trodden to the end. Those coming years, so pale and joyless—those *spectres of the future* —will haunt me no more. At every pause of life they stood before me. I could not see the little plot of sunshine at my feet for gazing upwards at those fearful shadows. Now all this is changed. Time has once for all set down his hour-glass before me: there it stands—a few sands, precious as gold, are all that remain. How swiftly they run! and there is no hand can turn the glass!" His intellectual being energises to the last, and new lights continue to break upon him like stars as the night comes down. Immortality to human beings, he now sees, would be a useless gift and an insupportable burden. "We should do nothing with it: for every task there would be an eternal to-morrow: we run to waste unless our very days are numbered. Think, too, what eternity would be to one whose nature it is to fill all futurity with the sadness and terror of the present moment. How would he look eternity in the face, who recoils like a scared child at a few blank years before him?" "Wish for no amaranths," he says again. "'Amaranthine flowers'!—it is very like *eternal tinsel!*" The very limitation of the term of enjoyment has much to do with the exquisiteness of life's pleasures. "It is the perishable blossom that is so pre-eminently beautiful." It is a sense of our own transitoriness that heightens our emotion at the sight of the enduring beauties of Nature. "Strange!" murmurs the invalid as he leans over the parapet, looking down on the colored glories below—"strange! how the beauty and mystery of all nature is heightened by the near prospect of that coming darkness which will sweep it all away!"

The invalid of the Villa Scarpa is a man worth knowing. Half-poet, half-philosopher, his is a nature coloured to its core by poetic feeling and beautiful thought—protected, by the possession of a competency, from hard bustling contact with the world, but only thereby more liable to an undue development of that dreaminess of nature and susceptibility of nerve, for which the common work of life is the best prophylactic. Viewed externally, his life presents little that is very interesting; but the truth is, that the outside gives one no notion of his life at all. His intensest life has been within. That mind so full of speculation—that heart so steeped in sensibility—that poetic imagination, creating new environments for him at every turn of the kaleidoscope of feeling—what can be known of their workings from without? Nothing. And this is precisely the relation in which the common world stands to hundreds of those who walk through it. In how many lives there lurks a hidden romance or a

hidden terror! If we could unscale our eyes and look with spiritual glance into the inner life of those around us, we should certainly see many a dark corner that now escapes us, but would we not also see many a beauty and tenderness which at present lie veiled from view? The sunshine of propitious circumstances might bring forth that inner loveliness; but as the world goes, much of it will ever be forced to bloom only in the occult world of mind, palely like the flowers of Elysium that never drank the sunlight. Of poets especially it is true that the romance of their soul's story often appears but as commonplace in their outward career. "The inner life of every true poet," it has been said, "must be poetical; and could we trace the private workings of their souls, and read the pages of their mental und moral development, no biographies could be richer in instruction, and even entertainment." As poet and philosopher in one, and of a shy reserved temperament withal, our friend Thorndale is one to whom these remarks are specially applicable. Fortunately, we have a key to his inner life. In that solid manuscript-book, in which of late he has been writing so much, are jottings of past emotions of which the world never got sight, and most clear and legible tracings of those mental conflicts which constituted the main tenor of his life. Without the help of this key, even his most intimate friends would fail to know one-half the *real* life of Charles Thorndale; for with him it was the inner life that was the true one, the substance; and of this his outer career gave no better token than the lumbering husk of the cocoa-nut does of the fruit within.

Not long after our sight of him on the terrace of the Villa Scarpa, Thorndale passed away from this world which so much perplexed him, and in which, from his boyhood to the grave, he hardly ever seemed to feel at home. He had written his Diary for himself, not for others — for his own mental satisfaction and recreation, — and he left it unheeded and uncared for. A kindly chance afterwards rescued the book from destruction, and we shall see by-and-by what was the nature of its contents. But first let us turn over its pages, and from the scattered souvenirs obtain a glimpse of Thorndale's life. The earliest glimpse we get of him — for his life is given in pictures, rather than in a connected narrative — is playing under the same skipping-rope with his little cousin Winifred, at his uncle's residence of Sutton Manor, near the bank of the Thames. We see two merry children coursing along the smooth turf, and the rope flying over their heads. Each holds in one hand a handle of the skipping-rope; each has one arm locked around the waist of his companion. They have no thought but of holding fast, and keeping step and time, as the rope flies round,—and they dance onwards under it, laughing and singing. And a lady calls from the terrace — it is his ever-watchful mother: "Charles, take care of Winifred! — see that she does not fall!" As he emerged from boyhood into youth, Thorndale, left an orphan, was transferred to the guardianship of his uncle at Sutton Manor, — the heads of which establishment he has cleverly described in a couple of sentences. His uncle, Sir Thomas Moberly, was "a wealthy man; hospitable, kind, a little pompous, proud of his pedigree, a member of Parliament withal, and hugely solicitous to stand high in the county." Of Lady Moberly one "could say nothing but what was commendable; only the commendable qualities moved within narrow limits, such as were drawn by a very restricted intelligence. She took her place in the fashionable world; she also took a recognised position in the evangelical world: these two strokes being given, the rest of the portrait may easily be traced. An exemplary woman—most doctrinal, most *unspiritual*!" The shy lad, with his wounded spirit and passionate regrets, felt ill at ease in that great house and under such tutelage. Only one person seemed fully to tolerate and sympathise with him, and that was his cousin Winifred.

A gentleman's son, with a fair competency, Thorndale was designed for Oxford, and is sent as a preparatory step to study with a clergyman. For three years he is absent from Sutton

Manor; and when on the eve of returning thither to spend the vacation before going to Oxford, he receives an enigmatical warning from his lady aunt that he must not fall in love with his now beautiful cousin—the only heir at Sutton Manor, and who has been designed from her youth for some better match than the social position of Thorndale can offer. Thorndale, giving no heed at the time to the enigmatical postcript; arrives as usual at Sutton Manor; and his own pen must describe what there befell him.

"I let the carriage take my baggage up to the house by the more public drive, and walked myself through the devious paths of the shrubbery. It was a bright summer's day, and its shady avenues were particularly agreeable. . . . As I strolled leisurely on, I came to a seat formed of the stump of a departed elm-tree, which the moss had overgrown. Some one had been lately occupying it, for a book lay upon the moss, with a whole handful of roses piled up upon the open page *to keep the place*. . . . It was a volume of Scott. I had soon taken my seat on the mossy trunk, engrossed in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. How long the fascination of that poet had held me, I cannot say: but when I lifted up my eyes from the page—lo! there stood before me the veritable fairy—the baronet's daughter and my sweet cousin Winifred. She had returned for her book. Finding how I was engaged, she stood smiling before me, in playful mood, waiting to see how long she might remain there looking on, and herself unseen. She started, and blushed a little, I think, amidst her laughter, when our eyes met. How beautiful she had grown! My little cousin—so late my playmate—how my heart bounded, how it trembled before you! . . And there she stood, in no stately drawing-room, but in the greenwood, with the light of heaven playing on her open brow, and on that fair head: for I well remember that, to enjoy the breeze and freedom of the place, she had taken off her hat, and hung it by the strings, basket-fashion, on her arm. She stood before me in the free air, and in the golden light of day; and the poet—the truest-hearted and most chivalrous of poets—was our only master of the ceremonies. It was fortunate for me that he came to our rescue: I could pour out on him, and on his heroines, the language of admiration. Never was poet so much extolled—never so completely forgotten.

"We often afterwards met in that shrubbery—walked there and talked. What poetry we more than talked—we *lived!* No antique grove devoted to god or goddess was ever more sacred than those shady avenues became to me. And, indeed, this early love, so pure and so devoted, is more akin to worship than anything else to which I can resemble it."

The full meaning of the enigmatical postscript soon breaks on the dreaming youth, and extinguishes whatever spirit of ambitious enterprise he might otherwise have had. The blow fell with double weight upon one like him, with no natural impulse to an active career; and when, on leaving Sutton Manor, he installed himself in the cloister of Oxford, he was as indifferent to the world as any monk of the middle ages could have been. "Academical honours," he says, "had no sort of charm for me. The 'daily bread' was secured, and neither law, physic, or divinity could have given me my Winifred!" When the "long vacations" came round, instead of repairing as usual to Sutton Manor, he generally gave out that he was going to Wales or Cumberland to "read." "That house," he says, "which in common parlance was called my home, was not indeed closed to me, but was made difficult of entrance, embarrassing, and perilous by the very attractions it possessed. I, if I pleased, might love my fair cousin to my heart's content—or its destruction,—that was my affair; but I must not ask my cousin to return this love." On finally quitting the University, however, it seemed expected that he should pay a somewhat longer visit than usual to Sutton Manor. It was his last; and the following glimpses he gives us of it and of Winifred, in his Diary, are so exquisitely beautiful that we quote the passage nearly entire:—

"From time to time I had continued to see Winifred. To me she was always the same—kind, beautiful, irresistibly lovable. Only one of us, I suppose, felt or understood what embarrassed our intercourse. She wondered why I stayed away so long, and why my visits were so brief. Even Lady Moberly seemed to think that I over-acted my

precautionary part. Sir Thomas had at length come to the conclusion that I was altogether an irreclaimable bookworm, who would do nothing in the world or in society—nothing either in public or in private life; a result he entirely attributed to that home education which he had so often inveighed against in vain. No one suspected what a complete tyranny was exercised over the soul of this wandering bookworm! Flight, and the involving myself in some abstruse speculation, 'to steal from me the natural man,' were my only resources.

"Attracted—then warned by many a sharp pain; flying, and again attracted; it was the old story of the Moth and the Flame! . . . During the visit I now paid, I gave myself up with a quiet holiday delight to the fascination of Winifred's society. At all events, I said to myself, the penalty falls on one of us only. And as for me—it matters not; I shall for this whole month persist in loving! I shall see her every day, talk with her, walk with her, ride with her, be her boatman on this beautiful river. Yes, let the storm threaten what it may, I will simply love on!

"I did!—I had what I have since called my month of Elysium. . . . . Lover as I had been of nature, I never knew till then what beauty there was in the simple landscape, in the fields, the flowers, trees, and the running stream. I never knew what roses were, or could be, till I saw Winifred in her own garden standing amongst them.

"I cannot describe her, I cannot see her for the light love threw, and still throws around her. Beautiful she was, for every one proclaimed it; and kind she must have been, for everybody loved her. . . . When I talked with Winifred, my philosophy was ever hopeful and full of faith. It was the faith I formed for her that I was giving to myself. I saw the heavens opening, for I looked with her eyes, and looked—*for her*. . . After love, how poor a thing is admiration! It is only the admiration that goes before love, and ushers it in, that is worth having.

"When I look back upon this golden time—this month of Elysium, as I have called it—I am amazed to think of the *capacity for happiness* that is in us. Let any philosopher, with his mental chemistry, try to analyse the complex and intricate felicities that the presence of one loved person can bring us! he will make nothing of it. He may as well count the ripples of light upon yonder ocean when the rising sun strikes it. How fortunate are they with whom the ecstasy of such an epoch ushers in the calm and life-long friendship! With me it had to subside—how it could—into mere cold despondency. Some of us worship very madly. How, in imagination, do the arms open, and we fold so tenderly, for ever and for ever to our hearts—mere shadow! We open our arms to the empty air. Will not the idol come down from its pedestal? Never!—never to us! Yet we worship before it still.

"I cannot tell how others in like case have felt; with me there was a division and a rebellion in my own soul. My anger turned ever upon myself. I can say that I felt no bitterness against any other living being. But this mad grief seemed to arm my right hand with an imaginary dagger, pointed always against my own heart. To such self-combat and suicidal rage was my Elysian happiness conducting me!

"Again the Moth gathered strength and wing enough to take flight. I broke from the enchanted garden. I pretended some urgent necessity for travelling to Scotland. Railway, coach, steamboat—I made no pause till I found myself at the well-known inn at Tarbet, on Loch Lomond. I had spent one night at the inn, and the next morning I was sitting on the margin of the lake. Very majestic is Ben Lomond, very beautiful the lake: but all this inanimate beauty was powerless now. I saw it not. Memory was stronger than vision. In vain had I travelled some three hundred miles or more; I was still in the garden at Sutton Manor; I was on the river there, or in the park or shrubbery; I was still with Winifred!

"And then came all manner of delusive reasonings—so prodigally produced on these occasions. What if, after all, nothing was wanting, but, on my part—courage!—one bold step! Would not all yield to the wish of Winifred? was she not omnipotent over the affection of both parents? And how could Winifred express her wish if I did not tempt forth the secret of her heart? And what was that which, sitting at the piano, she had drowned in a perfect storm of music! What ought to have followed on that 'unless—unless?' A thousand such resistless arguments—that seemed resistless, and are light as air—crowded into my mind, till I wrought myself into the conviction that I, indeed, was my own greatest enemy, by the unbroken silence I had hitherto maintained. I started up from the spot where, for some hours, I had been sitting like a statue. I flew to the inn. I flew to the steamboat, I travelled *back*. I travelled without ceasing

day and night. I seemed only to pause to draw breath, when I stood once more at the gate of the shrubbery at Satton Manor. Then indeed I paused. Leaning on the half-opened gate, I saw again my own position in its true and natural light. Was it not always known and understood that *such a thing was not to be?* One after the other, all my fallacious reasonings deserted me. What madness could have brought me there? I hoped no one had seen me.—Slowly and softly the half-opened gate was closed again. I walked away,—retracing my steps as unobserved as possible through the village."

The tide of circumstances ran strongly against poor Thorndale, and he had not nerve to venture to breast it. Probably, if he had, the issue would have been the same. But was ever the "old, old story" told more exquisitely! "I cannot describe her,—I cannot see her for the light love threw around her!" These are the words of true lover and poet. What a vain thing is a mere catalogue of features,—the *disjecta membra* of beauty, giving no idea whatever of the living loveliness. There is ever such a halo of brightness around beauty, especially when idolised by love, that we see it simply as a living lustre or splendour, rather than as a composite of separate forms and features. Crushed and quivering in spirit, Thorndale could not seek refuge, where many seek it, in the whirl of gay life. In the *season*, when the Moberlys occupied their house in town, he had opportunities of seeing what is especially called *Society*, and might have circulated through a considerable circle of it. But ball-rooms did not suit him: he found no excitement there—they were only a weariness. "Well," he said to himself, as he returned from such scenes, "I must live then in solitude,—say rather in companionship with the noblest minds, speaking to me in their noblest moods. This is highest society—society of the truly great. What nobility and what royalty can compare with those? I live with the kings and emperors of the realm of thought. Nay, is it not the chariot of the sun-bright god himself that I ascend, when I ride with the spirit of the poet, and survey and comprehend the wide world beneath us?" His solitary nature, therefore, when he turned away from the gate of Sutton Manor, took to the country, and he went a-roaming over the romantic hills and dales of Cumberland and Westmoreland, with their lovely lakes, which he had visited a year or two before in the company of his poet friend Luxmore. "But how changed a mind," he says, "did I now bring with me to the very same scenes! Not all the light on all the hills could now disperse or compete with the vision of one fair girl." Had Providence taken him by the shoulders and set him to hard work, especially if of a physical kind, it would have done Thorndale a hundredfold more good than any amount of vacant roamings and journeyings. Change of worldly fortune, or six weeks at the plough, would have been the best specific for his beautiful but morbid passion, and might have given him back to the world, still a dreamer indeed, but not a slave. And Thorndale himself must have known this; for one day, at an earlier period of his life, amid his rural musings, he tried his hand at turning a furrow, and did it not amiss,—but the tremor of muscle extended into the region of mind, and, by temporarily shaking the framework of his speculations, showed him that the feasibility of uniting high intellectual and emotional culture with labours like these was much more doubtful than he had formerly imagined. But circumstances did not force him to hard work, and his temperament was averse to it: so he continued as he was. And O cynic! who art preparing to sneer, before doing so ask your dry little brain, what instances you can name in which a man has shown himself more powerful than the nature which God gave him, and the circumstances in which he was placed. So Thorndale wandered on, speculating instead of working, and unable to shake off his tyrannous bitter-sweet thraldom. Ever and anon there fell upon him such a sense of blankness and utter desolation. "It could not be otherwise," he says. "I was not framed of that granite strength that can stand alone.

and I *had* to stand alone,—or so it seemed to me. I had no friends, no occupation, no home. I had linked myself to no professional brotherhood—I had no rivals or allies. Henceforward to me there was no *return* to any spot on earth. All places were alike; in all I must be a wanderer. My home was any room where I could draw a bolt across the door."

He goes abroad to and wonders over the Continent, and finds there more of human fellowship and relief in the unrestrained converse with utter strangers, present one day and gone the next, than he did amidst the hard reserve of English life. There had been one passion long stirring in his soul—the only one beside his love for Winifred—and that was the desire for philosophic truth. Books that treated on the nature of the human soul, on the great problems of God and this world of nature and of man, had ever possessed for him an absorbing interest. And now, the other passion crushed, this mere reflective life was all that was left him. Life of pale joys and noble sorrows—in which poetry and philosophy combine to lend a charm to the seducing study, and from which the profound interest of the problems prevents the mind ever breaking away. "He who has once thought earnestly on the great problems of life," said Thorndale, as his own life was waning, "will think on to the end of his days: under cloud or in sunshine, doubting or believing, with good result or no result at all, he will still think on." In the course of his rambles on the Continent, and also on his return to England, he meets with friends who were the companions of his student life, and with whom he used to exchange communings in fields of thought so naturally congenial; and an account of these interviews and conversations forms the larger part of the Diary, the composition of which formed the recreation of his last hours. At length a constitutional tendency to consumption, aggravated by the depression and suppressed emotion of his hopeless love for Winifred, assumes a threatening form, and compels him to settle in a sunny nook in the Isle of Wight. He still kept away from Sutton Manor; but at length, having to write to his uncle on business, "amiable messages came in return, abundant regrets to hear of ill-health, and an especial chiding from Winifred for my unsocial habits. Unsocial! I think that the pain of solitude was at this time, more than any other cause, fostering the malady under which I was growing weaker every day." The drama of the Moth and the Flame was not entirely played out; and amid ill-health and a fevered brain, a scrap of writing in her hand, containing a kindly word such as she might bestow on any old friend, had a strange power over him. One day he had a singular delusion. As he was lying listless on his couch, looking out of the open window—for the day was sultry—he beheld a lady walking in the garden, and approaching the house: and a strange but irresistible delusion seized him that it was Winifred. "She seemed to be occupying herself with the flowers, but in reality she was only preparing herself for her interview with her stricken cousin—stricken in health—stricken, as *she* knew, in more than health." It was but a mirage of the heart! We quote the passage in which he describes his feelings on the occasion, especially as the passage is inextricably interwoven with the one which gives us the last glimpse of that beautiful heart, as, in the seclusion of the Villa Scarpa, it descends—calmly at last—to the dim valley and shadow of death.

"I watched breathless—my heart beating violently—till the figure should turn to me. It turned—looked up for a moment at the cottage, and walked trippingly away. It was a fair young girl—very fair—but not Winifred. . . . Winifred Moberly was in her own beautiful garden, or sitting in her own drawing-room, with many friends around her. Why should she concern herself with the sick exile out here? How could I be so mad as to think it? Yet, madness or not, my thoughts, for several days, ran in this direction. What if she should come? 'O come, come!' I murmured to myself. 'Lay your hand upon my shoulder. Arrest, detain, restore me. Give me health—give me hopeful thoughts—give me *faith*, as well as *life*

—YOU CAN!' And then again I bethought myself, that my life had so long run in one sad and monotonous tenor—I know not how I should support the sudden turmoil of a great joy. 'Folly! folly!' I exclaimed. 'Why do I suffer such delirious thoughts to intrude on me? What should Love do here in the very ashes of a man? A great happiness would be to me a great trouble; I have not been cultivated for happiness.'

"Such contradictory and most needless soliloquies was I uttering from my sick couch. Consultations now ensued with this and that eminent physician. Consumption! ay or no? And at length the decisive *Yes!* and intimations that the disorder was assuming a very peremptory form. One moment of sharp and confused agony as this broke on me; then a calm, which has not since deserted me. Never had I suffered from such utter depression of spirits, never felt so hopeless in my quest of truth or happiness, never felt so entirely without task or occupation, aim or purpose, for the coming days, as in this last retreat in the Isle of Wight. I have no wish to recall the hours I spent there, or the thoughts that there afflicted me. And now suddenly life was over! except just to watch the daylight down. No task, and no joy, would any more be wanted. One sharp confused agony, as I have said, one sudden turmoil, as the little vessel swung round through the dizzy whirlpool into her last port,—then a brief space, which the eye could easily measure, of smooth water, was all she had to traverse. . . .

"The day is never long. I have indeed ceased to take note of the measurement of time. One hour is more genial than another; — thought flows more rapidly, or these damaged lungs breathe somewhat more freely at one time than another; but where the present hour stands in the series which makes up day and night, what the clock reports of the progress of time, I have ceased to ask myself. There is but *one* hour that the bell has to strike for *me!*"

Such is Charles Thorndale — the imaginary, but, though rare, thoroughly natural character which Mr. Smith has chosen as the central figure of the book in which he sets forth the momentous Conflict of Opinions which now distracts the thinking minds of the age. But other characters, with fragments of their careers, are interwoven in the development of the work. There is Clarence the Utopian, whose faith in the supreme wisdom and goodness of God makes him see in the future a constant progress and graduation towards perfection in individual beliefs and human society. There is Cyril, whom (for want of a better title) we must call the High Churchman; who, early distracted and rendered unutterably wretched by religious doubts, so that he is only saved by an accident from being a suicide, at length seeks refuge from doubt in the bosom of the "infallible" Church, and finds peace in a cloister. There is Luxmore, the buoyant poet; who, on the failure of the book with which he thought to astonish the world, goes and buries all the copies of it by night in his garden, that it may never more trouble him; and thereafter sets off duly equipped with rifle and revolver for America, with the intention of "working his way round to a farm by the Mississippi." Lastly, and not least notable, there is Seckendorf, the hard-eyed but not hard-hearted Sceptic, so tolerant to persons, so pitiless to opinions when advanced not as beliefs but as truths. He is the very genius of inductive philosophy, which can create nothing,—and which, over-praised thing as it is, though admirable as a test of truth, is itself barren. In this he is the opposite of Clarence, who, by the genius of deduction, overflows with high beliefs, — but beliefs, alas! of which there is little actual assurance, and which accordingly are terribly battered, though not annihilated, by the logical positivism of Seckendorf. Seckendorf takes life *as it is;* sceptical as he becomes in argument, his doubts never disturb the even tenor of his way. Arrived at the conclusion that the human intellect, when it knows its own range, can do nothing but doubt, he thereafter, except verbally, ceased to doubt at all, and simply took things as he found them. Luxmore the poet, too, took life as it is, though in warmer and more genial fashion than Seckendorf — asking from it not Eternal Truth, but simply what treasures it can reveal of Hope, of Love, and of high Thought and Emotion. The other three—Thorndale, Cyril, Clarence—

were men too much divorced, by the influence of temperament and circumstances, from the active work of life; and hence Thought with them, however high and noble, at times became almost morbid from the vehemence of its isolated action.

Such are the personages whose lives and thoughts are presented with masterly skill in the pages of Mr. Smith's book. A better selection of characters could not have been chosen; and truths and inquiries of all complexions, as well as the opposite sides of the same question, find appropriate expression from one or other of this friendly, and in all respects notable, conclave. As regards composition, the work is thoroughly artistic, and the style is alike lucid and charming. Indeed, we do not know where any purer and more charming model of composition is to be found than in this book. It is the style of Addison, but heaving with the subtler emotions and more complex thoughts of the present age. It must have taken no ordinary labour to produce so goodly-sized a volume, in which the writing throughout is so remarkably terse, clear, and charming. All that expression can do for the enunciation of truth has been done. One of the very few truths that cannot be questioned is, that we cannot crush a quart into a pint; and undoubtedly there are many ideas which are too big to find entrance into the minds of the million. But any person of trained intellect will find that the meaning in Mr. Smith's book is ever so transparent —the idea is ever so translucent in the language—that if he pause in the perusal, it will be to admire and ponder, not to unravel; and even ordinary readers will be surprised to find how thoroughly intelligible many a hitherto abstruse point becomes when discoursed upon by Mr. Smith. One of the most striking merits of the work consists in the attractive mode in which its varied themes are treated. We nowhere meet with long level tracts of dissertation. The lives of the characters introduced run winding and interlaced through the work like silver threads; the discussions are ever connected with some epoch in the narrative, which gives to them a local colouring; and the very discussions themselves are dramatically made the means of painting, by strokes of incident, the character and career of the speakers. Moreover, Mr. Smith handles his themes in the form which brings them most home to our mind and feelings. He entirely eschews the arid lifeless entities of the scholastic metaphysician, in whose hands the varied thoughts and emotions of humanity appear but as poor pale ghosts, from whom all substance and human interest have fled. And even in the discussion of the highest and most perplexing problems of life, the reader feels that the arguments and counter-arguments come home to him, and that he has a personal interest in watching the progress and issue of the debate.

"I hear my contemporaries boast often of the enlightened age they live in," says Thorndale; "but I do not find this light. To me it seems that we state our problems more distinctly than heretofore; I do not find that we solve them. We are very luminous in our doubts. We walk our labyrinth in clear day, but we don't get out of it." These words give the key-note of the "Conflict of Opinions;" but it is a difficult matter to give an adequate view of the contents of the book. We cannot summarise its contents: they range over the whole field of social polity and human life—and where are we to begin, or where end? Neither need we attempt to condense and crystallise any section of the work, for every sentence and paragraph is already crystallised and proportioned so well by the author that any attempt at further condensation would be but a crushing of gems. The only course open to us is to select a few passages as samples of the book; but it must be borne in mind that our selection is necessarily limited to passages that will bear isolation, —so that the paragraphs we extract are not to be accepted as the best in the book, but as the best that can be taken out of it.

Let us begin with one of Thorndale's beautiful remarks, indited at the Villa Scarpa—illustrative of the truth that the more beauty there

is within us, the more does there appear in the world around us:—

"I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than when I think of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and mark how it augments and refines with our moral culture, and also (though this is not so generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to age *to see* the beauty of the world; or, what comes to the same thing, this *beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty*, is developing itself in us.

"Only reflect what regions lovely as Paradise there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the conscious creature. The men who are now living there do not *see* the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that, the mind of man once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments that he has lost. For one 'Paradise Lost,' he will sing of a thousand that he has gained.

"What a heaven of beauty do I live in! I sometimes say to myself, when looking out upon this scene, 'Let man grow good and wise as the angels—let him reach his ideal of perfection—he will not at last need a new earth or other skies to live in.'"

Let us turn to another character, and hear how the hopeful Clarence discourses upon progress in Government and Religion —

"There is in South America a grass which has this peculiarity, that the young plant grows up sheltered in the sheath of the old one. The old blade of grass withers, and the new one is seen already prepared to take its place. For a certain time the new grass and the old appear to divide the field between them. Such is the mode in which new systems or principles spring up amongst us. They grow under shelter of the old, and the transition is so gradual that a time intervenes when we can hardly say here also, whether it is the old grass or the new that predominates in the field.

"The spontaneous passions of man—love of power on the one side, trust and admiration and craving for guidance, on the other—build up some sort of government, generally of the despotic character. But, under the shelter of this spontaneous form, reflection upon government itself becomes possible. There is, in the first place, something *to reflect upon*—the want and the purposes of government which experience has now taught; and there is that degree of security and of leisure and safety which renders possible the existence of the reflective man. Thus new ideas spring up, and a wiser polity gradually pushes its way into the world. So too in Religion. Spontaneous passions and wild imaginations first construct for us a celestial Governor, oftentimes of dark and terrible nature; but here too, by this spontaneous and imaginative faith, the action of a religious sentiment becomes known to us—contemplation upon religion itself becomes possible—and the ideas of Governor and Creator are afterwards modified as our knowledge becomes enlarged, and as our own humanity becomes improved."

Seckendorf, as we have said, is the great opponent of Clarence's Utopianism, but Clarence himself is not blind to the obstacles to human progress towards perfection; and in the following highly suggestive sentences he strikes upon a truth of very wide application, and which constitutes the greatest stumblingblock we know in the path of utopians. The truth is briefly this, that as individuals and societies rise in the scale of existence, and become susceptible of higher joys, they at the same time become more susceptible of suffering, and many things are felt to be painful which never were so before.

This is a humbling truth, but it is also full of promise; for what is the natural effect of such a law, which must operate upon angels as well as men, but ever to impel beings upwards, higher and higher in the scale of existence, ceaselessly advancing on a journey which has a goal (God), but no end? Here are Clarence's remarks upon the operation of this law in our social life:—

"It seems at first an unamiable characteristic of humanity that the remedy of one evil should be followed by an increased susceptibility to some other evil which before had been patiently tolerated. But it is thus that man advances. The removal of one pressing calamity never induced patience or tranquillity under the evils that remained. On the contrary, it gives courage to men to attempt the removal of these also; it renders them more sensitive to such evils, or perhaps renders sensitive for the first time. Slaves that writhe under the

whip are not disquieted about their political rights: manumit them from personal slavery, and they become sensitive to political oppression. Liberate them from arbitrary power—let the law alone govern—and they begin to scrutinise the law itself, and desire to be governed, not only by law, but by the best possible law. And now, when the civil or temporal despotism has been set aside, and the municipal law has been moulded on the principles of an enlightened jurisprudence, men probably wake to the discovery that they are living under some priestly or ecclesiastical despotism, and they become desirous of working a reformation here also. In fact, at each stage of this process the nature of the man is improved and his intelligence expanded, and, as one result, he becomes susceptible to evils which a coarser nature, and a more limited understanding, could not feel—could not take cognisance of.

"The absolute want, the physical suffering of large numbers of the people, now absorbs our attention. Those who feel this suffering can think and speak of nothing else, and those who occupy themselves with the sufferings of others, must be almost equally absorbed by it. No man can propose anything for the general benefit of society without having this physical suffering placed first of all before him. Now, suppose this evil to be subdued—I do not say entirely—but, reduced to manageable subjection—do you imagine that men would sit down contented and reconciled to the thousand moral or social evils that remain? You know very well that they would not; that they would now feel those evils with aggravated acuteness—with a quite novel susceptibility. Calamities which, in the presence of hunger and cold, and every description of bodily wretchedness were scarcely recognised as such, would now, in their turn, become intolerable. Those who themselves are at present above want or poverty, nevertheless are still looking down at that abyss of misery and destitution beneath them, and, while congratulating themselves at their own escape, they do not, and dare not, complain of evils of a less terrible character. They are silent on that *anxiety* which besets their own position, and robs every household of its peace; they are silent on that perpetual contest and strife of commerce which sows the seed of hatred so abundantly through every hamlet and village. Is not the wolf still at the door? Are not others being devoured by famine, or dying of fevers? We must not speak of minor evils."

Our concluding extract shall be from Seckendorf, the hard positivist and keen-eyed man of the world, whose views on the political and religious future of England are only too worthy of attention. As to the conclusion to which he comes, we very heartily say, *Dei avertant!*

"Two years ago, a democratic movement shook most of the thrones of Europe. Was this in the programme of your development? Was this the 'march of intellect?' If so, there has been a counter-march. As I read this last chapter in our history, wealth took the alarm at certain prophetic announcements of 'social progress,' of 'equitable reorganization,' and threw her weight upon the side of monarchy. Wealth enlisted the despot; wealth re-enlisted and exalted the priest. Men, to save themselves from your philanthropic regeneration, sacrificed political liberty and intellectual liberty; they submitted to imperial government, and shuffled on in haste the cloak of hypocrisy.

"England is almost the only country of Europe that at this moment can boast of republican institutions (for the government of England is practically a republic under the forms of monarchy); but how long is she likely to retain this distinction? Some little time ago I beheld paraded through the streets of London an enormous banner, followed by a multitude of Chartists. On this purple banner, and in letters of gold, one might read the motto—'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work.' A more modest motto, you will say, was never displayed in purple and gold. A more impossible demand was never made. No legislative power on earth could give them their fair day's wages for their fair day's work. They must look after the matter, each one for himself. Nay, if Parliament, in her 'omnipotence,' should settle what shall be a fair day's work and a fair day's wages, Parliament must next consult the gods and mother earth to know if these recognise the tariff. Your work and your wages are finally settled—somewhere out of Parliament. But now, if this clamor rises, if this motto becomes a popular faith, then wealth in England will also take the alarm. Wealth here also will enlist the monarch;—the pageant, and the forms, and the very theory of monarchical government have all been faithfully preserved;—wealth here, also, will take shelter in imperial government, will renounce its free Parliament and its free press, and keep the private purse untouched. Wealth, here also, will

exalt the priest still higher, and bow still lower to the Church, if by any means it can raise a power that will hold the multitude in check.

"I said a moment ago that *Revolution* had been the latest product of society. But I am reminded that there is another later still, and a favourite of the English soil—what you call *strikes* of your working population. Possibly good may come out of these combinations; they teach men their power, but in their immediate effect they have all the evils, in a mitigated form, of a political revolution. Probably the enmity they occasion lasts longer, though it is less violent.

"And pray tell me, Clarence, you who have studied the signs of the times, and should know your own countrymen better than I do, is it one amongst the symptoms of intellectual progress that there is a movement in England towards the Roman Catholic Church? Is this movement at all connected with some political movement, some monarchical tendency? Does it result from pure love of truth and the spirit of inquiry? I, who was brought up in the great Catholic Church, have my partialities towards her, and might not be the fittest judge. How do you read this matter? To me it seems not improbable that that ragged urchin who is chalking up 'No Popery' on the walls of London may live to see High Mass performed in St. Paul's Cathedral. He himself will be kneeling, an old man, bare-headed, on the pavement, to be sprinkled by the holy water as priests pass by in gorgeous procession, bearing the immaculate Virgin on their shoulders. Half your clergy, half your aristocracy, and every idle woman, are already ours. Every infidel, who loves music better than sermonising, is already ours. All who love pomp and sentiment better than perplexing dogmas, will welcome the change. As to the mob, we know of old how they are to be converted. The good Moslems knew and practised the art long ago. Not always is the sword necessary. The Muezzin ascends the tower and calls to prayer; the people pelt him with stones; he ascends again, and calls still louder, and the people throw fewer stones; he still ascends, still calls, and the people drop their stones from their hands, and fall upon their knees. There is but one body in England from whom a stout resistance may be expected. The Dissenters will not convert. The descendants of the old Puritans—the republicans in religion—will stand out to the last. They will not convert, but they will *burn*; they are combustible. And if an age too fastidious rejects the aid of fire even in so great an emergency, there are your colonies—they can be transported. England, purified from their presence, will again be embraced in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. If I am a little too sanguine here, you must attribute it to the bias of early education."

These extracts exhibit one or two of the opinions which find eloquent expression in Mr. Smith's work; but the *Conflict* of opinions, which constitutes the great theme, cannot be exhibited even in sample, without giving portions of the dialogue too long for extract. Any one, however, who wishes to become acquainted, on the one hand, with the best ideas for elevating and improving society and its component units, and on the other, with the grand difficulties which weigh in the other scale, will find them set forth with exquisite clearness, tangibility, and interest in Mr. Smith's pages. Questions of a still higher, though less practical kind, are likewise discussed; indeed, it is difficult to say what high question of human interest has not both its sides graphically sketched in the course of the "Conflict." The book most perfectly fulfils its title, and attains its end. Indeed, this is strikingly evidenced by the feeling produced by its perusal. A great moral is stamped upon its pages; and open them where you may, you cannot read far ere the genius of the work makes itself felt. As in the scene at the Villa Scarpa, the predominating influence is commingled beauty and sadness—beauty without, sadness within. The reader walks on amidst a well-ordered profusion of emotional beauty and intellectual glory; but as he walks, a spirit of sadness steals over him, and he begins to understand that "noble sorrow" which settled on Thorndale, and the shadow of whose dark wing has been visible in the life of not a few of our modern men of mark. Absolute truth is unattainable by humanity. The short-sighted millions of the world swarm round the base of the mountain, and, ascending little hillocks, fancy they have reached the top—each sect dogmatising as if the tiny view which *it* has, comprises all that can be seen. Higher minds

(the few) reach higher altitudes, behold the common world below them, and from the way the mountain trends, can speculate a little as to what is yet above them and beyond their reach. But not even the highest climber on those heights of truth can come within eyesight of the summit, or tell how the twin-peaks which the most advanced gaze still sees shooting aloft, ultimately culminate in harmonious unity. Those twin-peaks —symbolic of light and darkness, spirit and matter, and all the other polarities of which creation is full— the Positivist maintains may remain separate for ever for aught he knows or cares; but the nobler Idealist, the poet-philosopher, feels assured that they do unite harmoniously at last, even though their union take place far beyond our actual ken, within the bright and inaccessible abysses of the Godhead. The highest minds are usually the most humble and the most teachable,—and we do not wonder at it. It is they who know best how feeble, amidst all its nobleness, is the intellect of man. And if there be any one inclined to plume himself overmuch on the powers of his intellect, we know nothing so fitted to take the conceit out of him, and teach him the wisdom of humility, as the perusal of the *Conflict of Opinions*. Such a perusal is in many respects like a visit to the cave of Trophonius. It saddens and makes wiser. But the human heart cannot long bear an atmosphere of negation; and we should think that to many minds the constant check and counter-check in some portions of the conflict, producing complete neutralisation of argument and suspension of belief, will be found insupportably oppressive. To such we would say, If the perusal has but taught you humility, you may shut the book as soon as you please. The very completeness of the success of this work only serves to make plainer the truth, that human life must be a feeling and acting as well as a thinking; and that when, as in exceptional cases, the intellect becomes isolated, and goes on with its processes uninfluenced by the ordinary loves and labours of the world, it loses itself in a sea of speculation to which there are no shores, and wastes in the clouds the energies which might be more happily and beneficially expended in the common life of earth. Every one, it is true, has his peculiar mission—some to work, others to think; but happy they who *must* do the one, and *can* do the other. Action is the great solvent of doubt. No one who has embarked heart and soul in an active career is ever overburdened with doubts. The other side of the question forthwith vanishes from view, nice points are forgotten, and the instincts of one's nature start up with the potency of Beliefs amidst the throng and mêlée of the battle of life. Beautiful, interesting, and instructive, as is every page of Mr. Smith's book—important as are the manifold questions which it discusses—the effect of its *ensemble* is perhaps still more remarkable. It is, as it were, a Book of Ecclesiastes addressed to this "enlightened" nineteenth century, in which the seldom-uttered but everywhere-felt refrain of "vanity of vanities!" is sounded in the ears of an age superbly conceited of its intellectual acquirements.

## THE POORBEAH MUTINY: THE PUNJAB.

### NO. II.

"Forewarned is forearmed."—*Old Proverb.*

Nor had the Ferozepore magazine —the most extensive in Upper India —been overlooked: its safety was duly cared for in the Lahore councils —the more so that the occupation of it by the Sepoys was believed to form part of the "great plot" which had been, as we have mentioned, partially discovered. An express messenger had been despatched by Brigadier Corbett to apprise Brigadier Innes (commanding at Ferozepore) of the Meerut and Delhi massacres, and of the steps determined on at Lahore. It was not till late at night on the 12th that this messenger reached Ferozepore; and to avoid the risk of arousing suspicion or alarm, no consultation was held that night. What measures were determined on, and their melancholy results, will be better understood by a short account of the strength and form of the cantonment.

The Ferozepore Brigade consisted of H.M. 61st Regiment, two companies of (European) foot artillery, with one light-horse field-battery and six-field-guns attached, the 10th Light Cavalry, and the 45th and 57th Regiments of Native Infantry. The relative positions of these corps in the cantonment may be thus described: taking the fort, in which is the magazine, as the centre of a square, on its west side run the lines of cantonments (north and south), containing all the officers' bungalows and public buildings; beyond these, westward, lie the Sepoys' lines of the 45th and 57th Regiments: in continuation of these lines on the north are the Artillery barracks, and beyond them nearly three-fourths of a mile further north, are the lines of the Cavalry. The barracks of the European regiment run at right angles with the south end of the cantonment, forming the south side of the square; on its north, facing the Artillery lines, is the Sudder Bazâr; and on the east stretches an open *maidan* (plain). Thus it will be at once seen that the great difficulty to be overcome, *by anticipation*, was, that the distance between the native lines and the European barracks was so great as to render it impossible for the 61st soldiers to act with promptness if the Sepoys attempted an outbreak. That the spirit of disaffection had extended to the two N.I. regiments, there was no room to doubt. It was known that "cartridge meetings" had been held by the Sepoys—one, indeed, on that very day; and there was every reason to believe that only time and opportunity were needed to induce them to enact anew at Ferozepore the tragedy of Delhi and Meerut. The first step resolved on by Brigadier Innes was to separate the two native corps. It was determined to move the 57th N.I. out of their lines, and to encamp them on some vacant ground in the rear of the 61st European barracks, while the 45th N.I. were to occupy an open space at the north-east of the fort beyond the Sudder Bazâr, thus placing some two miles between the two corps; while the 10th Cavalry were to take up a position close to their own lines. The 61st Queen's were also to move out of their barracks and encamp on their own parade near the south wall of the fort, while one company, with the Artillery and guns, was to be thrown into the fort to strengthen its defence.

At 4 P.M. on that day (the 13th of May) all the regiments were formed on their respective parades, to be marched to the camping-grounds assigned to them. The 57th N.I. proceeded quietly to their destination; but the 45th had no sooner entered the Sudder Bazâr, through which they had to pass to reach their allotted ground, than, incited doubtless by the fanatic Moulvies and disaffected Bunnias (tradesmen) of the Bazâr, a large portion of them halted—refused to advance—and began to load! While the rest proceeded peaceably with their officers to their

ground, this body of mutineers made for the fort. The whole of the outer defences were in so dilapidated a state that they found no difficulty in mounting the ramparts and effecting an entrance within the intrenchment; some of the natives employed at the magazine assisting them, and the guard of the 57th N.I. offering no resistance. The magazine, however, which occupies the *enceinte* of the fort, was happily in a better condition to withstand them. A high nine-foot wall separates the magazine from the rest of the intrenchment; and at the only gate by which ingress is obtained there was, day and night, a guard of the 61st. When, therefore, the Sepoys attacked this gate (another party of them proceeding to scale the wall), they found some six files of the 61st under Major Redmond ready for them;* a single volley from the gallant fellows brought down several of the foremost mutineers, and the rest fell back and were soon in quick retreat. The scaling-party, seeing their comrades driven back from the gate, also retired, and either dispersed or attempted to rejoin the remainder of the regiment, which had proceeded to the ground assigned to them. As soon as the 45th were repulsed, the traitors of the 57th N.I. who were on guard, and did not resist the mutineers, were disposed of: under the influence of a light field-gun, which had been brought into the fort only a few moments before the attack, they were disarmed and made prisoners. Thus was the fort of Ferozepore, under the prompt measures of Captain Lewis, the magazine officer, and Major Redmond of the 61st (who was in command of the company of the 61st), saved from the hands of the rebels.

But the cantonment was left to their mercy! In fact, the very precautions that had been taken proved fatal to the station. The position into which the corps had been brought rendered the 61st powerless. With the 45th in open mutiny in front, and the 57th only less openly mutinous in their rear, to have advanced on the former would have been to abandon their own barracks to the latter. Hampered before and behind, they could not stir from their position. Thus were the soldiers of the 61st compelled to look on in inglorious inactivity while the work of destruction was going on in their officers' lines. They saw the flames arise from one house after another, involving mess-houses and hospitals, and even the "Memorial Church," with many private bungalows, in one common ruin—while the defiant shouts of the rebels as they *looted* and destroyed, without any effort being made to check them, maddened the brave fellows, who were eager to be "up and at them." There were not above 200 of the 45th altogether (and it is believed, not one of the 57th) engaged in this work of destruction; and so cowardly were they, that they dared not go into the compounds lest some occupant should defend his property with fowling-piece or revolver; but they were seen skulking along under the walls of the enclosure with mussals (flambeaus) fastened on to long bamboos, setting fire to the thatched roofs without exposing themselves to danger. And although an offer was made to clear the cantonment of the cowardly wretches with a single company of the 61st, the cantonment was sacrificed, private property destroyed, and regimental messes ruined, without any effort being permitted in their defence!

What a little decision and energy might have effected may be conjectured from the success which attended the exercise of these qualities by those who had the opportunity of showing, in their independence of authority, that they possessed them. A mere boy of seventeen, the son of Mr. Hughes, a merchant, saved the Roman Catholic Chapel from the flames by boldly firing at the Sepoys who were in the act of setting fire to it. Other instances of individual courage might doubtless be adduced, for Englishmen will be Englishmen still, even under an Indian sky. One must not be omitted. The chaplain, the Rev. R. B. Maltby, who occupied the extreme bungalow on the south of cantonments, was among the last to quit

* It was in this attack that Major Redmond was wounded in the thigh.

his house; nor did he leave it until he had been three times shot at through the windows—the third shot passing ominously near his head; and on his way to the fort, passing the church, he found that the hand of the incendiary had been already there. Remembering that the Ecclesiastical Register and Records were in the vestry, he rushed boldly into the burning pile and secured the books; an occasional shot from the Sepoys followed him as he made for the fort, but he escaped untouched, and brought off his cumbrous prize in safety.

In the new magazine which was in the course of erection beyond the Cavalry lines, a large quantity of powder (above 350,000 lbs.) had been stowed away, and was only protected by a native guard of the 57th N. I. So little of preconcerted *plan* was there in this outbreak, or else so entirely was it counteracted by the precautionary measures that had been taken, that this store was wholly overlooked by the mutineers. No attempt was made upon this magazine, and by the night of the 15th the whole contents had been safely transferred, under the energetic guidance of Captain Lewis, into the old fort, and stowed away in the powder-pits. Had this once fallen into the hands of the Sepoys, and been destroyed or lost to us, Delhi could scarcely have fallen under *four times four months*.

By the following morning nearly all the Sepoys of the 45th N. I., even those who had quietly accompanied their officers to the camping-ground, had deserted; not more than 100 remained behind; in the 57th N. I. also desertions had been very numerous, and scarcely as many were left. The few that did remain were required to lay down their arms; and these soon disappeared. A second attempt at looting and plunder was made by the mutineers, but soon stopped by a company of the 61st, who quickly cleared the station. The regimental magazines of the two native infantry corps were now blown up, by the Brigadier's orders, to prevent the ammunition falling into the hands of the Sepoys. The 10th Cavalry (which had in the meanwhile been brought in from their lines, and posted on the left flank of the 61st Queen's, between the barracks and the fort) accompanied the detachment of the Europeans in clearing the station, but rendered no real assistance; the highest praise that can be given to them is, that they remained *neutral*.

Large bodies of fugitive mutineers were captured in the Puttiala district, and given up to the Ferozepore authorities; but unfortunately, what with delays, references, and conflicting orders, nearly all contrived to escape punishment. It cannot be denied that the impunity with which the mutineers and deserters of the 45th and 57th N. I. escaped, emboldened the Sepoys of the other corps, such as the 36th and 61st at Jullundhur, the 14th N. I. at Jhelum, and the 46th at Sealkote. The moral effect was most damaging throughout the Punjab; its consequences were only counteracted by the wiser and more decisive measures which saved Lahore and Umritsur.

We now pass on to the next station, Jullundhur, which was the centre of operations scarcely less prompt and vigorous than those already recorded at Lahore.

Late in the evening of that eventful Monday (May 11th), the tidings of the massacre at Delhi were telegraphed from Umballa. The signaller at Jullundhur (which is a "repeating station") having passed it on to Lahore, conceived the message to be of so grave import, that on his own responsibility he communicated it to Colonel Hartley of H.M.'s 8th Regiment, who, as the senior officer present, commanded the brigade during the temporary absence of Brigadier-General Johnstone. The purport of it was immediately conveyed to Captain Farrington, the deputy-commissioner of the district,—Major E. Lake, the Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej or Jullundhur division, being at the time absent on a tour through the out-stations.

The following day brought the fuller details, and then a consultation of all the local authorities was decided on, and held without delay; it was attended by Colonel Hartley, with his brigade-staff, Captain Farrington, and the officers commanding the several corps. All thoughts were

anxiously turned towards the fort of Phillour, some twenty-four miles off, on the banks of the Sutlej.* To throw into it a small force of Europeans, and thus rescue it from the hands of the native guard who now held it, was the first care. It was at once decided to send off a small body that night, who, by a forced march, might take the guard by surprise, and forestall any of their mutinous designs, without having raised any suspicion of the movement. At sunset that evening 150 men of the 8th under Major Baines, two horse-artillery guns, with spare men and horses, under Lieutenants Sankey and Dobbin, and a small detachment of the 2d Punjab Cavalry under Lieutenant Probyn (which regiment happened to be passing through Jullundhur), were despatched, and entered the fort at Phillour before daylight the next morning, having marched the twenty-four miles without a single halt. The guns and cavalry, which had only been sent as escort on the road, and with a view to being used for the recovery of the fort in the event of its having been seized by the Sepoys, were at once sent back with fifty of the Europeans to guard the guns, 100 having been left to hold the fort; and Lieutenant Dobbin, with some spare gunners and horses, also remained to work a couple of guns "in the open," if necessary: four additional 6-pounders were also taken out of the fort-stores, and were carried back to Jullundhur.

Earlier in the day, a measure scarcely less important for the safety of Phillour had been adopted. Mr. Brown, the superintendent of telegraphs in that district, started off in an express mail-cart, carrying with him complete apparatus for opening a signalling-office inside the fort. A messenger was also despatched to Loodiana to apprise Mr. G. Ricketts, the Deputy Commissioner, of the state of things, and to warn him to guard the bridge of boats across the Sutlej with some of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, in case the Sepoys attempted to seize or destroy it.

Such were the precautions taken at Jullundhur for securing Phillour: the measures adopted for the security of Jullundhur itself, and the peace of the town and district, were equally prompt and vigorous. The cantonment at that time contained one troop (1st troop of 1st Brigade) of Horse Artillery, under Major Olpherts (Major J. Brind commanding the Artillery division); H. M.'s 8th Foot, under Colonel Longfield, Colonel Hartley acting as brigadier; the 6th Light Cavalry, under Major N. D. Barton; the 36th N. I., under Captain S. B. Faddy; and the 61st N. I. under Major J. C. Innes. The Cavalry lines were at the extreme right of cantonments; next to them came the Artillery, with the 36th N. I. completing the line; and the European barracks at right angles forming the left flank, while the lines of the 61st N. I. were on the opposite side of the station. The first step taken was to send 100 men of H. M.'s 8th to the Artillery lines, for the greater protection of the guns; and when the additional guns from Phillour came in, two of them were sent down to the European barracks. The office of the electric telegraph was removed from the 61st lines, and carried into one of the Artillery barracks. The guns were disposed in perfect readiness at a moment's notice. Two of them were pointed so as to command the Cavalry parade, two more to sweep that of the 36th N. I., while the rest remained in position on their own ground.† A party of mounted artillerymen patrolled the station at night. Major J. Brind, who undertook to act as permanent station field-officer, was indefatigable, visiting the different parts of the station

* Of the great value and importance of this fort an account will be given in speaking of it subsequently.

† Against this arrangement of the guns an appeal was made by the Sepoys through their officers, as reflecting on their stanchness; but Major Olpherts parried the charge, by observing that some of the guns pointed also to the Artillery barracks, and their position remained unaltered. Horses were traced to two of the limbers of the guns all night, and were kept harnessed during the day in their lines.

at all hours of the day and night. Major Olpherts and his subalterns passed the night at their guns, and during the day one officer and half the men were always on duty. Colonel Hartley and his staff slept at the Artillery orderly-room. The ladies and families belonging to the 8th Queen's moved down for the night to one of the barracks vacated for them, and the other ladies and families of the station were accommodated in the Artillery schoolroom and library.*

Such were the chief measures by which the peace of the station was secured.† They were enough to show the Sepoys how little they were trusted, and what awaited them if they rose.

The care of the Civil lines, with the public buildings, and the peace of the town, were in Captain Farrington's hands. His first hope lay in the Rajah of Kupoorthulla, Rundheer Sing Alloowalla, whose territory lies between Jullundhur and the river Beas. The Rajah was at the time absent on a pilgrimage to Hurdwar; but his Vakeel was quickly with Captain Farrington, and ready to carry out his wishes, in anticipation of his master's sanction and approval. The Rajah had, however, that very day arrived at Phillour on his return, and here his Vakeel met him with the tidings of the Delhi outbreak, and the Deputy Commissioner's application for aid. No sooner had the Rajah arrived at Phillour than seditious emissaries of the 3d N. I., quartered there, got into his camp, and began to tamper with his men. On the first discovery of this, and of the tidings from Jullundhur, the Rajah at once broke up his camp and marched straight into Jullundhur. In the mean time two guns and some 500 men had come in from Kupoorthulla. and had been posted by Captain Farrington over the different public buildings, the treasury, jail, &c., so as to act in any sudden emergency. The Rajah had no sooner reached Jullundhur, than he made over to Captain Farrington all the troops that had been attending him, and by every means in his power strengthened the hands of Government.

As much mention will be made of the unwavering, unflinching course pursued by this Rajah in a late period, it may be interesting to notice briefly his origin and personal character.

Rundheer Sing Alloowalla is the grandson of Futteh Sing (of that ilk), who held so conspicuous a position among the Sikh sirdars in the earlier years of Runjeet Sing. He it was with whom the future Maharajah *exchanged turbans* in token of undying friendship, and who, conjointly with (*then*) Siedar Runjeet Sing, signed the treaty of 1806. The friendship between the "turban brothers," so solemnly sealed, saved the independence of the Alloowalla *Misl*, when all the others were absorbed by the "Lion of the Punjab" into the great Sikh kingdom. The son of Futteh Sing, however, fared worse. In the intrigues of 1845 he was believed to have played false to the English Government; and in consequence, with other Rajahs of

* Mrs. Fagan (the wife of Captain R. C. Fagan of the Artillery, Engineer officer at Jullundhur) was, it is believed, the single exception; she did not once sleep out of her house. Her calmness and presence of mind on the night of the outbreak will be spoken of hereafter.

† One minor precaution, perhaps not generally known, may be here noticed. The Cavalry lines are, as has been mentioned, on the extreme right, with the Artillery lines next to them, separated from each other by a broad roadway, which runs across the station, leading to the Civil lines. It was felt to be by no means an improbable manœuvre that the cavalry, whenever they might rise, would charge the guns in flank. To prevent this was a great object. One suggestion was to cut a deep trench alongside the road, another to set up *chevaux-de-frise*, but either of these, while shutting out the cavalry, would also have shut in the guns on that side. The following simple plan was adopted: heaps of *kunker* (small stones of lime formation used for metalling roads in India) were laid at irregular distances on either side the road. Between these heaps the guns could very easily move out, but they presented a formidable obstacle to a charge of cavalry.

Roopur, Ludwa, &c., whose estates were partly confiscated, and their civil powers greatly reduced, he too was shorn of territory and authority. On the annexation of the Jullundhur Doab by the English in 1846, the Alloowalla Rajah was deprived of all his possessions south of the Sutlej, and only allowed to retain that portion lying along the Beas, of which Kupoorthulla is the capital. Hence the title of *Alloowalla*, though allowed by courtesy, is almost lost in that of *Kupoorthulla*. The present Rajah is quite a young man, about six-and-twenty; he succeeded his father about five years ago He is one of the finest specimens of a native chief. With the manly bearing and address of a Sikh noble he combines a general intelligence far beyond his class, and a deep sympathy with English modes of life and thought. To this combination of interest in the British Government and influence over his own people, we mainly owe the peace of the town and district of Jullundhur. Most warmly does Captain Farrington acknowledge the value of his presence and co-operation in the hour of danger.

It remains to tell how the precautions taken at Jullundhur for the safety of the fort of Phillour were met and seconded by the authorities there. It has been already shown that the safety of this fort was not lost sight of, either in the Lahore or Jullundhur councils. The real importance of Phillour consisted not so much in the vast supplies of munitions of war which it contained, though only a *second-class* arsenal, but in its commanding position, in a military point of view. Standing on the right bank of the Sutlej, in the direct line of the grand trunk-road, it is the "key of the Punjab." To have lost it at this crisis would have been indeed a heavy blow, and its safety became a paramount object. Its unguarded condition enhanced the danger—not a European ever slept within its walls! When the magazine officer and his subordinates, at the close of their day's work, passed out for their homes in the adjoining cantonment, the fort was left wholly in the hands of the Sepoy guard, consisting of one company of the N. I. regiment quartered in the cantonments. To occupy it with a European guard was of the first importance. Lieutenant Hildebrand had been despatched from Lahore with a reserve company of artillery; but he was detained at Umritsur to meet the necessities of Govindgurh. In the meanwhile similar provision, though on a much larger scale, was being made at Jullundhur.

The Phillour authorities were in happy ignorance of the impending danger, until the despatch, brought by Mr. Brown of the telegraph department, disclosed the critical position of the fort. Colonel Butler, commanding the 3d N. I., took such precautions as he could for the peace of the station, while Lieutenant Griffith, the Commissary of Ordnance, applied himself to secure the fort. The telegraphic wire, which passed at a short distance outside the walls, was brought by connecting-wires into Mr. Griffith's private office, and within four hours of Mr. Brown's arrival, the whole apparatus was in working order; and the first message from Jullundhur brought the welcome tidings that a strong European force was hastening to their assistance. To keep the fort safe only for that night was now the great object—with the dawn they hoped for succour, with which they could defy three times the number of natives that could attack them. At sunset the fort-gate was closed; all egress peremptorily forbidden, lest the suspicions of the Sepoys in the station should be aroused. A light field-piece (6-pounder) was brought down and planted inside the fort so as to command the gateway, loaded with grape, and port-fire burning. Lieutenant Griffith, with the whole of his European subordinates, conductors, and sergeants, only eight in number, stood at it all night, eagerly watching for the arrival of the looked-for succour. Thus passed the anxious hours of that night. The day had not yet dawned when the Europeans arrived; the gate was

quickly opened to welcome them; and to the utter dismay of the Sepoy guard, the European soldiers relieved the sentries, and the fort was safe! Within eight-and-forty hours of that time (as has been since discovered) —on the morning of the 15th of May —the fort was to have been quietly taken possession of by the 3d N. I., and to become the *rendezvous* for all the mutinous regiments of the Punjab!

Thus did the morning of the 13th of May see the forts of Lahore, Ferozepore, Umritsur, and Phillour, rescued out of the hands of the Poorbeahs! Their mine of treason was not to explode till the 15th; our counter-mine was fired *two days before*, and the Punjab was saved!

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## A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM MR. JOHN COMPANY TO MR. JOHN BULL.

LEADENHALL STREET, *January*, 1858.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You are angry with me—you have said some hard things of me—you are preparing to strike me. "Strike; but hear!"

There has been a great calamity in India. A terrible misfortune has overtaken us. Yes, John, your sons and brothers, your daughters and your sisters, have been cruelly murdered or foully outraged. Atrocities, which the soul sickens to contemplate, have been perpetrated by my soldiers. I have never spoken lightly of the burden of suffering and sorrow which has descended upon your people. Heaven knows how sorely I have grieved for them. I have seen the black robes and the pale sorrowing faces of wives and mothers mourning for those who are not; and though I cannot bring back the dead, I have tried to comfort the living; and I believe that, at least in some cases, my efforts have not been vain. Say what you like of me, John, but do not say that I have made light of this great trouble. We do not mourn in sackcloth and ashes nowadays. But we go about our work, for work must be done, with heavy hearts; and are not the less stricken because we do not lift up our voices in loud lamentation after the manner of a Greek Chorus.

Yes, John, you may make the most of it—paint it in its blackest colours —proclaim it in the strongest words —no fear that I will gainsay you. No one ought to know, no one does know, so well as I, the full extent of the calamity. "True," you say; "but it is little use to know it now; you ought to have known before that the storm was coming, and you ought to have been prepared to meet it." Brother, brother! I am afraid that we are neither of us prophets. You must forgive me if I sometimes resort to that vulgar figure of speech known as the "*tu quoque*." It does not make me really better to prove that you are worse; but poor weak mortals like ourselves, John, are only good or bad by comparison; and as you—just as if *your* hands were not full enough already—are talking about taking my business out of my hands, and doing it yourself, I may just ask you whether *you* were prepared for war when you found yourself compelled to put forth all your strength against Nicholas of Russia; whether you had the least expectation a year before that your old and holy ally would behave himself so shamefully towards you? Why, it is not long since you "pampered and petted" the padded Autocrat, and were in ecstacies with his "mild eyes" and his gorgeous race-cups. You "did not think he would ha' done it," John. I know you did not. Well, there is no harm in confessing that I did not think that my Sepoys would have done it. If I had thought it, you may be sure I should have prepared myself better for the crisis. I repeat that we are neither of us prophets. But if I did not know in 1856 that my Sepoy army would in 1857 be all in a blaze of mutiny, I am certain that they did not know it a jot better themselves. You know the story of the gentleman who

reared and kept a tame tiger. He fed it well with mild diet—with milk-and-bread and biscuits, but no flesh: he treated it kindly, gave the beast a warm place on his rug, and it licked his hand as a cat would, and was long every bit as gentle. One day, you know, the master had cut his finger, and had put a piece of sticking-plaster over the wound; and when the animal licked his hand as usual, the adhesive plaster was removed, the wound opened and the beast tasted blood. Forthwith it set up a growl of terrible significance—the savage instincts of the flesh-eater had been suddenly awakened; all past kindness was forgotten; the gentle, tractable, domestic habits of the faithful affectionate companion and servant ceased on the instant with that first taste of blood, and the master soon lay a lifeless and mangled corpse on his own hearth-rug. He never thought the beast would have done it. The beast never thought of doing it. He was a good beast up to the very hour in which he turned round and slew his benefactor. Yes, John; and my Sepoys, though, during the year which has just ended, they have earned for themselves so terrible a notoriety, were really not the traitors and miscreants which you now know them to be, before they had tasted the blood of Adjutant Baugh at Barrackpore. They were wayward and petulant at times like children; but if I had told you a year ago that they were about to rise up and murder their officers, to say nothing of other incredible barbarities, and that therefore it was necessary to send a vast European force to India, to fortify all the large towns, to put a stop to all works of domestic improvement, to send all officers engaged in the great work of administration back to their regiments—in short, if I had prepared myself to stand a siege from my own native army, it is easy to guess, John, that you would have called me a timid old fool, and asked why I was making so much stir about nothing. Nay, if when, for your own purposes, you weakened my European force, sending to me to bring regiments from India for your Russian war, on the plea that I did not want them, I had protested against your selfishness, and declared that I could not trust my native army, you would have jeered at my weak nerves, at my hypochondriac fears, and declared that there was no danger, except in my own diseased imagination. Nay, John, you would have told me (for you wanted your own soldiers then) that if I could not defend the country with my Sepoys, it had better be abandoned altogether, for that you could never divert the strength of your army from its proper uses—the defence of Great Britain, and the maintenance of her position in Europe. It always has been so. You have lent me your troops freely, when I have not wanted them any more than yourself, and you have taken them away from me when you *have* wanted them, without caring what I might suffer by their loss. This is your custom, John. Now, I say, is it fair—is it honest, to ask why, when my Sepoys first set up their tiger-cry, and sprang upon their officers, I had not a large body of your troops at my disposal to crush the mutiny in the bud? If I was weak at that time in European troops, brother, who made me so, I should like to know?

Then you ask me why I had not posted the Europeans at my disposal in their proper places! You know the story, John, of your brother Paddy's blanket—how that the said blanket, being too small to cover him from shoulder to heel, he cut a piece off the top, and sewed it on to the bottom when his feet were cold; and when the draft came to his back, he reversed the process, but did not mend matters, you may be sure. Now, I might have cut a piece off the top, and sewed it on to the bottom, but the blanket would not have covered me from Peshawur to Pegu any better for this process. Still, it must be admitted that you hit a blot, when you ask why there were no European troops in Delhi, which contained our principal arsenals and magazines. Well, John, I must make a clean breast of it, and admit that there ought to have been European troops in Delhi, and that I ought to have insisted on having competent soldiers at the head of my armies, to see that the troops were properly distributed.

If you are not past shame, brother, you will be abashed when you read this. Whose business was it to arrange the military details necessary for the defence of the country? Who but the head of the army—the Commander-in-Chief? But did the ———s and ———s, whom you forced upon me—(you may fill up the blanks, John)—nay, did the great Napier, of whom you are so proud, and whose superhuman wisdom you are continually flinging in my face because I was not prepared to take him at his own or his brother's valuation, and had, therefore, a quarrel with him—did the small ———s, and ———s, or even the great Napier, I say, urge the location of European troops at Delhi? Surely I might, without blame, consider the Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief, whom you sent me, competent to decide between them in what places the European troops at their disposal are most advantageously to be located. Remember that I am not responsible for the selection either of the civil rulers or the military chiefs, to whom these details are intrusted. Give me a chance, John, and see if my nominees will be caught napping. Do you think that if John Lawrence had been Governor-General, and Henry Lawrence Commander-in-Chief, in the spring of 1857, the troops would not have been in their right places?

Look at it how you will, brother, and it does not appear that either the paucity of European troops in India, or their imperfect distribution, is fairly to be chargeable to my wilfulness or my neglect. Do you think that if the Horse-Guards or the War-Office had had the direct management of military affairs in India, things would have gone better? My dear John, I believe that I do impose some check upon the eccentricities of your people in the regions of Whitehall: they are generally ashamed to propose to me any very egregious job, and if, under strong temptation, they determine to brazen it out, I can make a stand against the wrong; and I have made a stand ere now, with good success, though oftener I have failed to do more than protest against the evil which I could not prevent. Have you ever, I should like to know, except in a great emergency—I mean by this, except when you were fairly frightened—ever sent me out an officer of whom you could make anything at home? Has it not been your wont, John, to send me decayed and incapable generals to command my armies, or divisions of my armies? Have you not sent me the blind, the deaf, the lame, the paralysed, the gouty, the crippled, little heeding the injury they might inflict, the discredit they might bring upon us both, so long as you were able to "provide" for them? And can you now have the face to turn round upon me, and ask why I have not made better military preparations for the defence of the country? If Delhi was left without European troops, who suffered it to be thus defenceless—who declared that my Sepoys were "faithful to a proverb?" It is surely right, I say again, that, sitting in Leadenhall Street, I should give heed to the opinions of competent military authorities on the spot; and if the military authorities on the spot are not competent, it is your fault—not mine—that such men are in their wrong places.

Do you seriously believe, John—nay, does any human being believe, that if India in 1857 had been under your direct management, there would have been no rebellion? No one alleges that the general misgovernment of the country has had anything to do with the rising of the Sepoys. My domestic administration is often said to be faulty; but I do not think that in this case it has been brought up against me, in the face of the notorious fact of the general quiescence of the people. But my external policy is said to have had much to do with the insurrection of the military classes. I have been trying hard all my life not to have any external policy except a commercial one, but in this I have been overruled; and I am now told that the rebellion of my soldiery has been stimulated by the war in Persia, and by the annexation of Oude. Now, I believe that the war with Persia had really something to do with the matter. In the first place, it carried off a large number of

troops, and so diminished the impression of our military strength; and in the second, it suggested to the Persian Court, not very scrupulous at any time, and most unscrupulous in war, the expediency of creating a diversion by exciting a military revolt in Northern India; and their emissaries, I know, were actively employed. I think it very probable, John, that if there had been no Persian war, there would have been no military revolt. But *who made the Persian war?* I do not sit in judgment upon it. It may have been righteous or unrighteous, expedient or inexpedient; but I had nothing to do with it. I know nothing about it beyond what you have been pleased to communicate to me in your Blue-books—always excepting the little business of the bill, with the figures of which I am sure to make acquaintance. And as for Oude, I admit that I assented to its annexation. For years and years, however, often as it was recommended by others, I abstained from decreeing the absorption of a State which at least had been faithful to me. And when at last, after hoping against hope for some improvement in the miserable condition of affairs, which called so loudly for the interference of the paramount power—after trying a succession of princes, and finding every new ruler worse than the last, I gave my consent to a measure which it would have been culpable weakness to have shrunk from any longer—every step that I took, John, was in conjunction with your Ministers. Right or wrong, politic or impolitic, it was well considered by your servants. The measure was as much your measure as it was mine. If it was a folly, or if it was a crime, call your own responsible advisers to account, and ask them why they decreed it.

It comes, then, to this, John, that if the Persian war and the annexation of the Oude principality were among the exciting causes of the Sepoy revolt, three-fourths of the blame attach to you. We must place to your credit the whole of the one and the half of the other measure. What sort of a case, then, do you make out against me, either in respect of military mismanagement or political indiscretions, such as may have excited or aggravated the evil which we are now deploring?—what sort of a case, John, that you should lay claim to the possession of greater foresight and wisdom than I have shown in the management of my affairs? Why, friend, you are like the coachman, who upset the coach, and laid it off on the guard upon the dickey. The more we look into the matter, the more it will appear, that in all the acts which have been most emphatically laid to my charge, you or your servants, John, have had the principal share. What sort of logic, then, is that which, from these premises, advances to the conclusion that I should be stripped of the little power I possess, and that you should be made absolute and independent in the direction of Indian affairs?

I know what you would say, John: you would say that when a great crisis arrives, I am incapable of grappling with it—that I have shown feebleness and inactivity in going to the rescue of your imperilled sons and daughters in the East. This is one of the cries that has been got up against me, to bring me into popular disrepute, and to prepare the way for my downfall. It would be a strong argument (nothing could be stronger) for my immediate extinction, if it were only true. I should be ashamed of myself, brother—I should not think myself worthy to live, if I had been lukewarm in such a cause. But did I lose weeks, or days, or hours? did I seek to economise the means at my disposal? did I move slowly, or give grudgingly? No; I lost not a precious hour—not a minute, John. You will remember, I am sure, that sultry June morning, when suddenly there broke upon the town the dire intelligence that the Sepoy army was in a blaze of mutiny, and that Delhi, the great imperial city, with all its historical traditions and political associations, and, worse still, with its mighty arsenals and magazines, was in the hands of the rebel army. I shall never forget that morning. It was Saturday, when, according to wont, John (a good custom, which you properly encourage), little business is done; and after a hard week's work in sultry London wea-

ther, I was starting in search of a little fresh country-air, when that ominous telegram was put into my hands. The horses' heads were turned, you may be sure, not to the railway station, but to my house of business in the City. On that day a solemn council was held; on that day the first steps were taken towards the strengthening of the European army in the East. On the next business-day I held another special council. I did everything that could be done to accelerate the despatch of troops to the East. And as, fortnight after fortnight, fresh news of disaster and of death came welling in, I increased my efforts to augment my European force, and sent forth regiment after regiment, at my expense, to rescue your sons and daughters from destruction, and to cleanse the national honour from the temporary disgrace that had been inflicted upon it. I do not know, John, that any human exertion could have prepared these troops for more immediate despatch.

But you tell me that I ought to have sent them forth in steam-ships. I was eager to do so, John. I wished to send them forth in some of your war-steamers. I thought that, over and above the means of effective transport which your huge steam men-of-war afforded, a great moral impression would be produced by their appearance at my principal Indian seaports. But what was I told, John? what was the answer given by your servants? That you had no steamers for such a purpose. I don't know why you had no steamers for such a purpose; for what nobler purpose could they ever be put to than the salvation of our Indian Empire? Have they ever been put to such good uses before? are they ever likely to be put to any better uses? Don't tell me that the transport-service is unpopular. If there is a man in your service, John, who would not, at such a time, have rejoiced to see the decks of his ship swarming with soldiers, and have been proud of the great work which he was doing, or helping to do, in conveying fighting men to the seat of war; that man is a disgrace to your navy, and worthy only of ignominious dismissal. If I had been served by such men, John, I should have no great Indian Empire now for you to endeavour to wrench from me.

But why, you say, did I not send out men by means of private enterprise, which never fails on these occasions, across the Isthmus, and by the Red-Sea route to India? If Egypt had been part of my territory, do you think that I would not have done it, John? do you think I would have hesitated for a moment? But I was told that there were political questions involved, and of course I knew nothing about the politics of the Porte, or the politics of France or the politics of any other country with which I had no "relations." It was your business, John, to smooth the way for such transport of troops through Egypt—it was mine to pay for their transport when the road was made clear for them. Meanwhile I took up all the best ships that were offered to me. I took up some screw-steamers for long sea-voyages, and I took up some clipper sailing-vessels. It is said that I ought to have taken up more steamers, for the steamers have beaten the clippers. There are two things to be said about this, John: one is, that experienced mariners were doubtful whether, at that season of the year, the screw-steamers would beat the clippers; the other is, that, according to the best information that I could obtain, John, there was not coal enough on the line for a greater number of steam-vessels than I took up. I may mention a third matter: if a larger number of men had arrived at Calcutta in the autumn, there would have been no means of despatching them to the upper provinces, and they would have rotted like sheep on the great wet plain which steams around Fort-William. You may depend upon it, John, that I did the best that could be done; and the more you inquire into the matter, the better I shall be pleased.

What, then, is the charge against me? If I did not cause this disaster by anything that I have done, or anything that I have left undone, and if I did not fail in the hour of need to do the best that could be

done to repair it, why am I more deserving of extinction than I was five years ago? Five years ago, John, after a long and patient inquiry, you decreed that I deserved the confidence of the country. If the events of the Sepoy revolt have not shown that I have forfeited this confidence, how else have I forfeited it during these last five years? At no period of history have I been more active in well-doing. Never, in an equal space of time, have I—never, I dare to say, has any earthly potentate, in an equal space of time—progressed farther in the right direction than I have done since the year 1853. You seek, then, to destroy me in the very zenith of my utility, with all my great material and moral improvements advancing steadily towards perfection. Without any reproach of self-seeking, I may desire—honestly desire, John—to go on with the work I have commenced, to consummate the great experiments which have been so auspiciously inaugurated. You may accuse me of clinging to power, of holding fast to patronage, of fighting sturdily for the retention of my privileges; but the only privilege which I desire to retain is the privilege of doing good to countless millions of people; and I cannot willingly yield that privilege, except under the full assurance that you will carry out the work I have commenced in a more conscientious spirit, and with more successful results. I confess, John, that although I think you in the main a very good fellow, I have no assurance of this.

But supposing that it *had* been proved against me that I had occasioned, by my mismanagement or by my neglect, this lamentable Sepoy rebellion, and that, having thus created it, I had not exerted myself to put it down, these failures upon my part would not demonstrate the expediency of the present sudden effort to destroy me. There are things which, right in themselves, become wrong if they are done at the wrong time. Can you conceive a worse time than the present for revolutionising the Government of India? Why, John, you are making common cause with the rebels —aiding them to achieve a signal triumph (what greater than the overthrow of a government?) and condoning their offences, by declaring to all the world that they are not without a pretext for their crimes. Will not a change of government, following closely upon this hostile demonstration, be a concession to our enemies? Perhaps you will answer, "No—the very reverse of a concession. It will indicate only the settled resolution of an offended nation to put forth all its strength for the chastisement of the offenders, and for the establishment of a more vigorous system of control, under which rebellion can never rear its head again without instant suppression." In other words, John, it will be regarded, you think, in the light of an *aggressive* movement. A miserable alternative, my friend—a more dangerous belief than the other. You will not readily persuade the people that a change of government is not necessarily a change of system. Remember that we have hitherto had only to grapple with a military rebellion. Take care, John, that you do not so disturb and alarm the national mind as to convert this military revolt into a popular revolution. I believe that the proclamations which have been put forth in India, emphatically declaring that the British Government has not, and never has had, a design to interfere in any way with the free exercise of the religions of the people, have had a most salutary and tranquillising effect. The pledges which my Government from time to time has given to the people have never been violated. But a belief, insidiously sown by designing men, has recently grown up, especially among the military classes, who have been more immediately appealed to, that the Queen and the Queen's Ministers have determined to forcibly convert the people to Christianity, and that a large display of military force in India is a necessary part of the process. You must take heed lest you do anything, John, to encourage the diffusion of this belief among the great masses of the people. They are very ignorant and very credulous, and they are very easily alarmed. Any kind of change fills them with vague apprehensions

of evil. You may be sure that the news of the removal of the old Sirkar, and the establishment of a new paramount authority, will be circulated throughout India with every possible kind of disquieting exaggeration associated with it. You have a very vague notion in England of the monstrous and ridiculous falsehoods which find ready currency in India, even in tranquil times. How much more likely are false reports to be circulated in seasons of great popular excitement, when our enemies, active and designing, are continually on the alert, seeking for opportunities of working out our discomfiture by misrepresenting in the foulest and most dangerous manner the intentions of the dominant race, and ever basing, when they can, their mighty falsehoods on some superstructure of truth! If, then, the inauguration of the Crown Government of India be regarded as an aggressive movement, it is not difficult to foresee the probability of a still worse result than that which may reasonably be predicted if the change be viewed in the light of a concession. You have only a choice of evils, John. Either way danger is lying.

Nay, indeed, I may go further, and say that the two evils are not incompatible with each other—that truly they are, in the present case, very likely to co-exist. For whilst the rebellious Sepoys may triumph in the thought that they have overthrown the existing Government, and brought about a great revolution (and such, too, will be the view taken by independent lookers-on), the great mass of the people will see only in the change something threatening and portentous, and too probably—for such is their wont—will be roused into antagonism by their fears. So I cannot repeat too emphatically that even the right thing may be wrong, if it is done at the wrong time.

But how do you know that what you are proposing to do *is* the right thing, John? Are you in a fit state of mind for the consideration of so grave a question? Have you thought enough about it—have you read enough about it—do you know enough about it? I wish I could say, John, that I think our troubles in India are at an end. I thoroughly believe that we have turned the corner—that we have got our innings—but there is a deal of work yet before us. Some, indeed, go so far as to say that India, at the present time, can hardly be called a British dependency. I have no uneasiness on that score. Our position is a secure, though a troublous one. But there is much stirring work to be done before the flames of rebellion are thoroughly extinguished; and who begins to rebuild his house whilst it is yet on fire? Let us first extinguish the flames, and then talk of reconstruction. You will be cooler, you will be better informed; you will know more what you are about, after the mutiny is thoroughly suppressed, than at the present time, when your passions are excited, your understanding is confused, and you are a long way off from the necessary amount of knowledge for legislation on so great a question. I doubt, John, whether you are fully impressed with a conviction of the magnitude and the difficulty of that question; or of the earnestness and solemnity with which it behoves you to address yourself to its consideration. You may depend upon it that it is a graver matter—that your responsibility is greater—than you think, John. You may legislate in haste; but if you do, you may be sure that you will repent at leisure.

Be assured that no graver question than this has ever come before you. It is a question which, to be properly understood, must be regarded in many different aspects. It must be looked at from a stand-point, or more than one stand-point, in India, and from another in England, on which it is not less necessary to post yourself with your telescope in your hand. You ought to know more about your own affairs than I do, John—so I will not dwell upon the trouble which you may bring upon yourself by taking the management, and with it the patronage, of India, out of my hands. You remember how it was said of old, that "the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Now, my Government, faulty as it may be in principle and inefficient in practice, has at all events been a good middle-class Gov-

ernment. The Anglo-Indian empire was founded by the middle classes—was maintained by the middle classes. The middle classes have fought for it; the middle classes have toiled for it. What your orators, John, are wont to call the "cold shade of the aristocracy," has never chilled the ardour of the real workmen—of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who have done so much for your national greatness. The right men, on my estate, as far as you would let them, John, were ever in their right places. Where I alone have had the power of selection, the best men have come to the front. Has there ever been a time, has there ever been a conjuncture, no matter how trying, when my officers have been found wanting? Have I not distributed my patronage fairly and honourably among men who could do little or nothing for their children in Whitehall? Has this patronage (for patronage is power) in any way destroyed, or has it tended to preserve, the just balance of your much-vaunted constitution? It has not gone to swell the powers of the Crown, or of the aristocracy, but has served as a counterpoise to the power of both. Take care that you do not place a vast instrument of corruption in the hands of the Minister of the day. But that is an English question, John, and you will see its bearings without my help.

It is none of my business to point out to you what will be the effect upon India of direct government by the Crown, or, in other words, of Government by a parliamentary majority. I have little to say, John, against your House of Commons. I believe it to be an assembly, on the whole, of very intelligent and right-minded men. But they must be very much changed from what they were a few months ago, if they are at all fit to govern India. A very little time has elapsed since they knew, as a body, as much about India as they cared, and that was *nothing*. India emptied your House, John, as surely as a Queen's ball or a cry of "fire." Now, I believe that a strong interest in the affairs of my Indian Empire has been really awakened. But although Apathy may die on a sudden, there is no sudden death for Ignorance. There is, however, something still worse—something still more dangerous than Ignorance, and that is "a little learning." Now, there is nothing more true than that a man may study India all his life, and not be thoroughly master of the subject at threescore. The more one knows on such a subject, the more conscious one is of the deficiency of one's knowledge—the less one is inclined to dogmatise. But your men of a little learning, inflated with a three months' vacation-cram, have no doubts or misgivings. They make up their minds about the most difficult and the most complicated questions whilst they are brushing their hair or tying their cravat, and rush in where ripe Indian statesmen fear to tread, lest they should stumble over some hidden difficulty. I shudder to think of the flood of nonsense that will be poured out next session, John. I wish that it were such nonsense as I could quietly laugh at in an easy-chair: but the nettle danger will be there to sting; the rashness of ignorance will assume the worst forms of aggressiveness. Already I hear it said on every side that Parliament is hot for the discussion of the "religious question." If it had not been for my knowledge and my caution, John, that "religious question" would long ago have destroyed the empire of England in the East. Now, do you really think, John, that your House of Commons is a fit authority to determine the amount of toleration with which the religions and religious usages of the people of India are to be practically regarded by the British Government in the East? Why, my dear John, if you know anything at all about the religions of India, you must have gained your knowledge very recently. It is not very many weeks since one of your shining lights, a member of your Government (and an historian to boot, I believe), spoke, at a public meeting, of Buddhism as the prevailing religion of India. With knowledge will come caution; but my fear is, it will come too late. Perhaps you have not considered, John, what will be thought in India, when, together with the announcement that the

Imperial Government of Great Britain is about to assume the direct management of affairs, there go forth tidings to the effect that the Imperial Parliament is hotly discussing the expediency of a crusade against the religions of the country, and vehemently condemning me for my toleration-pledges in past years.

Do not think, John, that I deprecate the public discussion of the affairs of my Empire. The more inquiry, the more discussion, the better, so long as it is impartial inquiry and enlightened discussion. What I deprecate is public discussion, which does not seek to elicit the truth, and has no tendency to benefit the people. Ignorance and party-spirit are what I fear. Give full play to these in Parliament, and I know not what may be the result. It has heretofore been the custom to consider the affairs of India to be my concern rather than yours. Your Parliament has been wont to avoid their discussion, and to justify their avoidance, upon the plea that "John Company knows all about these things: leave them to him; he will manage them." And although I have in this way incurred some obloquy not justly my due, and have smiled at the popular ignorance regarding the responsibilities of Indian government, I have solaced myself under unmerited condemnation with the thought, that it is better, on the whole, that Parliament and the people should not have too clear impressions of the direct responsibility of the Minister of the day for all that is done or left undone in my Indian Empire. In the abstract, I admit, John, that it is not pleasant to be a scape-goat, but I would rather be a scape-goat than I would see India given up to party; and as soon as the direct and sole responsibility of the Crown Minister of the day, for all that is done or left undone in India, comes to be not only a substantive but a generally recognised fact, India will become the battle-field of party. Upon a parliamentary vote relating to some ill-understood Indian question, the fate of a ministry may depend. Nay, I am inclined to think that it will often depend, for India is not likely to be the strong point of a Crown Minister. His own ignorance, and the ignorance of the House, will render him more readily assailable in this direction than on the side of his domestic policy. And you know better than I do, John, that the state of parties at the present time is peculiarly favourable to damaging assaults on the Government of the day. A weak section of the House, representing the views of some particular class of the community—say of that which is typified by "Manchester" or "Exeter Hall,"—aided by those who habitually vote against Government as a party, or as you call them, John, your "Opposition," will often have the power of obtaining a majority, and of damaging, if not of upsetting the ministry by an adverse vote. Government, in such a case, will either be driven into some dangerous concessions, or a new ministry will replace them, pledged to a measure which may be pregnant with danger to our Indian Empire. Your Indian fellow-subjects will never again be suffered to enjoy their old feelings of security. They will be threatened with continual changes, and they are jealous of change to a degree which you can hardly appreciate. You may sneer at my "traditionary policy," John; but it is the definite and consistent policy of a permanent Board, not removable at the pleasure of the Crown, and not influenced by political partisanship, which has enabled us so long to hold the "brightest jewel" in our hands.

I do not say that my Government is faultless, John, either in respect of its machinery or the manner of its working. I did not make it. Indeed, no one made it. Like the little negro-girl in Brother Jonathan's famous novel, "I 'spects I grow'd." But I am not peculiar in this. How did you come by your famous constitution, John? Did any one ever make it for you—did you make it yourself? or did it grow out of inevitable circumstances fostered by the genius of the people? Of course it did; and have not your colonial constitutions grown up in the same way? Such constitutions are the strongest, the most flourishing, because the

most deeply rooted. What was an acorn, John, is now an oak. You can manufacture nothing with half so good a chance of endurance as that which, under God's providence, has grown up in spite of you. I was a trader, as you know—a dealer in piece-goods, teas, and other commodities, and now I am a sovereign power; but still I retain much of the old administrative machinery which formerly governed the affairs of our trading corporation. But it is not for you, John, to reproach me on account of this remnant of the old mercantile leaven. Is there anything of which you are prouder than of your mercantile enterprise? Are you not continually crying out that the activity, the promptitude, and the success of private enterprise are perpetually putting the cumbrous inertness of the Imperial Government, with all its costly failures, to shame? I am not ashamed of having been a trader. If I had not been a trader, there would have been no Anglo-Indian Empire. My Court of Directors is somewhat changed from the Court which erst sat in judgment on investments; but it is substantially the same body. And because it is so, you speak of it as a worn-out institution, and say that it has served its purpose, and must now cease to exist. Let it cease; if you can provide anything better, or as good, in its place. Do this, and without a murmur I will retire into private life.

I will tell you what my Government is, John. It is a Government possessed of knowledge and of independence. My bitterest enemies have never brought to my charge that I know nothing about India. I will not repeat what has been said, from time to time, by some of the most eminent of your public men, on the subject of the extensive and accurate information possessed by the Court of Directors and their officials of the India House, respecting the varied concerns of all parts of my immense Empire. I may move slowly, but I move surely. *Festina lentè* has been my motto. It is easy to settle a matter in an off-hand fashion when you are guiltless of knowing anything about it. But a number of men, with large knowledge and extensive experience, cannot, where great interests are at stake, dismiss a question officially before them, in a summary flippant manner. But do you, with your *triple* Government, John, get through business any faster—nay, do you get through it so fast? How long were you manufacturing the new Marriage and Divorce Act? Through how many stages did that unfortunate Bill pass? How did it go up and down, backwards and forwards, from one House to another! Leadenhall Street and Canon Row are nothing to be compared with Lords and Commons when they are in antagonism with each other! If Leadenhall Street and Canon Row fall out, it is said to be an "unseemly spectacle." But do Lords and Commons never fall out? Yes, and you do not talk of unseemly spectacles, but of constitutional checks and elements of safety. The Court of Directors, in their deliberative capacity, may be slow, but in their executive capacity they are not. They can move fastly enough when there is need to be fast, as I have told you in an earlier part of my letter.

Then, as I have said, I am at least independent. Did any one ever connect the Court of Directors with the party-politics of the day? India is of no party. The India House is of no party. I work as harmoniously, John, with a Whig as with a Tory minister. First one party, then another, is in the ascendant. The storms of faction pass harmlessly over me. I scarcely feel the change in the political atmosphere. My policy is still the same. My agents, when I have my own will, are still the same. I have never made an appointment, or helped to make an appointment—I have never cancelled or helped to cancel an appointment—with any reference to English politics. I have never used my patronage for political purposes. I have never bought, or tried to buy, a single vote in Parliament with it. I have never sought to purchase royal or ministerial favour, by supporting measures known to be popular in high places. I have resisted Court intrigue and Governmental jobbery—vainly, perhaps, but conscientiously. And I have gone about my own business, without a

thought of anything but of worthily fulfilling the great trust which has been reposed in me as the ruler of a great empire. I have governed India for the people of India; and even our enemies are now publicly acknowledging that the country has never been governed so well.

But can you expect this freedom from party influence to survive my political extinction? If I cease to be, John, will you ever have an independent Indian Government again? You tell me that there is to be a Council, or Board, connected with the Indian Minister—a Council of experienced advisers, men of Indian antecedents and established reputation—such a Board, only more limited in numbers, as the present Court of Directors, and brought into more immediate association and co-operation with the Indian Minister. Establish such a Board, with knowledge and independence not inferior to the degree in which those qualities distinguish the Court of Directors, and I shall not tremble for the safety of my old Empire; but I do not clearly see how you are to establish such a Board. The knowledge and experience of the present Court of Directors cannot be possessed by any council of inferior numbers. We have not now got all that we want even in a Council of eighteen members; and I believe that you *did* contemplate the limitation of the new Council to six or eight members. I hope that you have thought better of this design. For India is a very large place; the Executive Government is divided into a number of different departments. The business, like the people, John, is of a very varied character; and I do not see how a Council much smaller than that of Leadenhall Street, at the present time, can embrace the necessary amount either of local or departmental experience. Then how can you insure its independence? how can you prevent a Council nominated by the Crown—that is, by the minister of the day—from becoming, for all practical purposes of independent Government, a mere name? The minister, in the first instance, would probably nominate certain members of the present Court of Directors. They are independent men; and, under any form of Government, would doubtless be independent. But what would be their power? and, if powerless, of what use their independence to the country? Now, what power do you propose to give them? Degrade them to the level of mere advisers, and what check is there upon, or what is there to modify, the arbitrary power of the minister? One minister might take the advice of his Council—another might not even seek it. The present Court of Directors *initiates* all the ordinary business of the Home Government of India. Now, a despatch, in the course of the several processes of manipulation to which it is subjected, may undergo some changes; but, after all, the main substance of it will be left much in the state in which it was originally devised. This initiation, therefore, is practically, though not theoretically, real power. It is a pervading influence for good, or for evil; and where the *knowledge* is, there also should be the original creative function. Now, take care, John, that this initiatory process take place in the council chamber, not in the bureau of the minister. And take care, John, that if, at a later stage, the minister overrules the decisions of the Council, his reasons for so doing are placed upon record, and the protests or remonstrances of the Council also recorded. But will the Council stand up manfully in defence of their opinions, as the old Court of Directors has ere now done, if they are appointed by, and are to be removable at the pleasure of the Crown. In what other way, you ask, can they be appointed? It is not easy to answer the question, for you propose to destroy my privileges and functions as a constituent body, and you have no thought of creating any other constituency. Whether a portion at least of the vacancies might not as they occur be filled by the nomination of the remaining members of the Board (the nominee, of course, fulfilling certain conditions, and possessing certain qualifications), is a question which I leave to your consideration. I have no very strong opinion about it myself. All I contend for is, that un-

less you can establish a Council of experienced Indian statesmen, independent of party, and with some real practical power, you might as well give up India at once to the dictatorship of a Secretary of State.

Perhaps, John, you will remind me of your colonies, and say that you manage your colonies with the aid of a single Secretary of State. So you do, after a fashion. But I am not aware that there are any very useful lessons of external government to be learned from your successes, John. I don't wish to say anything unkind to you, but I have always had a notion that those successes have been *very moderate*—I will not use any harder words. You taunt me with this military rebellion in India. You have contrived to get up rebellions of all kinds in the colonies. Have you not had rebellions in Canada, rebellions at the Cape, rebellions in Ceylon? You are seldom without a rebellion on hand. One day it is a black rebellion, another it is a white rebellion; now you are dragooning down the aborigines, now warring with your own children. You have almost forgotten, John, that America was once a colony, and that it was lost to you by parliamentary government. If, then, there were anything in the case of India at all analogous with that of the colonies, I should still desire to rescue it from the grasp of a single Secretary of State. But India is not a colony, and is nothing like a colony. One of your late Indian servants, John, who has since taken to a seafaring life, put the case so well, some four or five years ago, that I cannot do better than remind you of his words: "It is a remarkable circumstance," he said, "in connection with this question, that since the celebrated bill which decided the fate of Mr. Fox's Administration, we have seldom or never entered into the consideration of Indian affairs. Party questions with reference to India are almost totally unknown, either in the other House of Parliament or here; and I do not hesitate to say that it would be a source of imminent danger to India if its affairs were again made the object of party warfare. I have been in Parliament long enough to see that, in colonial matters, party questions have occurred in which the interests of a colony have been neglected in the contests of party politics in this House. But we must not shut our eyes to the circumstance that the case of India is in no respect similar to that of the colonies. In all the colonies belonging to this country there is a large portion of British subjects well acquainted with the principles of representative government; and even if the worst were to occur—if (which God forbid) any of our colonies were to be separated from the mother country, though I do not see why the connection based upon mutual benefit should not last for a period much longer than we can any of us look forward to—but even if a separation were to take place, there is hardly one of our colonies which would not be able, with more or less success, to govern itself. But if a revolution of that kind was to take place in India, will any one say that consequences must not ensue at which humanity would shudder? There is, in truth, no similarity between the probable consequences in the one case and in the other, and therefore it is of the utmost importance not to allow party politics to interfere with the government of that great dependency."* There, John, you must needs accept the premises; I recommend to you also the conclusion. You may do mischief enough, heaven knows, by making colonial affairs objects of party warfare; but this is nothing in comparison with the danger which will arise out of the discussion of Indian affairs in a spirit of vehement partisanship, seeking to destroy or to uphold a Ministry. And as Indian questions are more difficult to understand than colonial questions, a Minister, unaided by an experienced and independent Council,

* Speech of Sir Charles Wood, President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, on moving for leave to introduce a bill to provide for the government of India, delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, June 3, 1853.

would be more likely than a Colonial Secretary to expose himself to attack. I repeat, then, that if your colonies had been far better governed than they have been, your success, (speaking hypothetically, John) would afford no argument in favour of the consignment of India to the tender mercies of a single independent Secretary of State.

And now, John, I have done. At least I have done for the present. You may take away from me my Government, but you cannot take from me my reputation. Depriving me of my Government, you consign me to History; and History is my best friend. I feel in my heart, brother, that when I become a tradition, my real glory will commence. You may think lightly of it now, John. In the hurry of politics—in the strife of parties—amidst the roar of a great rebellion—it may seem a small thing to you that on some fine summer morning the Government of the East India Company quietly ceases to be. But years—nay, centuries hence—upon the great fact, that an English Company—a Company originally of mere traders—consigned into the hands of the Imperial Government the care of an immense empire, reared, nurtured, and maintained by the enterprise of a mercantile corporation, and by the skill, the courage, and the integrity of their servants—an empire over scarcely less than two hundred millions of inhabitants, of different races and religions—upon this great fact, I say, years, nay centuries hence, thinking men will comment with wonder and admiration in all the languages of the civilised globe. Such a spectacle the world has never seen before. You may howl at me; you may spit at me; you may drag me with contumely and insult from my throne; but the great fact of which I speak will be still a fact, and time will make you only more sensible of its magnitude and nobility. You may keep that empire, or you may lose it, John: but it will be the empire of the East India Company all the same. The property may change hands; the edifice may be repainted and replastered—you may grave the royal arms over the gateways, and let no one pass without the passport of the Queen; but still there will be the fact that I built the house, that I acquired and extended the marvellous domain—and that it has cost you nothing but some good English blood, which could not have been shed more worthily than in the extension of the empire of civilisation. I write this in no spirit of self-laudation. I do not say that no one but myself could have established this marvellous empire, stretching, as it now does, from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Irrawaddy. But I humbly and reverently express my belief that an Almighty Providence would not have favoured in like manner the ambitious efforts of an imperial power, seeking to aggrandise itself by armed triumphs in new countries. It was, I humbly believe, because I never sought for teritorial wealth or political power; because my mandates were ever the mandates of peace; because I charged my servants not to fortify their factories, not to enlist troops, not to make any parade of military strength, that the Almighty selected me as the humble instrument (I say it reverently) of His magnificent designs. God might have baffled your calculations, prostrated your ambition, and humbled your pride, John. Smiting with the sword, you might have perished by the sword. But I went for merchandise, and I obtained empire. My designs were overruled, my policy defeated. I became, in spite of myself, a power, without a royal title, but still one of the sovereigns of the earth. I did the best I then could to perform worthily the functions imposed upon me; and although no prophet in my own country, people from strange regions looked with admiration upon my doings, and with jealousy upon my success. You thought you would have done it better, John. God knows! Be thankful that, under Providence, I have done so well; and if it be willed that I am to resign the charge of my empire into your hands, receive the trust reverently, and in a solemn but a humble spirit, deeply

impressed with a sense of the magnitude of the undertaking, and the difficulty of the work which lies before you. I have no wish to rule a day longer than is good for India and for England. If the country, calmly, dispassionately, deliberately, with full knowledge and after ample investigation, will that I should abdicate, I shall abdicate, not grudgingly or querulously, but cheerfully and thankfully, and say to you, John, with a hearty shake of the hand, "There! I have fulfilled my mission, I have run my race. I have given you the Anglo-Indian empire. *Keep it;* and be blest."

I am, your affectionate Brother,

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART X.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

### CHAPTER V.

Mr. Waife being by nature unlucky, considers that, in proportion as Fortune brings him good luck, Nature converts it into bad. He suffers Mr. George Morley to go away in his debt, and Sophy fears that he will be dull in consequence.

GEORGE MORLEY, a few weeks after the conversation last recorded, took his departure from Montfort Court, prepared, without a scruple, to present himself for ordination to the friendly bishop. From Waife he derived more than the cure of a disabling infirmity; he received those hints which, to a man who has the natural temperament of an orator, so rarely united with that of the scholar, expedite the mastery of the art which makes the fleeting human voice an abiding, imperishable power. The grateful teacher exhausted all his lore upon the pupil whose genius he had freed—whose heart had subdued himself. Before leaving, George was much perplexed how to offer to Waife any other remuneration than that which, in Waife's estimate, had already overpaid all the benefits he had received—viz. unquestioning friendship and pledged protection. It need scarcely be said that George thought the man to whom he owed fortune and happiness was entitled to something beyond that moral recompense. But he found, at the first delicate hint, that Waife would not hear of money, though the ex-Comedian did not affect any very Quixotic notions on that practical subject. "To tell you the truth, sir, I have rather a superstition against having more money in my hands than I know what to do with. It has always brought me bad luck. And what is very hard—the bad luck stays, but the money goes. There was that splendid sum I made at Gatesboro'. You should have seen me counting it over. I could not have had a prouder or more swelling heart if I had been that great man Mr. Elwes the miser. And what bad luck it brought me, and how it all frittered itself away! Nothing to show for it but a silk ladder and an old hurdy-gurdy, and I sold *them* at half-price. Then, when I had the accident which cost me this eye, the rail-

way people behaved so generously, gave me £120—think of that! And before three days the money was all gone!"

"How was that?" said George, half-amused, half-pained—"stolen, perhaps?"

"Not so," answered Waife, somewhat gloomily, "but restored. A poor dear old man, who thought very ill of me—and I don't wonder at it—was reduced from great wealth to great poverty. While I was laid up, my landlady read a newspaper to me, and in that newspaper was an account of his reverse and destitution. But I was accountable to him for the balance of an old debt, and that, with the doctor's bills, quite covered my £120. I hope he does not think quite so ill of me now. But the money brought good-luck to him, rather than to me. Well, sir, if you were now to give me money, I should be on the look-out for some mournful calamity. Gold is not natural to me. Some day, however, by-and-by, when you are inducted into your living, and have become a renowned preacher, and have plenty to spare, with an idea that you would feel more comfortable in your mind if you had done something royal for the basket-maker, I will ask you to help me to make up a sum, which I am trying by degrees to save—an enormous sum—as much as I paid away from my railway compensation—I owe it to the lady who lent it to release Sophy from an engagement which I—certainly without any remorse of conscience—made the child break."

"Oh yes! What is the amount? Let me at least repay that debt."

"Not yet. The lady can wait—and she would be pleased to wait, because she deserves to wait—it would be unkind to her to pay it off at once. But, in the meanwhile, if you could send me a few good books for Sophy?—instructive; yet not very, very dry. And a French dictionary—I can teach her French when the winter days close in. You see I am not above being paid, sir. But, Mr. Morley, there is a great favour you can do me."

"What is it? Speak."

"Cautiously refrain from doing me a great disservice! You are going back to your friends and relations. Never speak to me of them. Never describe me and my odd ways. Name not the lady, nor—nor—nor—the man who claimed Sophy. Your friends might not hurt me, others might. Talk travels. The Hare is not long in its form when it has a friend in a Hound that gives tongue. Promise what I ask. Promise it as 'man and gentleman.'"

"Certainly. Yet I have one relation to whom I should like, with your permission, to speak of you, with whom I could wish you acquainted. He is so thorough a man of the world that he might suggest some method to clear your good name, which you yourself would approve. My uncle, Colonel Morley—"

"On no account!" cried Waife, almost fiercely, and he evinced so much anger and uneasiness, that it was long before George could pacify him by the most earnest assurances that his secret should be inviolably kept, and his injunctions faithfully obeyed. No men of the world consulted how to force him back to the world of men that he fled from! No colonels to scan him with martinet eyes, and hint how to pipeclay a tarnish! Waife's apprehensions gradually allayed, and his confidence restored, one fine morning George took leave of his eccentric benefactor.

Waife and Sophy stood gazing after him from their garden-gate. The cripple leaning lightly on the child's arm. She looked with anxious fondness into the old man's thoughtful face, and clung to him more closely as she looked.

"Will you not be dull, poor grandy?—will you not miss him?"

"A little at first," said Waife, rousing himself. "Education is a great thing. An educated mind, provided that it does us no mischief—which is not always the case—cannot be withdrawn from our existence without leaving a blank behind. Sophy, we must seriously set to work and educate ourselves!"

"We will, grandy, dear," said Sophy, with decision; and a few minutes afterwards—"If I can become very, very clever, you will not pine so much after that gentleman—will you, grandy?"

CHAPTER VI.

Being a chapter that comes to an untimely end.

Winter was far advanced when Montfort Court was again brightened by the presence of its lady. A polite letter from Mr. Carr Vipont had reached her before leaving Windsor, suggesting how much it would be for the advantage of the Vipont interest if she would consent to visit for a month or two the seat in Ireland, which had been too long neglected, and at which my lord would join her on his departure from his Highland moors. So to Ireland went Lady Montfort. My lord did not join her there; but Mr. Carr Vipont deemed it desirable for the Vipont interest that the wedded pair should reunite at Montfort Court, where all the Vipont family were invited to witness their felicity or mitigate their *ennui*.

But, before proceeding another stage in this history, it becomes a just tribute of respect to the great House of Vipont, to pause and place its past records and present grandeur in fuller display before the reverential reader. The House of Vipont! —what am I about? The House of Vipont requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

The House of Vipont.—"*Majora canamus.*"

The House of Vipont! Looking back through ages, it seems as if the House of Vipont were one continuous living idiosyncrasy, having in its progressive development a connected unity of thought and action, so that through all the changes of its outward form it had been moved and guided by the same single spirit—"*Le roi est mort—vive le roi!*"—A Vipont dies—live the Vipont! Despite its high-sounding Norman name, the House of Vipont was no House at all for some generations after the Conquest. The first Vipont who emerged from the obscurity of time, was a rude soldier of Gascon origin, in the reign of Henry II.—one of the thousand fighting men who sailed from Milford Haven with the stout Earl of Pembroke, on that strange expedition which ended in the conquest of Ireland. This gallant man obtained large grants of land in that fertile island—some Mac or some O' vanished, and the House of Vipont rose.

During the reign of Richard I., the House of Vipont, though recalled to England (leaving its Irish acquisitions in charge of a fierce cadet, who served as middleman), excused itself from the Crusade, and, by marriage with a rich goldsmith's daughter, was enabled to lend moneys to those who indulged in that exciting but costly pilgrimage. In the reign of John, the House of Vipont foreclosed its mortgages on lands thus pledged, and became possessed of a very fair property in England, as well as its fiefs in the sister isle.

The House of Vipont took no part in the troublesome politics of that day. Discreetly obscure, it attended to its own fortunes, and felt small interest in *Magna Charta*. During the reigns of the Plantagenet Edwards, who were great encouragers of mercantile adventure, the House of Vipont, shunning Crecy, Bannockburn, and such profitless brawls, intermarried with London traders, and got many a good thing out of the Genoese. In the reign of Henry IV. the House of Vipont reaped the benefit of its past forbearance and modesty. Now, for the first time, the Viponts appear as belted knights—they have armorial bearings—they are Lancasterian to the backbone—they are exceedingly indignant against heretics—they burn the Lollards—they have places in the household of Queen Joan, who was called a witch, but a witch is a very good friend when she wields a sceptre

instead of a broomstick. And, in proof of its growing importance, the House of Vipont marries a daughter of the then mighty House of Darrell. In the reign of Henry V., during the invasion of France, the House of Vipont—being afraid of the dysentery which carried off more brave fellows than the field of Agincourt—contrived to be a minor. The Wars of the Roses puzzled the House of Vipont sadly. But it went through that perilous ordeal with singular tact and success. The manner in which it changed sides, each change safe, and most changes lucrative, is beyond all praise.

On the whole, it preferred the Yorkists; it was impossible to be actively Lancasterian, with Henry VI. of Lancaster always in prison. And thus, at the death of Edward IV., the House of Vipont was Baron Vipont of Vipont, with twenty manors. Richard III. counted on the House of Vipont, when he left London to meet Richmond at Bosworth—he counted without his host. The House of Vipont became again intensely Lancasterian, and was amongst the first to crowd round the litter in which Henry VII. entered the metropolis. In that reign it married a relation of Empson's—did the great House of Vipont! and as nobles of elder date had become scarce and poor, Henry VII. was pleased to make the House of Vipont an earl—the Earl of Montfort. In the reign of Henry VIII., instead of burning Lollards, the House of Vipont was all for the Reformation—it obtained the lands of two priories and one abbey. Gorged with that spoil, the House of Vipont, like an anaconda in the process of digestion, slept long. But no, it slept not. Though it kept itself still as a mouse during the reign of bloody Queen Mary (only letting it be known at court that the House of Vipont had strong papal leanings); though during the reigns of Elizabeth and James it made no noise, the House of Vipont was silently inflating its lungs, and improving its constitution. Slept, indeed! it was wide awake. Then it was that it began systematically its grand policy of alliances; then, was it sedulously grafting its olive branches on the stems of those fruitful New Houses that had sprung up with the Tudors; then, alive to the spirit of the day, provident of the wants of the morrow, over the length and breadth of the land it wove the interlacing network of useful cousinhood! Then, too, it began to build palaces, to enclose parks—it travelled, too, a little—did the House of Vipont! it visited Italy—it conceived a taste; a very elegant House became the House of Vipont! And in James's reign, for the first time, the House of Vipont got the Garter. The Civil Wars broke out—England was rent. Peer and knight took part with one side or the other. The House of Vipont was again perplexed. Certainly at the commencement it was all for King Charles. But when King Charles took to fighting, the House of Vipont shook its sagacious head, and went about, like Lord Falkland, sighing "Peace, peace!" Finally it remembered its neglected estates in Ireland—its duties called it thither. To Ireland it went, discreetly sad, and, marrying a kinswoman of Lord Fauconberg—the only popular and safe connection formed by the Lord Protector's family—it was safe when Cromwell visited Ireland; and no less safe when Charles II. was restored to England. During the reign of the merry monarch, the House of Vipont was a courtier, married a beauty, got the Garter again, and, for the first time, became the fashion. Fashion began to be a Power. In the reign of James II., the House of Vipont again contrived to be a minor, who came of age just in time to take the oaths of fealty to William and Mary. In case of accidents, the House of Vipont kept on friendly terms with the exiled Stuarts, but it wrote no letters, and got into no scrapes. It was not, however, till the Government, under Sir R. Walpole, established the constitutional and parliamentary system which characterises modern freedom, that the puissance accumulated through successive centuries by the House of Vipont became pre-eminently visible. By that time its lands were vast, its wealth enormous; its parliamentary influence, as "a Great

House," was now a part of the British Constitution. At this period, the House of Vipont found it convenient to rend itself into two grand divisions—the peer's branch and the commoner's. The House of Commons had become so important that it was necessary for the House of Vipont to be represented there by a great commoner. Thus arose the family of Carr Vipont. That division, owing to a marriage settlement favouring a younger son by the heiress of the Carrs, carried off a good slice from the estate of the earldom—*uno averso, non deficit alter;*—the earldom mourned, but replaced the loss by two wealthy wedlocks of its own; and had long since seen cause to rejoice that its power in the Upper Chamber was strengthened by such aid in the Lower. For, thanks to its parliamentary influence, and the aid of the great commoner, in the reign of George III. the House of Vipont became a Marquess. From that time to the present day, the House of Vipont had gone on prospering and progressive. It was to the aristocracy what the *Times* newspaper is to the press. The same quick sympathy with public feeling—the same unity of tone and purpose—the same adaptability—and something of the same lofty tone of superiority to the petty interests of party. It may be conceded that the House of Vipont was less brilliant than the *Times* newspaper, but eloquence and wit, necessary to the duration of a newspaper, were not necessary to that of the House of Vipont. Had they been so, it would have had them!

The Head of the House of Vipont rarely condescended to take office. With a rent-roll, loosely estimated at about £170,000 a-year, it is beneath a man to take from the public a paltry five or six thousand a-year, and undergo all the undignified abuse of popular assemblies, and "a ribald press." But it was a matter of course that the House of Vipont should be represented in any cabinet that a constitutional monarch could be advised to form. Since the time of Walpole, a Vipont was always in the service of his country, except in those rare instances when the country was infamously misgoverned. The cadets of the House, or the senior member of the great commoner's branch of it, sacrificed their ease to fulfil that duty. The Montfort marquesses, in general, were contented with situations of honour in the household, as of Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Horse, &c.—not onerous dignities; and even these they only deigned to accept on those especial occasions when danger threatened the Star of Brunswick, and the sense of its exalted station forbade the House of Vipont to leave its country in the dark.

Great Houses like that of Vipont assist the work of civilisation by the law of their existence. They are sure to have a spirited and wealthy tenantry, to whom, if but for the sake of that popular character which doubles political influence, they are liberal and kindly landlords. Under their sway fens and sands become fertile—agricultural experiments are tested on a large scale—cattle and sheep improve in breed—national capital augments, and springing beneath the ploughshare, circulates indirectly to speed the ship and animate the loom. Had there been no Woburn, no Holkham, no Montfort Court, England would be the poorer by many a million. Our great Houses tend also to the refinement of national taste; they have their show-places, their picture-galleries, their beautiful grounds. The humblest drawing-rooms owe an elegance or comfort—the smallest garden, a flower or esculent—to the importations which luxury borrowed from abroad, or the inventions it stimulated at home, for the original benefit of great Houses. Having a fair share of such merits, in common with other great Houses, the House of Vipont was not without good qualities peculiar to itself. Precisely because it was the most egotistical of Houses, filled with the sense of its own identity, and guided by the instincts of its own conservation, it was a very civil, good-natured House—courteous, generous, hospitable; a House (I mean the Head of it, not of course all its subordinate members, including even the august Lady

Selina) that could bow graciously, and shake hands with you. Even if you had no vote yourself, you might have a cousin who had a vote. And once admitted into the family, the House adopted you; you had only to marry one of its remotest relations, and the House sent you a wedding present; and at every general election invited you to rally round your connection—the Marquess. Therefore, next only to the Established Church, the House of Vipont was that British institution, the roots of which were the most widely spread.

Now the Viponts had for long generations been an energetic race. Whatever their defects, they had exhibited shrewdness and vigour. The late Marquess (grandfather to the present) had been perhaps the ablest—(that is, done most for the house of Vipont)—of them all. Of a grandiose and superb mode of living—of a majestic deportment—of princely manners—of a remarkable talent for the management of all business, whether private or public—a perfect enthusiast for the House of Vipont, and aided by a marchioness in all respects worthy of him, he might be said to be the culminating flower of the venerable stem. But the present lord, succeeding to the title as a mere child, was a melancholy contrast, not only to his grandsire, but to the general character of his progenitors. Before his time, every head of the House had done something for it—even the most frivolous had contributed; one had collected the pictures, another the statues, a third the medals, a fourth had amassed the famous Vipont library; while others had at least married heiresses, or augmented, through ducal lines, the splendour of the interminable cousinhood. The present marquess was literally *nil*. The pith of the Viponts was not in him. He looked well, he dressed well; if life were only the dumb show of a tableau, he would have been a paragon of a Marquess. But he was like the watches we give to little children, with a pretty gilt dial-plate, and no works in them. He was thoroughly inert—there was no winding him up; he could not manage his property—he could not answer his letters—very few of them could he even read through. Politics did not interest him, nor literature, nor field-sports. He shot, it is true, but mechanically—wondering, perhaps, why he did shoot. He attended races, because the House of Vipont kept a racing stud. He bet on his own horses, but if they lost showed no vexation. Admirers (no Marquess of Montfort could be wholly without them) said, "What fine temper! what good breeding!" it was nothing but constitutional apathy. No one could call him a bad man—he was not a profligate, an oppressor, a miser, a spendthrift; he would not have taken the trouble to be a bad man on any account. Those who beheld his character at a distance would have called him an exemplary man. The more conspicuous duties of his station, subscriptions, charities, the maintenance of grand establishments, the encouragement of the fine arts, were virtues admirably performed for him by others. But the phlegm or nullity of his being was not, after all, so complete as I have made it, perhaps, appear. He had one susceptibility, which is more common with women than with men—the susceptibility to *pique*. His *amour propre* was unforgiving—pique that, and he could do a rash thing, a foolish thing, a spiteful thing—pique that, and, prodigious! the watch went! He had a rooted pique against his marchioness. Apparently he had conceived this pique from the very first. He showed it passively by supreme neglect; he showed it actively by removing her from all the spheres of power which naturally fall to the wife when the husband shuns the details of business. Evidently he had a dread lest any one should say, "Lady Montfort influences my lord." Accordingly, not only the management of his estates fell to Carr Vipont, but even of his gardens, his household, his domestic arrangements. It was Carr Vipont or Lady Selina who said to Lady Montfort, "Give a ball"—"You should ask so and so to dinner." "Montfort was much hurt to see the old lawn at the Twickenham Villa broken up by those new *bosquets*. True, it is settled on you as a jointure house, but for that

very reason Montfort is sensitive," &c., &c. In fact they were virtually as separated, my lord and my lady, as if legally disunited, and as if Carr Vipont and Lady Selina were trustees or intermediaries in any polite approach to each other. But, on the other hand, it is fair to say that where Lady Montfort's sphere of action did not interfere with her husband's plans, habits, likings, dislikings, jealous apprehensions that she should be supposed to have any ascendancy over what exclusively belonged to himself as *Roi fainéant* of the Viponts, she was left free as air. No attempt at masculine control or conjugal advice. At her disposal was wealth without stint—every luxury the soft could desire—every gewgaw the vain could covet. Had her pin-money, which in itself was the revenue of an ordinary peeress, failed to satisfy her wants—had she grown tired of wearing the family diamonds and coveted new gems from Golconda—a single word to Carr Vipont or Lady Selina would have been answered by a *carte blanche* on the Bank of England. But Lady Montfort had the misfortune not to be extravagant in her tastes. Strange to say, in the world Lord Montfort's marriage was called a love match; he had married a portionless girl, daughter to one of his poorest and obscurest cousins, against the uniform policy of the House of Vipont, which did all it could for poor cousins except marrying them to its chief. But Lady Montfort's conduct in these trying circumstances was admirable and rare. Few affronts can humiliate us unless we resent them—and in vain. Lady Montfort had that exquisite dignity which gives to submission the grace of cheerful acquiescence. That in the gay world flatterers should gather round a young wife so eminently beautiful, and so wholly left by her husband to her own guidance, was inevitable. But at the very first insinuated compliment or pathetic condolence, Lady Montfort, so meek in her household, was haughty enough to have daunted Lovelace. She was thus very early felt to be beyond temptation, and the boldest passed on nor presumed to tempt. She was unpopular; called 'proud and freezing;' she did not extend the influence of 'The House;' she did not confirm its fashion—fashion which necessitates social ease, and which no rank, no wealth, no virtue can of themselves suffice to give. And this failure on her part was a great offence in the eyes of the House of Vipont. "She absolutely does nothing for us," said Lady Selina; but Lady Selina in her heart was well pleased that to her in reality thus fell, almost without a rival, the female representation, in the great world, of the Vipont honours. Lady Selina was fashion itself.

Lady Montfort's social peculiarity was in the eagerness with which she sought the society of persons who enjoyed a reputation for superior intellect, whether statesmen, lawyers, authors, philosophers, artists. Intellectual intercourse seemed as if it were her native atmosphere, from which she was habitually banished, to which she returned with an instinctive yearning and a new zest of life; yet was she called, even here, nor seemingly without justice—capricious and unsteady in her likings. These clever personages, after a little while, all seemed to disappoint her expectations of them; she sought the acquaintance of each with cordial earnestness; slid from the acquaintance with weary languor; never, after all, less alone than when alone.

'And so wondrous lovely! Nothing so rare as beauty of the high type; genius and beauty, indeed, are both rare; genius, which is the beauty of the mind—beauty, which is the genius of the body. But, of the two, beauty is the rarer. All of us can count on our fingers some forty or fifty persons of undoubted and illustrious genius, including those famous in action, letters, art. But can any of us remember to have seen more than four or five specimens of first-rate ideal beauty? Whosoever had seen Lady Montfort would have ranked her amongst such four or five in his recollection. There was in her face that lustrous dazzle to which the Latin Poet, perhaps, refers when he speaks of the

"Nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius. . .
Et vultus, nimium lubricus aspici,"

and which an English poet, with the less sensuous but more spiritual imagination of northern genius, has described in lines that an English reader may be pleased to see rescued from oblivion:—

"Her face was like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."*

The eyes so purely bright, the exquisite harmony of colouring between the dark (not *too* dark) hair, and the ivory of the skin; such sweet radiance in the lip when it broke into a smile. And it was said that in her maiden day, before Caroline Lindsay became Marchioness of Montfort, that smile was the most joyous thing imaginable. Absurd now; you would not think it, but that stately lady had been a wild fanciful girl, with the merriest laugh and the quickest tear, filling the air round her with April sunshine. Certainly, no beings ever yet lived the life Nature intended them to live, nor had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived, by hook or by crook—to marry the wrong person!

### CHAPTER VIII.

The interior of the Great House. The British Constitution at home in a Family Party.

Great was the family gathering that Christmas-tide at Montfort Court. Thither flocked the cousins of the House in all degrees and of various ranks. From dukes who had nothing left to wish for that kings and cousinhoods can give, to briefless barristers and aspiring cornets, of equally good blood with the dukes—the superb family united its motley scions. Such reunions were frequent, they belonged to the hereditary policy of the House of Vipont. On this occasion the muster of the clan was more significant than usual; there was a "CRISIS" in the constitutional history of the British empire. A new Government had been suddenly formed within the last six weeks, which certainly portended some direful blow on our ancient institutions, for the House of Vipont had not been consulted in its arrangements, and was wholly unrepresented in the Ministry, even by a lordship of the Treasury. Carr Vipont had therefore summoned the patriotic and resentful kindred.

It is an hour or so after the conclusion of dinner. The gentlemen have joined the ladies in the state suite, a suite which the last Marquess had rearranged and redecorated in his old age—during the long illness that finally conducted him to his ancestors. During his earlier years that princely Marquess had deserted Montfort Court for a seat nearer to London, and therefore much more easily filled with that brilliant society of which he had been long the ornament and centre; railways not then existing for the annihilation of time and space, and a journey to a northern county four days with post-horses, making the invitations even of a Marquess of Montfort unalluring to languid beauties and gouty ministers. But nearing the end of his worldly career, this long neglect of the dwelling identified with his hereditary titles, smote the conscience of the illustrious sinner. And other occupations beginning to pall, his lordship, accompanied and cheered by a chaplain, who had a fine taste in the decorative arts, came resolutely to Montfort Court; and there, surrounded with architects, and gilders, and upholsterers, redeemed his errors; and, soothed by the reflection of the palace provided for his successor added to his vaults—a coffin.

The suite expands before the eye. You are in the grand drawing-room, copied from that of Versailles. That is the picture, full length, of the late Marquess in his robes; its pendent is the late Marchioness, his wife. That table of malachite is a present from the Russian Emperor Alexander; the vase of Sèvre which rests on it was made for Marie Antoinette—see her portrait enamelled in the centre.

* SUCKLING.

Through the open door at the far end your eye loses itself in a vista of other pompous chambers—the music-room, the statue hall, the orangery; other rooms there are appertaining to the suite—a ball-room fit for Babylon, a library that might have adorned Alexandria—but they are not lighted, nor required, on this occasion; it is strictly a family party, sixty guests and no more.

In the drawing-room three whist-tables carry off the more elderly and grave. The piano, in the music-room, attracts a younger group. Lady Selina Vipont's eldest daughter Honoria, a young lady not yet brought out, but about to be brought out the next season, is threading a wonderfully intricate German piece,—

"Linked music long drawn out!"

with variations. Her science is consummate. No pains have been spared on her education; elaborately accomplished, she is formed to be the sympathising spouse of a wealthy statesman. Lady Montfort is seated by an elderly duchess, who is good-natured, and a great talker; near her are seated two middle-aged gentlemen, who had been conversing with her till the duchess, having cut in, turned dialogue into monologue.

The elder of these two gentlemen is Mr. Carr Vipont, bald, with clipped parliamentary whiskers; values himself on a likeness to Canning, but with a portlier presence—looks a large-acred man. Carr Vipont has about £40,000 a year; has often refused office for himself, while taking care that other Viponts should have it; is a great authority in Committee business and the rules of the House of Commons; speaks very seldom, and at no great length, never arguing, merely stating his opinion, carries great weight with him, and as he votes, vote fifteen other members of the House of Vipont, besides admiring satellites. He can therefore turn divisions, and has decided the fate of cabinets. A pleasant man, a little consequential, but the reverse of haughty—unctuously overbearing. The other gentleman, to whom he is listening, is our old acquaintance Colonel Alban Vipont Morley—Darrell's friend—George's uncle—a man of importance, not inferior, indeed, to that of his kinsman Carr; an authority in club-rooms, an oracle in drawing-rooms, a first-rate man of the *beau monde*. Alban Morley, a younger brother, had entered the Guards young; retired, young also, from the Guards with the rank of colonel, and on receipt of a legacy from an old aunt, which, with the interest derived from the sum at which he sold his commission, allowed him a clear income of £1000 a-year. This modest income sufficed for all his wants, fine gentleman though he was. He had refused to go into Parliament—refused a high place in a public department. Single himself, he showed his respect for wedlock by the interest he took in the marriages of other people,—just as Earl Warwick, too wise to set up for a king, gratified his passion for royalty by becoming the king-maker. The colonel was exceedingly accomplished, a very fair scholar, knew most modern languages. In painting an amateur, in music a connoisseur; witty at times, and with wit of a high quality, but thrifty in the expenditure of it; too wise to be known as a wit. Manly too, a daring rider, who had won many a fox's brush, a famous deer-stalker, and one of the few English gentlemen who still keep up the noble art of fencing—twice a-week to be seen, foil in hand, against all comers in Angelo's rooms. Thin, well-shaped,—not handsome, my dear young lady, far from it, but with an air so thoroughbred, that, had you seen him in the day when the opera-house had a crush-room and a fops' alley—seen him in either of those resorts, surrounded by elaborate dandies, and showy beauty-men—dandies and beauty-men would have seemed to you second-rate and vulgar; and the eye, fascinated by that quiet form—plain in manner, plain in dress, plain in feature—you would have said, "How very distinguished it is to be so plain!" Knowing the great world from the core to the cuticle, and on that knowledge basing authority and position, Colonel Morley was not calculating,—not cunning,—not suspicious. His sagacity the more quick because its movements were straightforward. Intimate with

the greatest, but sought, not seeking. Not a flatterer nor a parasite. But when his advice was asked (even if advice necessitated reproof), giving it with military candour. In fine, a man of such social reputation as rendered him an ornament and prop to the House of Vipont; and with unsuspected depths of intelligence and feeling which lay in the lower strata of his knowledge of this world, to witness of some other one, and justified Darrell in commending a boy like Lionel Haughton to the Colonel's friendly care and admonitory counsels. The Colonel, like other men, had his weakness, if weakness it *can* be called: he believed that the House of Vipont was not merely the Corinthian capital, but the embattled keep —not merely the *dulce decus*, but the *præsidium columenque rerum* of the British monarchy. He did not boast of his connection with the House; he did not provoke your spleen by enlarging on its manifold virtues; he would often have his harmless jest against its members, or even against its pretensions, but such seeming evidences of forbearance or candour were cunning devices to mitigate envy. His devotion to the House was not obtrusive, it was profound. He loved the House of Vipont for the sake of England, he loved England for the sake of the House of Vipont. Had it been possible, by some tremendous reversal of the ordinary laws of nature, to dissociate the cause of England from the cause of the House of Vipont, the Colonel would have said—"Save at least the Ark of the Constitution! and rally round the old House!"

The Colonel had none of Guy Darrell's infirmity of familypride; he cared not a rush for mere pedigrees—much too liberal and enlightened for such obsolete prejudices. No! He knew the world too well not to be quite aware that old family and long pedigrees are of no use to a man if he has not some money or some merit. But it was of use to a man to be a cousin of the House of Vipont, though without any money, without any merit at all. It was of use to be part and parcel of a British institution; it was of use to have a legitimate indefeasible right to share in the administration and patronage of an empire, on which (to use a novel illustration) "the sun never sets." You might want nothing for yourself—the Colonel and the Marquess equally wanted nothing for themselves; but man is not to be a selfish egotist! Man has cousins—his cousins may want something. Demosthenes denounces, in words that inflame every manly breast, the ancient Greek who does not love his POLIS or STATE, even though he take nothing from it but barren honour, and contribute towards it—a great many disagreeable taxes. As the POLIS to the Greek, was the House of Vipont to Alban Vipont Morley. It was the most beautiful, touching affection imaginable! Whenever the House was in difficulties—whenever it was threatened by a CRISIS—the Colonel was by its side, sparing no pains, neglecting no means, to get the Ark of the Constitution back into smooth water. That duty done, he retired again into private life, and scorned all other reward than the still whisper of applauding conscience.

"Yes," said Alban Morley, whose voice, though low and subdued in tone, was extremely distinct, with a perfect enunciation—"Yes, it is quite true, my nephew has taken orders—his defect in speech, if not quite removed, has ceased to be any obstacle, even to eloquence; an occasional stammer may be effective—it increases interest, and when the right word comes, there is the charm of surprise in it. I do not doubt that George will be a very distinguished clergyman."

MR. CARR VIPONT.—"We want one—the House wants a very distinguished clergyman; we have none at this moment—not a bishop—not even a dean; all mere parish parsons, and among them not one we could push. Very odd, with more than forty livings too. But the Viponts seldom take to the Church kindly—George must be pushed. The more I think of it, the more we want a bishop: a bishop would be useful in the present CRISIS. (Looking round the rooms proudly, and softening his voice)—A numerous gathering, Morley! This demonstration will strike terror in Downing

Street—eh? The old house stands firm—never was a family so united: all here, I think—that is, all worth naming—all, except Sir James, whom Montfort chooses to dislike, and George—and George comes to-morrow."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"You forget the most eminent of all our connections—the one who could indeed strike terror into Downing Street, were his voice to be heard again?"

CARR VIPONT.—"Whom do you mean? Ah, I know!—Guy Darrell. His wife was a Vipont—and he is not here. But he has long since ceased to communicate with any of us—the only connection that ever fell away from the house of Vipont—especially in a CRISIS like the present. Singular man! For all the use he is to us, he might as well be dead! But he has a fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

THE DUCHESS.—"My dear Lady Montfort, you have hurt yourself with that paper-cutter."

LADY MONTFORT.—"No, indeed. Hush! we are disturbing Mr. Carr Vipont."

The Duchess, in awe of Carr Vipont, sinks her voice, and gabbles on—whisperously.

CARR VIPONT (resuming the subject).—"A very fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I don't know, but I had a letter from him some months ago."

CARR VIPONT.—"You had—and never told me!"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Of no importance to you, my dear Carr. His letter merely introduced to me a charming young fellow—a kinsman of his own (no Vipont)—Lionel Haughton, son of poor Charlie Haughton, whom you may remember."

CARR VIPONT.—"Yes, a handsome scamp—went to the dogs. So Darrell takes up Charlie's son—what! as his heir?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"In his letter to me he anticipated that question in the negative."

CARR VIPONT.—"Has Darrell any nearer kinsman?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Not that I know of."

CARR VIPONT.—"Perhaps he will select one of his wife's family for his heir—a Vipont; I should not wonder."

COLONEL MORLEY (dryly).—"I should. But why may not Darrell marry again? I always thought he would—I think so still."

CARR VIPONT (glancing towards his own daughter Honoria).—"Well, a wife well chosen might restore him to society, and to us. Pity, indeed, that so great an intellect should be suspended—a voice so eloquent hushed. You are right; in this CRISIS, Guy Darrell once more in the House of Commons, we should have all we required—an orator, a debater! Very odd, but at this moment we have no speakers—WE, the Viponts!"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Yourself?"

CARR VIPONT.—"You are too kind. I can speak on occasions; but regularly, no. Too much drudgery—not young enough to take to it now. So you think Darrell will marry again? A remarkably fine-looking fellow when I last saw him: not old yet; I dare say, well preserved. I wish I had thought of asking him here—Montfort!" (Lord Montfort, with one or two male friends, was passing by towards a billiard-room, opening through a side-door from the regular suite)—"Montfort! only think, we forgot to invite Guy Darrell. Is it too late before our party breaks up?"

LORD MONTFORT (sullenly).—"I don't choose Guy Darrell to be invited to my house."

Carr Vipont was literally stunned by a reply so contumacious. Lord Montfort demur at what Carr Vipont suggested! He could not believe his senses.

"Not choose, my dear Montfort! you are joking. A monstrous clever fellow, Guy Darrell, and at this CRISIS—"

"I hate clever fellows—no such bores!" said Lord Montfort, breaking from the caressing clasp of Carr Vipont, and stalking away.

"Spare your regrets, my dear Carr," said Colonel Morley. "Darrell is not in England—I rather believe he is in Verona." Therewith the Colonel sauntered towards the group gathered round the piano. A little time after-

wards Lady Montfort escaped from the Duchess, and, mingling courteously with her livelier guests, found herself close to Colonel Morley. "Will you give me my revenge at chess?" she asked, with her rare smile. The Colonel was charmed. As they sat down and ranged their men, Lady Montfort remarked carelessly—

"I overheard you say you had lately received a letter from Mr. Darrell. Does he write as if well—cheerful? You remember that I was much with his daughter, much in his house, when I was a child. He was ever most kind to me." Lady Montfort's voice here faltered.

"He writes with no reference to himself, his health or his spirits. But his young kinsman described him to me as in good health—wonderfully young-looking for his years. But cheerful—no! Darrell and I entered the world together; we were friends as much as a man so busy and so eminent as he could be friends with a man like myself, indolent by habit, and obscure out of Mayfair. I know his nature; we both know something of his family sorrows. He cannot be happy! Impossible!—alone—childless—secluded. Poor Darrell, abroad now; in Verona, too!—the dullest place! in mourning still for Romeo and Juliet!—'Tis your turn to move. In his letter Darrell talked of going on to Greece, Asia—penetrating into the depths of Africa—the wildest schemes! Dear County Guy, as we called him at Eton!—what a career his might have been! Don't let us talk of him, it makes me mournful. Like Goethe, I avoid painful subjects upon principle."

Lady Montfort.—"No—we will not talk of him. No—I take the Queen's pawn. No, we will not talk of him!—no!"

The game proceeded; the Colonel was within three moves of checkmating his adversary. Forgetting the resolution come to, he said, as she paused, and seemed despondently meditating a hopeless defence—

"Pray, my fair cousin, what makes Montfort dislike my old friend Darrell!"

"Dislike! Does he? I don't know. Vanquished again, Colonel Morley!" She rose; and, as he restored the chessmen to their box, she leant thoughtfully over the table.

"This young kinsman, will he not be a comfort to Mr. Darrell?"

"He would be a comfort and a pride to a father; but to Darrell, so distant a kinsman—comfort!—why and how? Darrell will provide for him, that is all. A very gentlemanlike young man—gone to Paris by my advice—wants polish and knowledge of life. When he comes back he must enter society; I have put his name up at White's; may I introduce him to you?"

Lady Montfort hesitated, and after a pause, said, almost rudely, "No."

She left the Colonel, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and passed into the billiard-room with a quick step. Some ladies were already there, looking at the players. Lord Montfort was chalking his cue. Lady Montfort walked straight up to him; her colour was heightened; her lip was quivering: she placed her hand on his shoulder, with a wife-like boldness. It seemed as if she had come there to seek him from an impulse of affection. She asked with a hurried fluttering kindness of voice, "If he had been successful?"—and called him by his Christian name. Lord Montfort's countenance, before merely apathetic, now assumed an expression of extreme distaste. "Come to teach me to make a cannon, I suppose!" he said mutteringly, and turning from her, contemplated the balls and missed the cannon.

"Rather in my way, Lady Montfort," said he then, and retiring to a corner, said no more.

Lady Montfort's countenance became still more flushed. She lingered a moment, returned to the drawing-room, and for the rest of the evening was uncommonly animated, gracious, fascinating. As she retired with her lady guests for the night she looked round, saw Colonel Morley, and held out her hand to him. "Your nephew comes here to-morrow," said she, "my old playfellow; impossible quite to forget old friends—good night."

CHAPTER IX.

"Les extremes se touchent."

The next day the gentlemen were dispersed out of doors—a large shooting party. Those who did not shoot, walked forth to inspect the racing stud or the model farm. The ladies had taken their walk; some were in their own rooms, some in the reception-rooms, at work, or reading, or listening to the piano—Honoria Carr Vipont again performing. Lady Montfort was absent; Lady Selina kindly supplied the hostess's place. Lady Selina was embroidering, with great skill and taste, a pair of slippers for her eldest boy, who was just entered at Oxford, having left Eton with a reputation of being the neatest dresser, and not the worst cricketer, of that renowned educational institute. It is a mistake to suppose that fine ladies are not sometimes very fond mothers and affectionate wives. Lady Selina, beyond her family circle, was trivial, unsympathising, cold-hearted, supercilious by temperament, never kind but through policy, artificial as clockwork. But in her own home, to her husband, her children, Lady Selina was a very good sort of woman. Devotedly attached to Carr Vipont, exaggerating his talents, thinking him the first man in England, careful of his honour, zealous for his interests, soothing in his cares, tender in his ailments. To her girls prudent and watchful—to her boys indulgent and caressing. Minutely attentive to the education of the first, according to her highbred ideas of education—and they really were "superior" girls, with much instruction and well-balanced minds. Less authoritative with the last, because boys being not under her immediate control, her sense of responsibility allowed her to display more fondness and less dignity in her intercourse with them than with young ladies who must learn from her example, as well as her precepts, the patrician decorum which becomes the smooth result of impulse restrained and emotion checked. Boys might make a noise in the world, girls should make none. Lady Selina, then, was working the slippers for her absent son, her heart being full of him at that moment. She was describing his character, and expatiating on his promise to two or three attentive listeners, all interested, as being themselves of the Vipont brood, in the probable destiny of the heir to the Carr Viponts.

"In short," said Lady Selina, winding up, "as soon as Reginald is of age we shall get him into Parliament. Carr has always lamented that he himself was not broken into office early; Reginald must be. Nothing so requisite for public men as early training—makes them practical, and not too sensitive to what those horrid newspaper men say. That was Pitt's great advantage. Reginald has ambition; he should have occupation to keep him out of mischief. It is an anxious thing for a mother, when a son is good-looking—such danger of his being spoiled by the women—yes, my dear, it *is* a small foot, very small—his father's foot."

"If Lord Montfort should have no family," said a somewhat distant and subaltern Vipont, whisperingly and hesitating, "does not the title—"

"No, my dear," interrupted Lady Selina; "no, the title does not come to us. It is a melancholy thought, but the marquessate, in that case, is extinct. No other heir-male from Gilbert, the first Marquess. Carr says there is even likely to be some dispute about the earldom. The Barony, of course, is safe; goes with the Irish estates, and most of the English—and goes (don't you know?)—to Sir James Vipont, the last person who ought to have it; the quietest, stupidest creature; not brought up to the sort of thing—a mere gentleman farmer on a small estate in Devonshire."

"He is not here?"

"No. Lord Montfort does not like him. Very natural. Nobody does like his heir, if not his own child, and some people don't even like their own eldest sons! Shocking; but so

it is. Montfort is the kindest, most tractable being that ever was, except where he takes a dislike. He dislikes two or three people very much."

"True; how he did dislike poor Mrs. Lyndsay!" said one of the listeners, smiling.

"Mrs. Lyndsay, yes—dear Lady Montfort's mother. I can't say I pitied her, though I was sorry for Lady Montfort. How Mrs. Lyndsay ever took in Montfort for Caroline I can't conceive! How she had the face to think of it! He, a mere youth at the time! Kept secret from all his family—even from his grandmother—the darkest transaction. I don't wonder that he never forgave it."

First Listener.—"Caroline has beauty enough to—"

Lady Selina (interrupting).—"Beauty, of course—no one can deny *that*. But not at all suited to such a position, not brought up to the sort of thing. Poor Montfort! he should have married a different kind of woman altogether—a woman like his grandmother, the last Lady Montfort. Caroline does nothing for the House—nothing—has not even a child—most unfortunate affair."

Second Listener.—"Mrs. Lyndsay was very poor, was not she? Caroline, I suppose, had no opportunity of forming those tastes and habits which are necessary for—for—"

Lady Selina (helping the listener).—"For such a position and such a fortune. You are quite right, my dear. People brought up in one way cannot accommodate themselves to another; and it is odd, but I have observed that people brought up poor can accommodate themselves less to being very rich than people brought up rich to accommodate themselves to being very poor. As Carr says, in his pointed way, 'it is easier to stoop than to climb.' Yes; Mrs. Lyndsay was, you know, a daughter of Seymour Vipont, who was for so many years in the administration, with a fair income from his salary, and nothing out of it. She married one of the Scotch Lyndsays—good family, of course—with a very moderate property. She was left a widow young, with an only child, Caroline. Came to town, with a small jointure. The late Lady Montfort was very kind to her. So were we all—took her up—pretty woman—pretty manners—worldly—oh, very—I don't like worldly people. Well, but all of a sudden, a dreadful thing happened. The heir-at-law disputed the jointure, denied that Lyndsay had any right to make settlements on the Scotch property—very complicated business. But, luckily for her, Vipont Crooke's daughter, her cousin and intimate friend, had married Darrell—the famous Darrell—who was then at the bar. It is very useful to have cousins married to clever people. He was interested in her case, took it up. I believe it did not come on in the courts in which Darrell practised. But he arranged all the evidence, inspected the briefs, spent a great deal of his own money in getting up the case—and, in fact, he guided her cause, though he could not be her counsel. People did say that she was so grateful that after his wife's death she had set her heart on becoming Mrs. Darrell the second. But Darrell was then quite wrapt up in politics—the last man to fall in love—and only looked bored when women fell in love with him, which a good many did. Grand-looking creature, my dear, and quite the rage for a year or two. However, Mrs. Lyndsay all of a sudden went off to Paris, and there Montfort saw Caroline, and was caught. Mrs. Lyndsay, no doubt, calculated on living with her daughter, having the run of Montfort House in town and Montfort Court in the country. But Montfort is deeper than people think for. No, he never forgave her. She was never asked here—took it to heart, went to Rome, and died."

At this moment the door opened, and George Morley, now the Rev. George Morley, entered, just arrived to join his cousins.

Some knew him, some did not. Lady Selina, who made it a point to know all the cousins, rose graciously, put aside the slippers, and gave him two fingers. She was astonished to find him not nearly so shy as he used to be—wonderfully improved; at his ease, cheerful, animated. The man now was in his right place, and following hope on the bent of inclination. Few men are

shy when in their right places. He asked after Lady Montfort. She was in her own small sitting-room, writing letters—letters that Carr Vipont had entreated her to write—correspondence useful to the House of Vipont. Before long, however, a servant entered, to say that Lady Montfort would be very happy to see Mr. Morley. George followed the servant into that unpretending sitting room, with its simple chintzes and quiet book-shelves—room that would not have been too fine for a cottage.

### CHAPTER X.

**In every life, go it fast, go it slow, there are critical pausing-places. When the journey is renewed, the face of the country is changed.**

How well she suited that simple room—herself so simply dressed—her marvellous beauty so exquisitely subdued. She looked at home there, as if all of home that the house could give were there collected.

She had finished and sealed the momentous letters, and had come, with a sense of relief, from the table at the farther end of the room, on which those letters, ceremonious and conventional, had been written—come to the window, which, though mid-winter, was open, and the redbreast, with whom she had made friends, hopped boldly almost within reach, looking at her with bright eyes, and head curiously aslant. By the window a single chair and a small reading-desk, with the book lying open. The short day was not far from its close, but there was ample light still in the skies, and a serene if chilly stillness in the air without.

Though expecting the relation she had just summoned to her presence, I fear she had half forgotten him. She was standing by the window deep in reverie as he entered, so deep that she started when his voice struck her ear and he stood before her. She recovered herself quickly, however, and said with even more than her ordinary kindliness of tone and manner towards the scholar—"I am so glad to see and congratulate you."

"And I so glad to receive your congratulations," answered the scholar, in smooth, slow voice, without a stutter.

"But, George, how is this?" asked Lady Montfort. "Bring that chair, sit down here, and tell me all about it. You wrote me word you were cured, at least sufficiently to remove your noble scruples. You did not say how. Your uncle tells me by patient will, and resolute practice."

"Under good guidance. But I am going to confide to you a secret, if you will promise to keep it."

"Oh, you may trust me; I have no female friends."

The clergyman smiled, and spoke at once of the lessons he had received from the basket maker.

"I have his permission," he said, in conclusion, "to confide the service he rendered me, the intimacy that has sprung up between us, but to you alone—not a word to your guests. When you have once seen him, you will understand why an eccentric man, who has known better days, would shrink from the impertinent curiosity of idle customers. Contented with his humble livelihood, he asks but liberty and repose."

"That I already comprehend," said Lady Montfort, half sighing, half smiling. "But my curiosity shall not molest him, and when I visit the village, I will pass by his cottage."

"Nay, my dear Lady Montfort, that would be to refuse the favour I am about to ask, which is that you would come with me to that very cottage. It would so please him."

"Please him—why?"

"Because this poor man has a young female grandchild, and he is so anxious that you should see and be kind to her, and because, too, he seems most tenacious to remain in his present residence. The cottage, of course, belongs to Lord Montfort, and is let to him by the bailiff, and if you deign to feel interest in him, his tenure is safe."

Lady Montfort looked down, and

coloured. She thought, perhaps, how false a security her protection, and how slight an influence her interest would be, but she did not say so. George went on; and so eloquently and so touchingly did he describe both grandsire and grandchild, so skilfully did he intimate the mystery which hung over them, that Lady Montfort became much moved by his narrative, and willingly promised to accompany him across the park to the basket-maker's cottage the first opportunity. But when one has sixty guests in one's house, one has to wait for an opportunity to escape from them unremarked. And the opportunity, in fact, did not come for many days—not till the party broke up—save one or two dowager she-cousins who "gave no trouble," and one or two bachelor he-cousins whom my lord retained to consummate the slaughter of pheasants, and to play at billiards in the dreary intervals between sunset and dinner—dinner and bed-time.

Then one cheerful frosty noon George Morley and his fair cousin walked boldly, *en evidence*, before the prying ghostly windows, across the broad gravel walks—gained the secluded shrubbery, the solitary deeps of parkland—skirted the wide sheet of water—and passing through a private wicket in the paling, suddenly came upon the patch of osier-ground and humble garden, which were backed by the basket-maker's cottage.

As they entered those lowly precincts a child's laugh was borne to their ears—a child's silvery, musical, mirthful laugh; it was long since the great lady had heard a laugh like that—a happy child's natural laugh. She paused and listened with a strange pleasure. "Yes," whispered George Morley, "stop—and hush! there they are."

Waife was seated on the stump of a tree, materials for his handicraft lying beside, neglected. Sophy was standing before him—he, raising his finger as in reproof, and striving hard to frown. As the intruders listened, they overheard that he was striving to teach her the rudiments of French dialogue, and she was laughing merrily at her own blunders and at the solemn affectation of the shocked schoolmaster. Lady Montfort noted with no unnatural surprise the purity of idiom and of accent with which this singular basket-maker was unconsciously displaying his perfect knowledge of a language which the best-educated English gentleman of that generation, nay, even of this, rarely speaks with accuracy and elegance. But her attention was diverted immediately from the teacher to the face of the sweet pupil. Women have a quick appreciation of beauty in their own sex—and women, who are themselves beautiful, not the least. Irresistibly Lady Montfort felt attracted towards that innocent countenance, so lively in its mirth, and yet so softly gay. Sir Isaac, who had hitherto lain *perdu*, watching the movements of a thrush amidst a holly-bush, now started up with a bark. Waife rose—Sophy turned half in flight. The visitors approached.

Here, slowly, lingeringly, let fall the curtain. In the frank license of narrative, years will have rolled away ere the curtain rise again. Events that may influence a life often date from moments the most serene, from things that appear as trivial and unnoticeable as the great lady's visit to the basket-maker's cottage. Which of those lives will that visit influence hereafter—the woman's, the child's, the vagrant's? Whose? Probably little that passes now would aid conjecture, or be a visible link in the chain of destiny. A few desultory questions—a few guarded answers—a look or so, a musical syllable or two exchanged between the lady and the child—a basket bought, or a promise to call again. Nothing worth the telling. Be it then untold. View only the scene itself as the curtain drops reluctantly. The rustic cottage, its garden-door open, and open its old-fashioned lattice casements. You can see how neat and cleanly, how eloquent of healthful poverty, how remote from squalid penury, the whitewashed walls, the homely furniture within. Creepers lately trained around the doorway. Christmas holly, with berries red against the window-panes; the bee-hive yonder; a starling, too, outside the threshold,

solemn a[illegible]s wicker cage. In the back-
choolmaster ad (all the rest of the neighbour-
ith no [illegible] hamlet out of sight), the church
idiom an[illegible] tapering away into the clear
is singula[illegible] wintry sky. All has an air of
sciously [illegible]se—of safety. Close behind you is
wledge of [illegible] Presence of HOME—that ineffable,
educated [illegible]tering, loving Presence—which,
generati[illegible]dst solitude, murmurs "not soli-
speaks [illegible]y;" a Presence unvouchsafed to
ce. Be[illegible] great lady in the palace she has
immedia[illegible] And the lady herself? She is
face of the [illegible]ting on the rude gnarled root-
are a [illegible]mp from which the vagrant had
in their ow[illegible]en; she has drawn Sophy towards
e themse[illegible]r; she has taken the child's hand;
Irresi[illegible]e is speaking now—now listening;
cted tow[illegible]d on her face kindness looks like
ce, so [illegible]ppiness. Perhaps she *is* happy at
o softly [illegible]at moment. And Waife? he is turn-
ithero a[illegible]g aside his weatherbeaten, mobile
rovered [illegible]ountenance, with his hand anxiously
[illegible]-hat [illegible]rembling upon the young scholar's
rk. W[illegible]rm. The scholar whispers, "Are
in the [illegible]ou satisfied with me?" and Waife
[illegible]nswers in a voice as low but more
broken, "God reward you! Oh,
[illegible]oy!—if my pretty one has found at
[illegible]last a woman friend! Poor vaga-
bond, he has now a calm asylum—a
fixed humble livelihood—more than
that, he has just achieved an object
fondly cherished. His past life—
alas! what has he done with it? His actual life—broken fragment though it be—is at rest now. But still the everlasting question—mocking, terrible question—with its phrasing of farce and its enigmas of tragical sense—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" Do with what? The all that remains to him—the all he holds!—the all which man himself, betwixt free-will and pre-decree, is permitted to do. Ask not the vagrant alone—ask each of the four there assembled on that flying bridge called the Moment. Time before thee—what wilt *thou* do with it? Ask thyself!—ask the wisest! Out of effort to answer that question, what dream-schools have risen, never wholly to perish! The science of seers on the Chaldee's Pur-Tor, or in the rock-caves of Delphi, gasped after and grasped at by horn-handed mechanics to-day in their lanes and alleys. To the heart of the populace sink down the blurred relics of what once was the lore of the secretest sages—hieroglyphical tatters which the credulous vulgar attempt to interpret—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" Ask Merle and his Crystal! But the curtain descends! Yet a moment, there they are—age and childhood—poverty, wealth, station, vagabondage; the preacher's sacred learning and august ambition; fancies of dawning reason; —hopes of intellect matured;—memories of existence wrecked; household sorrows—untold regrets—elegy and epic in low, close, human sighs, to which Poetry never yet gave voice; —all for the moment personified there before you—a glimpse for the guess—no more. Lower and lower falls the curtain! All is blank!

# ZANZIBAR; AND TWO MONTHS IN EAST AFRICA.

## PART II.

### CHAPTER IV.—DEPARTURE FROM MOMBAS.

"The sweeping sword of time
Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruined fanes."—*Queen Mab.*

A REPORT prevalent in Mombas—even a Sawahili sometimes speaks the truth—and the march of an armed party from the town which denoted belief in their own words, induced my companions and myself to hasten up once more to the Rabai Hills, expecting to find the mission-house invested by savages. The danger had been exaggerated, but the inmates strongly advised to take temporary shelter in the town. Left Kisulodiny on the 22d of January, 1857. Some nights afterwards, fires were observed upon the neighbouring hills, and Wanika scouts returned with a report that the Masai were in rapid advance. The wise few fled at once to the Kaza, or hidden and barricaded stronghold, which these people prepare for extreme danger. The foolish many said, "Tomorrow morning we will drive our flocks and herds to safety." But ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild spearmen, sweeping with shout and yell and clashing arms by the mission-house, which they either saw not or they feared to enter, dashed upon the scattered village in the vale below, and left the ground strewed with the corpses of hapless fugitives. Thence they rushed down to the sea, driving their plunder, and found a body of Belochies and Arabs, Sawahilis and slaves, posted with matchlocks to oppose progress. The robbers fled at the first volley. Like true Orientals, the soldiers at once dispersed to secure the cattle; when the Masai, rallying, fell upon them, drove them away in ignominious flight, and slew twenty-five of their number. They presently retired to the hill-ranges, amused themselves with exterminating as many Wanika as they could catch, and, full of blood and beef, returned triumphant to their homes.

Not a head of game, not a hippopotamus, was to be found near Mombas. We finished our geographical inquiries, shook hands with divers acquaintances, returned to the "Riami," and on the 24th of January departed with gladdened hearts. The accidents of voyage turned in our favour; there was a bright fresh breeze, and a current running southward thirty or thirty-five miles a-day. After six hours of drowsy morning sailing, "Ras Tewy," a picturesque point, hove in sight, and two hours more brought the "Riami" to anchor in Gasy Bay. This coast has more coralline reefs than harbours; mariners dare not traverse the seas by night, and in the open roads they are ill defended from the strong north-eastern gales. Gasy is a village of wattled huts, chiefly inhabited by remnants of the proud Mazrui, still exiled from Mombas: the land belongs to the Wadigo savages, and is fertile enough to repay plantation. The settlement lies at some distance from the shore, deep bosomed in trees behind a tall screen of verdure; only the coco nodding over the dense underwood betrays its position from the sea. Our crew armed themselves to accompany my companion on shore: he was civilly received, with sundry refreshments of coco-nut water and rasped pulp made into cakes with rice flour. The footprints of a small lion appeared upon the sand, but we were too old sportsmen to undertake the fruitless toil of tracking him. Ensued a cool breezy night on board the "Riami." Our gallant captain, a notable melancholist, sat up till dawn chatting with Said bin Salim, who trembled at the sounds of scattered washes and the wind moaning round the small coralline island, which here breaks the swell of the Indian Ocean.

At sunrise we again made sail, and after long sighting a conspicuous seamark, the two high hummocks called the "Peaks of Wasin," in three hours entered the deep narrow sea-channel, which, running due east and west, separates Wasin Island from the mainland. Northwards, this bank of coralline, about two and a quarter miles long by one in breadth, is defended by diminutive cliffs and ledges, upon which the blue wave breaks its force. The southern shore is low, and rich in the gifts of floatsom and jetsom: here the tide, flowing amongst the mangrove forest and under shady crags, forms little bays by no means unpicturesque. To windward lies the Wasin Bank, with four or five plateaus of tree-tufted rock emerging a few feet from the crystal floor. The main island is thinly veiled on the leeward side by a red argillaceous soil, which produces a thick growth of thorny plants, creepers, and parasites. Eastward, where the mould is deeper, there is richer vegetation, and even some stunted cocos.

The only settlement occupies the centre of the island's length on the northern shore, opposite the coast. It contains three mosques, long, flat-roofed rooms of lime and coralline, fronted obliquely to face Mecca; little huts and large houses of mangrove timber tied with coir-rope, plastered with clay, and in some cases adorned with whitewash. The sloping thatch-roof already approaches in magnitude the disproportion of the Madagascar cottage. Huge calabashes spread their fleshy arms over the village; and the abodes of the dead, as at Zanzibar, are built amongst the habitations of the living. Water must be brought from the main: it is brackish, but not unwholesome. The climate, doubtless aggravated by the graveyards and the cowries festering in a fiery sun, is infamous for fevers and helcoma. The population is a bigoted and evil-minded race, a collection of lymphatic Arabs, hideous Sawahili, ignoble half-castes, and thievish slaves. The Sazzid of Zanzibar maintains no garrison here. Banyans are forbidden by their law to trade in cowries, and native merchants find few profits at Wasin. At the beginning of the wet monsoon, however, there is some inland traffic. Caravans, to which the Wadigo and Wasegeju savages serve as porters, start from Wanga and other little Bunders on the coast, make the Waknafy and Masai countries in twenty days, remain there trading three or four months, and return laden with ivory and a few slaves purchased *en route*.

My companion and I landed at Wasin, and found the shore crowded with a mob of unarmed gazers, who did not even return our salams: we resolved in future to keep such greetings for those who deserve them. After sitting half an hour in a shed called the Fenzeh or Custom-house, we were civilly accosted by an old man, whose round head showed him to be an Indian. Abd-el-Karim led us to his house, seated us in chairs upon a terrace, and mixed a cooling drink in a vase not usually devoted to such purpose. As the "Riami" was discharging cargo, we walked into the jungle, followed by a ragged tail of boys and men, to inspect some old Portuguese wells. As we traversed the village, all the women fled,—a proof that El Islam flourishes. After struggling through a matted thorny jungle, we came upon two pits sunk in solid rock: Said bin Salim was bitterly derided whilst he sounded the depth (forty feet); and by way of revenge, I dropped a hint about buried gold, which has doubtless been the cause of hard labour and severe heart-aches to the churls of Wasin. There is no game on the island or on the main. In the evening we quitted the squalid settlement without a single regret.

Our Nakhoda again showed symptoms of trickery; he had been allowed to ship cargo from Mombas to Wasin, and, Irish-like, he thereupon founded a right to ship cargo from Wasin to Tanga. Unable to disabuse his mind by mild proceedings, I threatened to cut the cable; and thus once more, the will of Japhet prevailing over that of Shem, we succeeded, not without aid from an Oman craft, in drawing up our ground-tackle about an hour after noon. The wind was high and the sea rough, the old "Riami" groaned in every timber as she shaved the reefs, and floated into the open. We then

sped merrily over waves which could have alarmed none but Said bin Salim. The little man busied himself with calculating the time it would take to round the several promontories. As the water became smoother under the lee of Pemba, he made bold to quote these martial lines,—

"I have backed the steed since my eyes saw light,
And have fronted Death till he feared my sight,
And the riving of helm and the piercing of mail
Were the dreams of my youth—are my manhood's delight!"

The coast is concealed by a high thick hedge of verdure, over which peer the heads of a few cocos. Its background is the rocky purple wall of Bondei, here and there broken by tall blue cones. After two hours of brisk sailing we were abreast of a point called by our crew Kwalla, bounding the deep bay and islets of Jongoliany. Approaching Tanga, we shortened sail, or we might have made it at 4 P.M. But the entrance is considered intricate; and as we had no pilot, our captain of the hen's heart preferred hobbling in under a jib which the crew, now wasted by sickness, took a good hour to hoist. At last having threaded the "báb," or narrow rock-bound passage which separates the bluff headland of Tanga Island from Ras Rashid on the main, we glided into the bay, and anchored in three fathoms water, opposite, and about half a mile from, the town.

Tanga Bay extends six miles deep by five in breadth. The entrance is partially barred by a coralline bank, the ancient site of the Arab settlement. This islet still contains a small square stone fort and scattered huts. It is well wooded, but the water obtained by digging in the sand is scarcely potable. It is an imperfect break during the N. E. monsoon; and when a high sea rolls up, vessels must anchor under the mainland: whilst the S. W. winds blow, it is all but impossible to leave the harbour without accidents. The bay is embanked with abundant verdure, and surrounded by little villages. It receives the contents of two fresh-water streamlets; westward, the Mtofu; and Mtu Mvony from the north-west: the latter at several miles from its mouth most be crossed by a ferry. The hippopotamus is found in small numbers at the embouchures of both these streams. I defer an account of our sport till we meet that unamiable pachyderm upon the Pangany river.

Panga—"the Sail"—like all the towns of the Mrima,* or Mountain, is a patch of thatched pent-shaped huts, built upon a bank overlooking the sea, in a straggling grove of coco and calabash. The population numbers between 4000 and 5000 souls, including twenty Banyans and fifteen Belochies, with the customary consumptive Jemadar. The citizens are a homely-looking race, chiefly occupied with commerce, and they send twice a-year, in June and November, after the great and little rains, trading parties to the Chhaga and the Masai countries. The imports are chiefly cotton-stuffs, brass and iron wires, and beads, of which not less than 400 varieties are current in these lands. The returns consist of camels and asses, a few slaves, and ivory, of which I was told 70,000 lb. passes through Tanga. The citizens also trade with the coast savages, and manufacture hardwares from imported metal. The hard, red, and yellow clay produces in plenty holcus and sesamum, cassava, plantains, and papaws. Mangos and pine-apples are rare; but the jambi, an Indian damson, the egg-plant, and the toddy-tree, grow wild. Of late years Tanga has been spared the mortification of the Masai, who have hunted and harried in this vicinity many a herd. It is now, comparatively speaking, thickly inhabited.

* "Mrima," at Zanzibar, denotes the continent generally, in distinction to the island. Properly, it applies to the highlands between Tanga and Pangany. A diminutive form, also synonymous with the French *Mont* in composition (as Mont Blanc), is Kilima; a word entering into many East African proper names: Kilimanjaro (I have heard it pronounced Kilima-ngao, the umbo or shield-boss); Kilimany, the river "in" or "round the mountain;" and Wakirima, or Wakilima, according to dialect—the "mountaineers."

We landed on the morning of the 27th January, and were met upon the sea-shore, in absence of the Arab governor, by the Diwans or Sawahili head-men, the Jemadar and his Belochies, the collector of customs, Mizan Sahib, a daft old Indian, and other dignitaries. They conducted us to the hut formerly tenanted by M. Erhardt; brought coffee, fruit, and milk; and, in fine, treated us with peculiar civility. That day was spent in inquiries about the commerce and geography of the interior, and in hearkening to wild tales concerning the Æthiopic Olympus, Kilimanjaro. Here Sheddad built his city of brass, and encrusted the hill-top with a silver dome that shines with various and surpassing colours. Here now the Janu, or fiery beings, hold their court, and baffle the attempts of man's adventurous foot. The mountain recedes as the traveller advances, and the higher he ascends the higher rises the summit. At last blood bursts from the nostrils, the fingers bend backwards, and the most adventurous is fain to stop. Amongst this Herodotian tissue of fact and fable, ran one fine thread of truth: all testified to the intense cold.

In the evening we were honoured with the Ngoma Khu, a full orchestra, for which a dollar was a trifle, if noise be of any value. And we took leave for the night, provided with a bullock and half-a-dozen goats, with fruit and milk, by the Diwans. These head-men, who prefer the title of Sultan, are in the proportion of a dozen per village, each omnipotent within his own walls. The vulgar may not sit on chairs, carpets, or fine mats,—use umbrellas or wear turbans in their presence; moreover, none but the head-man dances the Pyrrhic on solemn occasions. Said bin Salim described them as a kind of folk who wish to eat—mere beggars. They promised readily, however, to escort me to one of the ancient cities of the coast.

Setting out at 8 A.M. with a small party of spearmen, I walked four or five miles south of Tanga, on the Tangata road, over a country strewed with the bodies of huge millepedes, and dry as Arabian sand. The fields were burned in readiness for rain, and the peasants dawdled listlessly, patting the clods with bits of wood. At last we traversed a *khor* or lagoon, drained by the receding tide, and, walking over crab-holes, sighted our destination. From afar it resembled a ruined castle. Entering by a gap in the enceinte, I found a parallelogram two hundred yards long, of solid coralline and lime, in places torn by trees that have taken root there, well bastioned and loop-holed for musketry. The site is raised considerably above the country. It is concealed from the sea-side by a screen of trees and the winding creek, that leaves the canoes high and dry during the ebb-tide: full water makes it an island. In the centre, also split up by huge creepers, and in the last stage of dilapidation, are the remains of a Mosque, evidencing vestiges of a rude art. I was shown, with some pretension, a "writing," which proved to be the name of a lettered Sawahili perpendicularly scratched upon a stuccoed column. The ruins of houses are scattered over the enceinte, and a masonry well, eight feet deep, sunk in the underlying coralline, yields a sufficiency of earthy water. The thatched huts of certain Wasegeju savages, who use the ruins as pens for their goats, asses, and stunted cows, attest the present degradation of the land. Near a modern village of cadjan-hovels, and tree-palisades upon the bank of the creek, I was shown another old well about eight feet deep, and bone dry. None of the present tenants could relate a tradition of the ruins. The Arabs who accompanied me, however, declared them to be of the Zurabi, the dynasty preceding the present rulers of Omân. If so, they may date from one hundred and fifty years. I returned in time to witness a funeral. The mourners were women, with blackened faces, dressed in various-coloured clothes. They keened all that day, and the drum paraded its monotonous sounds until dawn streaked with pale light the cold surface of the eastern skies.

The people of Tanga hold at Ambony, a neighbouring village, every fifth day, a *golio* or market with the savages of the interior. Having as-

sumed an Arab dress—a turban of portentous circumference, and a long henna-dyed shirt—and accompanied by Said bin Salim with his excalibar, by the consumptive Jemadar, who sat down to rest every ten minutes, and an old Arab, Khalfan bin Abdillah, who had constituted himself our cicerone, I went to inspect the scene. Walking along the coast, we passed through a village of huts and cocos, filled with forges, which were already at work, and a school of young hopefuls stunning one another. After two miles, we crossed some muddy tidal creeks, corded over with creepers and tree-roots, a sandy inlet, and the small sweet surface-drain, Mtofu, which had water up to the waist. Another mile brought us to Behemoth River, a deep streamlet flowing under banks forty or fifty feet high, covered with calabash and jungle-trees. Women were being ferried over; in ecstasies of fear, they hung down their heads, and hid their faces between their knees till the danger passed. The savages of this coast are by no means a maritime race; they have no boats, rarely fish, and, unable to swim, are stopped by a narrow stream. Having crossed the river, we traversed plantations of cocos and plantains, and, ascending a steep hill, found the market "warm," as Easterns say, upon the seaward slope. The wild people, Washenzy, Wasembara, Wadigo, and Wasegeju, armed as usual, stalked about, whilst their women, each with baby on back, —its round head nodding with every movement of the parental person, yet it never cries, that model-baby,— carried heavy loads of saleable stuff, or sat opposite their property, or chaffered and gesticulated upon knotty questions of bargain. These hard-used and ill-favoured beings paid toll for ingress at a place where cords were stretched across the road. The wild people exchanged their lean sheep and goats, cocos and plantains, grain and ghee, for cottons, beads and ironware, dry fish, salt, intoxicating liquors, spices, needles and thread, hooks, and blue-stone. The groups gathered under the several trees were noisy, but peaceful; often, however, a lively scene, worthy of Donnybrook in its palmiest days, takes place, knobstick and dagger being used by the black factions freely as fist and shillelah are in civilised lands. We returned at noon over the sands, which were strewed with sea-slugs, and in places with chrelodins lying dead in the sun; the heat of the ground made my barefooted companions run forward to the shade, from time to time, like the dogs in Tibet.

Sundry excursions delayed us six days at Tanga. Our visit ended with a distribution of caps and muslins, and we received farewell calls till dark. After a sultry night, varied by bursts of rain, which sounded like buckets sluicing the poop, at 5 A.M., on the 2d of February, we drifted out to sea, under the influence of the *barri* or land-breeze. Five hours of lazy sailing ran us into Tangata, an open road between Tanga and Pangany. Here we delayed a day to inspect some ruins, where we had been promised Persian inscriptions and other wonders.

After casting anchor, I entered a canoe, and was paddled across the waters of a bay, where, according to local tradition, a flourishing city had been submerged by the encroaching waves. The submarine tombs, however, though apparent to the Sawahili eye, eluded mine. We then entered a narrow creek, grounding at every ten yards, and presently reached an inlet, all mangrove around and mud below. Landing at a village called Tongony, we followed the shore for a few paces, turned abruptly to the left over broken ground, and sighted the ruins.

Moonlight would have tempered the view; it was a grisly spectacle in the gay and glowing shine of the sun. Shattered walls, the remnants of homesteads in times gone by, rose choked with the luxuriant growth of decay, and sheltering in their desert shade the bat and the night-jar. In an extensive cemetery I was shown the grave of a *wali* or saint—his very name had perished—covered with a cadjan roof, floored with stamped earth, cleanly swept, and garnished with a red and white flag. Near a spacious mosque, well-built with columns of cut coralline, and adorned

with an elaborate prayer-niche, are several tall mausolea of elegant construction, their dates denoting an antiquity of about two hundred years. Beyond the legend of the bay, none could give me information concerning the people that have passed away: the tombs bore the names of Sawahili; but the architecture proved a superior race.

In a mausoleum, the gem of the place, appeared a chipped fragment of Persian glazed tile, with large azure letters in the beautiful character called Rukaa; the inscription was imperfect, and had probably adorned some mosque or tomb in the far north. It was regarded with a superstitious reverence by the Sawahili, who declared that Sultan Kimwera of Usumbara had sent a party of bold men to bear it away; nineteen died mysterious deaths, and the tile was thereupon restored to its place. A few muslins had a wonderful effect upon their fancies: I was at once allowed by the Diwans, although none of them would bear a hand, to remove it.

This purchase concluded, we returned to the "Riami," followed by the head-men, who, after tasting dates, sweetmeats, and coffee, naturally became discontented with the promised amount of "hishmat." They begged me to return, and assist them in digging for sweet water. There were four or five carefully-built old wells in the ruined city, but all had been exhausted by age, and the water produced by them upon the low grounds was exceedingly nauseous. As a rule, these people readily apply for aid to Europeans; such is their opinion of the wazungu, or "wise men:" and if showers accompany the traveller, he is looked upon as a beneficent being, not without a suspicion of white magic. We spent the remainder of the day and night at Tangata, fanned by the north-east breeze, and cradled by the rocking send of the Indian Ocean. Two low and distant islands imperfectly define the bay; the country around is fertile, and a mass of little villages studs the shore. The existing settlements are probably modern; none of them appear in our maps and charts. Here we took leave of Khalfan our guide, an old man, but still hale and vigorous. No Oman Arab is, I may remark, worth his salt until his beard is powdered by age.

At 5 A. M. on the 3d February we hoisted sail, and slipped down with the tepid morning breeze to Pangany, sighting Maziny Island, its outpost, after three hours' run. It was necessary to land with some ceremony at a place where we intended to make a starting-point. Soon after arrival I sent Said bin Salim, in all his bravery, on shore with the Sazzid of Zanzibar's circular letter to the *wali* or governor, to the jemadar, to the collector of customs, and the different diwans. All this preparation for a mere trifle! But we are in Africa. Even in Europe it is not always found easy to march into an enemy's country. My companion and I landed with our Portuguese servants and luggage in the cool of the afternoon.

We were received with high honour. The orchestra consisted of three huge drums, trunks of cocos, covered with goat-leather, and beat with fist instead of stick; *sina*, or bassoons of black wood, at least five feet long; a pair of edge-setting *zumary*, or flageolets; and the instrument of dignity, an *upatu*, or brass-pan, whose bottom is performed upon with sticks like cabbage-stalks. The diwans pyrrhic'd before us with the pomp and circumstance of drawn swords, whilst bare-headed slave-girls, with hair *à la* Brutus, sang and flapped their skirts over the ground, with an affectedly modest and downcast demeanour. A crowd of negroes and half-castes stood enjoying the vile squeak of the pipes and the "bom-bom" of the monstrous drums. After half-an-hour's endurance, we were led into the upper-storied house of the wali-meriko—a freedman of the late Sazzid Said, and spent the evening in a committee of ways and means.

CHAPTER V.—PANGANY "IN THE HOLE."

"Ma tutta insieme poi tra verdi sponde
In profondo canal l'acqua s'aduna,
E sotto l'ombra di perpetue fronde
Mormorando sen va gelida e bruna."

TASSO.

African travel in the heroic ages of Bruce, Mungo Park, and Clapperton, had a prestige which lived through two generations; and, as is the fate of things sublunary, came to an untimely end. The public, satiated with adventure and invention, suffers in these days of "damnable license of printing" from the humours of severe surfeit. It nauseates the monotonous recital of rapine, treachery, and murder; of ugly savages—the *mala gens*, as was said anent Kentish men, of a *bona terra*—of bleared misery by day, and animated filth by night, and of hunting adventures and hairbreadth escapes, lacking the interest of catastrophe. It laments the absence of tradition and monuments of the olden time, the dearth of variety, of beauty, of romance. Yet the theme still continues to fulfil all the conditions of attractiveness set forth by Leigh Hunt. It hath remoteness and obscurity of place, difference of custom, marvellousness of hearsay. Events surpassing, yet credible; sometimes barbaric splendour—at least luxuriance of nature; savage contentment, personal danger and suffering, with a moral enthusiasm. And to the writer, no hours are more fraught with smiling recollections—nothing can be more charming than the contrast between his vantage-ground of present ease and that past perspective of wants, hardships, and accidents, upon which he gazes through the softening medium of time.

We arose early in the morning after arrival at Pangany, and repaired to the terrace for the better enjoyment of the view. The vista of the river—with low coco-groves to the north, tall yellow cliffs on the southern side, a distance of blue hill, the broad stream bounded by walls of verdure, and the azure sea, dotted with diobolites, or little black rocks—wanted nothing but the finish and polish of art to bring out the infinitude and rude magnificence of nature. A few donjon-ruins upon the hills would enable it to compare with the most admired prospects of the Rhine, and with half-a-dozen white kiosks, minarets, and latticed summer-houses, it would almost rival that gem of creation, the Bosphorus.

Pangany "in the hole," and its smaller neighbour Kumba, hug the left bank of the river, upon a strip of shore bounded by the sea, and a hill-range ten or eleven miles distant. Opposite are Bueny and Mzimo Pia, villages built under yellow sandstone bluffs, impenetrably covered with wild trees. The river, which separates these rival couples, may be 200 yards broad. The mouth has a bar and a wash at low tide, except at the south, where there is a narrow channel, now seven or eight—in Captain Owen's time, twelve—feet deep. The entrance for vessels—they lie snugly opposite the town—is difficult and dangerous: even Hamid, most niggardly of niggard Suris, expended a dollar upon a pilot. At low water the bed of this tidal stream shrinks. During the rains, swelling with hill-freshes, it is almost potable; and when the sea flows, it is briny as the main. The wells produce heavy and brackish drink; but who, as the people say, will take the trouble to fetch sweeter? The climate is said to be healthy in the dry season, but the long and severe rains are rich in fatal bilious remittents.

Pangany boasts of nineteen or twenty stone houses. The remainder is a mass of cadjan huts, each with its wide mat-encircled yard, wherein all the business of life is transacted. The settlement is surrounded by a thorny jungle, which at times harbours a host of leopards. One of these beasts lately scaled the high terrace of our house, and seized upon a slave-girl. Her master, the burly

backwali, who was sleeping by her side, gallantly caught up his sword, ran into the house, and bolted the door, heedless of the miserable cry, "B'ana, help me!"* The wretch was carried to the jungle and devoured. The river is equally full of alligators, and whilst we were at Pangany a boy disappeared. When asked by strangers why they do not shoot the alligators and burn their wood, the people reply that the former bring good luck, and the latter is a fort to which they can fly in need. Cocos, arecas, and plantains, grow about the town. Around are gardens of papaws, betel, and jamlis; and somewhat further, lie extensive plantations of holcus and maize, of sesamum and other grains. The clove flourishes; and, as elsewhere upon the coast, a little cotton is cultivated for domestic use. Beasts are rare. Cows die after eating the grass; goats give no milk; and sheep are hardly procurable. But fish abounds. Poultry thrives, as it does all over Africa; and before the late feuds, clarified cow-butter, that "one sauce" of the outer East, was cheap and well-flavoured.

Pangany, with the three other villages, may contain a total of four thousand inhabitants—Arabs, Moslem Sawahili, and heathens. Of these, female slaves form a large proportion. Twenty Banyans manage the lucrative ivory trade of the Nguru, Masai, and Chhaga countries. These merchants complain loudly of their pagazi, or porters, who receive ten dollars for the journey, half paid down, the remainder upon return; and the proprietor congratulates himself if, after payment, only 15 per cent. run away. The Hindoos' profits, however, must be enormous. I saw one man to whom twenty-six thousand dollars were owed by the people. What part must interest and compound-interest have played in making up such sum, where even Europeans demand 40 per cent. for moneys lent on safe mortgage and bottomry! Their only drawback is the inveterate beggary of the people. Here the very princes are mendicants; and the Banyan dare not refuse the seventy or eighty savages who every evening besiege his door with cries for grain, butter, or a little oil. Besides Zanzibar rafters, which are cut in the river, holcus, maize, and ghee, Pangany, I am told, exports annually 35,000 lb. of ivory, 1750 lb. of black rhinoceros' horn, and 16 of hippopotamus' teeth.

After the dancing ceremony arose a variety of difficulties, resulting from the African travellers' twin banes, the dollar and the blood-feud. Pangany and Bueny, like all settlements upon this coast, belong by a right of succession, to the Sazzid, or Prince-Regnant of Zanzibar, who confirms and invests the governors and diwans. At Pangany, however, these officials are *par congé d'élire* selected by Kimwere, Sultan of Usumbara, whose ancestors received tribute and allegiance from Para to the sea-board. On the other hand, Bueny is in the territory of the Wazegura, a violent and turbulent heathen race, inveterate slave-dealers, and thoughtlessly allowed by the Arabs to lay up goodly stores of muskets, powder, and ball. Of course the two tribes, Wasumbara and Wazegura, are deadly foes. Moreover, about a year ago, a violent intestine feud broke out amongst the Wazegura, who, at the time of our visit, were burning and murdering, kidnapping and slave-selling in all directions. The citizens of Pangany, therefore, hearing that we were bearers of a letter from the Sazzid of Zanzibar to Sultan Kimwere, marked out for us the circuitous route *viâ* Tangate, where no Wazegura could try their valour. We, on the other hand, wishing to inspect the Pangany River, determined upon proceeding by the directest line along its left or northern bank. The timid townsmen had also circulated a report that we were bound for Chhaga and Kilimanjaro; the Masai were "out," the rains were setting in, and they saw with us no armed escort. They resolved, therefore, not to accompany us; but not the less did each man expect as usual his gift of dollars and bribe of inducement.

* B'ana means "Sir," or "Master," and is also prefixed to names. Muigni is the equivalent of the Arabic Sazzid—a prince not a descendant of the Prophet.

The expense of the journey was even a more serious consideration. In these lands the dollar is almighty. If deficient, you must travel alone, unaccompanied at least by any but blacks, without other instrument but a note-book, and with few arms; you must conform to every nauseous custom; you will be subjected, at the most interesting points, to perpetual stoppages; your remarks will be wellnigh worthless; and you may make up your mind that, unless one in a million, want and hardship will conduct you to sickness and death. This is one extreme, and from it to the other there is no golden mean. With abundance of money—certainly not less than £5000 per annum—an exploring party can trace its own line, paying off all opposers; it can study whatever is requisite; handle sextants in presence of negroes, who would cut every throat for one inch of brass; and by travelling in comfort, can secure a fair chance of return. Either from Mombas or from Pangany, with an escort of one hundred matchlockmen, we might have marched through the Masai plunderers to Chhaga and Kilimanjaro. But pay, porterage, and provisions for such a party, would have amounted to at least £100 per week: a month and a half would have absorbed our means. Thus it was, gentle reader, that we were compelled to rest contented with a visit to Fuga.

Presently the plot thickened. Muigni Khatib, son of Sultan Kimwere, a black of most unprepossessing physiognomy, with a "villanous trick of the eye, and a foolish hanging of the nether lip," a prognathous jaw, garnished with cat-like mustaches and cobweb beard, a sour frown, and abundant surliness by way of dignity, dressed like an Arab, and raised by El Islam above his fellows, sent a message directing us to place in his hands what we intended for his father. This chief was travelling to Zanzibar in fear and trembling. He had tried to establish at his village, Kirore, a Romulian asylum for runaway slaves, and having partially succeeded, he dreaded the consequences. The Beloch jemadar strongly urged us privily to cause his detention at the islands; a precaution somewhat too oriental for our tastes. We refused, however, the Muigni's demand in his own tone. Following their prince, the dancing diwans claimed a fee for permission to reside; as they worded it, "el adah"—the habit; based it upon an ancient present from Colonel Hamerton; and were in manifest process of establishing a local custom which, in Africa, becomes law to remotest posterity. We flatly objected, showed our letters, and, in the angriest of moods, threatened reference to Zanzibar. Briefly all began to beg bakhshish; but I cannot remember any one obtaining it.

Weary of these importunities, we resolved to visit Chogway, a Beloch outpost, and thence, aided by the jemadar who had preceded us from Pangany, to push for the capital-village of Usumbara. We made preparations secretly, dismissed the "Riami," rejected the diwans who wished to accompany us as spies, left Said bin Salim and one Portuguese to watch our property in the house of Meriko, the governor, who had accompanied his Muigni to Zanzibar, and, under pretext of a short shooting excursion, hired a long canoe with four men, loaded it with the luggage required for a fortnight, and started with the tide at 11 A.M. on the 6th of January, 1857.

First we grounded; then we were taken aback; then a puff of wind drove us forward with railway speed; then we grounded again. At last we were successful in turning the first dangerous angle of the river. Here, when sea-breeze and tide meet the "buffing stream"—as usual at the mouth of African rivers the wind is high and fair from the interior—navigation is perilous to small craft. Many have filled and sunk beneath the ridge of short chopping waves. After five miles, during which the stream, streaked with lines of froth, gradually narrowed, we found it barely brackish; and somewhat further, sweet as the celebrated creek water of Guiana.

And now, while writing amid the soughing blasts, the rain and the darkened air of a south-west monsoon, I remember with yearning the bright and beautiful spectacle of those African rivers, whose loveli-

ness, like that of the dead, seems enhanced by proximity to decay. We had changed the amene and graceful sandstone scenery, on the seaboard, for a view novel and most characteristic. The hippopotamus now raised his head from the waters, snorted, gazed upon us, and sank into his native depths. Alligators, terrified by the splash of oars, waddled down with their horrid claws, dinting the slimy bank, and lay like yellow logs, measuring us with small, malignant, green eyes, deep set under warty brows. Monkeys rustled the tall trees. Below, jungle-men and women—

> "So withered, and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
> And yet are on't,"

planted their shoulder-cloths, their rude crates, and coarse weirs, upon the mud inlets where fish abounded. The sky was sparkling blue, the water bluer, and over both spread the thinnest haze, tempering raw tones of colour to absolute beauty. On both sides of the shrinking stream a dense curtain of many-tinted vegetation,

> "Yellow and black, and pale and hectic red,"

shadowed swirling pools, where the current swept upon the growth of intertwisted fibres. The Nakhl el Shaytan, or Devil's Date, eccentric in foliage and frondage, projected gracefully curved arms, sometimes thirty and forty feet long, over the wave. This dwarf-giant of palms has no trunk, but the mid-rib of each branch is thick as a man's thigh. Upon the watery margin large lilies of snowy brightness, some sealed by day, others wide expanded, gleamed beautifully against the dark verdure and the russet-brown of the bank-stream. In scattered spots were interwoven traces of human presence; tall arecas and cocos waving over a now impenetrable jungle; plantains, sugar-cane and bitter oranges, choked with wild growth, still lingered about the homestead, blackened by the murderer's fire. And all around reigned the eternal African silence, deep and saddening, broken only by the curlew's scream, or by the breeze rustling the tree-tops, whispering among the matted foliage, and swooning upon the tepid bosom of the wave.

Amid such scenes we rowed and poled till the setting sun spread its cloak of purple over a low white cliff, at whose base the wave breaks, and on whose hoary head linger venerable trees, contrasting with the underwood of the other bank. Here lies the Pir of Wasin, a saint described by our Beloch guide as a "very angry holy man." A Sherif of pure blood, he gallantly headed, in centuries gone by, his Moslem followers, flying from Pangany when it was attacked by a ravenous pack of Infidels. The latter seem to have had the advantage in running. They caught the faithful at these cliffs, and were proceeding to exterminate them, when mother earth, at the Sherif's prayer, opening wide, received them in her bosom. This Pir will not allow the trees to be cut down, or the inundation to rise above his tomb. Moreover, if the devotee, after cooking food at the grave in honour of its tenant, ventures to lick fingers —napkins are not used in East Africa—he is at once delivered over to haunting jinns. The Belochies never pass the place without casting a handful of leaves, a bullet, or a few grains of powder, into the stream. The guide once told, in the voice of awe, how a Suri Arab, doubtless tainted with Wallali heresy, had expressed an opinion that this Pir had been a mere mortal, but little better than himself; how the scoffer's ship was wrecked within the year; and how he passed through water into jehannum-fire. *Probatum est.* Defend us, Allah, from the Sins of Reason!

The tide, running like a mill-race, compelled our crew to turn into a little inlet near Pombui, a stockaded village on the river's left bank. The people, who are subject to Zanzibar, flocked out to welcome their strangers, laid down a bridge of coco-ribs, brought chairs, and offered a dish of small green mangos, here a great luxury. We sat under a tree till midnight, unsatiated with the charm of the hour. The moon rained molten silver over the dark foliage of the wild palms, the stars were as golden

lamps suspended in the limpid air, and Venus glittered diamond-like upon the front of the firmament. The fire-flies now sparkled simultaneously over the earth; then, as if by concerted impulse, their glow vanished in the glooms of the ground. At our feet lay the black creek; in the jungle beasts roared fitfully; and the night wind mingled melancholy sounds with the swelling murmuring of the stream.

The tide flowing about midnight, we resumed our way. The river then became a sable streak between lofty rows of trees. The hippopotamus snorted close to our stern, and the crew begged me to fire, for the purpose of frightening Sultan Momba—a pernicious rogue. At times we heard the splashing of the beasts as they scrambled over the shoals; at others, they struggled with loud grunts up the miry banks. Then again all was quiet. After a protracted interval of silence, the near voice of a man startled us in the deep drear stillness of night, as though it had been some ghostly sound. At 2 A.M., reaching a clear tract on the river-side—the Ghaut or landing-place of Chogway—we made fast the canoe, looked to our weapons, and, covering our faces against the heavy clammy dew, lay down to snatch an hour's sleep. The total distance rowed was about 13.5 miles.

We began the next morning with an inspection of Chogway, the Bazar, to which we were escorted by the jemadar with sundry discharges of matchlocks. It was first occupied about five years ago, when Sultan Kimwere offered Tongway or Meringa—a lofty peak in the continuous range to the north-west—with cheap generosity, as a mission-station to Dr. Krapf. The position is badly chosen, water is distant, the rugged soil produces nothing but vetches and manive, and it is exposed to miasma when the inundation subsides upon the black alluvial plain below the hillock. Commanding, however, the Southern Usumbara road, it affords opportunity for something in the looting line. The garrison ever suffers from sickness; and the men, dull as a whaler's crew, abhor the melancholy desolate situation. The frequent creeks around are crossed by tree-bridges. The walk to Pangany, over a rugged road, occupies from five to six hours, yet few but the slaves avail themselves of the proximity. A stout snake-fence surrounds the hill-top, crested by the cadjan penthouses of these Bashi Buzuks: its fortifications are two platforms for matchlockmen planted on high poles, like the Indian "Maychan." The Washenzy savages sometimes creep up at night to the huts, shoot a few arrows, set fire to the matting, and hurriedly levant. When we visited Chogway, the Wazeguas were fighting with one another, but they did not molest the Belochies. South of the river rises a detached hill, "Tongway, Muanapiro," called in our charts "Gendagenda," which may be seen from Zanzibar. Here rules one Mwere, a chief hostile to the Bashi Buzuks, who not caring to soil their hands with negro blood, make their slaves fight his men, even as the ingenious youth of Eton sent their scouts to contend at cricket with the ambitious youth of Rugby. Fifty stout fellows, with an ambitious leader and a little money, might soon conquer the whole country, and establish there an absolute monarchy.

These Beloch mercenaries merit some notice. They were preferred, as being somewhat disciplinable, by the late Sazzid Said, to his futile blacks and his unruly and self-willed Oman Arabs. He entertained from 1000 to 1500 men, and scattered them over the country in charge of the forts. The others hate them—divisions even amongst his own children was the ruler's policy—and nickname them "Kurara Kurara."* The jemadar and the governor are rarely on speaking terms. Calling themselves Belochies, they are mostly from the regions about Kech and Bampur. They are mixed up with a rabble-rout of Affghans and Arabs, Indians and Sudies,† and they speak half-a-dozen different languages.

* To sleep! to sleep!—"rárá" being the Beloch mispronunciation of *láld*.

† The pure negro is universally called "Sudy" in Western India.

Many of these gentry have left their country for their country's weal. A body of convicts, however, fights well. The Mekrani are first-rate behind walls; and if paid, drilled, and officered, they would make as "varmint" light-bobs as Arnauts. They have a knightly fondness for arms. A "young barrel and an old blade" are their delight. All use the matchlock, and many are skilful with sword and shield. Their pay is from two to three dollars a-month, out of which they find food and clothes. They never see money from the year's one end to the other, and are as ragged a crew as ever left the barren hills of the north to seek fortune in Africa. They live in tattered hovels, with one meal of grain a-day for themselves and slave-girls. To the greediness of mountaineers, the poor devils add the insatiable desires of beggars. The Banyans have a proverb that "a Beloch, a Brahmin, and a buck-goat, eat the trees to which they are tied." Like school-boys, they think nought so fine as the noise of a gun, consequently ammunition is served out to them by the jemadar only before a fight. Sudden and sharp in quarrel, they draw their daggers upon the minimest provocation, have no "mitigation or remorse of voice," and pray in the proportion of one to a dozen. All look forward to "Hindostan, *bagh o bustan*"—India the garden; but the Arabs have a canny proverb importing that "the fool who falleth into the fire rarely falleth out of it."

"Fraudare stipendio," saith ancient Justin, was the practice of the great king's satraps: the modern East has strictly preserved the custom. Each station is commanded by a jemadar upon four or five dollars a-month, and full licence to peculate. The class is at once under-paid and over-trusted. The jemadar advances money upon usury to his men, and keeps them six months in arrears; he exacts perquisites from all who fear his hate and need his aid; and he falsifies the muster-rolls most impudently, giving twenty-five names to perhaps four men. Thus the jemadar supports a wife and a dozen slaves; sports a fine scarlet-coat, a grand dagger, and a silver-hilted sword; keeps flocks of sheep and goats, and trades with the interior for ivory and captives, whilst his company has not a sandal amongst them. Such has been, is, and ever will be the result of that false economy which, in the East, from Stambul to Japan, grudges the penny and flings away the pound.

Having communicated our project to the jemadar of Chogway, he promised, for a consideration, all aid; told us that we should start the next day; and, curious to relate, kept his word. The little settlement, however, affording but five matchlockmen as a guard, and four slave-boys as porters, the C. O. engaged for us a guide and his attendant—nominally paying 10 dollars, and doubtless retaining one-half.

After a night spent in the Magchan, where wind, dust, and ants conspired to make us miserable, we arose early to prepare for marching. About mid-day, issuing from our shed, we placed the kit—now reduced to a somewhat *stricte necessaire*—in the sun; thus mutely appealing to the "sharm" or shame of our Beloch comrades. A start was effected at five P.M., every slave complaining of his load, snatching up the lightest, and hurrying on regardless of what was left behind. This nuisance endured till summarily stopped by an outward application easily divined. At length, escorted in token of honour by the consumptive jemadar and most of his company, we departed in a straggling Indian file towards Tongway.

The path wound over stony ridges. After an hour it plunged into a dense and thorny thicket, which, during the rains, must be impassable. The evening belling of deer, and the *clock-clock* of partridge, struck our ears. In the open places were the *lesses* of elephants, and footprints retained by the last year's mud.

These animals descend to the plains during the monsoon, and in summer retire to the cool hills. The Belochies shoot, the wild people kill them with poisoned arrows. More than once during our wanderings we found the grave-like trap-pits, called in India *Ogi*. These are artfully dug in little rises, to fit exactly the elephant,

who easily extricates himself from one too large or too small. We did not meet a single specimen; but, judging from the prints—three to three and a half circumferences showing the shoulder height—they are not remarkable for size. The further interior, however, exports the finest, whitest, largest, heaviest, and softest ivory in the world. Tusks weighing 100 lb. each are common, those of 175 lb. are not rare, and I have heard of a pair whose joint weight was 560 lb. It was a severe disappointment to us that we could not revisit this country during the rains. Colonel Hamerton strongly dissuaded us from again risking jungle-fever, and we had a duty to perform in Inner Africa. Sporting, indeed, is a labour which occupies the whole man: to shoot for specimens, between work, is to waste time in two ways. Game was rare throughout our march. None lives where the land is peopled. In the deserts it is persecuted by the Belochies; and the wild Jägers slay and eat even rats. We heard, however, of mabogo or buffalo antelope, and a hog—probably the masked boar—lions, leopards in plenty; the nilghae (A. Picta), and an elk, resembling the Indian sambar.

Another hour's marching brought us to the Makam Sazzid Sulayman, a half-cleared ring in the bush, bounded on one side by a rocky and tree-fringed ravine, where water stagnates in pools during the dry season. The pedometer showed six miles. There we passed the night in a small babel of Belochies. One recited his koran; another prayed; a third told funny stories; whilst a fourth trolled lays of love and war, long ago made familiar to my ear upon the rugged Asian hills. This was varied by slapping lank mosquitoes that flocked to the campfires; by rising to get rid of huge black pismires, whose bite burned like a red-hot needle; and by challenging two parties of savages, who, armed with bows and arrows, passed amongst us, carrying maize to Pangany. The Belochies kept a truly Oriental watch. They sang and shouted during early night, when there is no danger; but they all slept like the dead through the "small hours," the time always chosen by the African freebooter to make his cowardly onslaught.

At daybreak on the 9th of February, accompanied by a small detachment, we resumed our march. The *poitrinaire* jemadar, who was crippled by the moonlight and the cold dew, resolved to return, when thawed, with the rest of his company to Chogway. An hour's hard walking brought us to the foot of rugged Tongway, the "great hill." Ascending the flank of the north-eastern spur, we found ourselves, at eight A.M. after five bad miles, upon the chine of a lower ridge—with summer towards the sea—and landward, a wind of winter. Thence pursuing the rugged incline, in another half-hour we entered the Fort, a small, square, crenellated, flat-roofed, and white-washed room, tenanted by two Belochies, who appear in the muster-rolls as twenty men. They complained of loneliness and the horrors. Though several goats had been sacrificed, a fearsome demon still haunted the hill, and the weeping and wailing of distressed spirits make their thin blood run chill.

Tongway is the first off-set of the mountain-terrace composing the land of Usumbara. It rises abruptly from the plain; lies north-west of, and nine miles, as the crow flies, distant from, Chogway. The summit, about 2000 feet above the sea-level, is clothed with jungle, through which, seeking compass sights, we cut a way with our swords. The deserted ground showed signs of former culture, and our Negro guide sighed as he said that his kinsmen had been driven from their ancient seats into the far inner wastes. Tongway projects long spurs into the plain, where the Pangany river flows noisily through a rocky trough. The mountain surface is a reddish argillaceous and vegetable soil, overlying grey and ruddy granites and schist. These stones bear the "gold and silver complexion," which was fatal to the chivalrous Shepherd of the Ocean, and the glistening mica still feeds the fancy of the Beloch mercenary. The thickness of the jungle—which contains stunted cocos and bitter oranges, the castor, the wild

egg-plant, and bird-pepper—renders the mountain inaccessible from any but the eastern and northern flanks. Around the Fort are slender plantations of maize and manive. Below, a deep hole supplies the sweetest rock-water; and upon the plain a boulder of well-weathered granite, striped with snowy quartz, and about twenty feet high, contains two crevices ever filled by the purest springs. The climate appeared delicious—temperate in the full blaze of an African and tropical summer; and whilst the hill was green, the land around was baked like bread crust.

We had work to do before leaving Tongway. The jemadar ordered for us an escort; but amongst these people, obedience to orders is somewhat optional. Moreover, the Belochies, enervated by climate and want of exercise, looked forward to a mountain-march with displeasure. Shoeless, bedless, and well-nigh clotheless, even the hope of dollars could scarcely induce them to leave for a week their lazy huts, their piccaninnies, and their black Venuses. They felt happy at Tongway, twice a-day devouring our rice—an unknown luxury; and they were at infinite pains to defer the evil hour. One man declared it impossible to travel without salt, and proposed sending back a slave to Chogway. This involved the loss of at least three days, and was at once rejected.

By hard talking we managed to secure a small party, which demands a few words of introduction to the reader. We have four slave-boys, idle, worthless dogs, who never work save under the rod, think solely of their stomachs, and are addicted to running away. Petty pilferers to the back-bone, they steal, like magpies, by instinct. On the march they lag behind, and, not being professional porters, they are restive as camels when receiving their load. One of these youths happening to be brother-in-law—after a fashion—to the jemadar, requires incessant supervision to prevent him burdening the others with his own share. The guide, Muigni Wazira, is a huge broad-shouldered Sawahili, with a coal-black skin: his high, massive, and regular features look as if carved in ebony, and he frowns like a demon in the *Arabian Nights*. He is purblind, a defect which does not, however, prevent his leading us into every village, that we may be mulcted in sprig-muslin. Wazira is our rogue, rich in all the peculiarities of African cunning. A prayerless Sherif, he thoroughly despises the Makapry or Infidels; he has a hot temper, and, when provoked, roars like a wild beast. He began by refusing his load, but yielded when it was gently placed upon his heavy shoulder, with a significant gesture in case of recusance. He does not, however, neglect occasionally to pass it to his slave, who, poor wretch, is almost broken down by the double burden.

Rahewat, the Mekrani, calls himself a Beloch, and wears the title of Shah-Sawar, or the Rider-king. He is the "Chelebi," the dandy and tiger of our party. A "good-looking brown man," about twenty-five years old, with a certain girlishness and affectation of *tournure* and manner, which bode no good, the Rider-king deals in the externals of respectability; he washes and prays with pompous regularity, combs his long hair and beard, trains his bushy mustaches to touch his eyes, and binds a huge turban. He affects the jemadar. He would have taken charge, had we permitted, of the general store of gunpowder—a small leather-bottle wrung from the commandant of Chogway; and having somewhat high ideas of discipline, he began with stabbing a slave-boy by way of lesson. He talks loud in his native Mekrani and base Persian; moreover, his opinion is ever to the fore. The Rider-king, pleading soldier, positively refuses to carry anything but his matchlock, and a private stock of dates which he keeps ungenerously to himself. He boasts of powers in vert and venison: we never saw him hit the mark, but we missed some powder and ball, with which he may be more fortunate.

Hamdan, a Maskat Arab, has "seen better days." Melancholia and strong waters have removed all traces of them, except a tincture of letters. Our Mullah, or learned man, is small,

thin, brown, long-nosed, and green-eyed, with little spirit and less muscularity. A crafty old traveller, he has a store of comforts for the way; he carries, with his childish matchlock, a drinking-gourd and a ghee-pot, and he sits apart from the crowd for more reasons than one. Strongly contrasting with him is the ancient Mekrani, Shaaban, a hideous decrepid giant, with the negroid type of countenance. He is of the pig-headed, opposed to the soft-headed, order of old man; hard and opinionated, selfish and unmanageable. He smokes, and must drink water all day. He dispenses the wisdom of a Dogberry, much to his hearers' disgust, and he coughs through the hours of night. This senior will carry nothing but his gun, pipe, and gourd, and, despite his grey-beard, he is the drone of the party.

Jemal and Murad Ali are our working-men, excellent specimens of the true Beloch—*vieux grognards*—with a grim, sour humour, especially when the fair sex is concerned. They have black frowning faces, wrinkled and rugged as their natal hills, with pads of muscle upon their short fore-arms, and high, sinewy, angular calves, remarkable in this land of "sheep-shanks." Sparing of words, when addressed, they merely grunt; but when they speak, it is in a scream. They are angry men, and uncommonly handy with their greasy daggers. With the promise of an extra dollar, they walk off under heavy loads, besides their guns and necessaries.

The gem of the party is Sudy Mubarak, who has taken to himself the cognomen of "Bombay." His sooty skin, and teeth pointed like those of the reptilia, denote his Mhiav origin. He is one of those real "Sudies" that delight the passengers in an Indian steamer. Bombay, sold in early youth, carried to Cutch by some Banyan, and there emancipated, looks fondly back upon the home of his adoption, and sighs for the day when a few dollars will enable him to return. He has ineffable contempt for all "Jungly niggers." His head is a triumph to Phrenology; a high narrow cranium, flat-fronted, denoting, by arched and rounded crown, full development of the moral region, with deficiency of the perceptives and reflectives. He works on principle, and works like a horse, openly declaring, that not love of us, but attachment to his stomach, makes him industrious. With a sprained ankle, and a load quite disproportioned to his *chétif* body, he insists upon carrying two guns. He attends us everywhere, manages our purchases, is trusted with all messages, and, when otherwise disengaged, is at every man's beck and call. He had enlisted under the jemadar of Chogway. We thought, however, so highly of his qualifications, that persuasion and paying his debts induced him, after a little coquetting, to take leave of soldiering and follow our fortunes. Sudy Bombay will be our head gun-carrier, if he survive his present fever, and, I doubt not, will prove himself a rascal in the end.

A machine so formed could hardly be expected to move without some creaking. The Belochies were not entirely under us, and in the East no man *will* serve two masters. For the first few days, many a loud wrangling and muttered cursing showed signs of a dissolution. One would not proceed because the Rider-king monopolised the powder; another started on his way home because he was refused some dates; and during the first night all Bombay's efforts were required to prevent a *sauve qui peut*. But by degrees the component parts fitted smoothly and worked steadily: at last we had little to complain of, and the men volunteered to follow wherever we might lead.

## OUR CONVICTS—PAST AND PRESENT.

It would surely be a very interesting discovery to all philosophers of the Positive school, to identify in the dark distance of history the man who discovered slavery. Their leader, Auguste Comte, among other hardy theories which have reaped more wonder than acquiescence, enlarges with all his eloquence on the adoption of this institution, as the greatest stride made towards human civilisation. Before it was suggested, men had no alternative, after they fought and conquered, but to slay, cook, and eat the vanquished enemy. To suggest to them the alternative of getting work out of the captives—compelling them to hew wood, draw water, and till the ground for their victors—was an act of benignant wisdom for which mankind should be ever grateful.

Laugh as we may at this specimen of wild ingenuity, it is yet true that there were in this country, within the past two hundred years, men of disinterested feelings, and, in some measure, enlightened views, who gloried in the distinction of having invented a beneficent kind of slavery. The arrangement by which criminals were given away as slaves to the Western planters, instead of being kept for the dungeon or the gibbet, seemed a blessing without alloy to the receiver as well as to the giver. The planter had what he sorely needed—labour under that tropical sun which ripens the rich harvest, but makes the human being so listless that money will not procure the arduous toil necessary to draw the full profit from the earth. The planter got his slaves, Britain got rid of her criminals without cost and without cruelty—at least of an immediate and palpable character. In this respect the arrangement stood in benign contrast with the hangings and the living burial in the putrescence of the old jails, which it came to supersede. We shall not attempt to deal with the theory of the prophet of Positivism. Within a short while he has gone to that place where all men are to be judged for their doings and their thoughts. But to the fallacy of those who discovered in later times a practical benefit in a peculiar kind of slavery, experience has borne ample testimony; and in this testimony there lies a solemn lesson for all social reformers—the lesson that all that is wrong in the world is not to be put right by some one simple theory—the lesson that it is not in the careless application of one universal medicine, but in a careful observation of symptoms, and an anxious conscientious testing of warily-applied remedies, that we are to look for the cure of great social maladies.

In transportation to the American plantations, as it was practised by Britain for upwards of a century, the Government abandoned all control over the offender's fate, all knowledge of it, and consequently all responsibility for the character and extent of the punishment to which he was subjected, if punishment really were his fate. The absolute and entire manner in which the convict was cast off by the State, when compared with the system of transportation lately abandoned, shows how far even this system was an improvement, as being a nearer approach to the proper functions of penal law. If there be any who now demand that our criminals shall be sent forth into the desert, they assuredly would not be content to transfer them to a contractor, who might work them rapidly to death, or indulge them in a life of idle luxury, according to his interest or his humour. This arrangement produced social evils, from which the territories more immediately affected by them are even now suffering. They reacted in their day even on the shore of Britain; for the profuse dispersal of convict slaves created so ravenous an appetite for larger consignments of that valuable commodity, that while the fair trader contracted with Government for the harvest of the jail-deliveries, the smuggler prowled about in quiet corners of the coast, and kidnapped young men, who were carried off and sold in the plantations. It is diffi-

cult to realise the idea, yet it is a historical reality, that around the wealthy seaports of Britain many a household was subject to the same terrors and domestic privations, which in later days drew the sympathy of all good men to the dusky dwellers in the huts of Senegambia and Congo. De Foe's amusing *Life of Colonel Jack* is the story of a boy kidnapped in Newcastle and sold in Virginia; and the incident was not more unnatural in its day than Marryat's anecdotes of press-gangs during the great war.

When this American outlet was stopped by the Revolution, there arose a cry, far louder than any that has lately been uttered, to rid the British empire of her increasing and terrible band of felons. They ought, it was said, to be cast at once into the desert; either they must go, or honest men must go—there was no room within these two islands for both. The cry of that age was far more reasonable than the cry of 1856. The science of punishment had hardly got beyond the principle of getting rid of criminals by the shortest means: if these were merciful, it was well, but the shortest should be taken. Frequent executions were not so much the fruits of hardened cruelty, or of the doctrine that society must take vengeance upon criminals, as of the feeling of relief—of clean effectual acquittal—created by the extinction of an evil life. Imprisonment, such as it was in Britain, was a homage to the doctrine that a community must bear the burden of its criminals, such as other nations did not pay. In France, and over the European continent generally, to have been in prison was almost a patent of nobility. Custody within strong walls was too costly a punishment for criminals of the common order. The prisons were state fortresses, dedicated to the custody of persons important enough to affect the interests of the state; for the humbler people, ignominious death, mutilation, stripes, the pillory, and gang-slavery were the appropriate punishments. And when, in the reign of George III., the ever-thoughtful British people found that their jails were becoming fuller and fuller, it ... occurred to them, as they thought of a prisoner's condition and fate, to question whether, after all, this elaborate machinery for safe custody was more humane than the speedy and remorseless remedies of their more selfish and less considerate contemporaries. The old jail, such as Howard found it to be in all parts of the empire, has been sketched by Lord Cockburn in a few words with a rare felicity, due to his having lived through the transition stage of prison discipline, and feeling the force of the contrast between the old and the new. Of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" he says: "A most atrocious jail it was, the very breath of which almost struck down any stranger who entered its dismal door, and as ill-placed as possible, without an inch of ground beyond its black and horrid walls. And these walls were very small, the entire hole being filled with little dark cells; heavy manacles the only security; airless, waterless, drainless, a living grave. One week of that dirty, fetid, cruel torture-house was a severer punishment than a year of our worst modern prisons, more dreadful in its sufferings, more certain in its corruption, overwhelming the innocent with a more tremendous sense of despair, provoking the guilty to more audacious defiance."—*Memorials*, p. 242.

With no other alternative but the cramming of such receptacles, it seemed not only a blessed riddance to the country, but a merciful dispensation to the wretched victims themselves, to shovel them forth into the most distant solitude known on the face of the globe, and leave them there. The cry was responded to in the spirit in which it was raised; and with so thorough an absence of all forethought and arrangement was the first cargo of convicts freighted off to Australia, that the fine inlet on which stands the capital of New South Wales was literally discovered by the expedition wandering along the vast coast of the island-continent in search of the most eligible of the landing-places which fortune might place at their disposal. At home there was an immediate feeling of relief. Half the circumference of the globe was placed between society and its greatest pests. There was

much natural chuckling on the wisdom of a scheme which gave little chance of even the expiree returning, since only by a long and costly voyage could he enjoy his liberty at home. As to the real fate of the outcasts, people were not too curious in their inquiries. Whatever it was, the public were inclined to find a general verdict of "served them right." Of the miseries to which they were exposed we can only form a general notion by the rapidity with which death removed them from suffering. A not unnatural incident to an expedition sent to land "anywhere," was a failure in the arrangements to supply it with food. Famine followed; and before a system of supply was fully organised, a second cargo of convicts was thrown on shore. That death had been busy with these — 164 had died in one vessel—seems to have been received as a merciful dispensation, since it brought the number to be fed in the new colony within the compass of its resources.* There is a tragic significance in these words of Governor Collins—"Had not such numbers died, both in the passage and since the landing of those who survived the voyage, we should not at this moment have had anything to receive from the public stores: thus strangely did we derive a benefit from the miseries of our fellow-creatures."

Those who looked into the transportation system beyond the mere riddance promised by it, anticipated that a severance from old habits and old companions might prompt the criminal to start on a new and better career. To give him the means of re-entering a new social system, it was thought good that free emigrants should be encouraged to settle in the penal colony. The arrangement seemed to work well. The scanty population scattered over a large space, and many other circumstances, created conditions unfavourable to the development of crime. The expert London thief, placed in a gum-slab hut little larger than his coffin, on a wide-squatting allotment, feeding on tea and damper, ten miles from his nearest neighbour, would have little opportunity for the practice of the accomplishments in which he excelled. Among the more violent criminals the unsubdued passions would occasionally arise, and a murder or a burning-down would diversify the monotony of colonial life. But on the whole, during their infancy and youth, the penal settlements rubbed on in a tolerably satisfactory manner. It was when wealth and population increased, and the new social system, into which the convicts were to be diffused, came into existence, that the criminal element was found too strong for the virtuous. No general terms can convey an adequate expression of the result. In the island, which used to be called by the appropriately-sounding name of Van Diemen's Land, there was, perhaps, more human wickedness concentrated together, than the world in its long history had ever before experienced. The energy of the Anglo-Saxon race and the skill of a high civilisation were yoked to the service of the most brutal propensities of the savage. There were scenes which civilisation buries beneath deadened memories, as the Dead Sea and the Salt Desert cover the cities of the plain; and the ingenious philosopher who speculatively discovered man's first step out of cannibalism, had he been there, might have practically studied the conditions under which civilisation can drive him back to this primitive resource of the barbarian conqueror; and yet might have found that human ingenuity had developed practical horrors beyond this creation of his imagination. The penal colonies were not left to this terrible fate without an effort for their redemption. Philanthropy attempted its mitigation. The social amenities which grow in the school of virtue were brought artificially into the mart of vice. They made it worse: for, lacking one-half of the natural conditions of social wellbeing and purity, partial freedom aggravated the depraved tendencies, and proved that beings so degraded by mismanagement could be dealt with

* Collins' *New South Wales*, i. 123.

solely by the even hand of discipline. The easy recklessness with which the convict had been cast to the opposite end of the earth had now thoroughly reacted on the community which exulted over the riddance. A social condition of such a character that it cannot, without an outrage on decorum, be described except vaguely, was that which into parents had to send their sons and daughters, if they wished them to participate in the fortunes of the most successful of colonies. While the ear still rings with the cry to send the convicts back again, we are apt to forget how loud was the demand that Government should abandon the pandemonium at the antipodes. And the punishment, attended by so many horrors abroad, was it really a terror to evil-doers at home? Of the hardships which ended many a life, they heard little. At all times abject misery has difficulty in sounding its complaints to a distance. Success, however, has the means of trumpeting its renown, and the echoes of prosperity among transported convicts drowned the faint murmurs of disaster. The criminal class, true to their order, nourish every incident or argument tending to prove that, after all that is pattered about righteousness and integrity, it may turn out that they are in the right and the moralisers in the wrong. To show what ground the newly-arrived convict might have for sending exulting news home to his companions, let us for a moment realise the examples which, it has been shown on abundant evidence, he was likely to see on his arrival at Sydney.

Past him rolls an open carriage magnificently equipped, occupied by a well-dressed man, whose full form and lustrous face betoken high living, and his careless lounge indolence and wealth. Opposite to him sits a woman in silk and fur, weighed with jewellery. You will call her appearance brazen-faced, or haughty, according to the extent to which it deceives you about her real character. Faint reminiscences begin to dawn on the awed and admiring convict. Is it possible! Can that be his old "pal," the Downy Diddler—and that stunning [illegible] Bess the Smasher? He is quite right. The Diddler, after a long and brilliant career, got "lagged" at last. With the happy versatility of his order he immediately assimilated himself to the enforced conditions of his new mode of life. In the convict-prison at home, in the transport-ship, ever obedient to rule, civil, obliging, and handy, he entitled himself to the good opinion of all the officers. He passed through the hands of several chaplains, some of whom referred to him in tracts and sermons as a brand snatched from the burning; while even the most suspicious of them could not but say that he had expressed himself as contrite, and had given a willing ear to spiritual instruction, which might, it was hoped, not be totally barren of good fruit. Thus he arrived with a flaming character, and was assigned to a good master—strict but kind. Under judicious discipline, he was kept so clear of his old practices, that he was not detected in any: and when at last he obtained a ticket-of-leave, there was a sum at his disposal sufficient for the establishment of a grog-shop. Meantime his "blowen," the Smasher, left at home forlorn, pursued her vocation recklessly, until she too was "booked" and sent after him; and so these two loving hearts were united to commence that Elysian life of wealth and prosperity which rewards the constancy and fortitude of the hero and heroine in legitimate romance. They are not a shade more honest, this couple, than they were when they met at the flash shop to get up some job to allay hunger and recruit the ragged wardrobe. But of late they have been so rapidly mounting fortune's wheel, that they have had no opportunity to resume their old business.

The new-comer might have seen the same prosperity typified around him in many shapes. These busy warehouses by the wharf are the property of the eminent "fence" who trained half the thieves in Whitechapel. The owner of the suburban mansion, gleaming in plate-glass, with the portal heavily decorated with heraldic devices, is a bold blackleg, who, after hundreds of dishonest acts within the margin of the law, was so far deserted by his habitual prudence

as to attach another man's name to a bill instead of his own. There were still some slight drawbacks in the prosperous convict's lot. He could not, for instance, by any effort succeed in being presented at Government House; and a sympathising public of the devoted worshippers of wealth have thought it hard that there should be a privilege of this kind which wealth could not buy for a man because of his antecedents.

The knowledge that transportation might open the way to fortune, was often exemplified in courts of justice, by an episode—soon, let us hope, likely to be a tradition of the past—the convict, on his sentence being awarded, loudly thanking the court for giving him the high punishment of transportation, instead of the lower nominal punishment of imprisonment. It is true that transportation had some terrors and disagreeables. Instances have been known of tears shed by the convict at the parting scene; but, as a witness before the last Committee on Transportation justly remarked, there are tears shed at the embarkation of emigrants, and yet people emigrate from choice. There is much open ground for speculation on the amount of terror which the chance of transportation may have communicated to criminals generally. But more instructive than all such speculations, is the significant fact, that there were very alarming symptoms of outbreak when it was imparted to the convicts in the large prisons that they were not to be transported for the periods to which they were sentenced, but to be detained in Britain for periods averaging half the time. The female convicts in Brixton proclaimed their disappointment by a frantic and uncontrollable outbreak. Some of them had the hardihood to maintain that they were grossly deceived and wronged, since they had pleaded guilty to false charges to obtain the benefit of transportation.

That transportation to Australia, with all its prominent evils, should have so long existed, and at last come to so sudden an end, is owing to a local peculiarity which at first modified the growth of the evil, and afterwards protracted its existence. This was the squatting system. The squatters, though the term was humble enough in its origin, were the territorial aristocracy of Australia—and a very powerful aristocracy. They were capitalists; and in a land where a great proportion of the people were needy, and the law was feeble, their capital gave them a power restrained by few responsibilities. They grasped at vast stretches of territory; and when the Government insisted that the sovereignty of the British Crown should be asserted over the seizures, they maintained an obstinate contest, which ended in a compromise, by which they paid a small license-duty for their runs. In the scanty pastures of Australia, where several acres are required to feed one sheep, the owner of the flocks dispersed over wide stretches required a number of dependants of a humble and servile character. The clever artisan or the ambitious peasant loathed the monotony of the bush. Slaves would have been an extremely convenient commodity to these squatting lords, and they tried to obtain as much of it as the constitution permitted to our colonies. They endeavoured to make arrangements, by which "assisted emigrants"—those whose outfit and passage-money were wholly or partially paid from their land-fund—should be bound to serve on the lands to which they were exported; should be, in short, *adscripti glebæ*, like feudal villains; but it was too late in the progress of free principles for such a project to be realised. They had therefore to content themselves with the best available alternative, and endure the idleness and mischievousness of assigned convicts. This field for the expansive dispersal of convicts was quite peculiar. Such another may possibly arise, but cannot be counted on. The squatting interest fought hard for the continuance of transportation. But the depression—partly caused by the losses from unusual droughts—which began to weigh on the Australian colonies about the year 1840, broke the supremacy of the squatters. Meanwhile other interests—as, for instance, the building, the mercantile, and the

copper-mining, had risen to power; and even before the discovery of the gold-fields, the influences opposed to the reception of convicts had triumphed. The diggings at last concentrated, in one wild hunt after gold, all the reckless and fierce spirits scattered along the border of Australia. There was no longer a voice to support a practice which, on the one hand, recruited this dangerous assemblage by pouring into it the criminality of Britain; and, on the other, professed to punish offenders by sending them to that golden harvest after which all restless spirits aspired. Transportation to the old Australian colonies was consequently doomed.

Until some other opening presents itself, we must draw largely on the resources of prison discipline at home in the disposal of convicts; and it is therefore a more important question than for nearly a century it has been, In what condition is the science of prison discipline? — what has it accomplished? — what can it do for us? The majestic theorist, who deals not with results unless they are sudden, brilliant, and overwhelming, says of course that prison discipline is a failure. Were it so, the position of Britain at this moment would be awkward; but is it so? Perhaps those who question the progress it has made, compare its results with those of other agents, without remembering the difference of the material to be wrought on. The clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the social reformer, have to deal with average mankind. The jailer's function is among a population selected by the criterion of their wickedness, and it is utterly losing sight of the practical and obtainable ends of prison discipline, to expect that any method shall be discovered which at once, as if by a chemical combination, shall convert criminality to goodness.

Every Christian must believe that there is one way in which a criminal may be thoroughly changed. He may have undergone religious conversion, and have awakened to such a sense of the sinfulness of his career in the eye of God, that he shall sin no more. But it is not for man to read the record of such an intervention. Every possible opportunity should be afforded to the prisoner for spiritual instruction; but the result cannot be recorded, for these are matters beyond the function of statistics; and it is at once obvious that to admit the criminal to plead religious reformation and change of heart as a ground for reinstatement in society, as if he were a good and honest man, would be the offer of a bribe for the grossest hypocrisy. It is feared that even the slight influence which a prison-chaplain's good opinion of a convict may have in his favour, is often a temptation to those masters of the art of duplicity to exercise their skill.

It is for temporal purposes alone that we can speak of the results of prison discipline. Its immediate object is to make both those who are under its infliction, and those who may some day be so, aware that abstinence from crime is the best policy. In the matter of reformation, there seems yet much to be learnt about the character of the motives which influence criminals. Benevolent gentlemen transcribe them from the motives that have influence on their own kind and honest hearts. Judging from the motives by which they are often expected to be influenced, one might suppose the criminal classes to be very eminent for their susceptibility to all kindly and gentle emotions—generous, frank, confiding, and grateful. But the truth is, that they are rather below the average of the world in general, in these amiable qualities. Their wills are weak enough, but their hearts are generally hard; as the hearts of many a mother, wife, or sister, broken against theirs during their obdurate career, can testify. There has been, indeed, in the career of many of them a moment when a word of gentle counsel, a little kindly assistance, perhaps a touch of well-directed attention, might have turned them into a different groove from that fatal one in which they have been hurried on. In many instances, too, where the end has been confirmed crime, there had doubtless been at one juncture a condition of the heart which it would bring immortality to a tragic poet to be able to see and draw; when in a moment of aggravated temptation

the first crime has been committed, and, overwhelmed with penitence and remorse, the offender, who is not yet a criminal, since his heart is not with his criminal act, would retrace his steps at any sacrifice, could he do so unrecognised, and without encountering the scorn of the world as one who has ranked himself among its outcasts. For his case the privacy of modern prison arrangements has done something. But the great destiny of his life has too often been decided before he crossed the portal. And surely, when an advanced age looks back with compassion on the present administration of criminal justice, there will seem nothing in it more anomalous and cruel than this, that when an old offender is brought up to be punished for the thirtieth or fortieth time, he has to pass through a grand jury or the investigation of a state prosecutor, and undergo a patient trial conducted by learned lawyers, in the majestic presence of the supreme bench; while the momentous question, whether a youth heretofore deemed innocent shall be brought within the arena of the criminal classes, is left to some prædial Bubulcus saturated with notions of the badness of the poor, or to some successful tradesman who diversifies his well-earned leisure with occasional feats of justices' justice. But this branch of the subject—the consideration of the juncture in the criminal's career at which justice should begin to chastise—is one from which every inquirer flinches, so painful are the considerations with which it is surrounded.

When we have got on to the old offender, matters, if not more satisfactory, are less painful. Without prejudging what shall be done by other means, it may be laid down that the kind of imprisonment which is to reform the confirmed predatory offender has not yet been discovered. The *thief* is a thief to the end, as unchangeable in his mental character as the leper and the Ethiopian in their physical. The world would have admitted this long ago, but it is the function and peculiar quality of the creature to deceive; and he has not only been successful in individual cases but has kept up a general impression that he is reformable. In the old prisons, where the transgressor of prison rules could implicate others, he was tricky and tormenting, the curse of the prison-officer's existence. Under the separate system, where everything done within his cell by human hands proclaims himself the doer of it, he is a model of regularity, docility, and every external virtue. While his next-door neighbour the poacher, in for an assault on gamekeepers, is still turbulent and sulky, the thief keeps his hours, performs his task, is gentle and respectful in his deportment, grateful for any little favour, but not exasperated by hardship or privation. He assents to all that is told him, and especially to every representation of his wasted opportunities and misspent life. He edifies the chaplain by his pious zeal, learns the art of being caught at unexpected moments in the attitude of prayer, and perhaps requires a pair of green spectacles to preserve his eyesight, suffering from the zealous and continued perusal of the Bible. A glance at the prison records will reveal the contrast between his outdoor and his indoor life. A long list of thefts, robberies, and burglaries, applicable to the former, will perhaps be followed by the conclusion, "Conduct exemplary," and "General character excellent." The prison warder, whose thoughts do not penetrate much beyond the airing-yard, looks on him as a good sort of man, whose lot in life it is frequently to inhabit the large dwelling of which he keeps the key. The indolent chaplain, like some respectable fashionable preacher, compounds with appearances and shrinks from looking at realities too closely. The zealous chaplain (and many of these men *are* zealous) shudders over the unfathomable depth of those still waters of human deceitfulness, down through which it has been his unenviable lot to see farther than other men.

And yet the philosopher who should seek for the elements of such a social phenomenon in a bold depravity of purpose, would probably be wrong. It is not a settled determination to do ill, but a facile pliability—a susceptibility to the influence of surrounding conditions—that

makes the thief what he is. Partly he yields to the influence of the discipline, and partly he feels a zest in the exercise of his powers of dissimulation. The two things act on each other, and make the old depredator in a well-regulated prison the model of external rectitude.

Any one desirous of rummaging within the interior recesses of such a character might to some extent accomplish his object by perusing the *Memoirs of the First Thirty-Two Years of the Life of James Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief*, written by himself. He was a clever man, well educated, and fond of literature. He wrote a very amusing, well-composed book, and might have succeeded in any walk he chose to select; but the nature of the thief was in him, and carried him through a marvellous course of diversified plunder. Having been a second time transported, he wrote his book to serve the cause of virtue, and earn a second pardon. Whoever closely attended to this man's memorial in his own behoof, would have seen in it only reason to congratulate the world that the author was safe in bondage. It is true that he every now and then stops, heaves a sigh as it were, and wonders at the folly and wickedness that could have led him to do such things. But throughout there is an under-current of chuckling self-exultation as he narrates each act of successful roguery, showing how deeply the relish of deception was implanted in him. He speaks as we might suppose a paralysed fox-hunter or a gouty angler to do in describing the departed joys of his sporting triumphs. His first brilliant achievement was a begging letter—natural, pathetic, and terse—in which he inculcated and illustrated the text that "to a noble mind the pleasure of doing a good action is its own reward." All shapes of deception came alike to him; and it is ever his boast that he did not permit follies, eccentricities, or vices to cloud his intellect or impede him in the skilful pursuit of his craft. He was successful to the last. On the publication of his book, he was again pardoned, and, after a few months of activity, was a third time, as we have been informed, on his way to Sydney.

To know how the thief is raised—what moral soil and training are best suited for his development, and how far he is a hereditary monster—will yet afford work to the laborious and the thoughtful. The craniologist, it is true, is able to solve the question at once; the shape of the head makes the thief; and by this infallible test the adept will drag him out of the very bosom of respectability and honest exertion before he has committed any crime. It will be in vain to protest perfect innocence, entire regularity of life, and honesty of behaviour in every dealing: a certain prominence of acquisitiveness and secretiveness, in conjunction with a low development of conscientiousness, proclaim his true condition, and he must be dealt with as a thief. The public will require more information before it puts itself entirely into these hands, and will probably, in the mean time, concur in the view that the question is one of difficulty: that we must carefully grope our way to its solution; and that we shall probably find this not so clear and short a task as men with one idea would make it. However far the mental phenomenon may be found to connect itself with physical conformation, there is little doubt that training and association, in infancy and youth reared in crime and in total ignorance of religion or virtue, will tend to the making of the thief. Probably, too, hereditary influence has its action, in the perfection of the breed after certain generations have been well trained in depravity. But we know also that many of the most accomplished and wonderful depredators have, like Hardy Vaux, been led by their tastes and propensities from respectability to crime, without the influence of any external temptation. Mr. Chesterton, in his *Revelations of Prison Life*, mentions the instance of an old lady of fortune committed for shoplifting, who was found to be dressed in an inner robe of leather, perforated with furtive pockets and other receptacles for the ready concealment of small parcels snatched from counters. Being by nature a thief, her abundance no more sufficed to check her appetite for her neighbour's goods than the capital of the stockjobber will induce him to

abandon further speculation. Had she been the child of hereditary poverty and infamy, her outward fortunes would have assimilated better to her disposition, and in the exercise of plundering capacities, whetted by necessity and a ceaseless contest with the law, she might have lived, on the whole, a happier life than she found.

The detective officer knows the thief, not only individually, but generically. On a moment's inspection, though he has never seen the specimen before, he will at once distinguish him from the decent workman, and even from the half-honest vagabond, as certainly as Linnæus could recognise a cryptogamic plant, or Cuvier separate the organic remains of vertebrate and crustaceous animals. After hearing a cursory description in the "hue and cry" of some depredator from Liverpool or Glasgow, the accomplished detective will mark his man among the thousands of faces in a full night in Covent Garden, with such precision that he does not hesitate to run the risk of immediately apprehending him without a warrant. When we remember the serious consequences to an officer of thus seizing an innocent person, the frequency of such captures and the rarity of mistakes are a singular testimony to the generic character of criminality. The person seized is very often not the actual offender; but he is always a member of the great criminal corporation, and, as such, will have so many little secrets from which it is desirable to avert attention, that he is glad to get out of immediate trouble, and reluctant to raise actions of damages, or to be in any shape very clamorous about his legal rights.

These officers, who know the whole body of the thieves so well, are of course prepared to deal with them off-hand, and are lost in amazement at the folly of the public which does not place the cleansing of the Augean stable at their disposal. This matter has become of some importance, since, in quarters to which the public look with deserved deference, there have been proposals for dealing with the dishonest part of the population, not according to the crimes proved against them, but according to their character and repute. We can express but one hope as to every such proposal, that it may be met in the face, and at once put down by acclamation. There are instances, now fortunately decreasing, where in courts of justice the testimony of officers of the law about the character and habits of the accused has been available, not separately as a ground of punishment, but as an element heightening or diminishing its extent when a specific crime has been proved. Those who have observed the manner in which testimony of this kind has been given, have had reason to shudder at any, even the smallest, influence in the awarding of punishment being placed in such hands. It is not in human nature to help abusing such a power. No man can be made responsible for entertaining a bad opinion of another, and the policeman is no more than the captain of a merchant vessel, or the Emperor of Russia, capable of judiciously wielding irresponsible power. Encourage, if you like, the officer of the law to hunt his victim into the court of justice; permit him there to tell all that, as a witness, he knows; but give him no influence, not the smallest, in the finding of guilt or the awarding of punishment. If our institutions are not strong enough to maintain a fair stand-up fight with crime, then strengthen them. Let the thing called Police Surveillance continue to be so strange to us that we require to use a foreign word when we speak of it. It seems the more necessary to remember this caution at a time when there are well-founded demands for the increase of the police force of the country. Kept in its proper place, an increased force will be an eminent boon to the honest portion of the community. But were there any doubts of their being kept to their legitimate functions, we would follow those who count the existence of such a force a greater calamity than the crimes they are appointed to suppress.

As we cannot anticipate that the country shall so far forget the spirit of its traditional policy as to countenance any of the plans for "a clean sweep" of the dishonest classes, apart from the punishment of their crimes, we must continue to deal with that

great enemy, the thief, as our existing institutions admit. And it must be conceded that the great improvements which the half-century has seen in prison discipline, have had little more distinct influence on *him* than in having deprived him, through the separate system, of the academy in which he used to teach a class of diligent and admiring pupils, and a convenient office in which future depredations could be arranged with his partners in business. He conforms for his year or eighteen months with the discipline; is for the time a changed man; and when he feels at liberty, is at his old tricks again before he turns the corner. He is of some use in the mean time as a practical refutation of every plan to accomplish the objects of penal discipline with one idea. He is the "proof-charge" with which these explode one after another. Take, for example, productive labour. There is, no doubt, much to be gained, and nothing to be lost, in practically inculcating the excellence of industry, and doing something towards the conversion of a destructive and mischievous being into a productive self-supporter. The thief, so long as he is in bondage, is the happiest illustration of the efficacy of the principle. While free, he is idle, mischievous, and vicious; in prison he takes kindly to the work set before him; it is not only his occupation, but his enjoyment. If this appears to be an incomprehensible anomaly, we have but to remember that there are tribes and nations naturally listless and idle when left to themselves, who yet become patterns of industry in the hands of taskmasters. The thief can adjust his nimble fingers to almost any mechanical occupation attainable to human hands. If he has risen in his profession to the rank of housebreaker, he is probably a brilliant mechanician. There is a principle, sound enough within the proper limits of its application, that the criminal, having injured society to a certain extent, should be set to work out his punishment in valuable labour. He is a debtor who, in this manner, should be permitted to pay his creditor. If we apply th[illegible] the accomplished [illegible] that in a day he has worked as much as his sulky heart-broken neighbour the poacher, who loathes industry, and is irretrievably clumsy-handed, can accomplish in a week. Take again "the mark system," which is a register of the general conduct of prisoners, either by crediting them with the good that they do, or debiting them with the evil they commit while in bondage. In this, too, there are doubtless elements of usefulness; but there are at the same time elements for the exercise of the thief's plausibility and powers of dissimulation; and, indeed, it would be difficult to invent any criterion of merit which his tact, subtlety, good temper, and real desire to give satisfaction, would not enable him to achieve without any dissimulation at all, unless it be called dissimulation to retain a corrupted heart under the external covering of goodness, of contentedness under inevitable misfortune, and of untiring attention to the duties of his position.

Since, then, prison discipline has been unable to influence so large an integral portion of crime as the habitual depredator fills, it may naturally be asked, Has it done anything? We defer the consideration whether it may possibly have shown us the way for dealing more successfully than we have yet dealt with the thief. In the mean time we answer, that as yet the triumphs of prison discipline have consisted chiefly in the undoing of misdeeds. All punishment is an evil, endured by society on account of its deterring influence; and it is the boast of the improved practices in our prisons, that without diminishing this deterring influence—probably while considerably increasing it—they have greatly diminished the corrupting influences. Hence it is that the balance of gain is not to be looked for in the class of confirmed offenders, but rather in the restriction of the sources whence this class was supplied. It is fortunately now only in a few of the prisons of Britain that we shall find any vestige of that old promiscuous intercourse which rendered the jail an academy where the freshman took a degree in crime, and probably worked for honours — where the mere idle scamp was, in the course of a few months' tui-

tion by able professors, converted into the accomplished and hardy criminal.

The leading spirit of every principle of penal discipline adopted or suggested in modern times, is that it shall not deteriorate the prisoner in morality, in intellect, or in physical condition. If there were no other and higher ground why man should not deteriorate God's image in his fellow, there would remain the narrower technical reason, that a deteriorating punishment is uncertain in its dimensions. About moral deterioration, since it tends to increase instead of diminishing criminality, there can be no question; but by the deterioration which causes death or insanity, the amount of infliction on the victim is beyond all human estimation.

When the deteriorating influence of promiscuous intercourse in jails was universally admitted, two systems were invented to counteract it—the *solitary* system, by which the prisoner was, as far as it could practically be brought about, prohibited from seeing or speaking to a human being during the period of his punishment; and the *silent* system, by which he was permitted to see his kind, but was prohibited, under vigilant superintendence, from holding intercourse with them by word or sign. It was found that the intellect broke down under the weight of either system, and that it was followed by idiocy or insanity. In America, a solitary voice was held up in commendation of this result, since, like extracting the venom of a serpent, or paring the claws of a panther, it promised as a result that "the most accomplished rogue will lose his capacity of depredating with success upon the community." But the honest instincts of the world at once repudiated this Machiavelian doctrine, and the solitary and silent systems were everywhere modified. The more ordinary form of the modification is in that separation which keeps the prisoner apart from his fellow-criminals, but leaves him to some extent in intercourse with those whose duty and inclination it is to improve his character. Even this modified separation cannot be continued for a long period without danger. It was an opinion prevalent at the time of its adoption, that it was of moment to prevent every one who entered within a prison from being there seen by a fellow-prisoner. Undoubtedly, there was no slavery more dreadful than that which fell, under the old promiscuous system, on the youth not entirely corrupted, who had been seen in prison by an old offender. Like the victims in the romances, who by some mere accident had been sold to Satan, it was his doom, wherever he went, to find that a sort of social telegraph had propagated throughout the corporation of criminals that he was free of their order, and that they were empowered to command his services. It is thus essential that the fresh offender should not be seen in prison by old criminals. But beyond this, the prohibition against criminals seeing each other's faces within the prison, provided they be not permitted to hold confidential intercourse with each other, is no longer held of vital moment. In such a scene of quietness, of orderly habits, of industry, and cleanliness, with opportunities for obtaining instruction and the means of religious consolation and admonition, as a well-regulated prison now affords—if there be any seeds of good within the reprobate's mind, they will have opportunity to grow. And though it has not yet sensibly affected the hardened thief, there is no doubt that the sense of absolute subjection to the laws, conveyed by the firm yet gentle discipline, is calculated to impress on minds open to persuasion the utter feebleness and folly of crime—the hopelessness of their conflict with the institutions of society. Few social changes ever achieved are more remarkable than the victory which discipline has gained over the natural petulance and violence of the jail-bird. There are many who can remember how liable every visitor to a prison was to insult and outrage. In the hulks, when the convicts were sent under hatches, a prison officer no more dared to descend into the abyss occupied by the fiends in his custody, than into a tiger's cave. One may now see a single warder exercising forty or fifty convicts—consummate ruffians all of them—and yet the slightest rebuke from him controls the offensive word or the insolent glance. This subjugation is so com-

plete, that when occasionally a prisoner breaks out and offers violence, the officer who may be in danger is sure that the other prisoners will rally round him instead of aiding the aggressor. The worst thieves will be the foremost to the rescue; so deeply is it impressed on these children of selfish impulse, that within these walls it is always the prudent course to side with the powers that be. So much confidence do the more accomplished prison-officers possess in the command they have established over the class committed to their custody, that they are inclined to dispense with the apparatus of heavy stone cells, strong doors, bars, and stanchions, which have ever been considered the indispensable attributes of a prison, deeming them unnecessary for security where a vigilant and adequate system of discipline is established, and in their nature calculated to nourish in criminals an impression that they are more formidable beings than they really are. Fetters have been dispensed with along with the filth, the foul air, the damp, and the darkness which pervaded the old jail. Some people are disposed to sneer at the accurate cleanness of a well-kept prison; but while purification is essential to preserve health in confinement, it is no immediate comfort or boon to the degraded classes; it is rather irksome to them, unless it succeed, with the help of other things, in somewhat raising their tastes and habits. The technical accuracy with which prison dietary is adjusted by means of chemical analysis, excites the scorn of the "hater of humbug," who eats his muffin, or his steak, and never asks whether it is nitrogenous or carbonaceous. But when we are free to choose our food, the animal instincts teach us, as they teach the beasts, to eat that which will nourish whatever calls for nourishment. When, on the other hand, the food of men is adjusted by others, they may be starved to death amidst abundance, by an omission to supply a chemical element necessary to the preservation of the frame. The adepts tell us that a certain portion of nitrogenous matter is necessary to repair the waste of the tissues, and a corresponding quantity of carbonaceous matter for the maintenance of respiration; and until we can show that the scientific men are wrong in their conclusions, we must let them be acted on, to save the prisoners from physical degeneration.* It is found that hard labour can be carried to an extremely irksome extent without causing physical deterioration, and hence the "eternal grind" of the crank is now pretty extensively in practice. Easy couches, too, though extremely desirable things, may be refused to the prisoner without any risk of his deterioration, and hence the hard wooden guard-bed is substituted, to a limited extent, for the mattress and hammock. These are elements lately introduced into prison discipline. Their object is to make the criminal detest the prison, and it is believed that they have to a considerable degree accomplished this object. It is said that a great deal of cold may be borne by the human frame without deterioration, and here is another element of the disagreeable, which may be possibly applied to the office of making the prison a place still more odious.

Such, then, is our position. The outlets of transportation are very nearly totally blocked up by barriers which it is beyond our power at present to break down. Our prison discipline has done very little towards reformation, and practically nothing for the conversion of our systematic depredators into honest men and productive labourers. Indeed, it has been with some justice maintained that the reformatory school of prison discipline has sacrificed the deterring character of punishment for the achievement of impracticable projects of reformation, and a partial reaction has been gradually, as we have seen, increasing the afflictive character of our punishments. But at the same time, the more sagacious of the modern disciples of the reformatory school are abandoning their old field of labour, to take up a position be-

* Whether they *are* right or wrong, the reader will perhaps judge for himself, when he has perused the article on "Food and Drink" in this Number.—Ed.

yond it. They admit that the coercive and afflictive elements of prison discipline are necessary. They know, at the same time, that these are bad coadjutors of reformation—a plant which requires a more genial and kindly soil. They find, too, that, while punishment may be a short piece of work, reformation must be the growth of years. They see that even the longer periods of imprisonment are not long enough for its growth; and that, after his six or twelve months of rigid bondage and irksome labour, the criminal is cast forth, frightened perhaps to incur the same ordeal, but with his heart rather hardened than mollified — his conscience as unscrupulous as ever, his wants and desires as imperative, his temptations as great, and the barriers in his path to honest industry more insuperable.

On this condition of matters has been founded the arrangement now undergoing an extensive experiment, for carrying the convict clear through the proper coercive punishment of his offence, and then submitting him to a long period of reformatory training before he is handed back to society. To this end the convict is, in the first place, to undergo an imprisonment, accompanied by the conditions which make that punishment penal and afflictive, without contaminating or deteriorating him. It is among the defects to be subtracted from the value of the separate system, that, for reasons already referred to, it affords little insight into the character of the prisoner, or the conduct he is likely to exhibit when he next mixes with his kind. The outward conduct may be perfect, while the heart within is black as ever. Long separation, too, has its own peculiar influence on the habits, and it has been found eminently to unfit men for the proper adjustment of their conduct when they are suddenly thrown back into society. Hence, after this punishment has lasted for nine months or a year, the first step is taken to relax its rigour. Gradually the convicts, of course under rigorous inspection and strict control, are allowed to associate with each other at work and exercise, and step by step they are brought, before their liberation, as close to the condition of a society of voluntary workmen as it is practicable and safe to bring them.

It will be at once clear, that by this course they will be put in possession of a means of well-doing which the old system could not give them; they will be so far trained as to be in the general case experienced and able workmen. When we send forth a common thief from prison, and tell him to make his bread honestly, we ask one who has shown more than the ordinary susceptibility to temptation, to show more than the ordinary firmness in resisting it. It may be that we shall never cure the knave of his innate propensity for depredation; but before we absolutely decide this question in practice, it might be well, if possible, to give him as nearly as we can a fair start with the still honest man.

The critical moment will of course be, as it ever has been, that of final liberation. There will be then the momentous question, Whether the orderly habits, the industry, and the present good conduct of the convict, indicate a real and rooted improvement in character—or are mere superficial results of discipline and habit which will melt away at once when the released prisoner has his keeping in his own hands? It will be but humane to exempt him from the alluring company of his old companions, and the courses to which old habits and associations point the way; and yet the question of artificially providing expirees with the means of industrial support, is infested with difficulties which only increase when we turn from the prospects of the male to those of the female convict. To industrial establishments in which expirees are gathered together, unmixed with ordinary workmen, there are insuperable objections. It is scarcely possible that thus assembled together, and free, they should fail to talk each other back to their old opinions and ways. On the other hand, while it would be unjust to send them into the labour-market with privileges over honest men, yet, if destitute of all protection and guidance, the black mark on their characters would cer-

tainly expose them to the chances of idleness and the risks of temptation. We shall see. The experiment is in the mean time in progress, guided by that sedulous and patient earnestness which is essential to discovery in this delicate and difficult department of government. It is in the hands of many accomplished and zealous men; conspicuous among whom is Colonel Jebb—a man who fortunately unites sagacity with courage and zeal; who is not likely to abandon any course which continues to hold out a prospect of good results, or to pursue with thoughtless pertinacity projects which prove themselves in their fruits to be futile.

It does not follow, however, that we are now for evermore to keep all our criminals at home. If an opportunity should hereafter open of sending them, on the old principle, to mix with new communities, rising by industry into prosperity, at a distance from their old haunts and associations, we shall perhaps be able to send them as a better, at least a less damaged, commodity than they used to be under the old arrangements. When a man has undergone his punishment, and has then received his training in well-doing—if there be conditions in which he will be enabled to act up to that training, they will be those which are farthest removed, physically and morally, from the circumstances in which his old life of iniquity was led. In time, perhaps, we may have the good both of the old system and the new—of transportation and home-training. A trained convict has a better chance anywhere than an untrained; a trained convict has especially a better chance of keeping what he has gained, among strangers, than he has at home.

Nor is transportation yet to be altogether abandoned as a general punishment. If it be resumed, however, it must be under principles and arrangements totally different from those which have hitherto ruled it; and to show that this must be so, let us say a word about the present state of the question—how far transportation, as it used to be, has any chances of being restored in preference to the existing arrangements for detention in this country. There are many theories about the proper end of punishment. Some say it should be directed solely to the end of putting down crime at whatever cost to the criminal; others count the criminals an integral portion of the population for whose good penal laws are invented, and are for counting the suffering or mischief inflicted on the criminal before striking the balance of general good. Others, again, hold that the criminal is the only person to be considered—as the sick are the only persons to be considered in the arrangements of an hospital; he is a patient suffering under mental disease, and must be cured. A considerable number of persons deem all such considerations unlawful, and citing Mansfield's invented quotation, *fiat justitia—ruat cælum*, hold that the committer of a crime has by the eternal laws of justice earned an equivalent punishment, and that punishment, neither more nor less, must be awarded to him. And perhaps there are still a few who hold, like Lord Kames, that the criminal has injured society, and society is entitled to take vengeance on him.

But throughout all these jostling opinions there prevails one common principle, that punishment must have a measure. None of them leave its character and extent to chances, which may make it a death of lingering torture to the novice, and a brief restraint, followed by success and wealth, to the adept. Yet this was precisely the character of transportation as we have endeavoured to describe it. A Legislature such as ours, however, never does anything absolutely bad. Good is aimed at, and more or less of the element of good will be found in the design, were it properly carried out. Hence no measure is ever put in practice which does not afford experimental means of arriving at beneficial ends; and perhaps, more than in any other department of Government, the blunders in penal legislation leave, after they are revoked, some valuable fragments of utility to be worked into the next arrangement. In the practice of transportation many valuable lessons are to be learned besides those which are lessons of mere warning. But the first step in the consideration how these lessons are

to be applied, is to ask how far transportation is now practicable, or is likely soon to be so?

The only colony that now offers to take our convicts is Western Australia, long ago renowned in the records of calamity as the Swan River settlement. There are differences of opinion about the number that can be absorbed into this colony. Some would limit it to three hundred, others would extend it to six hundred. Even the higher number is but a small portion of our annual supply, which for the United Kingdom may be counted in round numbers at three thousand five hundred; and as the Western Australians naturally desire to benefit themselves, not the British public, they say that the convicts they can afford to take are the able-bodied, industrious, and well-disposed; precisely those whom the admirers of transportation would keep at home, while they exiled the diseased and the incorrigible. To those who ask why all the convicts cannot be sent away, we can only make answer, according to the national practice, by asking another question, "Whereto can they be sent?" Nobody can find a place for them. Mr. T. F. Elliot, the Colonial Under-Secretary, whose special duty it would be to select the most suitable place if there were a choice, told the Select Committee on Transportation that he had looked over the world, and could find no place upon its surface but Western Australia in which we could deposit our unpleasing burden.

Many people cry at once, Make a settlement. But a settlement is not easily made. Let those who think it so very simple an affair go through the brief preliminary process of telling what sort of settlement they would have. If it is to be a colony in which convicts, after they have undergone a certain period of imprisonment and coercion, are to be allowed, under conditions and limitations, to mix with the other colonists, then we must obtain precisely what is now refused to us—a colonial population willing to submit to the mixture. If the new settlement is to be a mere convict colony, a favoured spot where thieves, robbers, and other adepts in the higher departments of crime, are to live together in a state of partial bondage, which compels them to reside within the colony, but does not subject them to separation or any of the restraints of prison discipline—then it is certain that whenever such a project is laid before practical statesmen, they will remember such results of previous attempts, as will make them shudder at the faintest possibility of the danger recurring. Is the foreign station to be an establishment where the convicts are to be kept at work under the restraint of an armed force during the day, and to be locked up in cells at night?—then the question arises, what reason there is for having such an establishment in a distant colony rather than at home? It will be difficult to find any, beyond the force of habit arising from the practice of transportation. On the other hand, there are many reasons why places of punishment should be, as close as they can be brought, under the eye of Government and of the public—including those who may be inmates. The places most suitable for male convict establishments will be those where permanent public works are carried on. The interference of convict-labour with the ordinary labour-market is an evil, though it does not arise so much from the effective competition created by it, as from the sensitiveness of all classes of workmen, and their natural propensity to exaggerate whatever appears to jostle them in the virtuous endeavour to earn their bread, and that of their children, with the sweat of their brow No more dangerous feeling can be spread among the humbly industrious, than the notion that they are discountenanced in holding by honest industry for the benefit of the rogues who have yielded and become dishonest. We must take care that the honest labourer does not feel himself the worse for the criminal. This creates a difficulty in the execution of that prime requisite in convict discipline—the introduction of industrious habits.

By purely sacrificing the produce of the labour, the end is not achieved, because it is the aim of the discipline to impart adequate notions of the importance of productive labour. The method of solving the difficulty

appears to be by giving the produce of the labour to posterity, in the shape of public works which would not have been executed had there not been such an available labour-fund in the hands of the Government. The labour-market is ruled by the remunerative work available for it. The toil of the criminal at the crank or the tread-mill does not affect it. Nor will it be affected if such labour, instead of being wasted, should be turned to the erection of breakwaters or fortresses, which would not have been erected had it been necessary for the Government to contract for them. On similar principles, the bringing in of waste land may be an available source of convict-labour. The accounts of the Convict Board show that, while thus reserving something useful for posterity, men can be kept at work at home more cheaply than they can be transported; an element, though but a small one, in the estimate of the merits of different systems of penal discipline From the abrupt stoppage of the practice of transportation, and even from the popular panic which has subsequently arisen, we can anticipate none but good results. A growing and desperate evil has come to an end. We have been taught emphatically at last, that we cannot cast forth our convicts. Even if it were morally right that we should relieve ourselves of their burden by sending them where their crimes may indefinitely increase without injuring us, and where their miseries may rise to any amount of intensity without our being disturbed by their cry, we cannot, if we would, thus dismiss them into perdition. If we again cast them into the desert to eat each other, as they have done in Tasmania, we may depend on it that we or our children shall hear of the consequences. Let us take home the lesson taught to us by the miserable history of preceding efforts to cast our moral filth beyond the range of our sensibilities. It will combine, with other solemn lessons, to convince us that the wise dispensation by which the destiny of man is governed, does not permit him to cast off all responsibility for his fellow-man. He must be cared for—not disowned; and whether he is merely erring and requires counsel, or is criminal and should be chastised, the function must be performed, not in recklessness and wrath, but in the spirit of patient duty. There are obvious laws of nature which visit vices and crimes in those who commit them, by afflicting them with disease and misery. But as we advance in civilisation, and our relations to our fellow-men become more complex and extensive, we learn the higher and more subtle truth, that the calamities, and even the crimes of our neighbour, justly react upon us, since we have all some voice in his fate, and some responsibility for the social neglect which has occasioned his fall. There never was so much anxious and earnest study devoted to the causes and remedies of crime as during the four years following on the discovery that, after all efforts to cast our criminals forth, we must keep them and treat them at home.

If it were possible to dismiss every criminal, as he is convicted, out of sight and out of mind, there are considerations which suggest that we would be indulging in a false security, if we thought that by being rid of our criminals, we are rid of crime. The predatory offences, it must be remembered, are not only crimes, but *trades*, to some extent governed by the laws of supply and demand. It might be dangerous to carry this doctrine too far, but still it has a vital force within its limits. It does not apply to men of capacity and courage, who, having both paths open before them, deliberately discard the right and choose the wrong; to whom we may apply the

> "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."

There is a considerable proportion of men of this class in France—men who devote to the service of crime the genius that might guide diplomacy or sway senates, or organise and lead armies; and the knowledge that there are many such men around them, is one of the most depressing of the many ominous prospects which weigh upon the good and thoughtful in that unfortunate country. The removal of every man of this class by death or expatriation

is a sensible relief to the community, for his place is not necessarily filled. But the class is fortunately of comparative rarity in this country. Of men led to crime by wayward and peculiar passions, it may be said, too, that, by their removal, a certain item in the criminality of the community is also removed. But in the ordinary predatory offences, which are the staple of the criminality of this country—a penalty which it pays for its widely diffused wealth—there is a certain daily business done within those limits which the pressure of the administration of justice leaves available; and if one person does not transact it, another will. In every well-policed country, there is but a limited extent of depredation capable of being carried out. It is a sad thing to believe, but it is certainly true, that there now is—and until some radical moral change is effected on our population there will continue to be—a large body on the borders of criminality, ready to enter on its practical pursuit should they find an opportunity. If any one doubted that there is this class—criminals in heart, though not in deed—who only abstain from offences because others transact so much of the business as the momentary absence of the policeman renders practically available—the variations in the number of crimes committed in different periods—the increase when the temptation is aggravated by bad times, the decrease in periods of prosperity—will be sufficient to convince him. If, then, we shall simply turn the perpetrators of these common offences out of the country, without having secured the reformation of those who remain, the labour-market of crime will be deficient in workmen, and their places will presently be supplied from those who were standing all day in the market-place waiting for their opportunity. Now, the alarming but necessary result of such a view is, that, by this simple removal of offenders, crime may be increased rather than diminished; for we send away a convict who is still a criminal, and his place at home is filled by a new member of the profession. Even if there were not among ourselves a large number ready to fill the vacancies, the law of supply and demand would bring them from abroad.

Hence it is, that while we continued year by year exporting thousands of criminals, crime never decreased; and to this principle it must also surely in some degree be attributed, that since transportation has virtually ceased, and our criminals have been kept at home, crime, instead of increasing, has diminished. It is not easy to take the exact measure of the criminality of a country at any time, either separately or with reference to other times; and all complex comparison, involving not only the variations in the amount of crime, but the cause of these variations, must be accepted with caution. But there are statistical features too large in their general outlines to be mistaken, and the facts brought forward during the Parliamentary discussion in 1857, show that crimes, and especially the grave class of crimes had decreased in number, however formidable they might at times appear from the peculiar aspect which clusters of cases assumed. Let us take, for the sake of ease and compactness, the outline, as it were, of the criminal statistics of our own country, Scotland. The daily average number of inmates of the Scottish prisons, from the year 1840 downwards, will be found in the usual Parliamentary Reports. The highest number was in the year 1849, when it amounted to 3143; that is to say, taking one day with another, there were always throughout that year 3143 prisoners. During the three ensuing years the number did not quite reach 3000. In 1853 it was 2724; in 1854, 2666; in 1855, 2316; in 1856, 2210; in 1857, 2183.

Thus the number in the prisons during last year was in round numbers 1000—close on a third—less than it had been in 1849, and that while the population was doubtless increasing. The daily average is taken as the most simple and uniform test of the number of persons habitually undergoing punishment. If we take the number of committals, or of convictions, we require to analyse them, otherwise trifling police offences will count as much as highly-punished,

crimes; and that which may only indicate some new zeal in the suppression of petty nominal delinquencies, or the creation of a new offence by statute, may stand as evidence of a sudden increase in crime. A committal for twenty-four hours will count as much in such an enumeration as imprisonment for a year; but in the daily average it will be only the three hundred and sixty-fifth part of a unit. The returns for the year ending in the summer of 1856 show a slight increase in the total number of committals over the previous year; but this is concomitant with a decrease, enlarging as we ascend in the scale of punishment. The continued decrease in the class called convicts—those who used to be transported, and since 1853 have been sentenced either to transportation or to penal servitude—is very remarkable. The highest number during the past ten years was 533 in 1851. Next year the number fell to 433, and in the year following to 388. In 1853 it was 314; in 1855, 284; in 1856, 264; in 1857, 251—less than half the number in 1851. If we suppose that, while this decrease was in progress, the corresponding class of crimes has been increasing, the question would then be, not about the superior efficacy of one kind of punishment, or one method of prison discipline over another, but about the preposterous absurdity of awarding any punishment at all, or supporting the whole costly apparatus of the penal law.

And yet we know it to have been not only the firm belief of unprotected females, and rich old gentlemen burdened with a plethora of plate, but the solemnly announced opinion of corporate bodies, that this class of crimes has been increasing; and that with strides so long and rapid, that the country must soon pass into the possession of the freebooters, and sink into a condition which may have been known around the strongholds of the robber aristocracy of Germany, but had never before—not even in the days of Duval, or Turpin or Abershaw—been endured in Britain. Looking back from a calm distance on this popular delusion, it is not difficult to discover its causes. The necessity of keeping at home some thousands of the classes of ruffians who used to be sent to the antipodes, created a morbid irritation in the public mind. While the classes of prisoners previously known in this country were actually decreasing in number, the formation of convict establishments, and the sums voted by Parliament for their erection and support, were an ominous daily record of the perpetration of great crimes, and the existence among us of a formidable class of prisoners. Then the public, being sensitive and eager, their appetite for criminal news was naturally pampered. If fewer crimes were committed, more were noticed in the public press; and this to the public at large was equivalent to an actual increase; for the community among whom there are five daily crimes which are all published, will seem far more wicked than that in which there are ten daily crimes, only one of which is published. This is the publicity which makes the stranger, fresh from some Mediterranean city, in which assassins swarm, shudder when he reads the police column in the *Times*. It is a healthy characteristic, and though subject to occasional morbid excesses, even these do good, by concentrating attention on the reform of the criminal law, and the best methods of penal discipline.

On the present occasion, the delusion was aggravated by an incidental matter, likely ever to be a warning against the adoption of novelties, which, however sound they may be of themselves, and however acceptable to philosophers, have not been ventilated through the ordinary public mind, so as to be ripened into practical maturity by that general concurrence which in this country is essential to the success of all reforms. Of course we refer to the ticket-of-leave system. Its cause and origin admit of being very easily told, and at once explain that its peculiar and doubtful characteristics, having arisen from an incidental emergency, are not likely to be witnessed again. When the transportation system was stopped by the repudiation of the colonies, the Government had on their hands a body of persons, every day increasing, who were sentenced to this punishment, which

could not be carried out. The question was, What to do with them? The sentences to which they had been subjected involved a certain period of restraint, followed by years of modified freedom abroad. It was clear that in good faith the Government could not take advantage of a power hidden in any latent clause of an Act of Parliament, if there were such a thing, to inflict on them a punishment far greater than that to which they had been sentenced. To have kept the convicts in prison in this country during the long periods of their sentences of transportation, would have been not only to break faith with them, but to kill them by degrees, or drive them mad. Even with such relaxations as public works might afford, it was impossible in this country to give them the freedom which they would have enjoyed by ticket-of-leave or assignment in Australia. It was absolutely necessary, then, that they should be released at some time before the conclusion of their sentences; and the question came to be, How was this to be done? Unfortunately, perhaps, it was suggested that instead of a frank release, they should be conditionally at large, liable, whenever their conduct displeased the Secretary of State, to be brought back and subjected to the remainder of their sentences. This was the new feature in our penal system, which excited a mysterious suspicion in the public mind. Heretofore the executive had only exercised the power of pardon or remission towards criminals, but to the erring ticket-of-leave man it professed to exercise the prerogative of punishment. The public said that this power virtually was not exercised, however clamant might be the demand for it; and there was some truth in this charge, since the authorities at the Home Office were loth to inflict a heavy punishment on any one, on the ground of mere rumour or secret information, and were disposed to wait until the accused had proved his relapse into crime, by being judicially subjected to punishment. Further, it was felt that, if the police were encouraged to keep an eye on these men, and testify to their conduct, a dangerous power would be vested in that body; an espionage, in fact, or surveillance, offensive to the principles and feelings of the British people; so the police were not encouraged to take any special notice of them; and it was said that the ticket-of-leave men were a privileged body, whom the police were never to interrupt and molest in the pursuit of their felonious avocations.

Of course it could not come to pass that a body of men who had been sentenced to transportation should be the only portion of the community among whom there was no criminality. Several of them did commit offences; and as the public had made up their mind to find them at their old trade, every offence so committed was echoed and re-echoed in confirmation of the prophecy throughout the land, until the ears of the public were filled with them, and it seemed as if there were no offences but those committed by ticket-of-leave men, and no ticket-of-leave men who were not daily depredators. Colonel Jebb, who had the chief administration of the arrangement, stood on his statistics; but the people were no more inclined to listen to statistics than during the climax of a tragedy to count the audience. He thus maintained in vain, that out of 6730 male convicts released on license or ticket-of-leave in a period of three years and three months, but 842, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, had been convicted of any sort of offence, and that only 381 of these had been convicted for offences of a serious character. Matters always look serious when we come to hundreds or to thousands; but, to be honest, we must compare numbers with each other, and not be terrified by sounds. During the same period the number of males convicted of offences in England was 235,000. An estimate of the number of persons so convicted, made by deducting the number who were counted twice or thrice over on account of re-conviction, showed that there were three ticket-of-leave men among each thousand persons committed to the English prisons. From such general statistics, and the other facts within his knowledge, Colonel Jebb inferred "that a thousand prisoners discharged from the convict prisons, after being subject to a course of corrective discipline, would not do so much mischief

to the public as any other thousand taken indiscriminately from among those who are discharged at the gates of some of our large prisons, from which there issue as many as 8000 or 10,000 in the course of a single year."*

Contemporary with this English experiment another has been going on in Ireland, promising still more brilliant results, as Irish results in prospect are wont to be. The convicts in Spike Island hear lectures, make chemical experiments, and have advanced so far in political economy as to theorise on the ultimate productiveness of the public works on which they are employed. "They question the utility of fortifications and such works, but admit the benefits of trade and agriculture, and would therefore pay more attention to them."† Irish convicts who have earned by their conduct a certain amount of confidence, are sent on messages, and employed to transact confidential business, even in Dublin. Mr. Matthew Hill, the zealous recorder of Birmingham, made a pilgrimage to the Irish convict establishments to test the accuracy of these statements, and published a pamphlet attesting his belief in them. Let the world give both to them and to all other trials of the kind fair play. Should such unexpected results stand the test of time and wear and tear, it is well; but it may be proper, before we generalise too widely, even from a long series of facts, to remember that the Irish convict is in general a different being from the English thief. Professional theft is not the leading characteristic of Irish as of British criminality; that country is too poor to encourage the trade.

Before concluding, let us say a word on the peculiar position in which late legislation places the country in relation to the convict. To correct the difficulties caused by the colonial repudiation, the Act of 1853 was passed, substituting, in a large proportion of cases, a shorter sentence of "penal servitude" for the sentence of transportation. A cry arose for the restoration of transportation. The Government met it by the Act of 1857, which provides that, "after the commencement of this Act *no* person shall be sentenced to transportation." All convicts are now to be sentenced to penal servitude. But the penal serf may be sent anywhere, and left anywhere at the expiry of his sentence; so that in reality transportation may still be his lot if a place can be found to transport him to. Under the Act of 1853, though a penal serf might be sent abroad, he required to be brought back to finish his sentence in Britain; a conclusion which is generally deemed to neutralise the best objects of transportation. But the present Act, in terms of a circular issued to the judges, "will enable the Government to avail itself to the full extent of the facilities which may from time to time exist for removing to a penal settlement abroad, convicts sentenced to penal servitude. But although the sentence of penal servitude will hereafter subject the convict to the liability to removal under such sentence to a penal colony, the number of convicts who can be thus dealt with must depend on the facilities existing at any given period for their employment and absorption in a colony, and on the willingness of the colonists to receive them."

A prisoner, on hearing his sentence, sometimes asks, "What is penal servitude?"—and naturally: the knowledge is of some moment to him, but he cannot get it. The jailer cannot tell him; nor can the judge who sentences him; nor the Convict Board who carry out the sentence; not even the Secretary of State, who is supreme to dictate what it shall be; for though he may know his own intentions, he cannot anticipate those of his possible successor. Whether the committal of this great and peculiar power, even to an officer so high and responsible, is quite constitutional, is a question which we have not time at present to discuss. But certainly it cannot be doubted, that the sooner there is an end of ambiguities and dubieties, and the precise nature of every punishment is known to all—the judge, the culprit, and the bystanding public—the better will it be for the securing of public confidence in the fair administration of criminal justice.

* Report on the Discipline of Convict Prisons, 25. † Third Report of Directors.

## STORIES FROM ANCIENT SIND.

Few of the byways of history lead to more picturesque, and even pathetic scenes, than those which belong to the great Mohammedan conquests. The fiery character of the Arabs, the stern ideas which they entertained, and the magnificence of the old-world systems with which they rudely came in contact, all combined to produce events so singular and so tragic that we may well linger over them with more than ordinary interest and wonder.

Especially in the history of the Mohammedan conquest of Sind we find events touching in themselves, and suggesting a brief general view of the condition of Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, at one of those disturbed epochs which condition the progress of the world, or of large portions of it, for many centuries. Over all the three conquests of that country much obscurity rests. Alexander's invasion is related in Greek by Greeks; the history of the Mohammedan conquests is preserved in Persian by followers of Islam, eager to ascribe glory to God and his Prophet; and any one who has compared Sir William Napier's works with the petitions of the Ameers and the pamphlets of Outram and Jacob, will agree with us in thinking that it is a little difficult to determine even the facts of the recent English annexation. Some are of opinion that old Arab manuscripts, relating to the Mohammedan conquests of Sind, still exist in that country; but if that be the case, they are sacredly preserved from the eyes of every "dog-Christian." Only Persian compilations from them are available; and our knowledge of these compilations has been drawn from a variety of sources; —from conversations with learned Easterns;—from a carefully prepared abstract by a friend, an accomplished Persian scholar, of the *Tohfut-ul-Kiram*, a work which was composed, about ninety years ago, by Ali Sher Kanai of Thatta, who professed to compile from ancient chronicles;—from an unpublished volume, by the late Sir Henry Elliot, being an appendix to the third volume of his *Historians in India*;—and from a translation, by Captain Malet, published as a selection from the Records of the Bombay Government, of a History of Sind, by Mohammed Masoom, who wrote that his son—"the cooler of my eyes, the flower of my heart, Meer Boorzoorg"—might learn what the good men of old did, and who damps the effects of his finest stories by quaintly adding, "But as to the truth of this, God only knows!" Some valuable information has also been derived from the extracts presented in a curious work, published at London in 1665, copies of which are to be found in the British Museum, and the Royal Asiatic Society's Library, entitled ΠΑΛΛΑΔΙΟΝ *περι των της Ινδιας εθνων και της βραγμανων*; from the writings of the Chinese travellers Fa Hian and Hiuan Thsang, which have been translated into French; and from accounts, published in local papers, of excavations made at Bahmana-jodaru, or Brahminabad.

Of early Sindian history so little is known that, at almost any point we may select in it, there remains only a confused and indefinite background. All the conquests of Sind stand in confused historical light, though their incidents have been minutely recorded; and but little or nothing is known of the events which produced the first two. The country itself has not afforded much material aid to the written records, by means of ruins and inscriptions; and these records have been almost entirely devoted to the circumstances attending the advent and progress of invaders. In order to determine the general condition of Sind prior to the Mohammedan invasion, it is necessary to have recourse to the testimony of foreign writers, and carefully to note facts which are incidentally mentioned, and scattered far apart from each other. Many of the remarkable deeds of Gotama Buddha are described as having been performed on the banks of the Indus.

In the index to the *Thibetan Sutras* it is said that these were first, for the most part, committed to writing in the Sindhu language; and even modern Sindee is one of the purest dialects of the ancient language of Buddhistic India. The Greek writers describe a state of society essentially Buddhistic in the countries of the Indus. Fa Hian, who travelled in the fifth century after Christ, found his own Chinese faith prevailing in the Sindian states, though both in Bokhara and Persia it had been supplanted by Zoroastrianism. Two centuries later, Hiuan Thsang bore very similar testimony; and recent excavations have disclosed many ancient Buddhistic remains. But, on the other hand, turning to the Mohammedan historians, it appears that while the natives of Sind, at the time of the Mohammedan conquest, are simply called Kaffirs, or infidels, their king was the son of a Brahmin named Chach. The enthronement of Chach is placed A.D. 622, which could not have been far from the time when Hiuan Thsang visited Sind; and so we are led to conclude that Buddhism and Brahminism were not violently antagonistic to each other when the latter began to predominate.

The one fact which fills up the gap of a thousand years between the conquest of Alexander and that of Mohammed Kasim, is that during that period Sind was under the rule of Buddhistic ideas. This conveys important meaning, and explains many things otherwise unintelligible. It renders credible the extraordinary prosperity of ancient Sind, and the striking valour and virtue displayed by its inhabitants when called on to resist invaders. Buddhism, with its popular idea of a supreme ruler, its transcendental hero-worship, its doctrine of rigid immutable retribution, its beautiful moral teaching, and its elaborate political arrangements, produced rich fruits of personal virtue and social success in all the countries where it prevailed. Even the early Brahminism, from which it may have sprung, and before which it fell, was vastly superior to that which now prevails in India. Both historical testimony and monumental evidence prove that, in spiritual character and temporal success, ancient India far surpassed anything to be found under the rule of the later Brahmins and the Mohammedans.

Bearing this in mind, we may see in Sind of the present day not a primitive desert country, but one known to have become desert in retrograde action. We know not how and by whom these lands, contiguous to the Indus and its tributaries, stretching up eight hundred miles from the sea, was intersected by canals, won into grain-fields, and spotted with villages and towns. The toiling millions,—of whom every unit was itself a whole, and enacted a life-drama,—are now thrown into one indistinct mass, which scarcely excites an idea in our minds, or claims any place in history. Nothing remains to tell how the tribes of the five rivers, of the Suleiman and Hala mountains, of Affghanistan, of Seestan, of the Delta, Kutch, and Guzerat, were rolled into that great Sindu kingdom, which extended from Surat to Candahar, and from the two trees of Cashmere to Mekran and the sea. All the Punjaub wars, Meeanee routs, Ghuznee massacres, revenue settlements, law organisations, mixtures of race, and other important events which produced the great ancient kingdom of Sind, are now finally at rest, freed from the troubling of all wicked historians. Emerging into a dim historical light, we have great cities, as Alore, and Brahminabad; wise mild-ruling Hindu Raees, sleeping on the bed of contentment in the house of justice; fair and faithless Hindu Ranees, into whose hearts the bird of unlawful desire has entered; handsome but prudent young Brahmins, finding by female favour the way to the throne; soldiers to guard the kingdom; merchants to supply it; artificers to adorn it; and, foundation of all, hard-worked ryots providing food and building many forts.

A line of Hindu Raees or kings flourished in Sind during the sixth century after Christ. Rais Sahasee, the last of these, is said to have made many laws, and must have been a wonderful monarch if he was able to enforce this one, which was attributed to him, "To whom pay

is due, he receives it at once; there must be no delay." It is recorded of him, however, that he spent his days and nights as much as possible in the bedchamber of happiness, and left business affairs to be conducted by his Wazeer, Ram. This minister, being sick one day, sent a clear-speaking, prepossessing young Brahmin, called Chach, the son of Seelaj, to read some important letters to the king. The Ranee, or queen, wished to keep her face veiled in presence of the stranger, but the unsuspecting monarch himself remarked that no such concealment was required. Young Chach read the letters so gracefully, or was so captivating in appearance, that the Ranee was deeply moved by him, and soon found opportunity of communicating her love. He, however, stood on the ground of denial, as the Persians phrase it; on this account happiness left her heart, and in her misery she rolled about like a half-killed bird. Chach had learned from the stars that great prospects were in store for him, but his prudence, or perhaps his cowardice and cunning, advised him to refuse the queen's advances, and patiently watch the chances of the game. Nor did the sequel confound his wisdom. After the queen had been assured by Chach that he would not commit perfidy, it happened, curiously enough, that her husband, Rais Sahasee, became seriously ill. The lady, who was ready to die from love, found thus relief and hope. She immediately sent for Chach, reminded him that the dying monarch had no son, and offered her hand and the throne to that crafty young priest. This, probably was what the Brahmin had calculated upon. The two agreed to conceal the king's death for a time, in order to circumvent any of his relatives who might be disposed to claim the succession. A proclamation was made to the effect that the Rais had partially rallied, though not strong enough to appear in public; and that in order to prevent further delay in the administration of state affairs, he had appointed Chach to perform the duties of the royal office. A signet-ring was produced in confirmation of this statement; and the principal Chobdars were deceived by it, or judged it best to give it credit. The Ranee appears to have been the better man of the two: she herself arranged the affair, and put her plans into execution. To Chach she said, after a fashion which proved very enlarged views of morality, "The time has now come when we can be one; we must arrange to get rid of those who may not approve of this." The way in which this spirited woman got rid of those who disapproved of her conduct was instantly collecting fifty chains, sending for the relations of the king one by one, binding them as they entered, and then handing them over to be slain. Thus Chach was married to the Ranee, and ascended the throne. Whatever his fascinations may have been, courage was not one of these. Shortly after assuming power, he was attacked by an ambitious chief at the head of a large army, and instead of acting boldly, he applied to his wife for encouragement and advice. "Men," she replied, "are best acquainted with the counsels of war; if you are afraid, give me your clothes, and you shall take mine, then I will go and fight the enemy." No wonder Chach was ashamed on hearing this, and held down his head. He went to battle, and, being challenged by his opponent, agreed to single combat; but even then his Brahminical nature displayed itself. He urged his inexperience with horses as a reason why the contest should be decided on foot; but having whispered an attendant to bring up his own steed, he quickly mounted, and thus having his foe at a disadvantage, struck him with one blow to the earth. It is noteworthy that such a treacherous coward should have gained the affections of a high-bred, spirited, and determined woman, but not at all strange; for it is often the unlike which has most charms, and the ways of the gentler sex are proverbially mysterious. This story may serve as an indication that, early in the seventh century, Sind required a little renovation, from the influx either of foreign invaders or of foreign ideas; for every country is in a state of corrupt civilisation, where women overlook the absence

of the primary virtue, courage, and allow their imagination to glorify men who are great only in pretension, and good only because they assert it, and find dupes to believe the falsehood.

But Sind was destined to meet soon with stern realities, and so to be awakened from its dream of priestly virtue. The events we have just related occurred in the evening of one, and the morning of another great world-system. Buddhism, always aspiring towards perfect rest and unconscious being, had got sunk in impracticabilities and sloth; the Indo-Scythian ideas were all but exhausted; the tiger, the snake, and the wild jungle, were ready to reclaim the celled hills, once musical with the hum of innumerable droning troglodytic monks, which were plentifully scattered from the steppes of Tartary to

"Smiling Salsette's cave-wrought coast."

In the West, the Roman Empire which had absorbed the civilisation of Greece, was falling into ruin. Essentially heathen in its spiritual phase, its decline and fall could not be arrested by the new element of Christianity. Rome was only Grecian thought realised — passed from the originating into the effecting stage. It contributed no new element, discouraged all originality of thought, and, under its later emperors, consumed both capital and interest; so at this time it was about to die, unhonoured and unsung. Zoroastrianism, also, was approaching its end in Persia; although, like Greece under Alexander, it made a last expiring and glorious effort in the conquests of the later Sassanides, who compelled Justinian to purchase an ignoble peace, extended the dominion of Persia to the shores of the Levant, won Egypt and Tripoli, and threatened Constantinople. These first six or seven centuries of the Christian era form a central period in the history of the world — a period of decay and death, of conception and birth.

Not to modern Brahminism was it given to supply the place of Buddhism, and hold the eastern world. Entirely new winds of summer heat were required for the further development of human life, and these came, like a simoom blast, from the burning deserts of Arabia. The new influence produced from a race which had long been separated, either by its own peculiarities or its geographical position, from the general family of man; but which in its isolation, whether in its native deserts or its insecure Syrian possession, had long been gathering strength and storing up ideas to reinform and subdue the earth. Judaism was too arrogant, local, and intensely national, to influence the world in the day of its success, but when thrown into the wine-press of the wrath of God, true balm was pressed from it for the healing of the nations. For Christianity, however, the East was not prepared; a ruder, lower, and more cruel system of religion was first required to pave the way for it, as the prophet clothed in camel's hair was the forerunner of Christ. There are sufficient grounds to believe that Christian churches existed in India in the fifth century; but these soon disappeared, leaving only a sad trace of their existence in the name and incarnation of Krishna, a lascivious god, and very Hindu Christ indeed. The rude denizens of Arabia and all Central Asia were no more likely to be influenced, twelve centuries ago, by the laws of love and individual liberty which form the essentials of our faith, than are at this day the tigers of Bengal. In order to progress eastward, the Semitic race had to mould a wilder and more warlike system out of Christianity.

So about the time when Chach mounted the throne of Sind, when Buddhism was degrading into modern Brahminism, and otherwise approaching dissolution, across the Arabian Sea, in the stony valley and burning streets of Mecca, an epileptic boy was born into day, and nursed in the arms of a shapeless Abyssinian girl. Like Gotama the founder of Buddhism, Mohammed, though of a dark race, was himself of a fair type. After his youthful training among the Bani Saad, he passed, as is now established beyond doubt, over into Syria, by the deserted excavations of Petra, and thus

became acquainted with corrupt Syrian Christianity. In his years of humble labour and silent thought, which were broken by madness and shadowed by gloom, he worked out, for the satisfaction of his own soul, a theory of the universe and vindication of the ways of God to man. We cannot here discuss how far his purer ideal may have been lost in its application to his fellows, and by what he gained of immediate success. Suffice to note that this new Prophet was successful; that, while old religions were dying farther east, the rocks of the Hejaz were echoing the names of Allah and Mohammed. Even during his life he would willingly, as may be seen from his letters to the rulers of Persia and Rome, have extended Islam beyond the limits of Arabia, but was distracted by nearer cares, it not being till the ninth year of the Hejira that submission was made to him by the Koreish, who were the most influential of all the Arabs. Two years after this, all his prayers to the "Lord of the Daybreak"—or the Light of Existence, as commentators interpret the phrase—were unavailing against the "Mischief of the Night" which overtook him. But Arabia was inspired with the new power; it went forth conquering and to conquer. Quickly the wilder men of the East, especially all of Semitic origin, accepted the teaching of the last of the prophets. A line of Kaliphs arose, first ruling at Medina, then at Kufa, Damascus, and Baghdad. Host after host of fierce warriors issued forth to subdue the world. From the southern islands of Asia to

> "The aerial mountains which pour down
> Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,"

from the walls of Vienna to the harmattan winds of Western Africa, the tassels of the Mohammedan flags were to float on the breeze of victory. The mystic cross of the Doctors of Reason was, except in Eastern Asia, about to be supplanted, partly by the obscene *lingam* of the followers of Mahadeo, but chiefly by the crescent moon and the blood-drinking sword. History was prepared to leave the mythic line of Buddhas, with its hundreds of quadrillions of ten of quadrillions of unlimited aeons, for not less vain Semitic genealogies. And even prosy geography was ready to take the great footprint in Ceylon —"an island inhabited by demons, genii, and dragons"—from the indefinite Scythian Buddha, and ascribe it to enormous Semitic Adam, as he stood, in that singularly fanciful morning of the world, with one foot on Rahun and the other in the sea, looking for Eve, who was sleeping in the valley of Mecca, with knees two matchlock-shots asunder.

To explain the chronological order of events, we give the following list of Kaliphs, from the death of Mohammed to shortly after the conquest of Sind:—

| | A.H. | A.D. |
|---|---|---|
| Aboo-becr, . | 11—13 | 632—34 |
| Omar, . . | 13—23 | 634—43 |
| Othman, . | 23—35 | 643—55 |
| Ali, . . | 35—40 | 655—60 |
| Hassan, . . | 40—41 | 660—61 |
| *Line of the Umayides*, A.D. 661—750 | | |
| Muaviya, . | 41—60 | 661—79 |
| Yezid, . . | 60—64 | 679—83 |
| Muaviya II., . | 64 | 683 |
| Marwan, . . | 64—65 | 683—84 |
| Abdool Mulik, . | 65—86 | 684—705 |
| Walid, . . | 86—96 | 705—15 |
| Suleiman, . | 96—99 | 715—17 |

Even a few years after Mohammed's death, in the kaliphate of Omar, the Arabs had mastered no small portion of the East. Towards Sind threatening progress was made, for Kirman, the easternmost province of Persia, Seistan, and Mekran, were soon taken by Abdoolla, a bold general, who would have pushed his arms across the Indus had his lord allowed. According to the *Chach Nameh*, a certain Aboo Musa Ashari, who had been one of Mohammed's personal companions, wrote to the Kaliph to the effect that the King of Sind was "powerful and contumacious, following the path of unrighteousness, and having sin in his heart;" but this accusation, which was quite a sufficient pretext for war in the eyes of pious Mohammedans, failed to excite prudent Omar, who seems to have thought that the Sindian apple was not quite ripe. A remarkable proof of the strong outward tendency of the Arabs at this period may be found in the fact that, in

addition to the gigantic aggressions of the Kaliphs, private individuals carried on a system of filibustering and privatering on the shores of the Arabian Sea and its gulfs. Then, as now in North America, the eagerness of the individual outran the prudence of the ruler. One of these attempts, forerunners of serious invasion, was made in Omar's reign, by a Mohammedan General Walker, upon Debal, a part of Sind, but was frustrated by the valour and vigour of Samba the governor, a hero otherwise unknown to fame.

Othman, in the commencement of his reign, had to deal with many rebellions in the newly-conquered provinces; but these being put down, and his power consolidated, he extended the Arab rule up the western side of the Hala mountains, even into the Kohistan and farther Balkh. Sind, however, was left untouched, because a spy reported of it—"Water in that country is of a dark colour, flowing only drop by drop; the fruits are sour and unwholesome; rocks abound, and the soil is brackish. The thieves are intrepid warriors, and the bulk of the population dishonest and treacherous. If the troops sent there are few in number, they will be exterminated; if they are numerous, they will perish of hunger." This account is not inapplicable to Sind of the present day, but is so different from our reliable knowledge of the state of that country under its Brahmin kings, that we are forced to conclude either that the spy had never entered it, or that he had received a retainer from the wily Sindians.

After the death of Othman, until the succession of the Umayides, there was too much confusion to allow of foreign conquest. Even during the reign of the first Kaliphs of that dynasty, the mountainous region of Central Asia appears to have been held insecurely; so they feared to descend upon Sind, lest retreat might be cut off. On its western frontier it was protected by hill-tribes, then, as now, the bravest and most independent in that portion of Asia. Until these were thoroughly Islamised, Sind was safe; but though able to cope with Mohammedans, they were easily overcome by Mohammedanism. The historians relate miraculous tales to the effect that the hillmen were suddenly terrified and converted by hearing the *Tukbeer*, or acknowledgment of divine greatness, and incidentally mention that it has sounded through centuries, and still continues to sound, from the depths of the rock. It will be sufficient for us to bear in mind that the harsh, aggressive, law-honouring religion of the Koran was remarkably suited to find a response in the hearts of rude mountainers, whose close contact with nature and fact left room only for the growth of the primary virtues of bravery, fidelity, and religious awe. Mild life-honouring Buddhism and clever clerkish Brahminism had no chance with it in these regions. The sight of the invading army kneeling in prayer, and prostrating itself as one man, had great influence on the simple mountaineers. In later years the spy of one tribe said, on returning to his people after witnessing such a spectacle,—"By the oath of God! I have seen these people so united, that to whatever business they turn their heads, they will assuredly accomplish it;" and the credibility of the story is not much affected by the palpable Mohammedan form of the remark.

It is in the later portion of the reign of Abdool Mulik that we first find Sind seriously threatened. Daher, the son of our prudent friend Chach, was its king, ruling mildly and wisely, according to all accounts. A shadow hung over the royal house, for early in his reign it had been prophesied, and explained on the carpet of inquiry, that his sister was destined to be the wife of a ruler of Sind. In order to escape the evil of the prophesy, he nominally made her his own wife. Though the Sindians may have had an uneasy dread of the changes which were in store, they did not prevent some of their predatory tribes incensing the Kaliph Abdool Mulik, so that "perspiration issued from his body," by robbing his servants of "female slaves and other things," which were being conveyed to him as a present from Hindostan or Ceylon. In consequence of this insult, the Kaliph desired to

send an army into Sind; but, just at that time, his life was won by death, and his successor, Walid, doubted whether he had treasure sufficient to risk an attempt at conquest. But though the Kaliph acted the prudent part of our Court of Directors, he also had a Lord Ellenborough and a Sir Charles Napier. Hejjaz, his deputy in Central Asia, who was a far-seeing, ambitious, and unscrupulous man, and who is introduced in the *Arabian Nights*, in the story of Neameh and Noam, as stealing the damsel Noam and sending her to Abdool Mulik, followed what simple-minded Mohammed Masoom calls "the custom of good clever men, first of all to find out the condition of the enemy," and sent spies into Sind. Learning from these that it would pay the expense of conquest, he not only urged his lord to make the attempt, but offered himself to guarantee the payment.

Mohammedanism was then in a glorious ascendant. It had triumphed on the banks of the Euphrates, had overcome Persia, gained stony Khorassan, the river-broken desert of Seistan, and Mekran, which then consisted of all Beloochistan, besides the long dreary line of riverless coast which stretches from sacred Hindu Hinglaj to the entrance of the Persian Gulf. When the Arabs were in Mekran, and so flushed with conquest, it was time for sister-loving King Daher, and his son, the Lion, to bestir themselves for the safety of their kingdom. Quiet loving councillors, however, gave this advice—"The Mohammedans will go this way and that way, where affronts are offered to their religion; but if we sit on the carpets of prudence and peace, they will leave us untroubled." How many similar speeches have been made, regarding ourselves, in the durbars of Indian princes! The policy of King Daher and his advisers was exactly that followed, several centuries after, by the Ameers of Sind toward their British ally, and it had precisely similar results.

Hejjaz being determined on the conquest, and the hillmen having been either conquered or converted, the Kaliph granted permission; and young Mohammed Kasim, the nephew or the cousin of Hejjaz, was, professedly on astrological advice, appointed to command the invading army. This general has no place in modern history; yet, both from innate ability and tragic destiny, he may rank with the two other conquerors of Sind. A Sindee historical medal would bear on its one side the head of the young Greek Immortal, with its savage beauty tempered by the weak passion of a woman or a child, and a gleam of horror and presaging death troubling the conquering light of the eagle eye. Thus would be fitly represented, as in ancient busts, the surpassing glory and deep debasement, the marvellous promise and swift fate of the world's Alexander. On the reverse there would appear an energetic rudely human face, compressed into hawk-like watchfulness, furrowed by earnest thought, and pained by mean cares—the face of old Sir Charles, the great British general, who won all his fame from a most reluctant fortune, and being too impatient of dunçedom, never found a fitting field for the exercise of his penetrating genius. Though, in these respects, we know of Mohammed Kasim only that he was of great beauty, and seventeen years of age, when the invading army was committed to his charge, yet we shall find in the history of his brilliant success, and union of youthful fire with the wisdom of age, enough to suggest a distinct image of the boy-conqueror leading on the wild turbaned host of Islam; while the story of his swift awful doom may serve to associate him with his greater predecessor.

The nucleus of the Mohammedan army consisted of twelve hundred picked men from Syria and western Persia. Starting about 710 A.D., its route lay through Kerman, Mekran, and across the Hala, to Oomerkote in Sind, a town which must have been near where Hydrabad now stands. It is unnecessary, happily unnecessary, as it is impossible, to describe all the conflicts which ensued—the stern religious fanaticism, the lust for blood, the wild battle-shock, the confusion, agony, and terror—

"Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago,
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin,
Shut them in,
With their triumphs, and their glories, and the rest."

Various fights are recorded, in which the result was always the same; "the breeze of victory" bore on the flags of Islam, and the "reins of his will" fell from the hands of the Hindu commander. Though always successful in the field, Mohammed Kasim had difficulty in procuring supplies; and his army, suffering from famine, was obliged to consume its horses. But the astrologers had predicted that Sind was to be taken by the nephew of Hejjaz; so he followed his star to victory and death. When, in these circumstances, King Daher offered peace if the Mohammedans would consent to return westward, their youthful leader replied: "Inshallah! the country belongs to the Faithful. Until the Infidel be obedient, and acknowledge our sway, I shall not abandon my lawful prize." Hejjaz contrived to send a fresh supply of horses; and soon after occurred the great battle in which King Daher fulfilled his destiny and the Brahmin power was overthrown in Sind.

The king was sleeping pleasantly in his palace, dreaming of future success and glory, in the month Ramzan, of the ninth year of the Hejira, when at early dawn he was awakened to receive tidings from a horseman, who had ridden all night to bring intelligence of Mohammed Kasim's victorious approach. Though, by a sudden blow, he killed the chamberlain who ventured to arouse him, a little reflection showed the necessity of at once making a great effort, and of placing himself at the head of his followers. The first ten days of Ramzan were passed in hard fighting, of which the result was favourable to the Mohammedans, who succeeded in crossing several rivers, and forcing some important points. On the 11th, Daher led to battle 10,000 horsemen, clad in mail, 30,000 footmen, and many warriors on elephants in front. On the finest and most richly caprisoned of these animals he himself sat, along with his two beautiful daughters, one of whom administered betel and the other wine. He was armed with a kind of iron noose or ring, which he could throw like a lasso, and which was heavy and sharp enough to strike off a man's head.

At first the Moslems gave way; but again they fixed their feet firm on the ground, and drew their blood-drinking swords from the scabbards of revenge. Towards evening, when both parties were fatigued and desirous of repose, a discharge of fireworks by the invaders terrified the elephants of their opponents so much that these animals broke loose, and ran furiously about the Sindian camp, causing much confusion and fright. At the same moment Mohammed Kasim ordered a volley of arrows, and with a body of his men made a ferocious charge. One of the arrows struck Rais Daher in the throat; and the bird of his life being freed from the cage of his body, flew away. His attendants endeavoured to lead back the elephant, but its huge feet stuck in the moist clay. By this time the sun had set; and the Brahmins around, taking Daher's dead body out of the howdah, concealed it in the mud before they fled to the city. Falling into the hands of a Moslem officer, they were glad to escape immediate death by mentioning the fate of their monarch, and pointing out his dead body. While Daher was lying in the mud, his two daughters, who had been seized by renegades of the town, were brought before Mohammed Kasim; and he, supposing their father had escaped, proclaimed that none were to occupy themselves in following him, lest he should return and take them by surprise. On hearing this proclamation, Kais, the officer who had found the body, shouted the *Tukbeer*, and this being understood as a signal of Daher's death, "God is great" rose from all the Mohammedan host. The head of the Hindu Rais was shown to the daughters by Mohammed Kasim; and whether this was done as an intentional insult, or with the view of proving identity, the action was never forgiven, and afterwards led to very singular and fatal consequences. When morning dawned, the troops moved forward to the fort,

and exhibited Daher's head in order to induce the garrison to surrender. At first they would not believe the fact thus brought before their eyes; but Ladhee, the widowed queen, hearing of the occurrence, ran to the walls, and at once recognising the face of her lord, uttered a shriek of agony, and threw herself from the battlements. On that same day the army of Islam entered the fort, raised a pulpit, and read prayers.

There are some small discrepancies between the different historical accounts of these events; but on that subject the less said the better, it being impossible for us to resuscitate Ali Bin Hamed Bin Aboo Bukkur Koofee and confront him with Kazee Ismail Bin Ali Mohammed Bin Moosa Bin Taee, and with other individuals who would require to be examined before exact truth could be elicited. Exact truth is, perhaps, not desirable in such relations; certainly not when it interferes with the great general impressions which it is peculiarly the office and the honour of history to convey. The scantiness of the details and distance of the interests render it difficult, perhaps impossible, now to realise the events which established Islam in Sind. An era, a dynasty, a faith, a battle—these are brief words, easily entered, with their dates, upon our memory; but that is very different from forming real acquaintance with the things which they represent: and even when wandering in the white moonlight of Sind, among the mounds formed by the ruins of great ancient cities, hearing the sullen sweep of the broad river which for centuries unknown has moaned down to the sea, it is difficult to take an interest in more than the few personal incidents connected with the conquest which the Mohammedan chroniclers have handed down. Though of these the fall of Rais Daher may have no special charm for the imagination, it is otherwise with the tendril that clung to him, falling when he fell. The shriek of his queen may be heard above the noise of centuries. Among Hindus the family feelings are singularly strong; and however opposed to many of their theories, the wife is not unfrequently the companion, counsellor, and helpmeet of her lord. Mahratta as well as Sindian history records many instances of womanly wisdom, womanly love, and more than womanly devotion. Ladhee may have been influenced by the requirements of her creed, or dreaded worse than death at the conqueror's hands; but she also showed somewhat of the love which is stronger than death, and illustrated the old truth, that while there are various skies and creeds, to humanity there is only one heart.

Warfare, in some shape or other, appears to be an essential part of life upon earth. From the animalcule to the civilised man, everything is devouring something, and securing its own temporary existence by trampling some other being into night and chaos. In all lands and in all climes it is the inevitable law that, as the new life moves wildly on, life is beaten down under its giant tread. Nations destroy each other by the arts of peace as well as by those of war. And man is always the same in his gratitude for victory; whether on the banks of the Scamander or the Indus, he knows that he has conquered through the guidance of invisible powers, and to serve unseen ends. As the Greek offered sacrifice to his favourite god, so the Arab raised a pulpit and read a sermon and prayers; so the English, after entering Hydrabad, read the thanksgiving for victory. In the Mohammedan religious feeling, however, there was a sternness and gloom unknown in the heathenism which it came to displace. The thanksgiving of the Heathen, and more especially of the Greek, was little more than an expression of contentment with the beauty and fulness of life: turning joyfully from the grey mists of eternity which had threatened to enclose him, he looked upon the sunny land of the living, and exclaimed, "O dear city of Jove!" The gratitude of the Arabian or the Hebrew, on the other hand, was based on the moral idea which had possessed the mind of his race, convicting of guilty shortcoming, causing a fearful dread of coming judgment, and regarding the creature as standing in sinful opposition to the Creator. This idea

exercised a singular influence over men, to recreate and yet to torture. As it possessed their minds, "beauty straightway vanished; they read commandments, all-excluding mountainous duty. An obligation—a sadness, as of piled mountains—fell on them, and life became ghastly, joyless, a pilgrim's progress, a probation, beleaguered round with doleful histories of Adam's fall and curse, behind us; with doomsday and purgatorial and penal fires before; and the heart of the seer and the heart of the listener sank in them." The gloom and sternness of Mohammed and his race greatly influenced the religion which he taught; more especially it allowed of no compromise between the believer and the infidel. To the former it was a matter of infinite importance; so, as a natural consequence, he determined that it should be so to the latter also. We find the Prophet himself, in the Koran, often fleeing from the thought of God to wild aspirations for the destruction of the enemies of God; and his followers had this text ever in recollection: "Thou shalt in no wise count those as dead who were slain in the cause of God at Ohod; nay, they are sustained alive with the Lord, rejoicing because of what He, of His favour granted them; and being glad for those who, coming after them, have not overtaken them; because there shall no fear come on them, neither shall they be grieved."

In Sind, however, the Mohammedan invaders seem to have tempered their religious enthusiasm with kindness and prudence; for they used persuasion rather than the sword as their instrument of conversion—an exception to their ordinary rule which resulted, in all probability, from the personal character of Mohammed Kasim. It is related that, after entering Alore, he went into a temple where many Sindees were worshipping round an idol, the image of a man on horseback. The first fiery impulse led the young general to raise his sword, with the intention of cleaving it in twain; but, being arrested by the cry of the horrified priests, he contented himself with pulling off one of its gauntlets, remarking to them, "Your god wants a gauntlet; ask him what he has done with it?" "How should a lifeless image know?" returned the Brahmins, falling into the snare, and exposing themselves to the rational rebuke which the Mussulman quickly administered. One-fifth of the spoil was set apart according to the injunction of the Koran: "Know that whenever ye gain any spoils, a fifth part thereof belongeth unto God, and to the apostle and his kindred, and the orphans, and the poor, and the traveller." Much also of the conquered land was given for the support of sacred edifices and institutions; and so were founded those ecclesiastical establishments which are said to have absorbed one-third of the entire revenue of Sind under the government of the late Ameers. Even certain revenues which, under Daher had been given to Hindu priests, were continued by the Mohammedans; while in some places the natives were allowed to rebuild their temples, and continue their idolatrous worship.

Sir Henry Elliot, following the *Futuhulbuldan*, mentions some important exceptions to this lenity. When the Moslems had usurped the complete mastery, and felt themselves secure, they displayed their usual cruelty and bigotry. At Debal the temples were demolished; a general massacre ensued for three whole days; prisoners were taken captive, and much plunder was amassed. The idols were broken, and mosques were founded at Nairun, notwithstanding its voluntary surrender. Though the lives of the inhabitants were saved at Alore, a heavy tribute was demanded from them, and painful conditions were imposed on the use of their temples. At Mooltan, Mohammed Kasim displayed more intolerance than was his wont. The *Bhavisha Purana* and one of the Chinese travellers mention that there was at that place a golden statue of the sun; but the Arabic writers speak of the principal idol as being only composed of wood, covered with a red skin, and having two rubies for eyes. Mohammed Kasim left this idol uninjured, in order to enrich himself by the abun-

dant offerings which were laid at its feet; but at the same time, in order to show his horror of Indian superstition, he attached a piece of cow's flesh to its neck—thus gratifying his avarice and malignity at once.

Of Sir Charles Napier it is recorded by his brother, that "while his cannon still resounded on the banks of the Indus, he had made known that all persons, whether of high or low degree, were confirmed for the time, and would be so permanently, according to their behaviour, in the employments they held under the Ameers." A similar course had been previously pursued by the Mohammedan conqueror. "The Brahmins," avers Mohammed Masoom, "were placed by him, as before, in charge of the revenues, and appointed to listen in suits of law." But another authority adds that most of the Hindu priests refused to act, and preferred enrolment as an order of mendicants. The original conquerors received large grants of land, on condition of military service; and these lands were cultivated, not by the invaders, who, being soldiers, were forbidden this employment, but by the former possessors, who were degraded to the condition of serfs. But the Arabs were glad, at the same time, to avail themselves of more intellectual service which the Hindus could render; and even Daher's prime-minister was retained as a official of some kind or other.

Very curious information has been gathered by Sir Henry Elliot, and is preserved in his unpublished volume, regarding the revenue of Sind, and the expense of the Mohammedan invasion. "On counting up the cost of the Sindian expedition, Hejjaz found that he had expended 60,000,000, and had received 120,000,000 dirhems. As that could only have been the Kaliph's share of one-fifth, the total value of the plunder obtained must have been 600,000,000 dirhems. Now, as one million of dirhems, at fivepence halfpenny each, is equivalent to about £23,000 of our money, and as the relative value of money was ten times greater than now, we may conceive the amount to be largely exaggerated. . . . We find that the province of Sind yielded annually a sum of 11,500,000 dirhems, Mooltan being most probably included, as it is not mentioned among the other provinces. . . . It is not an improbable amount when we consider [the extent of ancient Sind and] the liberal alienations and reserves, as well as the change in the value of money. Under the Talpurs, notwithstanding that many large and productive tracts were afforested by them, Sind is said to have occasionally yielded £400,000, and under the Kalhoras, tradition represents the revenue at the exaggerated amount of £800,000. At present [1853], with security on all its borders, and tranquillity within them, it does not pay to the British government more than £300,000, and the expenses have been hitherto more than double that sum." These singular statements establish more than Sir Henry has clearly brought out. Six hundred millions of dirhems would amount, according to his calculation and the present value of money, to the enormous sum of £138,000,000, which would have made even Sir Charles Napier a great favourite with the Indian Directors, had he found it, or anything like it, in Hydrabad. The cost of the expedition being subtracted, there must have remained a clear profit of £136,620,000. "But as to the proof of this," to quote good old Mohammed Masoom, "God only knows!" There was a hot controversy, a few years ago, as to whether our occupation of Sind was paying or not, and Sir William Napier virtually gave the lie on the subject, to what he was pleased to call "the pompous libellers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviews," and "the penny-paid slanderers of the daily press." When some uncertainty hangs over even that matter, it would be absurd to enter into a discussion of the finance of the Moslem invasion, as described by Moslem historians—a class of gentlemen who have little scruple in drawing largely and minutely upon imagination whenever facts fail. Let us accept their details only as pointing generally to the fact that the countries of the Indus are desert, not in an onward, but in a retro-

grade motion; and that Sind and Central Asia, a thousand years ago, presented a very different aspect from that which they have at the present day. The small number of the Arab invaders does not argue against such a view. Only a confused idea can be formed of the population of the country at that period, but it seems by no means to have been entirely friendly to its Hindu rulers. We find that sorceresses advised the capitulation of forts. The Meds and the Jats, with other wandering and aboriginal tribes, enlisted under the Mohammedan banners. In Mekran, Mohammed Kasim got large reinforcements to his army. After intelligence of his first victories reached Damascus, he was reinforced by more troops and many adventurers. When he advanced northward from Mooltan, he had no less than 50,000 soldiers, besides those whom he left in the forts and garrisons of Sind. There must also have been other Arabs in the country, for many adventurers betook themselves to commercial speculation. Horses were imported from Arabia; caravans crossed Central Asia in various directions; the products of China, Ceylon, and Malabar were soon brought to Sind, as a central emporium from whence they might be carried, by sea or land, into any part of the Kaliph's dominions; the shores of the Persian Gulf and the coast of Mekran were studded with Arab settlements, which sent forth a large number of various kinds of vessels; and the pressure of the Ishmaelitish tribes towards India was too great to allow of the Sindians making any stand, for a country always becomes powerless when facing an inevitable destiny.

It has been mentioned that, after the capture of Rawur, Brahminabad and Alore were quickly taken. Governors to these were appointed, and Mohammed Kasim moved victoriously up the valley of the Indus into the Punjaub. Fortune seems never to have deserted him. Mooltan and Debalpore being taken, he advanced to the foot of the Cashmere hills—to the very place where, according to some authorities, Alexander, after crossing the Hydaspes, conquered Porus. Nor could our young conqueror here weep because there remained no more kingdoms to be subdued, for the ambitious Hejjaz had suggested to him the more difficult conquest of China. Still a youth, he had conquered a great kingdom, enriched the Kaliph's treasury, and vindicated the honour of God and of the Prophet. In addition to the gratification of his own individual success, he had the proud feeling of bearing no small part in a great and extended movement. In Spain, his contemporary Tarik was beating back the soldiers of the Cross; on the banks of the Jaxartes, Kutaiba was preparing to advance towards China. A conquering glory had burst forth, threatening to envelop the world; and in that he stood, giving and receiving, glorifying and transfigured, thinking, probably, not so much of Azrael, the separator, of Izrafil, the trumpet-blower, of the dark forms of Monker and Nakir, as of daylight and power, and war-horses "which run swiftly to battle."

But already Fate had wound him in her coils. King Daher, it may be remembered, had two daughters, Pari Mull, "the Fragrant," and Soorij, "the Sun," who fell into Mohammed Kasim's power after their father's defeat and death. According to all proper rule, the young conqueror and the beautiful, sorrowing, bewildered maidens ought to have been attracted towards each other, but to have met in love, and not for "mutual extinction." Instead, however, of allowing himself to be captivated by their beauty, the general sent them off at once to Bagdad, as presents for the Kaliph's harem. In his conquering zeal, the Moslem thought little of the chamber of happiness; in their distress and bitterness of heart, the high-minded Ranees did not forget the honour of their house.

Mohammed Masoom tells us that the Kaliph, on seeing the two sisters, became distracted with their great beauty. They displaying, or feigning, a natural girlish timidity and shame, made the Caliph still more delighted and distracted, until the eldest—"the Fragrant"—bursting into tears, declared that, ere leaving Sind, they had both been forcibly dishonoured by Mohammed Kasim. Immediately "the fire of anger was lighted in the

body of the Kaliph." as our historian delicately phrased it; his rage knew no bounds; and he determined on the death of the insolent and perfidious young minion of fortune. Wiser men than he are said to have been beguiled. The plan adopted by him for inflicting punishment was rather original, and consisted in writing the following letter: "Wherever this reaches Mohammed Kasim, he is to come from thence to the Kaliphate, wrapped in the raw hide of a cow. There is to be no delay in obeying this order." Curiously enough, the historians do not appear to have imagined the possibility of this order being disobeyed. They do not lament over the ingratitude of kings, and the cruel fate of genius, but tell us, as if it were a matter of course, that the triumphant conqueror became his own executioner; that he ordered himself to be shut up in a raw hide, and handed over to the messenger; that the messenger carried him away; and that, three days after, while his body went on to Baghdad and corruption, the bird of his life left his body and flew to heaven. In those days there must have been great faith in Kaliphs; and then, as now, men walked within invisible walls of adamant.

But though Mohammed Kasim thus went to heaven, his body was destined to effect something more upon earth. Being put into a coffin and brought to Baghdad, nothing would serve the Kaliph but that it should be opened in the presence of the daughters of Daher. The scene which ensued was extraordinary indeed. Walid, his portly form swelling with gratified resentment and kingly pride, and with a smile upon his swarthy pox-pitted face, addressed the Ranees when the corpse was displayed: "See how penetrating is the Kaliph's mandate!" And if the bird of Mohammed Kasim's life had looked down from heaven, it would have heard wild and bitter laughter issuing from the lips of the Hindu girls, as they scornfully replied, "Kings of great justice should not do great things in a hurry; nor destroy a faithful servant on the charge of enemies. We accused Mohammed Kasim, because by him our father was slain, our father's house ruined, and ourselves sent as prisoners into a strange land. It was necessary to invent a tale to secure vengeance, for you would only have laughed at the simple story of our griefs. The truth is, this man was to us as a father or a brother: his hand never touched the skirts of our purity. It is not our fault that he could not reach his master in a day. We have been successful; in the Kaliph's house of judgment there is great sorrow." On hearing these words, the passionate monarch kept his head for one hour in "the pocket of repentance;" and then, in unmanly rage, condemned "the Fragrant" and "the Sun" to immediate death. Their deception was no crime, according to Eastern notions, while the love and daring they displayed were all their own, and deserved not to vanish in a horrid vision of dust-clouds and wild horses and gentle mangled forms, swiftly circling round the walls of Baghdad.

The story just related is too extraordinary to have been invented, and too perfect to be rudely exposed to historical criticism. One account runs to the effect that Mohammed Kasim was recalled on the demise of Walid, and tortured to death by order of Suleiman, the successor to the Kaliphate; but that which we have adopted is supported by better authority, and is much more interesting. With this story closes the first act of Islam in Sind. After Mohammed Kasim's death, the people he had conquered showed their high estimate of him by shaking off the foreign yoke; and Daher's son, Jay Senh, regained possession of Brahminabad. After two years' independence they were again subdued. The tide of conquest which had set in towards Hindostan could not be turned; but Sind still continued to assert itself occasionally in the appointment of its viceroys, until, being thoroughly Islamised, it was again governed by something like native rulers, by its own braver tribes, and by wilder tribes from the hills. Very briefly and quietly our Mohammedan historians record events; looking with lofty indifference on the changes of time and on the fate of the individual; dismissing man after man

from this frail and perishable world into that other country, or the world eternal. One ruler, for instance, is quietly disposed of thus: "Doda, marching thence, came to Tattah; remaining there, from thence he travelled into that other world." "Jam Ali Sher," it is written of another, "turned his heart towards pleasure, being in the habit of going out to take exercise during the moonlight nights;" and Jam Ali Sher was quickly despatched, of a starry night, by the nearest aspirer to the Jamship. Not even the Syuds, who performed wonderful miracles — "many men of truth stating it"—or the Meerza Shah Hoosain, "whose mind was always content on that which was good," but were reminded there was room for them in "the ample house of eternity;" and so

"In due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death came tacitly, and took them where they never see the sun."

But the sun still rises round the Hala mountains, and lashes its fiery rays down the "Unhappy Valley." New conquerors rule; new life obtains. Through the yellow air at Kurrachee we may see a perfect imitation, surmounting an Episcopal church, of the grand old campanile of the duomo of Lucca. Ashy Hindu devotees rejoice; while grumbling Mohammedan fakheers bend their diminished heads and curse in silence.

Thus the deserts of Asia, with their glittering wastes unshaded by living foliage, and their barren mountains —those "bones of desolation's nakedness"—unsubdued by the brooding clouds of heaven, are not portions of the earth in a rugged primeval state, but the degradation of lands which bloomed smiling in some bright dawn of time, under the cultivating hand of man, or the effort of higher Powers. Experience and reason, indeed, assure us that the fabled spontaneity of perfect life is only a sickly dream; for the law of life is but the law of growth and labour; the golden ages of the past have germed in pain, and grown with difficulty into full wide-branched glory; and behind every civilisation we find no primeval paradise, but only the seething swamp with its slimy brood, the low tangled jungle with its self-destroying life, and the hoary salts and petrified flames of the pathless desert. But the backward investigation is quite endless, for older traditions tell of older developments; and seeing that the limestone and sandstone ridges were themselves born in earth-throes, and the death of an older phase of life, while the barren crust itself was won from the howling central fire, by the powers which roll our star through the dark deep, we ascribe our own conditions to the Earth herself, and image her as the poor rugged striving mother of the countless generations of troubled men. Even in the history of human beings, there is always an unfathomable past, in which figure moves behind figure, shade behind shade, till all is impenetrable confusion and darkness. Light shines round the monads, which unseen airs have wafted to the entrance of that which Shakespeare calls

"The blind cave of eternal night,"

in front of which their being is fulfilled; but once entered there, they move in dusky gloom; the sound of their movement falls faintly on the ear; and, as one after the other enters in, they are borne back until the still circling crowd appears as darkness. So the world wends; in the light of life onwards, and backwards again under the cold inevitable shadow of death; and its life is ever beautiful and mystic, freshly joyous, or infinitely sad, to the imagination of man, for it is in the nature of the human spirit — its highest exercise and noblest prerogative—not to confine itself within the narrow limits of its petty personalities, but to go forth on the unseen wings of genial sympathy and kindly love into all lands, among all nations and tribes —to live as a part of the distant East, and to re-create the vanished past.

## FOOD AND DRINK.

An Irish peasant, in a windowless hut, dining off a meal of potatoes and skimmed milk, flavoured by the aroma of a lively imagination, as each mouthful is "pointed" at the side of bacon hanging against the wall, and a London Alderman seated at a Guildhall feast, are two figures presenting an impressive contrast of the varieties of Food, with which, in the restless activity of life, the human organism repairs its incessant waste. Potatoes and skimmed milk, and it may be a little sea-weed, supply the wants of the one; before the other there is spread a wasteful profusion of turtle captured on the North American coasts, of turkey reared in quiet farmyards, of mutton grazed upon the downs of Sussex, of beef fed on the rich pasture-lands of Herefordshire, of pheasants shot in a nobleman's preserves, of turbot from the Atlantic Ocean, and salmon from the Scotch and Irish rivers, of cheese from France and Switzerland, oil from Italy, spices from the East and wines from Portugal, Germany, and France—a gathering from all nations, assorted with exquisite culinary skill. Yet, in spite of these differences in the things consumed by the two men, the dinner of the one, and the dinner of the other, become transmuted by vital processes into the same flesh and blood, into the same organic substance and organic force. However various the articles of Food and Drink, it is clear that there must be a process by which all differences are annulled, one similar result attained. Whatever characters these substances may have *outside* the organism, they must quit them shortly after their entrance *into* it, putting off specific differences, and merging all varieties in a vital unity. The hunter on the Pampas subsists on buffalo beef, with scarcely a particle of vegetable food to vary his diet. The Hindoo is content with rice and rancid butter, and cannot be induced to eat flesh. The Greenlander gorges himself with whale oil and animal fats of any kind he can secure; the moderate Arab has his bag of dates, his lotos-bread, and dhourra. On the coast of Malabar we find men regarding with religious horror every species of animal food; while the native of New Holland has not a single edible fruit larger than a cherry on the whole surface of his vast island. The Englishman considers himself ignominiously treated by fortune if he cannot get his beef or bacon; the peasant of the Appenines is cheerful with his meal of chestnuts.

Besides varieties in the staple articles of Food, there are the infinite varieties of fancy. Our Chinese enemies make delicacies of rats and of birds' nests; our French allies, of frogs. The ancients, who carried epicureanism to lengths never dreamed of by Guildhall, thought the hedgehog a titbit, and had a word to say in favour of the donkey, which they placed on an equality with the ox; dogs they considered equal to chickens, and even cats were not to be despised. The pork, which we eat with great confidence, they considered, and not untruly, the least digestible of animal meats, fit only for artisans and athletes. They ate snails, at which we shudder, with the gusto we acknowledge in oysters. It would be difficult to persuade the British stomach to dine, in full consciousness, off "a sirloin of donkey," flanked by "ribs of dog, with fried toadstools." In this repugnance only prejudice, or were Greek dogs and donkeys more succulent than ours?

The varieties just rehearsed are at any rate easily accepted by the understanding as probable aliments, but what will the reader say on hearing that in many parts of the world even clay is respectable and respected food? Travellers, who see strange things, are very positive in their assertions on this head. Humboldt, a man whose word justly carries with it European authority, confirms the statement of Gumilla, that the Otomacs of South America, during the periods of the floods, subsist entirely on a fat and ferruginous

brated case of the Abbé de Villedieu is a rare, but not unparalleled example of animal food being poisonous: from his earliest years his repugnance to it was so decided, that neither the entreaties of his parents nor the menaces of his tutors could induce him to overcome it. After reaching the age of thirty, on a regimen of vegetable food, he was over-persuaded, and tried the effect of meat soups, which led to his eating both mutton and beef; but the change was fatal: plethora and sleepiness intervened, and he died of cerebral inflammation.* In 1844, a French soldier was forced to quit the service because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust towards animal food. Dr. Prout, whose testimony will be more convincing to English readers, knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison: "He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised and given to him unknown; but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa. And from the severity of the effects, which were in fact those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, it would soon have destroyed the life of the individual." Dr. Pereira, who quotes this passage,† adds, "I know a gentleman who has repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton." Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into a general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes or puddings having eggs in their composition, produce serious disturbances in such persons: if they are induced to eat them under false assurances of no eggs having been employed, they are soon undeceived by the unmistakable effects.

Under less striking forms this difference in the assimilating power of different human beings is familiar to us all: we see our friends freely indulging, with benefit instead of harm, in kinds of food which experience too painfully assures us, we can eat only with certain injury. To this fact the attention of parents and guardians should seriously be given, that by it they may learn to avoid the petty tyranny and folly, of insisting on children eating food for which they manifest repugnance. It is too common to treat the child's repugnance as mere caprice, to condemn it as "stuff and nonsense," when he refuses to eat fat, or eggs, or certain vegetables, and "wholesome" puddings. Now, even a caprice in such matters should not be altogether slighted, especially when it takes the form of refusal; because this caprice is probably nothing less than the expression of a particular and temporary state of his organism, which we should do wrong to disregard. And whenever a refusal is constant, it indicates a positive unfitness in the Food. Only gross ignorance of Physiology, an ignorance unhappily too widely spread, can argue that because a certain article is wholesome to many, it must necessarily be wholesome to all. Each individual organism is specifically different from every other. However much it may resemble others, it necessarily in some points differs from them; and the amount of these differences is often considerable. If the same wave of air striking upon the tympanum of two different men will produce sounds to the one which to the other are inappreciable—if the same wave of light will affect the vision of one man as that of red colour, while to the vision of another it is no colour at all, how unreasonable is it to expect that the same substance will bear precisely the same relation to the alimentary canal of one man as to that of another! Experience tells us

* *Journal de Medicine.* Août 1760, quoted by LUCAS, *De l'Hérédité*, who is the authority for the next statement.

† PEREIRA: *Treatise on Food and Diet*, p 242

that it is not so. A glance at the animal kingdom reveals the striking differences manifested by two closely allied organisms in their capability of assimilating the same substance. There are two species of Rhinoceros, the black and the white. The black species feeds on the graceful, but deadly, plant, *Euphorbia candelabrum* and converts it into its own substance; but if the white species happen to eat thereof, it is inevitably poisoned. The Herbivora are divided into two classes, the first subsisting on a variety of plants, the second on one kind only. But even the various feeders will not touch certain plants eagerly devoured by others: thus the horse passes over almost all the cruciferæ; the ox all the labiates; goats, oxen, and lambs refuse almost all the solaneæ; and the poisons are food to many, the rabbit devouring belladona, the goat hemlock, and the horse aconite. The dog will feed on bread, or biscuit, which his ancestor the wolf would starve rather than touch. The cat, although preferring animal food, will eat bread and milk, which the tiger will not look at.

We have brought these facts forward for the sake of giving distinct relief to the importance which must inevitably belong to physiological considerations in every question of Food; and to indicate the necessity of fixing our attention on the organism to be nourished, rather than on the chemical composition of the substances which nourish it. When we are building a bridge, or making a machine, we can accurately guide ourselves by estimates of the strength of the wood and iron, because these substances do not lose their properties under new arrangements; but in building the mysterious fabric of the body, we have little or no guidance from our estimates of the properties of substances out of the body, because the body itself is an important factor in the sum, acting on the substances as well as acted on by them, annulling or exalting their properties in a way quite peculiar to itself. And it is because this has been overlooked, or not sufficiently estimated, that our text-books are at once so precise, and so erroneous. Open almost any work of Physiology or Organic Chemistry, and you will meet with expositions of the theory of Food, and the nutritive value of various aliments, which are so precise and so unhesitating in their formulæ, that you will scarcely listen to us with patience when we assert that the precision is fallacious, and the doctrines demonstrably erroneous. Nevertheless we hope, before concluding, to convince you that Chemistry is itself in too imperfect a condition to give clear and satisfactory answers to its own questions in this direction—as Mulder and Lehmann frankly avow* —and further, that Chemistry, even supposing it to be perfect, must ever be incompetent to solve physiological problems, to which, indeed, it must always afford indispensable *aid*, without hope of doing more.

Vital processes depend on chemical processes, but are not chemical, and cannot, therefore, be explained by Chemistry. There is something *special* in vital phenomena which necessarily transcends chemical investigation. We need not pretend to settle *what* vitality is, or on what the speciality of its phenomena ultimately rests, to be assured, that it is something quite unlike what goes on in our laboratories, and demand other tests than those furnished by Chemistry. The philosophic poet warns us—

"From higher judgment-seats make no appeal
To lower;"

and such appeal from higher to lower, is the appeal of Physiology to Chemistry. No analysis of a nerve will ever throw light on Sensibility; no arrangement of chemical formulæ will explain the form and properties of a cell. You may take a mechanism to pieces, and explain by physical laws the action and interaction of each wheel and chain; but you cannot take a tissue to pieces, and from the elements deduce its properties. If an overwhelming illustration of this obvious truth be needed, we may find it in the ovum of an animal:

* Mulder: *Versuch einer Physiol. Chemie.* Lehmann: *Lehrbuch, d. Physiol. Chemie*, 2d edit.

here is a microscopic sphere, composed of substances well known to chemists, which contains potentially an animal, and will reproduce not only the form, features, stature, and specific attributes of the parents, but also many of their acquired habits, tendencies, and tricks; has Chemistry in the whole extent of its domain, anything analogous to this? Can Chemistry furnish us even with an approach to an explanation of it? Chemical analysis may conduct us to the threshold of Life, but at the threshold all its guidance ceases. There, a new order of complications intervenes, a new series of laws has to be elicited. Chemistry confesses its inability to construct organic substances, or even to say *how* they are constructed; it can, at present, only say *of what* they are constructed. This being so, it is clear that every attempt to explain chemically the nutritive value of any aliment, by an enumeration of its constituents, must belong to what Berzelius admirably styles "the physiology of probabilities."

There is one cardinal rule which can never be violated with impunity, and which is, nevertheless, perpetually violated in our gropings towards the light. It is this: *Never attempt to solve the problems of one science by the order of conceptions peculiar to another.* There is an order of conceptions peculiar to Physics, another peculiar to Chemistry, a third peculiar to Physiology, a fourth peculiar to Psychology, a fifth peculiar to Social Science. While all these sciences are intimately related, each has its sphere of independence which must be respected. Thus Chemistry presupposes Physics, and Physiology presupposes Chemistry; but no physical laws will explain chemical phenomena, no chemical laws will explain vital phenomena; nor conversely, will Chemistry solve physical problems, nor Physiology solve chemical problems. In every vital process physiological and chemical laws are implied, and the knowledge of these becomes indispensable; but over and above these laws, there are the specific laws of Life which cannot be deduced from Physics and Chemistry.

An illustration drawn from social science may serve to render this canon intelligible, and at the same time to uproot a widespread fallacy. Few errors have gained more general acceptance than that which declares the Family to be the perfect type of the State, and which would regulate polity by domestic rules. A paternal government, in which the monarch is the head of the family; and a social government, in which all men are united as brothers, are the two ideals of absolutists and socialists, who are pitiless in scorn of all other political schemes. When we see how a well-conducted household is harmoniously governed, each member fulfilling his proper office, and each assisting all; when we see how the farmer administers his affairs without any one to question his absolute will; the idea of so managing a nation naturally suggests itself, for What is a nation but an extension of the family? ask the theorists. I answer, the Family is specificially different from the Nation: it is no type of the State, because, not to mention other points, it has the bond of personal affection, and the bond of personal interest, which two puissant influences can never operate to anything like the same extent on the State. The father dearly loves his children, and his despotism may be absolute because it is truly paternal, his tender vigilance and forgiving love will soften all the harshness of absolute rule. But no philanthropist will be romantic enough to expect that king or kaiser can by any possibility feel this affection for his subjects; and thus one *essential* element of the family disappears. Again, the father's personal interest is bound up with his administration (as the farmer's is), and every false step he makes will be made feelingly evident to him. But the sovereign's personal interest is not in any such manner directly bound up with the goodness of his administration; if he can keep secure upon his throne, if neither revolutions nor assassins are provoked, it can make little difference to his welfare if the streets are filled with lamentations, and the battle-field with corpses. And even supposing him to be tender-hearted and conscientious, really desirous of the good of his subjects, yet his own personal interest is not so directly and

obviously bound up with theirs as that of the father's with his household. Thus, on the supposition that the despot is the best and wisest of men, and his subjects are really desirous of universal brotherhood (two tremendous assumptions always quietly made), the Family could offer no proper type of the State, because the two most puissant elements in the Family must be wanting in the State. The application of the canon just laid down is easily seen: while, on the one hand, the Family must necessarily enter into the State, which is in truth an aggregation of families, it can never furnish the typical laws for the State, because the actions of *individual* men cannot be the standard for the actions of *masses*, and the mere aggregation of families brings about such a complication of interests, passions, and opinions, that a totally new set of relations is evolved. Thus precisely as Polity presupposes Domesticity, but is not embraced by it, precisely as the State is dependent on the Family, and is, nevertheless, belonging to a higher jurisdiction, so does Physiology presuppose Chemistry, but is not included in it, cannot be regulated by its laws. Domestic life furnishes the basis for political life, as chemical actions furnish the basis for vital actions.

Whatever the future progress of Chemistry may effect in the way of simplifying physiological problems (and no one doubts that it must greatly aid us), there is one radical distinction which must ever keep the two sciences separate. It is this: Chemical laws are *quantitative*, because chemical actions are *definite* combinations; whereas physiological laws can never become quantitative, but only *qualitative*, because vital substances are *indefinite* in composition; that is to say, while chemical substances are formed by combinations of unvarying quantities, never more, never less, so much acid to so much base always forming the same salt, so many atoms of one substance always uniting with so many of another to form a third; the substances on which vital actions specially depend are never precisely and accurately definite; they vary in different individuals, and at different ages of the same individual; and as every variation in composition necessarily affects the properties of each substance, it is impossible that such actions can be reduced to those exact quantitative formulæ on which Chemistry is founded. Chloride of sodium is the same substance, having precisely the same composition and properties, whether taken from the sea, from the earth, from the plant, or manufactured in the laboratory. But nerve-tissue is never precisely the same in two men; the blood of no two men is precisely alike; the milk of no two women is identical in composition—they all vary (within certain limits), and sometimes the variation is considerable. It is on this, as I have elsewhere maintained, that depends what we call the difference of "temperament," which makes one twin so unlike his brother, and makes the great variety of the human race.

We have now done with the generalities which it was needful to explain before approaching the question of Food. If the reader's assent has been gained, he will see that from the radical incompetence of Chemistry to settle any true physiological question whatever, all the laborious efforts of later years have been barren, or nearly so, as regards the important subject of Food, because they have been only chemical reasonings on Physiology. Plausible and brilliant as some of the theories have been, they are all at fault when reduced to practice. They have gained general acceptance, because of the simplicity with which they *seemed* to solve abstruse problems; and the human mind is so eager to have explanations, that any logical plausibility is sure to captivate it.

Of all current hypotheses on this subject, none claims a closer scrutiny than that which Liebig has made familiar to all Europe, and which, winged by the two qualities of simplicity and plausibility, has been carried into the lecture-room and study, where it continues to hold its place, in spite of the growing conviction that it is untenable. Liebig divides Food into two classes. The first is *Plastic*, or tissue-making, and comprises the organic substances

rich in nitrogen; they alone are said to be capable of forming organised tissues, because alone capable of being converted into blood, and are hence called the strictly nutritive substances. They are vegetable Albumen, Fibrine, and Caseine, and animal Flesh and Blood. The second class is *Respiratory*, or heat-making, and comprises the substances containing no nitrogen, which are therefore incapable of nourishing the body, and only serve the purposes of respiration, whence animal heat. They are Fats, Starch, Gum, Sugars, Pectine, Bassorine, Wines, Beers, and Spirits. A third class comprises the Inorganic substances, Water, Salts, Iron, &c. All Food is thus Nitrogenous, or nutritive, and Non-Nitrogenous, or heat-making.

How entirely this brilliant error has gained possession of the lecture-room may be read in the following passage from the last edition of Dr. Carpenter's work on "Human Physiology," which may be taken as representing the opinion of English physiologists:—

"By rules based on the foregoing data, we may estimate the relative value of different articles of food, for the two distinct purposes of the *formation of tissue* and the *production of heat*. For the proportion of albuminous matter which any substance may contain furnishes the measure of its histogenetic value; while the proportion of hydro-carbon uncombined with oxygen affords the means of estimating its calorific power when oxidised. Since, in almost every alimentary substance, whether vegetable or animal, these two classes of compounds are mingled, the per-centage of nitrogen (save in those substances into which gelatine largely enters) which it may contain affords a tolerably correct estimate of the amount of albuminous matter which it includes, and therefore of its *histogenetic* value; where, on the other hand, the per-centage of nitrogen is smallest, that of hydro-carbon is largest, and the proportion of the combustible material is highest."

And an authoritative American physiologist, Professor Draper, adopts the classification, although he warns us that it is "only adopted for the sake of convenience," having "no natural foundation."* A profound misconception can never furnish a convenient classification after the misconception is detected; and it is because men have been guided by this hypothesis that they have instituted so many needless researches. "It is indeed upon the assumption of this broad and fundamental classification of the constituents of food," write Messrs Lawes and Gilbert, "according to their varied offices in the animal economy, that a vast series of analyses of foods have of late years been made and published; whilst, founded upon the results of these analyses, numerous tables have been constructed, professing to arrange the current articles of diet, both of man and other animals, according to their comparative values as such."† The classification has been criticised, and refuted, sometimes with more asperity than befits the calm heights of science, by Mulder, Moleschott, Robin and Verdeil, and others;‡ and we have only to place ourselves at the proper physiological point of view to perceive that it is demonstrably false in every particular; and this we shall now proceed to show.

Man requires food which is both tissue-making and heat-making, to repair the fabric, and sustain the temperature of his body. This much is true. But it is demonstrable that nitrogenous substances are *not* the only plastic materials, not even the chief materials, whereas they *are* also heat-producing. Conversely, it is demonstrable that non-nitrogenous substances *are* tissue-making as well as heat-producing; so that any distinction between them, founded on their supposed offices of nutritive and respiratory, falls to the ground; not to mention that it rests on the assump-

* Draper, *Human Physiology*, p. 27. Funke very properly rejects it altogether, as wholly untenable, *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, i. 180.

† *Report on Foods in relation to Respiration and Feeding*, in *Reports of Brit. Assoc.* 1852.

‡ Mulder, *Physiol. Chemie*; Moleschott, *Kreislauf des Lebens*; Robin and Verdeil, *Chimie Anatomique*.

tion of Respiration being the source of Animal Heat — an hypothesis we shall hereafter have to consider.

The division of Food into Nitrogenous and Non-Nitrogenous is a chemical division to which no objection need be made, for it expresses a chemical fact. But when the fact that albuminous substances form a necessary proportion of organised tissues, is made the ground for specially distinguishing them as plastic, and when the presence of nitrogen in them is made the ground for specially distinguishing nitrogen as *the* plastic element, the per-centage of which is to afford the standard of nutritive value, we see a striking example of chemical reasonings applied to Physiology, which a simple confrontation with nature suffices to upset. For observe: while it is true that "albumen is the foundation, the starting-point of the whole series of peculiar tissues which are the seat of vital actions" (Liebig)— while it is true that the *peculiar* characteristic of organised tissues is that they contain albuminous substances as necessary ingredients; not less is it true that the *other* substances, thus arbitrarily excluded from the rank of tissue-makers — namely the fats, oils, and salts, all destitute of nitrogen — are *as essential* as albumen itself. *Not a cell, not a fibre can be formed, nor can subsist, without a certain amount of fat and salts.* Not a tissue can come into being, nor continue its functions, without a large proportion of non-nitrogenous materials, a proportion greatly *exceeding* that of the nitrogenous. This is an anatomical fact which must surely discredit the idea of selecting one element out of several, all indispensable, and assigning to it alone the character of nutritive. If tissues were composed of albumen, or any other nitrogenous substance, without the admixture of fats, water, and salts, and if they did not likewise disengage heat in their transformations, Liebig's classification would be strictly accurate; but in the face of anatomical evidence which shows that no such tissue exists, and in face of the physiological evidence that even albumen undergoes chemical changes accompanied by the disengagement of heat, the classification is not tenable for an instant. Indeed the anatomist must ask with surprise, whether what he calls the adipose tissue is, or is not, chiefly composed of fat? Is the fat which exists in the muscles, cartilages, and bones an accident, a thing not worthy of being taken into account? The answer cannot be dubious. In 100 parts of muscle there are only 25.55 parts solid matter, and of these no less than 4.25 are fat. In 100 parts of the white substance of the brain, fat bears the large proportion of 13.9, whereas albumen is only 9.9; in the grey substance, the proportion of fat is 4.7 to albumen 7.5. If after this it be said that fat does not help to form tissue, is not an essential integral element of tissue, and consequently *plastic*, in the most rigorous sense of the word, the anatomist must confess that he fails to understand the language employed.

The reader need not be informed that Liebig is fully aware of the facts which can be brought against him, and that when he errs it is not from ignorance, but from theoretic bias. In spite of his absolute statements he is forced occasionally to qualify and contradict them. Let us see how he qualifies what he has to say of fat and water, which are by him degraded from the rank of vital to that of physical influence:—

"Many of the physical properties of organs, or tissues, depend on the presence of their non-nitrogenous constituents, namely, of water and fat. These bodies assist in the changes and processes by which the organised structures are formed. Fat has a share in the formation of cells; and on water depends the fluidity of the blood, and of all other juices. So also the milk-white colour of cartilage, the transparency of the cornea (of the eye), the softness, plasticity, flexibility, and elasticity of muscular fibre and of membranes, all depend on a fixed proportion of water in each case. Fat is a never-failing constituent of the substance of the brain and nerves; hair, horn, claws, teeth, and bones, always contain a certain amount of water and fat. But in these parts water and fat are only mechanically absorbed, as in a sponge, or enclosed in drops, as fat is in cells, and they may be removed by mechanical pressure, or by solvents, without in the least affecting the structure of the parts.

They never have an organised form peculiar to themselves, but always take that of the parts, the pores of which they fill. They do not therefore belong to the plastic constituents of the body or of the food."*

A little further on he repeats the statement that "they take no direct share by their elements in the formation of organs," and that they have "no vital properties."† Now this distinction rests on an entire misconception of anatomical structure. We need not pause to correct such details as that "fat is always enclosed in drops," and that the "water can all be removed by mechanical pressure;" it is enough to overthrow the whole argument to say that nerve-tissue without fat is no longer *nerve*, blood without water is no longer *blood*. To suppose that water simply gives fluidity to blood, when in truth it is as much an integral constituent of blood as albumen itself, is equivalent to saying that heat only gives expansion to steam, when steam itself is but the operation of heat on water. If fat has no vital properties in itself, neither has albumen in itself. To say that fat and water are "mechanically absorbed," is to contradict the simplest anatomical evidence, which shows them to be structurally combined, and always in constant quantities, varying within very small limits.

A classification of Food, more or less perfect, would not trouble us did it not lead to important errors, as in the present case. No sooner do we accept the idea of nitrogenous food being *the* plastic material, than we are landed on Liebig's astounding proposition that "only those substances are in a strict sense nutritious articles of food, which either contain albumen, or a substance capable of being converted into albumen,"‡ — a proposition he has elsewhere expressed in even a cruder form: "Only nitrogenous substances are capable of conversion into blood."§ When we reflect on Liebig's great attainments and acuteness, when we know the splendid achievements in science with which his name is associated, it almost takes our breath away to alight on passages like these; and we feel assured that they could never have escaped him had he not placed himself at the chemical point of view We really feel great hesitation in commenting on these passages. Were it possible, we should prefer supposing that his meaning was quite other than that expressed in his words; but the meaning is too rigorous a conclusion from his principles to admit of doubt. What is the fact? Examination of the structure of the Blood shows that, so far from being composed exclusively of nitrogenous substances, it is composed of a variety of substances, among which the nitrogenous albumen and fibrine amount to not more than 72 in 1000 parts; and if a trifle more be added for the globuline and hæmatine of the blood-discs, that is *all* the nitrogen in the blood said to be solely composed of nitrogenous substances. No one knows this better than Liebig himself; yet he entirely overlooks it in his argument. "If we look at alimentary substances from this point of view," he adds, "we obtain a knowledge of a natural law of the most admirable simplicity." Simple it is, no doubt, but is it true?

There are numerous reasons for asserting that it is not true. The very substances said to be alone capable of conversion into blood — the only "strictly nutritious substances" — are, when taken alone, utterly unable to nourish.

"Muscular flesh," says Majendie, in the celebrated Report of the Gelatine Commission, "in which gelatine, albumen, and fibrine are combined according to the laws of organic nature, *and where they are associated with other matters, such as fats, salts, &c.*, suffices, even in

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* LIEBIG: *Chemical Letters*, p. 355.

† Some of Liebig's friends have endeavoured to excuse him on the ground that he did not intend his classification to be adopted rigorously, but only to indicate that the chief value of nitrogenous food was its plastic power, the chief value of non-nitrogenous food its heat-making power. But his language is explicit, and even when thus qualified it is essentially erroneous.

‡ LIEBIG: *Chemical Letters*, p. 346.

§ Ibid. p. 497.

very small quantity, for complete and prolonged nutrition. Thus dogs fed for 120 days solely on raw meat, from sheep's heads, preserved their health and weight during this period, the daily consumption never exceeding 300 grammes, and often less. But 1000 grammes of isolated fibrine, with the addition of some hundred grammes of gelatine and albumen, were insufficient to support life. What, then, is this peculiar principle which renders meat so perfect an aliment? Is it the odorous and sapid matter which has this function, as seems probable? Do the salts, the trace of iron, the fatty matters and the lactic acid, contribute to the nutritive effect, notwithstanding that they constitute so minute a portion of meat?"*

The minuteness in quantity would be no argument against their potency of influence; but far more important will be the state of combination of the various elements. "The albumen of egg, and the fibrine separated from the blood, may to the chemist be identical with the fibrine and albumen which concur in the formation of muscle, incorporated there by a process of nutrition; but they are not the same for the organism which has to assimilate them, and which requires that they should be in a special state of elaboration, which they have undergone in another organism; it is muscular flesh which the organism demands, and not the elements of which flesh is composed: it needs aliments not chemical products."†

It has been found that dogs perish of starvation when liberally supplied with albumen, or white of egg, or fibrine, or with mixtures of albumen and fibrine—if these substances constitute their sole diet—whereas they flourish when fed on gluten alone, although, according to the chemist, gluten is identical with albumen and fibrine: a sufficient proof that the nutritive value of a substance cannot be determined by its chemical composition. But this kind of proof awaits us on all sides. While Chemistry determines the nutritive value of foods according to their percentage of nitrogen, experience flatly contradicts the application of such a standard, for it shows us that wheat contains only 2.3 per cent of nitrogen, whereas beans contain as much as 5.5 per cent, lentils 4.4, and pease 4.3; and yet with this remarkable inferiority in its per-centage of nitrogen, wheat is remarkably superior in nutritive value to beans, lentils, or pease. The discrepancy here is so glaring that Liebig has attempted to explain it. Let us hear his explanation: "The small quantity of phosphates which the seeds of the lentils, beans, and pease contain *must be* the cause of their small value as articles of nourishment, *since* they surpass all other vegetable food in the quantity of nitrogen which enters into their composition. But as the component parts of the bones (phosphate of lime and magnesia) are absent, they satisfy the appetite without increasing the strength."‡ Pray observe the line of argument adopted: the smallness of the quantity of phosphates *must be* the cause, *because* the quantity of nitrogen is large. The argument might be reversed, and the whole nutritive value assigned to the phosphates with equal justice. If nitrogen is *the* plastic element, and its per-centage afford the true nutritive standard, the presence or absence of the phosphates can have nothing to do with it; and if their presence or absence is all-important, then we are certain that nutritive value does not admit of being estimated by the per-centage of nitrogen, but by the conjunction of nitrogen with other substances,—and this too in a peculiar way, for if Liebig's explanation were of any value, great practical results would issue: we need merely throw some bone-ash over the beans and pease to supply the deficient phosphates, and an article of food twice as nutritious as wheat would be obtained. Does any one believe in such a result?

It is noticeable that when Liebig has to explain the nutritive inferiority of beans and pease, he finds the cause to lie in the absence of phosphates, which, as he truly says, are component parts of the bones; where-

* Quoted by PEREIRA: *Treatise on Food and Diet*, p 241.
† LEVY: *Traité d'Hygiène*, ii. 85, quoted by LONGET, *Physiologie*.
‡ LIEBIG: *Chemistry in its application to Agriculture and Physiology*, p. 147.

as, a little while ago, when denying any nutritive quality to fat, he refused to admit that it was a component part of tissues. Into such contradictions he is forced by his theory of nitrogenous substances as the only plastic materials — a theory incessantly at variance with fact. Messrs Lawes and Gilbert call especial attention to one series of their experiments, in which sheep fed on succulent unripe turnips "lost weight notwithstanding the *very high* per-centage of nitrogen;"* and, without laying any stress on the fact that vegetable poisons are highly nitrogenous, let us ask the dispassionate reader to reflect on the chaotic condition of a doctrine which, while proclaiming nitrogen to be the true standard of nutritive value, declares that gelatine, a substance richer in nitrogen than even flesh or blood, has scarcely any nutritive value at all. We do not, indeed, attach much credit to this opinion, which we shall examine by-and-by, but it is certainly in flagrant contradiction with the chemical hypothesis of nutritive values.

In spite, therefore, of what is so confidently asserted, we have the admission of chemists themselves that nitrogen is only nutritive in peculiar combinations. The consequence is inevitable. We must direct our attention towards substances which *do* nourish, and disregard the chemical formulæ which proclaim what substances *ought* to nourish. Inquiries so directed yield little that is satisfactory to the chemical hypothesis. We find, for example, thousands of Irish subsisting chiefly on potatoes and skimmed milk, and millions of Hindoos subsisting entirely on rice and rancid butter—substances which, in a chemical analysis, exhibit very little plastic material. Payen gives the following proportions in 100 parts of rice: — Starch, 89.15; Nitrogenous matters, 7.05; Dextrine, &c. 1.; Fats, 0.80; Cellulose, 1.10; Mineral matters, 0.90. And Liebig himself calculates the proportion of plastic to non-plastic material in rice, as only 10 to 123; whereas in beef it is 10 to 17, and in veal 10 to 1. Of course it will be said that the Hindoo must eat an enormous quantity of rice, to extract from it the necessary amount of nitrogenous material; but this only renders Liebig's theory more open to destruction on another side; for, if we grant that the Hindoo eats ten pounds of rice for every pound of beef eaten by the Englishman, although we thereby account for the needful supply of plastic material, we are then called upon to account for the disposal of this enormous mass of respiratory material. We are told that starch, fats, sugars, and other non-nitrogenous matters, are incapable of entering into the composition of tissues, or of furnishing plastic material, "they only serve to keep up the temperature of the body, being rapidly burnt in the body." We are further told that the demand for such substances is necessarily much greater in cold than in hot countries, because of the greater amount of heat required to keep the body at its proper point.

"In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. The oxygen taken into the system is given out again in the same form, both in summer and winter: we expire more carbon at a low than at a high temperature, and require more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion; and consequently more is respired in Sweden than in Sicily; and in our own country, an eighth more in winter than in summer. If an equal weight of food is consumed in hot and cold climates, Infinite Wisdom has ordained that very unequal proportions of carbon shall be taken in it. The fruits used by the inhabitants of southern climes, do not contain, in a fresh state, more than 12 per cent of carbon, while the blubber and train-oil which feed the inhabitants of the polar regions, contain 66 to 80 per cent of that element."†

Considering the importance of the idea, one cannot but be struck with the singular meagreness of these illustrations. That the fruits eaten

* *Report*, p. 336.

† Liebig, *Chemical Letters*, p. 390.

in southern climates contain much less carbon than the train-oil eaten in polar regions, would be a tolerable example, if only fruits were eaten in the one; but the Sicilian and Neapolitan eats more oil than the Swede, and his macaroni is a highly carbonised substance; and the Hindoo subsists on rice and butter — substances highly carbonised, and classed as chiefly respiratory, furnishing in superabundance that very heat which his climate renders so undesirable. According to *theory*, the Hindoo should eat very little non-nitrogenous food, and be content with plastic substances, since he wastes his tissues in daily labour, but does not stand in need of any surplus heat; whereas, according to *fact*, he eats very little nitrogenous food, and a great deal of "heat-making" food. And this damaging fact is brought into even greater relief by the experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert (who nevertheless do not seem to oppose the theory), as thus recorded by them: "The weather, during part of the period of this second series of experiments, was exceedingly hot; from this several of the animals suffered considerably; and some, either from this or other causes, became quite ill, and died, or were 'killed to save their lives.' Nevertheless it is seen that there was upon the whole *a larger amount of respiratory food consumed* in relation to weight in this series than in the previous one, during the cooler season."* Against such evidence as this, the respiratory nature of non-nitrogenous food is more than equivocal.

It is a fact that, in cold countries, fat and oil are greedily devoured; and it is the most striking fact that Liebig can adduce in his favour. But we have yet to learn that fat is simply so much "combustible" material. The demand for fat in cold countries may arise out of various conditions. Increase of cold causes increased activity of respiration, and increased activity of muscular exertion. These cause a greater waste of tissue; consequently increased repair is needed; and as fat is indispensable to such repair, we can therein see one source of the demand for fat. Besides subserving this end, fat will also assist animal heat in virtue of its low conducting power retarding the loss of temperature. Oil the body *externally*, and you efficiently protect it from cold. The reader will bear in mind, that we are not disputing the position that fat is burned in the body, or that it is not one important source of animal heat; far from it; the point disputed is, whether fat is *only* a heat-producer, and the demand for it in cold countries only a demand for combustible material. On this point it is well worthy of remark, that Schmidt's researches prove *fat to be less easily combustible in the blood than the carbo-hydrates, and even than the albuminates*,† so that the Hindoo, in his rice, eats a substance more immediately oxidisable in the blood than the tallow eaten by the Esquimaux; and if fat be demanded in cold countries, only to supply animal heat, that supply would be better afforded by starchy substances, were the chemical hypothesis the true one.

What has been already said will perhaps suffice to show how untenable a position is that which denies nutritive value to fats, sugars, starch, water, &c., throwing the whole burden of nutrition on the albuminous substances; it may complete the overthrow of that position if I now show that while the fats are tissue-makers, and heat-producers, the albuminates are heat-producers, and tissue-makers. No one doubts that heat is evolved in the chemical changes which albuminates undergo; the doubt raised can only be as to the amount. Liebig says:—

"If the combustible elements of the plastic constituents of food served for the production of heat, the whole amount of the substances consumed by the horse in his hay and oats, by the pig in its potatoes, could only suffice to support their respiratory process, and consequently their animal heat, in the horse for 4½ hours daily, in the pig for 4 hours daily; or if confined to plastic food, they

* *Report*, p. 440.

† See on this point, LEHMANN, *Lehrbuch der Physiol. Chemie*, 2d edition, iii. 203 and 386.

would require to consume five or six times as much of it. But even in this last case it is exceedingly doubtful whether these substances, considering their properties, would in the circumstances under which they are presented to oxygen in the organism produce the necessary temperature of the body and compensate for the loss of heat; for of all organic compounds, the plastic constituents of food are those which possess in the lowest degree the properties of combustibility, and of developing heat by their oxidation."*

Every chemist would echo this statement, because Chemistry teaches that of all the elements of the animal body nitrogen has perhaps the feeblest attraction for oxygen; not only so, but it even deprives other substances, with which it combines, of their tendency to unite with oxygen. Phosphorus, for example, has an eager affinity for oxygen, as we know from its ready combustibility in atmospheric air at ordinary temperatures; but when combined with nitrogen its combustibility is so difficult that it can only be effected at red heat and in oxygen gas. Liebig hence concludes, and from the chemical point of view is justified in concluding, that precisely the same relations are preserved in the blood. The albuminous (nitrogenous) bodies have, he says, but a very slight affinity for oxygen.

"If the albumen of the blood, which is derived from the plastic portion of the food, possessed in a higher degree the power of supporting respiration, it would be utterly unfit for the process of nutrition. Were albumen as such destructible, or liable to be altered in the circulation, by the inhaled oxygen, the relatively small quantity of it, daily supplied to the blood by the digestive organs, would quickly disappear. As long as the blood contains, besides albumen, other substances which surpass it in attraction for oxygen, so long will the oxygen be unable to exert a destructive action on this the chief constituent of the blood; and the significance of the non-nitrogenous food is thus made clear."

It is not surprising that a theory so logical should have gained general acceptance; and as a specimen of chemical reasoning on physiological problems it is very brilliant. Nevertheless, when we study what takes place in the organism, we find direct and unequivocal contradiction given to each separate clause of the theory. We find on the one hand that races of men live for considerable periods on animal flesh alone—and this, being the flesh of wild animals, contains very little fat, even in comparison with butchers' meat, which does not contain much; yet these men lead an active life, respire vigorously, and need abundant animal heat; so that nitrogenous food must to them be amply sufficient for the temperature of the body. On the other hand, we find races of men living always on vegetable food, containing little nitrogen, and in climates where a superabundance of animal heat is not needed; so that to them non-nitrogenous food must be sufficient for the chief supply of nutrition. And not only do these massive facts overpower the chemical hypothesis, but even Chemistry itself, when interrogating the facts of organic life, discovers that, however weak the affinity of albuminates for oxygen, *out* of the blood, its affinity, *in* the blood, surpasses that of fat. Schmidt, to whose experiments science is so deeply indebted, found that on feeding cats now with flesh alone, and now with fat alone, or with much fat and little flesh, the *albuminates were always more rapidly destroyed than the fat*, which was at first stored up in the body to be afterwards gradually oxidised; and these experiments are confirmed by Persoz in fattening geese with maize: the blood of the fattened geese was very rich in fat, but notably improverished in albumen; the quantity of muscular substance was much diminished, and when the fattening was rapid the weight of the whole body was absolutely diminished.†

To the chemist these results will be paradoxical, if not inconceivable, and he will doubtless point to the well-ascertained fact that in starvation it is the fat which disappears first, and the muscles only yield up their elements to destruction when most of the fat has been oxidised.

* Liebig, *Chemical Letters*, 372.

† Lehmann, *Physiol. Chemie*, iii. 386.

This point has already been dwelt on by us when treating of HUNGER and THIRST. All that can here be said is, that it needs to be reconciled with the seemingly contradictory facts; and when we come to understand more of the conditions of organic substances in various parts of the organism, we may understand how it is that fat which is scarcely oxidisable in the blood may be readily oxidisable in the tissues. How slow we should be in concluding from what takes place out of the organism, to what takes place in it, is taught us in a hundred physiological facts: thus the fat which can be decomposed into fatty acid and glycerine by means only of the most energetic acids and alkalis in the laboratory, is thus changed in the organism by the pancreatic juice, which has but feeble chemical properties, but which brings about the result by means of an organic substance acting as a ferment.*

We might multiply to a great extent the objections which present themselves to Liebig's theory of Food, but those already stated are sufficient to show that it is erroneous in every particular, in spite of its logical dependence and plausibility. The only extensive series of experiments on feeding, with which we are acquainted, as immediately serviceable, are those instituted by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, and to them the reader is referred; because, although they are by no means such as, from the nature of the experiments, can give Physiology any accurate data, they are valuable as practical results, and utterly destructive of Liebig's theory. They show among other things that "although pigs were satisfied to eat a smaller proportion of food in relation to their weight, in those pens where the proportion of nitrogen was comparatively large, yet the proportion of increase to the food consumed was *less* than where the amount of *non*-nitrogenous food consumed was greater." And further, that "whilst the non-nitrogenous substance consumed to produce 100 lb. increase in weight is *very nearly equal* in the two series; yet that of the nitrogenous constituents varies in the proportion of from three to two!" Again: "In the fourth pen where there was by far the *largest amount of nitrogen* consumed the animals *lost weight*; and in the other three pens the productiveness of the food is in the *inverse order of the amounts of nitrogen* taken in the food. Indeed, we believe that an unusually high percentage of nitrogen in succulent produce is frequently a pretty sure indication of immaturity and innutritious qualities." Summing up the results of their whole series of experiments, the largest yet instituted, they declare that it is "their available non-nitrogenous constituents rather than their richness in nitrogenous ones that measure both the amount consumed to a given weight of animal, in a given time, and the increase in weight obtained."† And they refer to the instinctive preference given by the under-fed labouring classes to fat meat, such as pork, over those meats which are leaner and more nitrogenous.

Long as we have tarried over this part of our subject, the time will not have been misspent if it have clearly impressed the conviction that nitrogenous food is *not* the exclusively plastic food, and that per-centages of nitrogen afford *no* nutritive standard —the conviction that Liebig's classification is fundamentally and circumstantially erroneous and dangerous— and the conviction that Chemistry is wholly incompetent to solve the problem of Food.

As soon as we relinquish the seductive notion of physiological deduction from chemical laws, and place ourselves at the proper point of view, namely, that of the organism to be nourished, our classification of Food speedily falls under two main divisions — Inorganic and Organic substances; and, doubtless to the reader's surprise, the Inorganic turns out to be the *more* important of the two, supposing always that a question of degree can lawfully be entertained where both kinds are indispensable.

* CLAUDE BERNARD, *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale. Cours de* 1854–55, p. 391.

† *Report*, p. 344.

We are not, indeed, accustomed to consider minerals as food, or water as highly nutritious; but that is because we are not accustomed to consider the subject with the needful accuracy. Tell the first man you meet that water is on the whole more nutritious than roast-beef, and that common salt, or bone-ash, is as much an edible as the white of egg, and it is probable that he will throw anxious glances across the streets to assure himself your keeper is at hand. Make the same statements to the first man of science you meet, and the chances are, that he will think you very ignorant of organic chemistry, or that you are playing with a paradox.* Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, and never would have worn the air of a paradox, if men had steadily conceived the nature of an alimentary substance. *That* is an aliment, which nourishes; whatever we find in the organism, as a constant and integral element, either forming part of its structure or one of the conditions of vital processes, that, and that only, deserves the name of aliment. But we have been seduced from this simple conception, partly by vain endeavours to ascertain in analyses of food and excreta what are the truly nutritive substances, and partly by misconceptions of the processes of Nutrition.

Of these latter there is one, widely spread, which declares, that while Plants are able to nourish themselves directly by inorganic materials furnished them in the air, earth, and water, Animals are incapable of thus drawing nourishment from inorganic materials, but depend solely on the organic materials prepared for them by Plants. The Plants feed on minerals, the Herbivora feed on Plants, and the Carnivora on the Herbivora. The cycle is complete, the symmetry of nature is perfect. One feels a kind of pity in having to disturb so elegant a formula; yet, the truth must be told, and the truth is, that not a single statement so expressed is altogether correct. Certain it is that Plants can, and do, convert inorganic substances into the organic, but it is not less certain that this power is very limited, all except the simplest (perhaps not even these) needing organic principles to be yielded by the soil in which they grow. This destroys the distinction between Plants and Animals, by showing that both, more or less, depend on organic substances. It is this inability in Plants to dispense with organic matter that renders manure necessary.† While so much is certain, the general assumption is, that Animals are altogether incapable of converting any inorganic materials into organic; and are rigorously dependent on Plants for every organic substance met with in their bodies. This assumption seems to me wholly unwarranted by any decisive knowledge yet obtained. The main argument on which it rests, namely, that unless organic substances be given in the food, and in certain proportions, the animal perishes of starvation, has no longer any coercive force when we reflect that starvation as inevitably follows if inorganic substances be withheld.‡ Organic substances—of a low order it is true—have been manufactured by the chemist out of inorganic substances; and if alcohol and urea are already capable of being made in the laboratory, I see no reason for supposing that even more complex substances may not be made in the vital organism, the seat of such incessant chemical transformation.§ Be this as it may, the distinction between Animals and Plants falls to the ground when we see that Plants *do* require organic substances, and that Animals *do* nourish themselves with inorganic substances taken directly from earth,

* "Minerals are not in the least alimentary, although many animals often eat them mixed with or combined with their food."—TIEDEMANN: *Physiologie*, i. 230.

† VERDEIL and RISLET have ascertained that all fertile soils contain a soluble organic substance resulting from the decomposition of vegetable matter.—*Comptes Rendus de la Société de Biologie*, iv. 111–112.

‡ The necessity for organic food will be better understood when we come to speak of Digestion, and the action of nitrogenous substances as ferments.

§ LEHMANN is of the same opinion.—*Physiol. Chemie*, iii. 180.

air, and water. We hew salt from the quarry to cast it in handfuls upon our stews and soups, or in pinches on our meat and potatoes. We draw water from the spring to drink; and, like the plants, we draw gases (oxygen, perhaps also nitrogen) from the air, to enter into those various combinations without which no life is possible. It may be unusual to call these nutritive principles, but if unusual it is not unscientific. If "to nourish the body" mean to sustain its force and repair its waste—if food enters into the living structure—and if all the integral constituents of that structure are derived from food—there can be nothing improper in designating as nutritious, substances which have an enormous preponderance among the integral constituents. People who think it paradoxical to call water Food, will cease their surprise on learning that water forms two-thirds of the living body; and they will perhaps cease to marvel at the nutritive value here attributed to minerals, on learning that when all the water is eliminated, and the solids which form the remaining one-third are analysed, they are found to contain no less than one-third of mineral substances which remain as ashes. Nor must the presence of these mineral substances be regarded as accidental or unimportant. They are constant, constituent, essential. Blood is not blood without its salts and iron; bone is not bone without its phosphates; muscle is not muscle without its salts.

Let us glance at one or two of these inorganic elements; and, first, at *phosphate of lime*. There is not a single humour, not a single tissue in the body, which is without a certain proportion of this salt. By removing it, the integrity of the tissue is destroyed, and all characteristic properties as infallibly altered as if the organic elements were removed. If the needful quantity be withheld or withdrawn, the bones become weakened, as we see in pregnant women, whose fractured limbs are with difficulty healed (sometimes not at all), simply because their phosphate of lime has been diminished by the demands of the child. A similar effect is noticeable in infants during teething, a period when the "rickets" often make their dreaded appearance. But still more fatal is the effect of withholding this salt from the food, as we learn in the striking experiments of Chossat, who withheld it from pigeons, allowing them to eat no more than was contained in the grain and water on which he fed them: they all perished miserably, after attacks of diarrhœa and softening of the bones.*

The absolute necessity of a supply of inorganic materials in Food is further illustrated in one of the experiments of Messrs Lawes and Gilbert, who note that

"the pigs in pen 5, where Indian meal alone was given, had become affected with large tumours breaking out on their necks, their breathing and swallowing becoming at the same time difficult; we, in order to test the question as to whether this arose from the defect of nitrogen or from other causes, supplied them with a trough of *mineral* substances: they soon recovered from their complaint, and eventually proved to be among the fattest and best of the entire series of pigs; at least a dealer in pork, with a practised eye, purchased, by preference, one of these animals from among the whole set of carcasses. The mineral mixture supplied to them was composed of twenty parts coal-ashes, four parts common salt, and one part superphosphate of lime; and for it they seemed to exhibit considerable relish."†

The point is forcibly put by Liebig:—

"In the two preceding letters, there has been ascribed to certain constituents of seeds, tubers, roots, herbs, fruits, and flesh, the power of supporting the processes of nutrition and respiration; and it will appear as a very striking contradiction when it is stated, that no one of these substances by itself, neither casein alone, nor the substance of muscular fibre, nor the albumen of eggs or of the blood, nor the corresponding vegetable

* Von Bibra found that the quantity of phosphate of lime contained in the bones was determined by their ratio of work; those of the legs and feet containing more than the arms and hands, and both these more than the ribs of the passive bones.

† *Report*, p. 339.

products, are able to support the plastic or formative processes; that neither starch, sugar, nor fat, can sustain the process of respiration. Nay, it may excite still greater astonisment to add, that these substances, even when mixed, no matter in what proportions, are destitute of the property of digestibility without the presence of certain other substances; so much so, indeed, that if these other conditions be excluded, the above-named compounds are utterly unable to effect the continuance of life and the vital phenomena."*

He then proceeds to explain that these matters are the salts of the blood, and to examine, with his usual acuteness when dealing with chemical phenomena, the part played by the alkalis in the nutritive process. We must remark, however, that even here the absence of the true anatomical point of view renders his teaching incomplete; for he only takes into account the part played by the inorganic substances as *conditions* of vital phenomena (such as promoting digestibility and nutrition), entirely overlooking their part as integral elements of tissue, on which many of the properties of tissues depend. It is from this mistaken view, we imagine, that he omits *water* from the list; yet anatomy assures us that water is an essential element of tissue; and its enormous preponderance in quantity is the expression of its pre-eminence in nutritive quality, and explains the paradox of water being, *longo intervallo*, the most nutritious of all articles. Life, we know, may be prolonged for weeks without any organic food being taken, if water be freely supplied; but life will not continue many days if water be withheld. If, therefore, the purpose of Food be to sustain the organism, that article which sustains it longest, and can with least immunity be withheld, must be the most nutritive of all; and water claims pre-eminence over beef.

Water is so abundant around us, and it passes in and out of the system with such freedom, that we are naturally disposed to overlook the fact of its forming a *constituent*, tolerably constant in amount. Many of its uses are accurately known. It dissolves gases, without which respiration would be impossible, and gives the tissues their elasticity, the humours their fluidity. It is the great condition of chemical change. If the lungs were formed precisely as they are, with the single exception of having no moisture on their surfaces, Respiration could not be effected; as we see when the fish is taken out of water, and its gills become dry by evaporation. The cornea of the eye owes its transparency to water, and the removal of that small quantity would render vision a mere perception of a local change in temperature. But it is unnecessary to rehearse the manifold properties of water in the vital organism, we have said enough to show its eminence as Food.

*Common Salt* (chloride of sodium) is another constant and universal substance which claims rank as Food. It forms an essential part of all the organic fluids and solids, except the enamel of the teeth;† a statement to which attention is called, because Liebig, in an obscure passage,‡ seems to deny that it forms part of the tissues, declaring that in muscle chloride of potassium is abundant, but no chloride of sodium; a mistake, as the analyses of Von Bibra, Barral, and others, clearly show. Common salt is always found in the blood, in quantities which vary within extremely narrow limits, forming 0·421 per cent of the entire mass, and as much as 75 per cent of the ashes. This quantity is wholly independent of the surplus in food; for the surplus is either not absorbed or is carried away in the excretions and perspiration;§ and this shows it to be an anatomical constituent, not an accident. If too little salt be taken in the food, instinct forces

* *Chemical Letters*, p. 382.

† ROBIN and VERDEIL: *Traité de Chimie Anatomique*, ii. 175; and LEHMANN 404; iii. 80.

‡ *Chemical Letters*, p. 405-6.

§ Ille has noticed that people living on the coast, or eating salted meats, increase of salt in their perspiration.

every animal to supply the deficiency by eating it separately.

"The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of North-Western America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself beside a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times." *

When Cook and Foster landed in Otaheite they astonished the natives who saw them eating white powder with every morsel of meat; and every one remembers Man Friday's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "white powder," ate fish, and cooked their flesh in sea-water, rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt; and on the gold coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, his wife, or his child for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

The properties of salt are manifold. It forms one of the essential conditions of vital processes. It renders albumen soluble, and is necessary for digestion, being decomposed in the stomach into hydrochloric acid for the gastric process, and soda for the bile. It has also a most important property, namely, that of regulating the interchange of fluids through the walls of the vessels, in accordance which that law of *endosmosis*, on which so many vital processes depend, but which we cannot stop now to explain. So great are the services of salt that we may confidently endorse the statement of Dr. Bence Jones, that it is "a substance as essential to life as nitrogenous food, or non-nitrogenous food and water," † and if so essential, then assuredly Food.

It would lead us too far, and the excursion would be unnecessary, to examine separately all the inorganic substances taken as Food; enough has already been said to justify the classification, which places the inorganic beside the organic substances, as one of the two great divisions into which the question naturally falls. If we do not dine off minerals, nor find ourselves pleasantly munching a lump of chalk as we should munch a lump of bread; if, as a general rule, we eat mineral substances only in combination with organic substances, and not separately, the rule is absolute which forces us to eat organic substances only in combination with inorganic, because no pure organic substance can be found. It may seem absurd to talk of eating inorganic food, because we rarely eat it separately; but in that sense it is absurd to talk of eating organic food, because organic substance, free from all admixture of the inorganic, has never been eaten by any man.

And here for the present we must pause, having spent much effort in clearing the ground for some exposition of the positive state of our knowledge on the subject, by removing these encumbrances in the shape of hypotheses which do harm to science when as is too frequently the case, they are accepted as explanations.

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* JOHNSTON: *Chemistry of Common Life*, p. 400.
† BENCE JONES: *On Gravel, Calculus, and Gout*, p. 46.

## SULLIVAN ON CUMBERLAND.

Shut up, in autumn weather, in the beautiful valley of Patterdale, we wiled away part of our time very pleasantly in talk with such of the peasantry as were idle enough to give us their company. We were rather curious to discover if we could, from personal conversation with the living men, what traditions of the olden time still lingered amongst the mountains, what superstitions or peculiar modes of thought might still be traced among their inhabitants. We may as well confess at once that, although we were often much interested in the conversation, as well of the miners who work in that district, as of its shepherds and agricultural labourers, we made no discovery of the kind we were in search of. We have listened to accounts of accidents which have taken place up in the mines, told in a careless, loose, shambling sort of manner, and yet in a language so graphic, and so correct withal, that if a short-hand writer had got it upon his notes, he would not wish to change a single word of it. We have heard a shepherd describe the aspect of the valley and the hills in mid-winter, when day after day the snow falls silently on all the mountains, and then suddenly a west wind, charged with heavy rains, converts, in a few hours, all the snow into one rushing, roaring flood, that comes sweeping down from every side into the valley—we have heard him describe such a scene in a manner which only Christopher North could have excelled. But neither miner nor shepherd mingled with his narrative any peculiar superstition, nor when the conversation was directly turned to the subject of fairies, or demons, or the black art, did they treat these once mysterious topics in any other temper than that of mere and abrupt contempt. They had not the interest in them of the scholar or the antiquarian; they saw them only in one aspect, as so much nonsense, and dismissed them accordingly. Such at least was our experience; others who have mingled more intimately with these people than we can pretend to have done, may have a different tale to tell.

The honest and intelligent countryman under whose roof we were lodging, fairly turned the tables upon ourselves. "If you want instances of absurd credulity," he said, "it is in great towns, not in the country that you should look for them. Every now and then, in the *Penrith* and *Carlisle* newspapers, I see some paragraph about 'spirit-rapping,' 'mediums,' and 'seers,'—I know not what—and educated gentlewomen, it seems, write books upon such stuff. Shame upon them! We do perhaps rant and rave a little in this valley of Patterdale, but such gross credulity, such downright lying and deception as must be going on in London and New York, beats all I ever heard or read of." We had to make the best defence we could for the cities of London and New York, thus compromised in the eyes of our host, by certain "elegant extracts" he had encountered in the corners of his Penrith newspaper. We were glad to beat a retreat from the subject.

But a few days after this conversation—by way, perhaps, of compensation for the defeat we had sustained—our landlord brought us a book which had been lately written by a learned gentleman of the neighbourhood, and from which, he said, we might probably obtain the sort of information we were in search of. We found in Mr. Sullivan's book *both* more and less than we were thus led to anticipate. It did not enter so fully as we had hoped, into the traditionary beliefs of the people; and, on the other hand, it led us into the old ethnological questions, how England, and these northern counties in particular, came to be peopled at all, and in what proportion by the Celt, or the Saxon, or the Dane. Into

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*Cumberland and Westmoreland, Ancient and Modern, the People, Dialect, Superstitions, and Customs.* By J. Sullivan.

these questions we were not disposed to enter, and Mr. Sullivan will excuse us if, at the present moment, we pass rapidly over what is in fact the main subject of his work, and content ourselves with gleaning from it some of those more amusing, if less instructive, details which concern the living population of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Yet we must say of Mr. Sullivan's book that in no part of it is it tedious or uninstructive. As an ethnologist, Mr. Sullivan has the merit of impartiality: he is not the champion of the Dane, or the Saxon, or the Celt; he is willing to give to each of these his due share in the production of what are now the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The outline of his scheme is that which, in the main, has been generally received; but instead of the division into Celts and Cymri, he prefers the names of Hiberno-Celtic and Cambro-Celtic—which is, indeed, a more cautious nomenclature—because it marks a distinction between the tribes or nations supposed to have peopled this island, according to localities in these islands themselves, without involving any hypothesis as to the part of the Continent from which they came.

It is as an etymologist—as one who has especially applied a knowledge of languages, classical and barbaric, to detect the origin of our Cumberland names of places, hills, and rivers—that Mr. Sullivan chiefly claims to be distinguished. Not familiar ourselves with "Norse roots," and knowing nothing of the Celtic (Hiberno or Cambro), we cannot estimate the value of Mr. Sullivan's labours in this peculiar field of inquiry; but we can call into court a witness who appears to be authorised to speak on this subject. In a paper read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, Mr. Craig Gibson describes Mr. Sullivan as "one of the most acute and best informed of those writers who have lately turned their attention to the ethnology of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as indicated in the local etymology."* We are happy in being able to adduce this testimony in favour of a painstaking and laborious scholar; and we beg it to be remembered that the substantial merit here assigned to our author may very well cohere with some peculiarities of style and manner calculated, occasionally, to provoke a smile in the reader, and that although Mr. Sullivan may not throw much light on the broad general questions of ethnology, his book may be useful to those whose studies lie in this especial field of etymology.

Mr. Sullivan, like all etymologists we have ever known, gives very good advice—which he does not always follow. He makes some very sound observations on the folly of building on mere similarity of sound. When Latin was the only language familiarly known to our scholars, every word was derived from the Latin. When Saxon came to be studied, Saxon etymologies were everywhere discovered. Now that the dialects of the Danes and other Northmen are added to our erudite accomplishments, the ground is everywhere overrun with "Norse roots" instead of Saxon. Quite fearful is the amount of knowledge that is now required of a man before he can claim to be an etymologist; and when he has mastered some dozen languages he has still the hardest of all tasks to learn—he has to put a curb on his own ingenuity, to throw away his own *discoveries*, to practise a self-restraint and a self-sacrifice beyond what human vanity can endure. No etymologist ever did submit to the rules which he can lay down very wisely for others. No human virtue can resist the temptation of a new derivation. All that we can expect is, that, as each discoverer is as severe a critic of the new derivations of others, as he is indulgent to his own, this field of inquiry will, on the whole, be kept tolerably clear from any great blunders.

"No portion of language," writes Mr. Sullivan, "has been less investigated than that of the names of persons and places, and none is so diffi-

* *The People of the English Lake District:* A paper read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, by A. Craig Gibson, Esq.

cult. With proper respect for the efforts of persons who have already occupied themselves with such subjects, but with a higher respect for scientific truth, I must say that ethnography, based on this department of language, is not a case for *that particular kind of blind-man's buff, mis-called etymology.*" Yet Mr. Sullivan himself is not indisposed to play at this "blind-man's buff," and the guesses he makes are manifestly, in some instances, of the wildest description. In the thick of the game he clasps our Shakespeare round the waist, and calls out *Jacques-pierre!* (James' Stone), from no authority that we can gather, but a certain analogy he detects with *Robespierre* (Robert's Stone).

It will be already perceived that Mr. Sullivan has some peculiarities of style, some eccentricities of diction; but these, we observe, are chiefly noticeable at the commencement of his book. He gets clear of them as he proceeds, and falls into a natural and unconstrained mode of expressing himself. The preface opens in the following manner. After mentioning that the present publication grew out of some letters printed in the *Kendal Mercury*, it continues thus:—

"In this production of his first essay the author conceived he was called upon to bring into alto-relief the parts of his subject hitherto neglected or slighted—namely, Celtic and Norse. But since then, *local archæology has been looking up;* the ethnography of the district, with Norse in the ascendant, has been several times before the public in the form of lectures; and the Norse element especially has been treated in an elaborate work, the *Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland*, by Mr. R. Ferguson. Thus though, in the author's opinion, much of the matter that made its appearance *might be regarded as self-explosive*, yet, when Norse became the diggings for Gumbrian etymologists, it ceased to need any special fostering from him; and this must account for what may appear, to 'Norsemen,' an undue prominence given to Celtic. And to Mr. Ferguson's work, any person desirous of seeing Norse well advocated—Norse against "All England"—is referred."

It is necessary to read the passage carefully over, and more than once, before we feel quite satisfied what, or who, it is that is "self-explosive," or what precisely this new quality of authorship may be. We presume that Mr. Sullivan does not mean that his own writing has this dangerous property; it must be Mr. Ferguson who is self-explosive. Mr. Ferguson and other Norsemen have been at these new etymological "Diggings," and, instead of good gold, have extracted certain explosive materials. This must be the meaning of the passage. But this being the case, we rather think that there was an additional reason here why Mr. Sullivan should *not* have withdrawn his fostering care from a cause that has fallen into such strange hands; he should have taken the spade and the pick-axe from these disastrous or incapable diggers.

We have given the opening of the preface; here is its conclusion. The author quite pathetically resigns his offspring to its fate. "And now," he adds, "having said enough, or more than enough, he is compelled to lay down his book, as the Hebrew woman placed her child among the flags by the river-side, and stood afar off to watch what might happen to it." May it prove to be a "goodly child"—may it live and prosper! We are not Pharaoh's daughter to take it out of the river; nor are we the cruel Pharaoh to cut short its days; we merely push the flags aside, and look in, and pass on. Let the parent still keep watch, and see "what will happen to it."

We said that Mr. Sullivan's views of the manner in which these islands came to be peopled by their present inhabitants are, in the main, such as are generally accepted (if, indeed, *any* views on ethnology can be said to be generally accepted); but this does not prevent him from occasionally indulging in a little hypothesis of his own. We will give two instances, which, if they should not help to extricate the reader out of any of his difficulties, have at least the merit, somewhat rare in an ethnological hypothesis, of being rather amusing. When Mr. Sullivan steps out of the beaten track, and pursues a course of his own, he does it with a certain confident eccentricity of movement

which it is very exhilarating to behold.

We have all heard, at least, of the speculations to which the examination of certain cromlechs, or ancient burying-places, has given rise. These have been classed as belonging to three ages, or three peoples, from the nature of the implements discovered in them—the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron age. These graves, these tumuli, or cromlechs, have been investigated with peculiar care, it seems, in Denmark; and Professor Worsae and other learned men have came to the conclusion that the *stone* graves—those in which only flint axes, flint arrow-heads, and the like, have been found—belonged to a pre-historic people. From want of a better name, Mr. Sullivan calls them the "Stone people." In our own island, burial-places, he remarks, similar to those of the Stone age of Denmark, have been discovered, "if not numerous, at least widely spread." But while making this admission, Mr. Sullivan will not allow that the "Stone people" came into England earlier than the Celts. He has a theory that they were a Tartar tribe, who came over in company with the Celts; which theory he demonstrates in the following ingenious manner:—

"Are we now to conclude that the people of the Stone age of Denmark found their way hither, and explored the seas and channels of which the Romans showed so much fear, in canoes made by the process of hollowing single logs with fire and flint? Much more probable is it that they only reached these islands in company with the Celts, *after having obtained metal weapons*, and having learned the construction of some better kind of boat."—P. 16.

Thus our Stone people do not come over till they have "obtained metal weapons"—till they have ceased to be Stone people! This is a somewhat Hibernian method of accounting for their arrival in this island. Mr. Sullivan is quite at liberty to speculate as he pleases upon these unknown and pre-historic people—if pre-historic they are; he has as much right to bring them from Tartary as from any other part of the world; but even an ethnologist cannot be permitted, first of all, to describe them by the one peculiarity that they have only stone weapons, and then, in order to account for their appearance in these islands, instruct then in the use of iron. And why should Mr. Sullivan conclude that boats made of the *bark* of trees, or the skins of wild animals, stretched upon stout wicker-work, should be incapable of a voyage across the Straits? Unless the books which we read at school taught us wrong, or travellers' stories are all untrue, both the savages of olden time, and savages that now exist in remote parts of the world, have performed voyages quite as long, and quite as dangerous, in boats that were constructed of these materials.

"Moreover," continues Mr. Sullivan, "*no trace of any language older than Celtic* has been found in Britain; the peculiar sepulchres do not appear in one district only, but are thinly scattered through the islands, and modern Irish (therefore Hiberno-Celtic) *shows a strong phonetic tinge*, not belonging to the original stock, which exist to some extent in all the modern Tatár languages. These evidences (!) strongly support the conjecture that the unknown people were a Tatár tribe, and were mixed with the earlier division of the Celtic immigrants."

We leave Mr. Sullivan in undisturbed possession of whatever evidence he can find in that "strong phonetic tinge" which it seems the modern Irish has in common with the Tartar languages. We are utterly incapable of forming any judgment on this matter. But it may be worth while to inquire what, in such a case as this, can be meant when we say that there is "no trace of any language older than Celtic to be found in Britain." The earliest language that is extant cannot surrender up to us its etymologies (if such exist) from a language that, in its separate form, has become entirely unknown. No Greek scholar could detect a derivation from the Sanscrit, if Sanscrit had never been heard of. The hypothesis is that the language of these Stone people has become extinct; that, as a separate and peculiar mode of human speech, not a word of it remains.

Whether this hypothesis is correct, or whether this Stone people ever existed on these islands as a separate people, we do not pretend to decide; but adopting this hypothesis, it must follow that the most learned etymologist could not possibly detect what impression such a language had made upon the Celtic. How could he say that the "Stone idiom" had, or had not, left traces of itself in the Celtic names of things and places, whilst he knows not a syllable of that Stone idiom?

The other instance in which Mr. Sullivan volunteers an explanation or theory of his own, is equally curious. In some of our Cumberland hills, traces of the plough are detected, and that on elevated positions where there has been no cultivation of the soil within the memory of man. It is not, of course, the furrows themselves which the plough leaves, that have resisted for centuries the action of winds and waters and the melting snow, but the undulating ridges into which ploughed land is thrown for the sake of drainage. This artificial undulation of the surface may remain visible, it seems, through many generations of mankind. The country people have, or had, the notion that during the interdict laid by the Pope on King John, all enclosed fields were forbidden to be cultivated, and thus recourse was had to land that had not hitherto been broken up. People better skilled in history have attributed the tillage of these unproductive spots to those periods when the Border strife raged with so much animosity as to render the cultivation of the valley altogether useless. For the Scot was not always content with carrying off his neighbour's cattle: when the Border war was at its height, he destroyed whatever he could not appropriate; and doubtless the measure that he dealt was dealt to him again. It is supposed that at some period of this terrible insecurity, an attempt had been made to grow corn, or other produce, on land that lay remote from the usual inroads of the enemy. For our own parts, we are inclined to look no further back than to some period when the lord of the manor, or the great proprietor of the district, whatever his legal title might be, kept a less watchful eye over his land than he, or his steward, is accustomed to do at the present time. Let land lie open to the first comer, and it will not be long before some one attempts its cultivation. It is true, that, if the soil is very poor, he will repent his experiment, and retreat from his sterile acquisition. Neither is there anything here to prove to us that the experiment was successful, or was repeated.

Mr. Sullivan adopts none of these suppositions. He has a theory that *the first settlers chose the tops of the hills* in preference to the valleys, which were then covered with trees. The high ground was more healthy, and needed no clearance. It lay open already to the sunshine; they perched like so many winged creatures at once upon the pleasant, and, we hope, fruitful summits.

"These first settlers (the first instalment of Hiberno-Celts), the pioneers of British civilisation, were partly a pastoral people, and partly subsisted on hunting and fishing. In them we see a tendency to avoid the valleys, and, for permanent residences, to seek the highest ground, suited to their occupations. The reasons are obvious: the valleys were impenetrable thickets and pestilential marshes; the high grounds were healthier, and less obstructed by forest. Those traces of the plough that have been observed on the hills and commons, uncultivated even at the present day, belong to this early period, and show that agriculture had made progress on the lands of the first colonists. But the phenomenon has remained a puzzle to the latest times; and on it has been founded the popular story that it was laid as a penance on King John's subjects, during the interdict, to till no enclosed fields, or lands ordinarily cultivated, for the space of a year and a day."

Of the two explanations we should certainly prefer the popular story about the Pope's interdict to the hypothesis of Mr. Sullivan, which requires us to believe that these traces of the plough were left by a people who had not learnt to clear the woods and make use of the richer soil of the valley.

But we will not enter further into

any of these ethnological "puzzles." Let us see what Mr. Sullivan has to tell us of the existing people of Cumberland, or of such traditions, customs, or superstitions, as have till lately lingered amongst them. We have a variety of topics to choose from. Here are chapters on Fire-worship, chapters on Fairies, on Witchcraft, on Sacred Wells, Giants, and the like. As being the subject most venerable for its antiquity, we will turn to the chapter on Fire-worship.

The *Beltein* or *Beltane*, a festival in which a sacred fire was lit, with many various ceremonials, has been longer preserved in Scotland and Ireland than in any parts of England. But there are parts of Cumberland where the fires lit on the eve of St. John still remind the antiquary of the old Druidical worship. The *Beltein*, we used to be told, signifies the fire of *Baal*. But another derivation of the word has taken the field, for which Mr. Sullivan contends very warmly. He traces the word to the Danes or Scandinavians, who coined it partly from their own dialect, and partly from the Hiberno-Celtic. *Baal* is Danish for a pile of wood, and *teine* is Hiberno-Celtic, for fire. Beltein is, therefore, simply a fire made with a pile of wood.

"The Scandinavians," says Mr. Sullivan, "as they settled in England and Ireland, freely adopted the national rites and customs. Having been indoctrinated with the fire-worship of the Celts, they continued it under the name of the Baaltine or Beltain, a compound formed from both languages."

The Scandinavians, it appears, adopted the rite and *half* the word for it, from the Celts, showing their independence and originality by supplying the other half. In a note, our etymologist adds:

"As there are yet many persons who cling to the imaginative derivations from the god Baal or Bel of the East, it may be as well to add a word or two, with the hope of converting those benighted idolaters. Baal belongs to the Syro-Phenicians, whose primitive religion was a simple star-worship. Being pressed southwards by the Arians (Indo-Europeans), these people entered Egypt. That they freely adopted tenets and deities from both Persians and Egyptians, is evident, but there is no trace of any reciprocation. The contact of the Syro-Phenicians and Persians took place in Torvastrian times, long before which the Celts had their worship of the sun. Why then adopt this word in connection with their ancient worship? Can we suppose the Phenicians brought the name to Cornwall? The supposed Baal worship is unknown in Cornwall, and the Beltain is confined to districts known to have been partly colonised by Scandinavians. The word *Baal*, erroneously supposed to mean the sun, is always to be interpreted *Dominus*. Then the Egyptian Seb, &c."

All this looks very formidable; but if the Celts brought their religion with them into Britain, and if that religion derived its origin from some great monarchy or people in the East, it is not improbable that this word *Baal* came from the same source. That the Druidical religion originated in Britain, is a mere conjecture, which Cæsar reports, and which, we apprehend, no scholar of the present day adopts. The word Baal, whose first meaning was the sun, came to be synonymous with Lord or God; and notwithstanding all that Mr. Sullivan has so distinctly laid down as to the religious culture of the Syro-Phenicians, we are persuaded that if he chose to give us the benefit of his ingenuity, he could find some road for the passage of this word into the Celtic language.

"Several Cumbrian hills," Mr. Sullivan proceeds to say, "received their names from the sacrifices of the *Beltain*, of which they were the sites. Of these the highest is Hill Bell, the hill of the *baal*, or Beltain, in Westmoreland; Bell Hill, near Drigg, in Cumberland, confirms this etymology of the name. Besides these we have Bells and Green Bells, in Westmoreland, and Cat Bells, Derwentwater.

"Fire-worship, or a commemoration thereof, can be traced to a late period at the four great festivals of the seasons. On the establishment of Christianity in Ireland, the care of the sacred fire was intrusted to St. Bridget and her society of nuns, and the eve of the first of February still witnesses a rude custom in connection therewith. Candlemas-day doubtless originated as an adaptation of the worship of this season, as did the Firebrand Sunday of Burgundy, and the more general observance of St. Blaze's day!"

What a brilliant personification is this of St. Blaze! We have a St. Sunday presiding over a noble crag in Ullswater, but he must hide his head in the presence of this glorious St. Blaze.

"The Midsummer rejoicings are most generally known under the name of *bone-fires*, being so called from the custom of burning bones on that night. In all the country parts of England the Midsummer fires were continued to a late period, together with sports, which were kept up, in some places, till midnight, in others till cock-crow.

"According to the general opinion of the old writers, the bone-fires were intended to drive away dragons and evil spirits by their offensive smell. Stow thinks that a great fire purges 'the infection of the air:' but another author declares that 'dragons hate nothyng more than the stenche of brennynge bones.'"

They had a more delicate nostril than we gave them credit for. But, for all this, we have our doubts both about the *dragons* and the *bones*.

"The old Midsummer custom of the bone-fire is still observed at Melmerby, perhaps the only place in these counties at which this remnant of fire-worship now lingers. Until within two or three years since, old Midsummer eve was kept as the annual village festival. It was a holiday for a considerable extent of the fell-sides, and used to be attended by a great concourse of people. Preparations on a most extensive scale were made, partly for the accommodation of the general public, but still more for the private entertainment of friends. For several days previous to the feast, the village ovens were in continual daily and nightly requisition. But this reunion of friends, which was however already declining, has been quite discontinued since the establishment of certain cattle-fairs in the spring and autumn; and for these times the annual visits are now reserved."

We see here, on a small scale, how it is that our social wants and pleasures keep up many a ceremony whose original meaning is lost or become indifferent. People must have times and places for general concourse. When the cattle-fair supplied this want, farewell for ever to the fires of Old Midsummer Eve.

"The superstition of the *need-fire* is the only other remains of fire-worship in these counties. It was once an annual observance, and is still occasionally employed in the dales and some other localities (according to the import of the name *cattle-fire*, *nöd* Danish for cattle), as a charm for various diseases to which cattle are liable. All the fires in the village are first carefully put out, a deputation going round to each house to see that not a spark remains. Two pieces of wood are then ignited by friction, and within the influence of the fire thus kindled the cattle are brought. The scene is one of dire bellowing and confusion, but the owner is especially anxious that his animals should get 'plenty of the reek.' The charm being ended in one village, the fire may be transferred to the next, and thus propagated as far as it is required. Miss Martineau (Lake Guide) remarks the continuance of this custom, and relates the story of a certain farmer, who, when all his cattle had been passed through the fire, subjected an ailing wife to the influence of the same potent charm."

Whence came our Fairies? From the East or from the North? were they *Peris*, or *Devs*, or of Gothic extraction? Were they Pagan deities lingering in the fields they loved till a Christian era dwarfed them to the pigmies they became? Whence was even the word derived? "By some etymologists," says Sir Walter Scott, "of that learned class who not only know whence words come, but also whither they are going, the term *Fairy*, or *Faërie*, is derived from *Fae*, which, again, is derived from *nympha*." Mr. Sullivan leans to that view of their origin which is still current in Ireland. "When the rebellion of the angels," he tells us "brought about their expulsion from heaven, the archangel Michael, who was placed at the gate, after some time made intercession with these words, 'O Lord, the heavens are emptying!' The wrath of the Almighty ceased, and all were suffered to remain in the state of the moment until the consummation of the world. At that precise time many of the fallen angels were already in the bottomless abyss, but some were still in the air, others on the earth, others in the sea." And thus air, earth, and sea, became peopled with spirits.

But from whatever quarter they came, we know that they are now gone. We know this in Cumber-

land not only negatively, because no fairies are now seen, but positively, because their departure has been witnessed.

"An inhabitant of Martindale, Jack Wilson by name, was one evening crossing Sandwick Rigg on his return home, when he suddenly perceived before him in the glimpses of the moon, a large company of fairies, intensely engaged in their favourite devotions. He drew near unobserved, and presently descried a stee (ladder) reaching from amongst them up into a cloud. But no sooner was the presence of mortal discovered, than all made a busy retreat up the stee. Jack rushed forward, doubtless firmly determined to follow them into fairyland, but arrived too late. They had effected their retreat, and quickly drawing up the stee, they shut the cloud and disappeared. And, in the concluding words of Jack's story, which afterwards became proverbial in that neighbourhood, 'yance gane, ae gane, and niver saw mair o' them.' The grandson of the man who thus strangely witnessed the last apparition of the fairies, himself an old man, was appealed to not long ago on the truth of this tradition. Having listened to the account of it already printed, he declared 'it was a' true, however, for he heard his grandfather tell it many a time.'"

We the more readily quote this story, because it bears all the marks of a genuine delusion, or trick of the imagination. We have no doubt that Jack Wilson really saw, or thought he saw, what he described. The mist, and the moonlight, and the *beer* working in his brain, as well as the reports of fairies, and some biblical recollections of Jacob's ladder, account very satisfactorily for his vision, and he just tells us so much as he saw. The stee was drawn up, and there an end of it. Our Cumberland peasantry are not an inventive or imaginative race. They just have an honest delusion occasionally, or they repeat some absurd tradition, but they do not consciously set their ingenuity or imagination to work to contrive legends or conjure up spirits. Mr. Crofton Croker would have found amongst them very scanty materials on which to exercise his pleasant powers of narrative.

We have an instance of this stolidity of the Cumberland peasant in the name given to the famous Druidical circle near Penrith. It is called *Long Meg and her Daughters*. But ask for any legend or history of this strange and uncouth Niobe in stone, and you will find none whatever. The Cumberland imagination got so far as to see a rude similitude between these upright stones and a tall woman and her daughters. Such rude similitude forced itself on the sluggish imagination, but prompted no legend or fable to account for the strange apparition of a mother and daughters transformed to stone in that desolate spot. If an Irishman had gone so far as to give this name to the stones, he *must* have gone farther still; he would have coined half-a-dozen histories to account for the terrible transmutation.

The late Professor Wilson, in one of his admirable criticisms on Shakespeare, has remarked on the perplexity into which the reader is thrown when he attempts to form to himself any image of the fairies of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He is required at one time to think of them as of the stature of men and women; at another time as being no larger than insects. They make love to men—they hide in the blossom of a cowslip. But this perplexity accompanies us also throughout the traditions and popular stories which Shakespeare adopted. He took them as he found them. Perhaps he perceived that it would be utterly impossible to reconcile their incongruities without forming a new mythology, which would no longer have the sanction of popular credulity. We hear of the fairies dancing in the shape of most diminutive creatures by moonlight on the grass, and the next moment these delicate elves have large changeling babies to dispose of, which they surreptitiously place in some honest countrywoman's cradle. The only hypothesis that can extricate us from the difficulty is, that these ethereal spirits had no fixed definite form, but were capable of assuming what shape they pleased. And this we are expressly told in the veritable ballad of *The Young Tamlane*, which may be read in Scott's Border Minstrelsy, was the peculiar privilege of the race of fairies. One of them tells us:

"But we that live in Fairyland
No sickness know or pain;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

Our shape and size we can convert
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell's the same to us
As is the lofty hall.

We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream,
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on the sunbeam."

Next to the chapter on *Fairies* stands one upon *Holy Wells*. If it could be wished that any superstition should remain amongst us, it is that which attached a peculiar sacredness to the pure spring. In one way or the other we would have all men worship water—the giver of health, and the cleanser from all impurities. Whatever may be said of our fairies, Mr Sullivan appears to have no doubt that our water-spirits were originally brought to us from some Gothic mythology. They were afterwards transformed into, or replaced by, the saints of the medieval church. "As the Midsummer bone-fires were transferred to St John, so did all the saints in the calendar receive the wells amongst them."

But, alas! we do not find the spring worshipped or reverenced simply as the beautiful and perpetual gift of God to all mankind. There must be some miraculous power of healing attached to it in order to attract its devotees. Some of the wells are said to be impregnated with iron, and thus really to possess medicinal properties. But if we had statistical tables of the reported cures, we are persuaded that these chalybeates would not be found to have been more effective or remedial than the rest. Happily for us our diseases run a certain course, and, in the majority of cases, heal themselves; in other words, the human body is a *self-regulating machine*, and the very disorder prompts to some remedial action. Thus, we get ill and we get well again; and in nine cases out of ten we attribute to the apothecary and his drugs what was the simple work of nature. The same class of people who formerly trusted to some mysterious well, now refer all their cures to *Holloway's Pills*, and to that plaster which bears the wonderful name of *Heal-all*. And we may add further, that what effect was produced on the system by hope and expectation of a miraculous cure, is to some extent obtained by faith in the pill and the plaster.

Mr Sullivan tells us an amusing story of a worthy clergyman who had reason to reprove his parishioners for resorting, in a very superstitious frame of mind, to a certain St Maddron's well. One day it happened that he met a woman returning from this well with a bottle of the precious water in her hand. He lectured her gravely on her superstition; but it seems that the old woman, perceiving that he himself was not altogether right, persuaded him to taste the water, and "it cured him of the colic." After this the repute of St. Maddron's well might very fairly survive for another century.

The patient was sometimes required to do more than drink the water—he was to be the whole night long by the side of the well. Such prescription, we presume, was followed only in the summer, and by the more robust order of patients. All were required to make some offering. In some places they threw bread and cheese and money into the well. If there was much of the bread and cheese, it would not have improved the flavour of the water. Other offerings—as their own cast-off rags—they had the consideration to hang upon a neighbouring bush. The resort to wells is perhaps even now not quite relinquished. Till very lately there were annual meetings at several of them, but these had degenerated into a sort of country fair. Wrestling and other sports formed the amusement of the day, and the drinking was not limited to the water of the well; or if it was, that water had become miraculously endowed with the properties of beer and brandy. Intoxication led to quarrels, to fights and other disorders; and the lovers of peace and good-neighbourhood were very glad to get such meetings suppressed.

The superstitious worship of wells may indeed be expected to die out from amongst us, when the son of a Cumberland peasant may be seen walking from spring to spring with

that magical instrument in his bosom which we call a thermometer. Jonathan Otley, long known throughout the Lake district, and who has lately fallen asleep with the patriarchs—himself a venerable patriarch—haunted the springs of his native vales and mountains with a devotion that would have done honour to the poet and the man of science. He visited them at night and at morning, at all hours and in all seasons, registering their temperature, which in some instances, varies but a few degrees throughout the year, winter and summer; and a love of nature as well as of science was stirring in the heart of the old man, for he would clear away all weeds, all corruption and decay of any kind that had gathered round the spring, and would plant fresh roots of the primrose and hyacinth, or other flowers, round its borders. Jonathan Otley sleeps with his fathers, but the hills of Cumberland will preserve his memory.

Simple son of a peasant, and without the advantage of any academical training—no schooling, that he could remember, but "a short time at Elter Water"—he penetrates into the geological structure of the mountains around him, so that Professor Sedgwick can somewhere speak of "the system of the Lake mountains *first made out by Mr. Otley.*" He reads, and he writes—writes in a simple, manly, descriptive manner—and gives to the tourist that original Guide to the district, which has been the foundation of subsequent works of the same description, and which even now is preferred by some to its successors.

Coming from Ambleside, you descend by a winding road into the vale of Keswick; and as you look from your open carriage, or, better still, from the top of a stage-coach, you have perhaps the very finest view that can be commanded from any high-road in England. Skiddaw lies to your right, and a group of hills, of which Grisedale Pike forms the central and loftiest point, rises up before you. This group, which, when you are on the lake of Derwentwater, seems to crouch down by the side of the lake, and to be remarkable only for the beauty and variety of its undulations, and the richness of its colouring, rises as you rise, and, seen from this elevated position, fills the sky with a quite Alpine grandeur: that is, if the light and shadows favour you; for the effect of our Cumberland mountains depends much on the state of the air, and the falling of the lights. We must leave it to Sir David Brewster fully to explain how all this natural magic is effected, but it is the light and the air together which build up our mountains to the sublime proportions they sometimes assume. What at one time seems but a melancholy range of hills, will expand and elevate and throw out its glowing peaks and summits far into infinite space; for there is a sublimity of distance as well as of altitude. You will not sigh for the Alps or the Pyrenees if the sun sets propitiously as you descend into Keswick. On the last resting-place of this winding road, which is called Brow Top, stands a farmhouse, with its whitewashed walls. In a little room at the back of that farmhouse lived Jonathan Otley for many years, working and studying, a solitary bachelor—working as a mechanic, first in making baskets, then in mending clocks and watches—sometimes employed in surveying land, sometimes as a guide amongst the mountains by scientific tourists—and finding his sole recreation in nature, or in the books which taught him how to observe nature. Economy was a practicable virtue in those days. "At Brow Top, for his lodging and four meals a-day (and good ones too), the modest charge was four shillings a-week."

We gather these and other facts from a brief but very graceful memoir, which has been prefixed to Jonathan Otley's Original Guide-Book, by one who knew the old man well, and who himself takes a warm interest, both as a man of science and as a philanthropist, in whatever concerns the beautiful district in which he has pitched his tent. Jonathan Otley knew and loved the Lakes before Wordsworth sang of them, or any of our poets had come to live amongst them. "Grasmere was, during his youth, the 'little

unsuspected Paradise' which Gray (who in his last illness passed through the vale about the time Jonathan was born) describes in that exquisite letter which has gone through every guide book and tourist's journal down to the present day. . . . In his time Skiddaw was clothed down to his feet in rich flowing robes of heather, bracken, and gorse." The memoir thus records the triumphant moment of Jonathan Otley's life,—Jonathan himself is the speaker: "On September 10, 1823, I went up along the Calden from Mosedale with Mr. Sedgwick. When I proposed to return, Mr. Sedgwick threw off his coat and went on: I went across, and showed him where granite appeared, near the foot of Wily Gill." This enabled the geologist to lay down with confidence the structure of the whole group of mountains.

"It was characteristic of Mr. Otley," continues the memoir, "that he had a great love for wells and springs of pure water. One of these near the Greta at Keswick, known as 'Jonathan Otley's Well,' has been carefully protected by some of his friends. We were once guided by the childlike veteran — childlike in his love and reverence for Nature— to another fine spring, known by the beautiful name of 'The Fairy Keld,' hidden in the woods at the foot of Walla Crag. To another fine spring on Barrow Common we have more than once accompanied him, and recollect the interest the good old man took in keeping it sweet and clean. In his note-books we observe various entries relating to this well.—'July 4, 1851, planted hyacinth bulbs above the well on Barrow side.' It is truly touching and instructive to glance over those note books, these records of so long a life, all tending to one end — the illustration of his native mountains and vales. The winds, the waters, the rocks, the flowers, the natural phenomena of the district—these have continually occupied his mind; he goes on, year after year, chronicling the day on which the crocus first peeps, and the apple blossom falls, and the snow first appears on Skiddaw; and is never weary of speculating about frost, and clo[illegible]." The writer of the memoir expresses a wish that some permanent monument should be erected to the memory of one who passed so blameless or so useful a life. But if that well near the Greta will still preserve the name it now bears of "Jonathan Otley's Well," could mortal man wish for a fairer monument?

After this digression—which may be excused in *Maga*, who exercises a certain traditional supervision over all that concerns the Lake district—we return to Mr. Sullivan's book. We have come to the chapter on *Witchcraft*. The subject is very tempting, but we shall not permit ourselves to be carried away by it, nor to forget that our only object here is to note the present or late condition in these superstitious beliefs of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The idea of spiritual beings, of greatly superior power to man, submitting, nevertheless, to his control, and obeying his commands, appears at first sight most extraordinary. We suppose the link between the general belief of supernatural and divine powers to whom homage is due, and this perversion of the religious sentiment, will be found in the notion that certain rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and forms of prayer, have in themselves an inherent virtue; they in a manner compel the gods to grant what the worshipper has in due form petitioned for. When this notion has taken possession of the mind, it needs only to suppose a malevolent instead of a benevolent deity, and we have witchcraft. To this must be added one other element. This worship is a *religio illicita*; it is stigmatised as a crime; it falls, therefore, into the hands of the vilest and most ignorant; and both god and worshipper sink to the lowest possible degradation.

If there were even more remains than there are of this detestable superstition amongst the uneducated classes, it ought not to surprise us. It is not very long ago (reckoning by the life of a nation) since Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, was the prosecutor in a case of witchcraft—he having maintained that his own children were bewitched; and that Sir Thomas Brown, the author of *Religio*

*Medici*, was summoned as a witness on a trial for this imaginary crime, and gave the most unphilosophical evidence that could possibly have been devised; for he admitted that the symptoms of the bewitched person were the natural consequences of certain probable causes, but gave it as his opinion that in this case they had been heightened by witchcraft. When we reflect, therefore, how almost entirely this superstition has died away, we may justly congratulate ourselves. "My informant," says Mr. Sullivan, "himself knew a witch, and remembers oftentimes at night seeing her house a blaze of fire, illumining the darkness around." But we suspect that "my informant" was amusing himself by telling palpable lies. "He was once at the hunting of a hare that took refuge in a 'leath,' the doors of which were closed. On entering, there stood the old witch, the hare of course having disappeared. He expressed some surprise at the metamorphosis, but his companions, who were used to this sort of thing, said it was not the first time they had hunted that old witch." The narrator of this story evidently believed it as little as Mr. Sullivan himself. To record such stories is a mistake, because we do not get even at the fact of any one's credulity.

A sort of Dr. Faustus, under the name of Dr. Lickbarrow, flourished in Westmoreland about a hundred years ago. Some story, evidently fabricated upon older legends, is told of his servant entering into his study, and, by reading in a magical book that lay open, raising the devil and a high wind, and causing much mischief beside. Another professor who lived in the last century published a book himself upon the Black Art, and from this book Mr. Sullivan gives us a very amusing extract.

"Another of the wise men of Westmoreland, who flourished during the last century, gained for himself the reputation of being a learned man and a good man, and one who never used his powers for evil. His book, inscribed 'Dr. Fairer's Book of Black Art,' is still in existence. It treats of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and shows some knowledge of astronomy. His speculations about the man in the moon are, however, not of a very advanced kind. 'In this lesser luminary,' he says, 'there is visible to all the inhabitants round this earthly globe the likeness of a man with a great tree upon his shoulder. It is said he did steal it, and being accused, he denied, and wished if he stole it, he might leap with it into the moon. However, it is not the real natural substance of the man and the thorn, but the appearing likeness set in the moon by the handiwork of the Lord Almighty for a public warning to all people around this earthly globe to refrain from doing wrong in anything by word or by deed.' Until very lately it was believed there was great danger in opening this book."

How could Mr. Sullivan say that Mr. Fairer's speculations on the man in the moon were not of an "advanced kind!" We see in him the forerunner of the whole learned school of rationalistic interpretation. How firmly he holds the legend with one hand, while with the other he moulds and modifies it to suit the taste of a scientific age; and mark how cautiously he preserves the moral use of the narrative, though the narrative itself is entirely transformed. True, the veritable man and tree were not carried off to the moon—no such punishment was inflicted, or is likely to be inflicted upon any terrestrial thief—yet the appearing likeness is there set for a public warning to all people round this earthly globe. Without doubt Dr. Fairer may claim to have anticipated the rationalistic method of explaining the miraculous legend. Does any one know whether the doctor was of German descent? or may we claim this anticipator of a learned school as a genuine Westmoreland man?

"Persons possessed of the 'evil eye' are still remembered and spoken of, but I cannot hear of any such now living. It was better to make a long circuit than to meet one of these ominous individuals, especially in the morning. Like the witches, they seemed willing to acknowledge their evil power, alleging it to be a misfortune over which they had no control. In the neighbourhood of Penrith an old man of this class is spoken of, who, when he met the milk-girls returning from the field or 'byre,' used to warn them to 'cover their milk,' adding, that whatever was the consequence he 'couldn't help it.'"

The devil may well withdraw his powers to work evil from people who have become so scrupulous in the use of them. A man with the evil eye will not even turn the milk sour by looking at it. Here Mr. Sullivan introduces us to a singular belief or hypothesis, of a scientific character, which still lingers among a few rural inhabitants; it is, that "the dark or shadowed part of the moon is capable or incapable of containing water according as its obliquity is greater or less. 'I think it's drawing to rain, Robert.' 'Nay, net it—it 'll nin rain —t' moon can hod nea watter.'" But there is this inconvenience attending the hypothesis, that the most opposite conclusions can be drawn from this fact that the moon can hold no water. If it can hold no water, it may let it all fall down in rain; and, accordingly, the prognostic that it will rain may be heard, "because t' moon hods nea watter."

Upon the whole we should be inclined to think that, for inhabitants of a mountainous region, the Cumberland peasantry were an unimaginative people. Perhaps it is altogether a delusion to suppose that dwellers amongst mountains are likely to have their fancy stimulated unless they are educated persons. A man who comes from the city, who has had his mind exercised, feels a potent influence from grand scenery; but scenery alone will not educate a man or stimulate his fancy. Those who trust much to race, and who think the Scandinavian less poetic than the Celt, would perhaps refer us here to the supposed descent of the people of Cumberland from the Scandinavian or the Dane. "Norse is in the ascendant," as Mr. Sullivan says. Mr. Craig Gibson, in the pamphlet to which we have already alluded, sums up the matter thus:—"The balance of proof is heavily in favour of the supposition that the Danes, or rather Norwegians, are the principal stock from which the present inhabitants of the mountain district are descended." These North men, whatever their title, were rich enough in mythological fables; but they had, withal, this peculiarity, that they trusted much more to their own right hand and their own good sword than to any help from their gods. There is a famous speech reported of an old Norseman—"I believ eneither in idols nor demons; I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and courage of soul." Something of this sturdy self-dependence, this practical materialism, may be supposed to have descended to the Cumberland peasantry, by those who are quite satisfied of the lineage here ascribed to them.

Mr. Gibson, in speaking of their physical qualities—their health and longevity—says: "Their Scandinavian descent, their constant exposure to a highly oxygenised atmosphere (we presume Mr. Gibson has tested the atmosphere and found in it this abundance of oxygen), and other fortunate circumstances, lead to health and longevity. . . . I have seen in a cottage the living representatives of the extremes of five generations; and, in another adjoining, a family of children who had fourteen living ancestors—their parents, their grandparents, and all their eight great-grand-parents being still alive!"

Did Mr. Gibson have this *tableau vivant* presented before him, or was he contented with the report that the children gave him? One seems to be reading a part of that well-known chapter in Blackstone where he shows how many ancestors each one of us may boast, and seeing it illustrated before our eyes.

There is more matter yet in Mr. Sullivan's book—chapters upon apparitions and giants, *bargheist* and *boggle;* but we begin to feel that we have had enough, for once (and especially in these stirring times), of this antiquated lore, and suspect that our readers will have the same feeling. Therefore, for the present, we will abruptly take our leave of these *old* superstitions and—with all good wishes—of Mr. Sullivan.

## CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The son of the celebrated Dean Buckland may seem to have a hereditary right to instruct us touching the "Curiosities of Natural History," only by the laws of suggestion. We naturally expected that they would be palæontological curiosities—certainly nothing more modern than *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*. Having no stomach for the Ichthyosauri, and other extinct monsters of Geology, we were somewhat shy of dipping into Mr. Buckland's Curiosities; but observing that his first chapter had the delectable title of "A Hunt in a Horse-pond," our curiosity about his Curiosities was highly quickened, and incontinently we proceeded to read, and drew not bridle until the assistant surgeon of Her Majesty's 2d Life Guards pulled us up at the insuperable finis. In saying so, we are incidentally bestowing the highest praise on Mr. Buckland's volume. It is, indeed, a very amusing *mélange*, abounding in curious information, written in a discursive and gay style, with quiet gleams here and there of genial wit. Mr. Buckland is evidently a patient, skilful, enthusiastic, and original observer. It is marvellous what he finds in a horse-pond. He proves it to be a little *kosmos*. He finds "saleable articles" in it. Probably he could live *on* it. Evidently, he has lived much *in* it. He is impassionedly fond of the lower creatures—especially creeping things. He knows more of frogs, we venture to affirm, than any man living. He has observed them *ab ovo*, through all their transformations, until they reached perfect froghood. He expounds the curious provision for their hybernation—tells us all about their croaking, and how their croaking is produced. The cause of croaking in the *genus homo* is yet obscure. The "showers of frogs," of which the press from time to time admonishes us, are utterly dissipated by Mr. Buckland. Was this wise? The "penny-a-liners" will be all against him. Like their betters, they live partially on frogs. Mr. Buckland has dissected dead frogs—has ate cooked frogs—has swallowed live frogs; or, to speak with historic precision, he has opened his mouth wide and allowed the paludine leaper to jump down the "red lane" to the abyss below (P. 18).

This is not given as a curiosity of Natural History, nor does Mr. Buckland seem to require such devotion to the study of natural science in his pupil, that, in prosecuting his inquiries into the habits of the *Rana aquatica*, he should turn his interior into a horse-pond. From the feat of "leap-frog" adverted to, Mr. Buckland's friends seem to have ascribed a tendency to croaking in our author. Never was there a more unwarrantable surmise. At least throughout the whole of this volume, so far from croaking, he chirps cheerfully as a grasshopper. Moreover, frogs are always happy when they croak, and it was in Bœotian ignorance of frog-life that the word was used to describe the irrational groanings of the human biped. Perhaps, however, the human croaker is not really unhappy. He is a misery to his friends, but is he so to himself? Nay, he cherishes his gloom and gloats over it. His lugubrious voice is music to his own ear. He is an ill-used and neglected man, and he ingeniously aggrandises his fancied ills. How pleasant it is to bewail them. If sympathy does not come, that only adds to his pleasure. Like Charles Lamb's "convalescent," he is "his own sympathiser;" and under the doleful mask which he wears, he enjoys a delicious inward self-complacency. If this view be right, then the term is not used so anomalously, and the philosophy of language is in harmony with the philosophy of croaking. That curious old writer, Felix Slater, tells us of a man who fancied that he had one of Aristo-

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*Curiosities of Natural History.* By Francis T. Buckland, M.A., Student of Christ's Church, Oxford; Assistant Surgeon 2d Life Guards. R. Bentley: London, 1857.

phanes' frogs in his belly, and who took the tour of Europe with the view of relieving himself of the intruder. We recommend a course less circuitous and expensive. Let any one so situated, go and read Buckland's Curiosities. Their perusal will infallibly remove any melancholy that is not of the "green and yellow" type.

There are fissures at the corners of the frog's mouth, which admit the external protrusion of certain bladder-like cheek-pouches, and these are inflated from the windpipe, and with these instruments the croaking noise is produced. The male frog alone possesses these voice-sacs, and Mr. Buckland supposes that their use is for the purpose of apprising the lady of the presence of the gentleman. There can be no doubt of that. The frog is a dumb dog when the tender passion is not on him, but when he would "a-wooing go," gallantly does he blow his amorous acclaim. To Madam Frog the song is sweeter than any Sappho ever sung, and she is as much charmed as the thrush is with her gallant mate perched on the neighbouring elm-top, piping impetuously his mellifluous notes. In the month of April, what is finer than a symphonious frog-pond! We have our pet pond that we duly visit. The south wind has been blowing. All nature is feeling the genial power of the season. The little celandine, with starry eyes, gems the bank; and, lower down, with its roots drinking nourishment from the pond, the water-marigold raises aloft its glowing flower, and gazes ardently at the sun; the bees, humming in ecstasy, are getting the first sip of the season from the osiered margin; the ribbon-like foliage of the water-grass is shooting athwart the pond; above, the heavenly minstrel is "carolling clear in her aerial tower;" and lo! see the frogs looking up with large, mild—philosophic eyes; and hear how rapturously they proclaim their love. Go, thou bilious, melancholious, croaking biped, to the pond. My yellow friends there may take fright at thy vinegar visage; but if thou art patient and contemplative, they will reveal themselves even to thee, and teach thee a wisdom deeper than thine own. Go to the pond and studiously consider its treasures and marginal beauties, and learn to doff thy sad attire, and to modulate thy voice to less dismal accents. Nature, sir, has placed no *sacculi* in thy cheek to mark thee out as meant for a croaker, but has given thee lips and tongue for the utterance of a deep and thoughtful praise. Talk of crossing seas and seeking in Continental travel the healing of thy griefs and the removal of thy ennui. Cumbrous cure for artificial woes! Nature's medicine is near thy home, and our author could teach thee in thy pensive moods to recreate thyself on the margin of his unpretending pond, when the frogs would rebuke thy gloom, and the laughing flowers would beguile thee of thy fancied ills. "Nature is never melancholy," says Coleridge, and as "Wilkes was no Wilkesite," so frogs are no croakers.

Mr. Buckland brought with him from Germany a dozen specimens of the green tree-frog.

"I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place; and after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out, and with one accord all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they, one and all of them, began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the closed compartment of the coach, quite deafening. Well might the Germans look angry. They wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window; but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet."

"A good shaking," we believe, would silence all croakers. This seems to us, however, a very unsatisfactory explanation of the cause why these frogs should have indulged in such a morning concert. Frogs are

not especially sensitive to the light. They keep no vigils They are not wont to herald in the dawn of day. They copy not chanticleer, who disturbs the dull ear of the departing night with his shrill clarion. Horace indeed talks of the fenny fogs driving away sleep: "Ranæ palustres avertunt somnos." But Horace was a toper, and Sol was riding high in his fiery car ere the Falernian cups were slept off. Moreover, these German frogs must have been quick-sighted indeed, bottled up as they were and deposited in the pocket of a dusky German diligence, could they have been aware that the rosy morn was reddening in the East. The cause of the concert is evident. The smoke-dried Germans were snoring. There is a variety of snoring that approaches indefinitely near to croaking. The frogs heard the challenge, and unanimously responded. But it is clear that Mr. Buckland has not studied the natural history of snoring. The subject, indeed, seems never to have received any competent discussion. The variety of power in the nasal organ is great. You have the *piano* snore, commencing on a weak key, and passing away into a thin whistle, which we have mistaken for the wind playing through the keyhole or some other cranny. Then there is the great sonorous snore, pealing awfully through the house in the silence of the night. We once had a visitor with such gifted nostrils that we can depone, that although he did not awaken any responsive concert in the pond, he set our two terriers, at dead of night, into a furious fit of barking. It was a new terror to them, and we had the greatest difficulty of explaining to Billy and Pepper, that no harm was meant—that no invasion of the premises was threatened—that it was *vox et præterea nihil*. The great snore is often varied by wild unearthly cadences, harmonising with the howling wind without; and in listening to such a performance, we are free to confess that sometimes on our solitary pillow we have felt a little *eery*. But the most characteristic and best defined snore is the sudden quick convulsive snore, properly described as a snort. It is as like as may be to the snort of the war-horse, or to that of the starting, struggling locomotive, for which it has been more than once mistaken by a half-awake traveller, who had to go by an early train. The locomotive seems clearly to have copied from the human engine. If Mr. Buckland wishes to study the subject, let him take his station during night in the lobby of the bedroom-flat of a large hotel. His opportunities will be better if the hotel is much frequented by commercial gentlemen. The stewed kidneys and stout gin-toddy in which they indulge previous to retiring, form a good basis for a full nocturnal diapason—

"From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams and snorting fire."

A *full rack* seems to be the approved method of tuning the instrument. It is a vulgar error to suppose that a large proboscis is necessarily an organ of great power. On the contrary, in the huge cavern the air seems to lose itself; and we have seen an insignificant *snub* that would have outsnored the most exaggerated Roman variety. There is a nice question in casuistry—whether a sleeper can hear himself snoring, and, if he cannot, whether he can awaken himself by his own snoring. Being disposed to adopt the affirmative side of that question, we should certainly, had we been in Mr. Buckland's position, have vindicated our frogs, and demonstrated, on principles of the highest rationalism, that the drowsy Germans had awakened themselves.

These green German tree-frogs came to an unhappy end. Mr. Buckland brought them safely to Oxford; but on the day after their arrival, a novice of a housemaid, with true feminine curiosity, must have a peep into the strange bottle. No sooner had she removed the cover than she was saluted with a German croak, when, even more frightened than the sleepy sages of the diligence, she fled, leaving the bottle uncovered. "They all got loose in the garden, where, I believe, the ducks ate them, for I never heard or saw them again. These frogs cost six shillings each in Covent Garden market. They are not difficult to keep alive, as they

will eat black beetles, and these are to be procured at all seasons of the year." Dear ducks these, Mr. Buckland! their *déjeûné* costing you some three pounds twelve shillings current coin. And thus the German frogs, like many other German things, ended in quackery.

Mr. Buckland quotes some very interesting experiments, which we do not remember ever previously to have read, that had been made by his father, with the view of testing the possibility of the toad existing in a state of suspended animation when enclosed in a block of stone or wood. He caused twelve circular cells to be cut in a large block of coarse oolite limestone, and twelve smaller cells in a block of compact silicious sandstone. In each of these cells a toad was placed, and then the cells being carefully covered with plates of glass and slate, and cemented at the edge with clay, the blocks were buried in his garden beneath three feet of earth. At the end of a twelvemonth every toad in the cells of the compact sandstone was dead, while the greater number of those in the larger cells of porous limestone were alive, although, with one exception, they had all diminished in weight. Before the expiration of the second year the large toads were also dead. Dr. Buckland draws larger inferences from these experiments than the facts seem to warrant. There were allowed defects in the mode in which the experiment was conducted. The toads were immured in a cucumber frame for upwards of two months previous to their imprisonment in the cells. They must have had a scanty supply of food, and been in an unhealthy and emaciated state. Had they crept spontaneously into the cells in good bodily condition, when the natural torpor of hybernisation was falling upon them, the result would have been different, as seems evidently proved by the fact that some of them survived (and these the most healthy) much longer than others. While Dr. Buckland seems disposed from his experiments to question the possibility of frogs or toads existing in a semianimous condition when enclosed in blocks of wood or stone, he judiciously adds: "But it still remains to be ascertained how long this state of torpor may continue under total exclusion from food and from external air; and although the experiments above recorded show that life did not exceed two years in the case of any one of the individuals which formed the subjects of them, yet, for reasons which have been specified, they are not decisive to show that a state of torpor, or suspended animation, may not be endured for a much longer time by toads that are healthy and well fed up to the moment when they are finally cut off from food and from all direct access to the atmospheric air" (p. 52). On the contrary we think the experiments are decisive to show that, under different conditions, toads so enclosed might survive for periods much longer, and truly corroborate the many authentic cases attested by competent observers, of these animals being found in blocks of wood or porous stone. If some of Dr. Buckland's toads survived nearly two years without food in their cells, there seems no conceivable reason, as far as food was concerned, why they should not have lived for many years. And as for the *perfect* exclusion of atmospheric air from the cavities, we know not that this was ever contended for. It has not been said that these animals would survive for a period of years in an exhausted receiver. It is only said, as far as we understand the question, that these animals will survive in a torpid state for an indefinite period on less atmospheric air than any other living creatures. And although the cavity might be perfectly enclosed, with no aperture or direct communication with the atmospheric air, yet it has never been argued that the cavity was hermetically inaccessible to atmospheric influence, and more especially that it was inaccessible to moisture. Porous rock or wood is permeable by water; and a cavity in either must drain the circumambient moisture towards it. Now there is a beautiful provision in the skin of a frog or toad, whereby not only it absorbs moisture, but whereby it can withdraw from the moisture thus absorbed the oxygen necessary for life. Nor is this all. The

reature has a power of absorbng more fluid than is required for resent existence, and of hoarding it way in an internal reservoir, where t is retained until wanted. In its mprisonment, therefore, it is not at ll necessary that it should have a ontinuous supply of moisture. This xquisite peculiarity in the animal conomy of these reptiles, which trangely enough seems to have been overlooked by Dr. Buckland, appears to ive us the solution of the phenomenon hich his experiments were intended to elucidate, and to render scientific doubts about the many really well-authenticated cases of toads and frogs being found enclosed in wood or stone unreasonable. Of course we do not mean to vindicate the integrity of the antediluvian toad of Mr. Buckland's "newspaper-scrap," which, emerging from a lump of coal, the naturalist of the newspaper supposes to have "breathed the same air as Noah, or disported in the same limpid streams in which Adam bathed his sturdy limbs." It is very well to smile at the traditionary fancies of the old naturalists, who believed that swallows rolled themselves up in a huge mass, mouth to mouth, and wing to wing, and plunged to the bottom of lakes or rivers, where they waited patiently for the return of spring. "Immergunt se fluminibus lacubusque per hyemem totam, &c." But when the zoological peculiarities of certain reptiles indicate a provision calculated to preserve existence in a state of suspended animation for an indefinite period, it does not seem the province of scientific induction in such circumstances to reject well-recorded facts. With this academic tendency, Mr. Buckland seems somewhat tinctured. In an easy, off-hand style, he explodes the idea of frogs falling in showers, and laughs at the newspaper paragraphist and his wondering readers. Does Mr. Buckland question the many well-attested instances of small fish having fallen many miles inland? Will any one who has witnessed the effects of a whirlwind or a water-spout doubt the possibility of such a thing? Amid many well-authenticated cases, we may refer to a shower of small herrings that fell in Kinross-shire; see *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, 1826. But if herrings, why not frogs? Holinshed tells us that frogs fell in Angusshire during the time of Agricola (Chron. v. ii. p. 59). It will be easy to laugh at the old chronicler; but what does Mr. Buckland say to the discussion that took place on this subject before the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1844, and to the personal experience of M. Peltier then communicated? At Ham, in the department of Somme, during a heavy rain, he reported that the *Place* was instantly covered with small toads; that they struck his outstretched hand during their fall; and that he saw them fall on the roof of the house opposite to him, and rebound thence to the pavement. But, indeed, abundant evidence of similar facts as unquestionable could be given. Mr. Buckland disposes of all such evidence in a very simple fashion, by supposing that the little creatures had been hidden in fissures of the earth and under stones, and that they had crept out on the descent of the shower, and that thus the journalist was furnished with his phenomenon of the clouds raining frogs. The explanation is as old as Theophrastes, and was adopted by Redi, the celebrated Italian naturalist; but later observations render it untenable. It is the business of science to dissipate vulgar errors, but not scornfully to reject well-attested facts that are themselves feasible, and that admit of a natural and reasonable explanation. There are prodigies in nature as well as curiosities, and we are not disposed sceptically to question that frogs fall in showers, or to begrudge the paragraphist his pleasure in reporting the fact, or the *gobemouches* theirs, in annually filling their maws with the descending marvels. Of all men in the world, why should Mr. Buckland smile at the credulous rustics swallowing showers of frogs?

Few of our readers most probably have ever observed the toad at his repast. It is performed with electric rapidity, and with more than telegrammic precision. The tongue is doubled back upon itself, and is tipped with a glutinous secretion. The moment the beetle comes within range, the tongue is shot forth with

unerring aim, and quick as lightning the captive is withdrawn. They are invaluable in a garden. Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings*, complains of gardeners destroying them, of savagely cutting them in two with their spades. We hope not. Horticulturists of such "crass ignorance" ought themselves to be extirpated. The beauty and vigour of our flower-borders we have long ascribed, in a large measure, to a select family of toads, which we tenderly protect, and some of which have now reached a patriarchal age. Mr. Jesse mentions that Mr. Knight, the eminent nurseryman, keeps a large number of toads in his stoves, for the purpose of destroying the woodlice that infest his plants, and that they do not seem at all affected by the heat, even when it reaches 130 degrees. We are surprised at this latter statement, which does not agree with our observation. We have observed that the toad in very hot weather seeks shelter under foliage, or buries himself amongst the soft mould. In the evening he emerges from his concealment, and no doubt then employs his protrusile tongue. Mr. Buckland mentions a curious use of toads. They are employed as insect-traps. A brigade of marauding toads are conducted into the garden in the evening. They make a famous supper, but in the morning their entomological employer, by a gentle squeeze, compels them to disgorge their evening meal, "and in this way many curious and rare specimens of minute nocturnal insects have been obtained." "There is just now," says Mr. Buckland, "a plague of ants in many of the London houses, which defy extermination. I strongly recommend those who are troubled with these plagues to try whether a toad or two won't help them." Most certainly. They clean melon-frames of these insects, and why should they not perform the same friendly office in the drawing-rooms of London citizens? Nothing but ignorant prejudice can prevent the adoption of the excellent suggestion. And yet the prejudice exists, and they are a loathed species. Toads, time immemorial, have been persecuted by schoolboys, and you cannot wander through a village on a summer day without seeing defunct and flattened specimens of these unoffending creatures. Innocent of literature, it would be tracing the cruelty of the urchins to too high a source to ascribe it to the "ugly and venomous" toad of Shakespeare, or the yet more odious imagery of Milton. And yet from the erroneous natural history of the two great national poets, the idea may have originated, and thus been handed down as a traditionary odium from one race of schoolboys to another. While toads are not truly venomous, and lack the specific apparatus for producing venom which really venomous reptiles are endowed with, there is an irritant secretion in the glands of their skin which is more or less injurious. When a dog really seizes a toad, this glandular fluid is squirted out, and his tongue and lips are burned as if with a strong acid.

The metamorphosis which frogs and toads undergo is complete and remarkable. In their tadpole condition, the respiration is performed by means of gills, and is aquatic. In their adult state, their gills are converted into true lungs, and can breathe atmospheric air alone. The spawn of frogs and toads is very distinguishable. The spawn of the former is found distributed throughout the whole mass of jelly, while that of the latter is seen arranged in long strings, and generally in double rows.

Mr. Buckland seems very fond of the beautiful little lizard (*Triton punctatus*) or water-eft. He gives a lively description of a good day's sport he had in fishing for them, of their habits when confined in his crystal vivarium, and of the conjugal quarrels in which they indulged at dinner-time. The body of the little creature is spotted with olive, and tinged with a beautiful orange hue, and his back shows a finny crest tipped with violet. Mr. Buckland mentions that, in the imprisonment of his crystal palace, the crest was speedily absorbed, and the brilliant colours tarnished. It is always so; captivity miserably lowers the towering crest of humanity itself. Lizards are oviparous; but, unlike those of frogs, their eggs are individually deposited,

and ingeniously glued up in the folded foliage of aquatic plants. It requires a very practised eye to distinguish the tadpole of the lizard from that of the frog, although the final metamorphosis is not so complete. The tail of the lizard tadpole does not disappear, but remains long and large in the adult lizard. As in the case of toads, there is an acrid fluid of an offensive odour, secreted in the glands of their skin, and no dog cares to hold a lizard long in its mouth. They are tenacious of life, but are easily killed by sprinkling salt over them. Mr. Buckland diversifies his own observations on lizard-life by the following narrative:—

"With reference to killing lizards by means of salt: I was lately told a wonderful story by a raw Lancashire man. It appears that, once upon a time, there lived a man whose appetite was enormous; he was always eating, and yet could never get fat. He was the thinnest and most miserable of creatures to look at. He always declared that he had something alive in his stomach, and a kind friend, learned in doctoring, confirmed his opinion, and prescribed a most ingenious plan to dislodge the enemy—a water-newt, who had taken up his quarters in the man's stomach. He was ordered to eat nothing but salt food, and to drink no water; and when he had continued this treatment as long as he could bear it, he was to go and lie down near a weir of the river, when the water was running over, 'with his mouth open.' The man did as he was told, and, open-mouthed and expectant, placed himself by the side of the weir. The lizard inside, tormented by the salt food, and parched for want of water, heard the sound of the running stream, and came scampering up the man's throat, and jumping out of his mouth, ran down to the water to drink. The sudden appearance of the brute so terrified the weakened patient that he fainted away, still with his mouth open. In the mean time the lizard had drunk his full, and was coming back to return down the man's throat into his stomach; he had nearly succeeded in so doing, when the patient awoke, and seizing his enemy by the tail, killed him on the spot. I consider this story," concludes Mr. Buckland, "to be one of the finest strings of impossibilities ever recorded."—(P. 35.)

Why so, Mr. Buckland? We have our "historic doubts." If we remember rightly, Hunter, and other high authorities, tell us that the stomach has no power at all to act on living substances. The lizard was alive. But the continuous confinement must have killed the creature. How do you know the confinement was continuous? It is clear enough that your Lancashire *chawbacon* slept with his mouth wide agape. At night plainly the lizard quietly crept out, exercised itself in the bedroom, slaked its thirst out of the water *carafe*, and on the first appearance of blushing morn, "scampered" off to its ventral dormitory. Such is our view, provoked no doubt by your cynical Pyrrhonisms, but in any event we deny your right to regale your readers with such a narration, and instantly to deride it as "strings of impossibilities." The little creature is assuredly possessed of a remarkable power, if not of preserving life in difficult situations, at least of recovering portions of its body which it may have lost. If a limb is amputated, a new limb will bud forth and supply the lost member. Nay, if an eye is obliterated, it will be reproduced. This is nearly as marvellous as what takes place in the case of the Hydra, of which, when cut in pieces, each piece becomes a complete animal. But wonderful as these facts are, they seem trivial when compared with the extraordinary property of the new zoophyte *Synapta Ducernæa*, lately discovered by M. Quatrefages. This creature can subsist by self-consumption. In famine it eats away at itself. By successive amputations the body is devoured, and life is limited to the citadel of its head. (See *Rambles of a Naturalist, &c.*)

Mr. Buckland seems attentively to have observed that very singular creature, the chameleon.

"I had a couple at Oxford," he writes, "and tried several experiments, placing them on different coloured cloths; the variety of colours they can assume is not very great. They unfortunately soon died, my servant having put the box in which they were kept in a very cold place. They are very passionate creatures. Mr. Madden writes, I trained two large chameleons to fight; I could at any time, by knocking their tails against one another, insure a combat, during which their change of colour was most

conspicuous. This change is only effected by paroxysms of rage, when the dark green gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pellucid skin. The reason here given to account for the change of colour is not very satisfactory. It has been said elsewhere to be caused by the injection of the blood-vessels of the skin; but Mr. Queckett tells us, that he has injected many chameleons, but has not found the blood-vessels of the skin by any means numerous or capable of dilatation."—(P. 41.)

The change of colour to which the chameleon is liable seems dependent on excitement and health, and in a great measure on climate; but the cause of the phenomenon is obscure and by no means determined. But this singular creature is characterised by a much more remarkable peculiarity than its varied and changing colour. It seems not to be homogeneous; at least, betwixt the two sides of the body there seems a lack of sympathy. One eye may be looking straight forward, while the other is looking as directly backward. One may be entirely asleep while the other is wide awake. And this kind of independent and separate action applies to each side of the creature—to its limbs. It cannot swim, because its limbs refuse to act in concert. Could the two sides understand one another, and agree on a prescribed course of action, it might always be awake, or half awake. But it gains nothing by its unilateral independency; the two sides are like two horses that wont work in harness. It seems strange, with such a peculiarity, that on trees, or *terra firma*, the creature should be able to make any progress. But as the two sides are fed by one mouth, and as the insect tribes refuse to come to it, so they seem, in regard to all culinary matters, to agree to sink their differences, and to move in harmony. The stomach is a potent harmoniser, and thus a divided and obstinate jury are often starved into a unanimous verdict. In the chameleon, Lord Palmerston may find an argument against the double Government of India. But it would be a dangerous illustration. The member for Bucks might retort, that in the chameleon we had the perfect type of our Prime Minister—the same mutability of hue—the one eye looking forward and aloft to Conservatism, the other averted obliquely to watch the movements of Radicalism—the glutinous tongue skilful in capturing the "insect youth" of the House—and above all, the prehensile tail, capable, in perilous circumstances, of ministering support. But avaunt Politics! Such a vulgar theme should not be allowed to profane Nature's benignant domain. Moreover, we wrong the chameleon; for, unlike our politicians, it does not change sides. We have hung long enough delighted over Mr. Buckland's "horse-pond," and must tear ourselves away from it. He found almost every kind of creature in it but a horse; and why he should have called it a horse-pond seems inexplicable, unless from the author's connection with the Horse Guards.

Mr. Buckland's second disquisition is on "Rats." He is great on rats. Rats are clearly his forte—a frog even has no charms for him if a rat of *recherché* variety presented itself.

There is an overflowing opulence of information in Mr. Buckland's tractate on rats, and it is written manifestly *con amore*. It is a perfect Thesaurus of rat-literature, containing copious and curious details regarding the early history of the family—regarding the fatal invasion of the island by the Norwegian brown rat, under whose tyrannical sway the aboriginal black rat has well-nigh disappeared; regarding the public and private life, the habits social and domestic, the intellect, morals, and educational capabilities of rats; and the natural history is pleasantly interspersed with rat adventures. The old English race of black rats seems on the eve of extinction. The author of "London Labour and London Poor" was informed by a man who had wrought twelve years in the sewers before flushing was general, that he had never seen but *two* black rats. *One* of Mr. Buckland's informants, who had charge of a Bermondsey granary, speaks more hopefully. In his favoured locality he saw black as well as brown rats, "great black fellows," said he, "as would frighten a lady into *asterisks* to see of a sudden."

"My friend Mr. Coulson of Clifton, Bristol," writes Mr. Buckland, "most

kindly sent me up five beautiful black rats from Bristol. They were in a large iron cage, and when excited, moved about the cage more like birds than rats. I never yet saw other creatures with four legs so active as they; their tails are remarkably long, and they use them as levers to spring by when about to jump. Opening the cage to examine them, one escaped, running under my hand. It took myself, three other persons, and two dogs, three quarters of an hour hunting in my room to catch him again, so active was the little brute. We were obliged finally to kill him to get at him at all;—one of my friends very appropriately called him 'black lightning.'"—(P. 61.)

There is a popular prejudice widely prevalent that rats are vermin; and all who are labouring under that delusion will read Mr. Buckland's essay with a kind of bewildered surprise. The fact is, our author contemplates the race from a different stand-point from that of the vulgar, and writes of them quite affectionately. He seems to have kept his apartments at Oxford swarming with them. He sat surrounded with black, brown, white, and piebald rats. "One of the latter," says Mr. Buckland, in a tone of quiet triumph, "is now sitting on the writer's table, washing and cleaning himself with his little white paws." Seldom has any author been privileged to write so directly under the presiding influence of his subject. What with rats, and frogs, and tadpoles, and lizards, and many-coloured chameleons, rarely-furnished rooms Mr. Buckland's must have been; and so encompassed with his living themes, one need not wonder that he writes enthusiastically.

In prosecuting his investigation, Mr. Buckland necessarily had somewhat to cultivate the acquaintance of rat-catchers, and the exhibitors of "happy families." We know from observation, that in the study of natural history, a snobbish *hauteur* may prove an insuperable bar to progress. Rat-catchers have a natural history as well as rats. Perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity by which they are distinguished, is the very elevated and sublime view which they have of the dignity and responsibility of their calling. Mr. Shaw, the eminent rat-catcher, in his little book, as quoted by Mr. Buckland, writes: "My little dog Tiny, under six pounds weight, has destroyed 2524 rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced 1,638,190,200 living rats!"

The stupid public don't think of these things, and continue blindly ungrateful to their greatest benefactors. Very many years ago a dashing rat-catcher cultivated the northern part of this island. He rode a high-bred horse, and spoke high English. On a fine summer day he rode up to Cultoquhey, in Perthshire, and offered the laird the benefit of his services, who declined them, remarking, at the same time, that he believed there were no rats about the place. "No rats about the place!" responded the gentleman on horseback, "I know that your place is overflowing with rats, and if their machinations are not arrested, they will undermine the whole navigation!" Having thus delivered himself, he wheeled about majestically, and cantered off, pitying the lamentable ignorance of the squire.

Mr Buckland's third essay is headed "The Cobra di Capello," in which he expatiates on the serpent brood, innocuous as well as venomous, in his usual pleasant and discursive style. He describes well the beautiful structure of the snake's vertebræ, and numerous ribs, which it uses in some measure as feet, and by the successive advancement of which it moves forward.

The mouth of the snake is capable of immense expansion, arising from a singular peculiarity in the mode in which the bones of the skull are attached. The lower jaw, which is unusually extended, is not hinged to the upper, but fastened to it by elastic ligaments. The whole structure, throat, and stomach, admit of great dilatation; and hence their extraordinary powers of deglutition and their ability to swallow such large victims. Mr. Buckland, in his enthusiasm, must cultivate a personal acquaintance with snakes. He experimented on the poison of the cobra, and made a narrow escape of being himself poisoned. He had subjected a poor rat to the poison-fang of the snake, and in examining the dead animal, some of the diluted *virus*, after circulating in the rat's body, entered a small scratch

on his finger, from which he suffered all the horrid sensation and pain of one poisoned.

Mr. Buckland seems nearly to have poisoned others as well as himself. Having received some eggs of the common English snake, he placed them on a shelf in the greenhouse, in the hope that the heat would hatch them. A young lady from the nursery, mistaking them for sugar-plums, made a repast on them, and suffered thereby.

A true daughter of Eve, no doubt; but had Mr. Buckland any right to tempt the little maiden, by exposing, in such an accessible spot, such tempting likenesses of sugar-plums? In truth Mr. Buckland, we can well believe, from the nature of his pursuits, must have been a somewhat dangerous inmate in most households: and it might have been prudent and pleasant for the other members of the family, not in love with lizards, rats, toads, and serpents, to have had him and his *reptilia* domiciled in the outer barracks. Mr. Buckland gives us much curious information regarding snakes, and his narrative is pleasantly garnished with sundry amusing episodes. There is one class of comments in which our author indulges, which, with great deference, we think in bad taste, and which ought never to have found a place in his volume. We advert to his annotations on the natural history of the Holy Scriptures. A youth informed him that adders had ears, and snakes had not—"a bit of zoology," says Mr. Buckland, "I was not aware of before, and of course incorrect. I imagine that he had not long escaped from a Sunday school, and had conjured up his theory from the passage in the Bible—'like the deaf adder that stoppeth his ears.'"

This looks like a sneer at the Sunday school or the Bible. But the words have dropped from his pen thoughtlessly. Mr. Buckland does not suppose that it is the business of a Sunday school to teach Zoology, or that it was the mission of the inspired penman to define accurately the anatomical peculiarities of the *Ophidia* or *Sauria*. But, indeed, the reflection is not against the sacred writer, but his translator. The translation of the Hebrew *pethen* into "the adder" of our version, derives no warrant from the original. When the received version of the Scriptures was published, the science of Zoology was in its infancy; and even if it had not, by what means could any translator affect to determine the precise reptile intended by the author? In point of fact, some of the old writers on the history of serpents tell us that some of them are in the habit of shutting their ears against enchantment, by laying the one ear close to the ground, and stopping the other with their tail. This, no doubt, may be one of the many ridiculous errors by which all zoological science was so long encumbered and burlesqued; but supposing that such was the popular belief at the time the sacred poet wrote the eighty-first Psalm, does Mr. Buckland mean to quarrel with the poet for availing himself of the prevalent impression, if he might thereby describe more graphically the wilful insensibility of the callous sinner to the voice of heavenly wisdom? If Mr. Buckland shall apply such a criterion to the lyrics of our modern poets, of what monstrous heresies in science will he convict them! Mr. Buckland gives us some pages of disquisition on the third chapter of Genesis:—

"Supposing, then, the pre-Adamite snake (why pre-Adamite?) to have gone on four legs, we might explain the passage by saying, that after the curse the legs were struck off, but that the undeveloped legs were left (concealed, however, from casual observers) as evidence of what it had formerly been, and a type of its fallen condition. Upon the whole, however, it is more probable that the curse has a figurative meaning: and that, as explained to us by the gentleman above mentioned, the passage may be thus paraphrased, 'Thy original formation moving upon thy belly shall henceforth be a mark of thy condemnation, as it will facilitate the predicated evil. Thou shalt bruise his head, and he thy heel.'"—(P. 209.)

The gentleman above mentioned was a "learned divine." But surely Mr. Buckland has obliviously misrepresented the paraphrase of his theological mentor. The sacred text is, "it (the woman's seed) shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The paraphrase reverses the

meaning of the text. This seems somewhat bold, and beyond even the lordly limits of paraphrastic license. We need scarcely notice how the emphatic allusion to the crucifixion of the Divine sufferer is thus eliminated from the text. In truth, the paraphrase eviscerates the original of all meaning of any kind, and is sheer nonsense. Thy original form is to remain unchanged, undegraded, uncursed; but henceforth it is to be a mark of thy condemnation (how could it be so?) as it will facilitate the predicated evil (in what manner is not hinted). Thou shalt bruise his head, and he thy heel. The heel of the serpent! This is certainly a rare specimen of our modern physico-theology. That a figurative meaning may, in subordination to his primary purpose, have been intended by the sacred writer, it would be rash to deny. Much of the language easily and naturally indicates a figurative application. The children of the serpent are of the earth, earthy; they, indeed, eat dust, and turn away from the bread of life. But be this as it may, the primary meaning is historical, and is to be received as such. This is scarcely the time to go into the inquiry; but we may respectfully remind Mr. Buckland, that the Lord of truth Himself has given His sanction to the sacred narration contained in the early chapters of Genesis; that He treats it as a consecutive record of historical facts; and that, on the literal expression of the Mosaic history, He builds argument and expostulation. (As an example, see St. Matt. xix. 4–6; and Alford's notes *in loc.*, Greek Test., 3d edit.) It is, indeed, memorable, not only in reference to the Mosaic account of the creation and fall, but in reference to some other Old Testament histories; those, for instance, regarding Lot and Jonah, on which modern scepticism rejoices especially to lay its unhallowed hands, that the divine Interpreter has recognised and sanctioned their historical verity. This is *not* "a subject upon which speculations may be harmlessly entertained," if these speculations subvert the plain historical meaning of the Mosaic history, or if, depriving it of any rational meaning at all, they turn the sacred text into childish triviality. And yet in this current some of our late writers on Zoology and Geology, seem to be drifting. Professor Powel has coolly told us, that the first chapter of Genesis "is not intended for an historical narration." And some late lucubrations—witness the Prochronic theory of Gosse—are sufficiently visionary. The aspects of Zoology and Geology to Theology are of late very far from being improved. It is not that our divines are becoming more bigoted and jealous, but that our *savans* are men given to wild and unscientific theories—to bewildering schemes for harmonising the discoveries of natural science with the historical teaching of holy writ. It might be well, for the sake of science, that they kept to their own province, that they observed correctly, and recorded faithfully, and allowed the sacred volume to take care of itself. It has passed through many storms of reproach and suspicion unscathed. The time was when Egyptian hieroglyphics were to impair its integrity, when geographical and topographical discovery was to disprove its accuracy. We know the result, and the biblical student can afford to wait with patience and without fear, until, at least, our men of science harmonise their own theories, which at present seems the most urgent duty incumbent on them. He must remember, however, that the Bible deals primarily with the moral history of men, and nowhere professes to instruct us scientifically regarding the existing or extinct Flora or Fauna of our planet. It is but proper to add, that Mr. Buckland gives his "speculation" with great diffidence, sheltering himself under the ægis of "higher authority"—"a learned divine." Had it not been so, we should scarcely have animadverted on his equivocal interpretation,—which in his volume is quite out of place,—an unseemly excrescence. But a "learned divine" does not cross our path every day. His *imprimatur* is calculated to give currency to the latitudinarian reading, and it seemed proper to devote some sentences of exposition to his dubious "paraphrase."

Mr. Buckland's next paper is entitled "Fish and Fishing." A lover of

"the gentle art," a genuine disciple of quaint Old Izaak's, will be quite disappointed with Mr. Buckland's piscatorial essay. He is evidently no angler, and has never experienced the influence of the passion. He gives a rare description of a gudgeon-fishing expedition on the Thames, in which he and two friends indulged. They embarked in a punt, in which punt three chairs were placed, and three fishing-rods, and an iron rake. The owner and pilot of the punt baited the hooks, altered the floats when necessary, and took off the captured fish; while the three anglers sat with great dignity on the three chairs wielding the three rods. The picture was complete. The master of the craft raised up the mud with the big iron rake. This was the great feat of dexterity on which the anglers' success seemed to depend. The Thames, muddy enough at any time, became thickened into gruel around the punt. The stolid gudgeon became animated by the perturbation—rushed into the cloudy element, got mystified, and swallowed the bait. When a fit of shyness came over them, Charon, the cloud-compeller, "scratched their backs," as he expressed it, by raising up the mud anew. The cuttle-fish discharges its inky fluid, and veiling itself in a propitious cloud of its own making, ingeniously escapes the impending peril. The silly gudgeon swims into the muddy element, and loses its way and its life. Mr. Buckland's two friends were salmon-fishers, and one of them, not unconscious of the indignity cast upon his noble art, tried to cover the degradation of his position, by heroically exclaiming that there were but two kinds of fishing—"salmon-fishing and gudgeon-fishing." To be catching stupid gudgeon, out of a stupid punt, in the stupid Thames, was no doubt sufficiently humiliating to any one who had been wont to lure the silvery monarch from his haunts, to hang over the bright flowing Tweed, or the regal Tay, rolling through the fair valley, or bounding from the parent lake, a giant strong and vehement at the very moment of birth.

Mr. Buckland contemplates Fish and Fishing, however, with the eye of a Zoologist, rather than that of an angler, and his paper is rather ichthyological than piscatory.

Mr. Buckland winds up his volume with some account of the character and adventures of his "Monkey Jacko." He writes of the creature with a fond enthusiasm. He is a "pretty little fellow;" "his eyes sparkle like two diamonds;" "his teeth are of the most pearly whiteness." Could our author write in a more rapturous strain of Fair Rosamond? Nevertheless, apes are nasty brutes, and no eloquence can ever reconcile us to these chattering images of poor humanity.

Mr. Buckland's volume seems extremely well calculated to create a taste for natural science and a love of observation. This is what is wanted. It is marvellous how great is the prevailing ignorance of natural science among the educated classes. In so wide a field of study, the professional and active duties of life will in many cases prevent the possibility of accurate or extensive knowledge in all the departments of physical science. But seldom even in any one department is knowledge possessed. The ancients speculated profoundly on mental science, but appeared never to have given any thought to the study of the outward world; and what seems strange, the visible and external objects to which they did devote their attention, were those most remote from them, namely, the stars. Geology seems at present the popular science; and chiefly so, we believe, because it is one of those themes which can be talked about, without the necessity of the talker being previously subjected to much study. And yet Geology presupposes an accurate knowledge and a skilful application of the sciences of mineralogy, botany, and zoology. Without this, the geologist cannot read his subterranean literature—cannot decipher the hieroglyphics written on the flinty parchments of our globe by the iron stylus of Old Time. But without this he can generalise, and theorise, and range the testimony of nature in antagonism with the testimony of Revelation, or construct out of the two testimonies a wild harmony in which all is harsh disso-

nance. An accurate and scientific notation of the inmates of a horse-pond, is infinitely more valuable than these sublime geological speculations which are being conducted in the mean time without the necessary data.

How to account for the utter ignorance of natural objects among the educated, we know not. Our universities must be at fault. In all our Scotch colleges natural science is meagrely taught, and in one or two of them, we believe, not at all. It is really distressing to see so many, otherwise well informed, utterly incapable of observing nature. The animal and vegetable kingdoms lie wide open before them; nature woos their notice in her own winning way; asks to be searched and studied by them; but they are deaf to her call and blind to her marvels. We know many gentlemen who live in the country all the year round, who could not discriminate a lark from a sparrow unless they saw the one on the house-top, and the other poised high in mid-air. People who live in cities, who are doomed to walk on the pavement, to look all the year at stone and lime, and bricks, and stupid chimneys, and long senseless rows of staring windows, are merely to be pitied. They have enough natural history perhaps, if they know that the eggs which they eat at breakfast are not furnished by frogs; that the natural colour of the foliage of trees is green, although the leaves of the stunted trees in their parterres are of a brown and sooty hue. But for gentlemen who live in the country, and to whom nature reveals herself in all her varied and benignant aspects, to remain so ignorant, is a scandal and a shame. These parties little know the pleasures of which they deprive themselves. They are, indeed, unworthy of the high privilege of living in the country.

Natural science, we believe, forms no part of the theological curriculum, and is inadequately represented in the medical. And yet every country clergyman and every country surgeon ought to be an out-door naturalist. Had they generally been so, how much more accurate and complete would have been our knowledge of the zoology and botany of our island, while each, in his own locality, would have cherished a love of nature, and educated multitudes into a wise and intelligent observation of her phenomena. It is the mere refuge of indolence to say that the study would interfere with professional duty. They can be conducted contemporaneously, and the one will prove ancillary to the other. The divine Teacher has taught us not to admire merely, but to "consider the lilies how they grow." In His hands, the lilies of the field look up into our face in innocent wonder, and with mute eloquence rebuke our sinful mistrust of Heaven. From the young ravens rocked in their eyries He gathers great moral lessons, and invests them with the high functions of spiritual monitors.

Competitive examinations are, nowadays, to elevate the educational standard. We shall see. In the mean time, we should propose that ere a clergyman be inducted into a country parish, or a surgeon be permitted to prescribe to rustics, he should be asked to parse a horse-pond—to say what he knows about tadpoles—to identify the flora in it, and on its margin—to classify and name its phænerogams and cryptogams. If the answers are not satisfactory, let the aspirant be soused in the pond, and remitted to his studies.

But our limits are exhausted, and we must bid Mr. Buckland good-by, and thank him once more for his pleasant volume. Should he visit Scotland, and ever drop his fly on the pellucid waters of the Tweed or Tay, he will never more be seen chaired in a punt and groping for gudgeon in the turbid Thames. In these northern parts, "black beetles are not to be procured at all seasons," but black cattle are. Nay, the true *Rana esculenta* is to be found, although not so abundantly as in the south, and with due premonition, we could have a few edible frogs ready for Mr. Buckland, with a view of gratifying his gastronomic predilections.

## A FEW MORE WORDS FROM MR. JOHN COMPANY TO MR. JOHN BULL.

LEADENHALL STREET, *February*, 1858.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You received my last letter in so good a spirit, that I intend to write you another. It is more than ever desirable that I should address to you a few words of caution. They are throwing dust in your eyes, John. They are proposing to destroy me; and, like Mr. Toots in the story, they are telling you that it is of "no consequence." Now, what I want to explain to you is, that it is of very great consequence. You have only to understand what it is they are proposing to do, to appreciate fully the consequence of the change which they are persuading you is so greatly to your advantage.

I believe that you are open to reason now, John. A few months ago you were in a state of great excitemant—irate, confused, bewildered, eager to sacrifice some one to your fury; and I was the victim most ready to your hand. At that time, if any one had proposed to you to surround my big house with fagots, and burn me to a cinder, without judge or jury, or benefit of clergy, you would have shouted "a Daniel come to judgment!" and set fire to the pile. It was only natural, John. It is your wont in like cases; and I was not surprised. But you have cobled down a little; you have taken time to consider; you are not quite convinced that I am the author of all the mischief; and if you will give me nothing else, I think you will give me fair play. I am not afraid of that, John. You are an honest well-meaning fellow; but, you must excuse me for saying it, you are very easily gulled—easily led astray by platitudes and clap-traps. Designing people get about you, John, and throw dust in your eyes. They have an interest in blinding you so that you may not see the truth; and before you have rubbed the dust *out* of your eyes, they have done what cannot be undone, and you are left to deplore at leisure the obfuscation of your intellect, at a time when it was above all things desirable that you should have your senses about you.

This has happened before now, John, and it is likely to happen again at the present time, when you have my affairs on the carpet. Since I wrote to you last, your men of business have presented you with a scheme of their own for laying me snugly in the earth. It may be a good scheme, or it may be a bad one (of course, I think it is a very bad one, and I will tell you presently *why* I think so); but whatever else you may believe about it, don't believe that it is a *small* measure. Don't believe that it is a matter of no consequence. Don't think, because that jaunty First Minister of yours sticks a straw in the corner of his mouth, and, telling you not to be afraid, he is not going to hurt you, dawdles through an hour's speech, as though he thought India an ineffable bore, that the question which you are called upon to consider is not one of the gravest that has ever been forced upon you, John. Do not think that, because all the newspapers, which support your men of business, tell you, day after day, that the measure they have proposed for my extermination is a very "modest" one, that the changes which that measure involves are not very material changes—changes, I say, John, radical, revolutionary, and injurious to your constitution, whilst they are destructive of mine. When they tell you that these changes are nominal, formal, mechanical, touching lightly the surface of things, tell them either that they lie, John, or that they are as ignorant as babes and sucklings, and quite unfit to handle such weighty things as constitutions. That "no consequence" cry will ruin you, John, if you do not mind what you are about. You have got a man at the head of your affairs who cannot be persuaded to look seriously and solemnly at the most serious and solemn questions. He has an habitual

"pooh-pooh" in his heart, in his head, and on the tip of his tongue. He pooh-poohs me, John, and he pooh-poohs you. He talks about responsibility to Parliament; but he pooh-poohs Parliament, and practically repudiates all responsibility. You must be careful, therefore, how you measure the importance of anything by the gravity with which he is disposed to treat it. He does the leading comic business extremely well, I admit, John; but the manufacture of a government on which the well-being of nearly two hundred millions of people is dependent, is not a comic business at all.

Look at it gravely, then—earnestly—solemnly. Be assured that no weightier matter has ever come before you than that which you are now called upon to consider. You have never before had to manufacture a constitution *de novo*. Constitutions, as I have told you before, are the growth of time and the growth of circumstances. We do not commonly strike them off, hot from the anvil, at a single blow. But this is what they are doing now, John. They tell you that they are introducing only a few easy and obvious changes, the growth of circumstances, into an existing system. They are doing nothing of the kind. They are starting fresh, with an original conception; not tinkering an old, but creating elementally a new, system. They are inaugurating, in fact, a mighty experiment. Look at it in this point of view, John, and you will recognise the gravity of the occasion.

If the changes recommended to you had been merely nominal changes, I should still have exhorted you not to adopt them at the present time. Names go a long way with some people, and a change of name may well be supposed to prefigure substantive changes affecting mightily the destinies of India. You can proclaim no change that will not create suspicion and alarm. Besides, I repeat that your Parliament, John, is not sufficiently well informed to sit in judgment on proposed changes even of a superficial character. But if it be incapable of legislating, with any hope of good results, when only slight changes are proposed, how utter must be its incapacity to grapple with the great constitutional questions which are now presented to it. If there was danger of rash judgments in the one case, John, how much more danger is there in the other. If there was a necessity of increased knowledge and prolonged consideration—in other words, a necessity for delay—in the one case, how paramount the necessity in the other. And yet, John, you are going headlong to work, you are rushing blindly upon the manufacture of constitutions. You are suffering your Parliament, without any preliminary training, without knowledge, without experience, without inquiry—almost, it may be said, without as much consideration as, in ordinary parish affairs, is given to a paving or lighting rate; —you are suffering them, I say, as the merest novices, to rush precipitately upon, and to grapple blindly with, this question; whilst your men of business are standing with their hands in their pockets, and telling you not to be afraid, for really it is of no consequence. I tell you, John, that it is a matter of the greatest consequence, and this you will find out some of these days.

In my last letter I think I said, John, that if I was deserving of your confidence in 1853, when my way of doing business was thoroughly investigated, I am worthy of your confidence now—unless it can be proved that either by some crime or some blunder, by something done or something left undone, I have caused this woeful mutiny in Bengal, or have failed to take proper steps, on the occurrence of the disaster, to suppress or to mitigate the evil. But not only, John, is this not proved, but I am happy to say that it is not asserted. One of the best of your servants —a gentleman of great learning and ability—who brought a vast display of historical research to bear upon the question of my extinction, said to you the other night, "I do not believe it possible to show that any vigilance on the part of the Directors in London could have guarded against the occurrence of the present mutiny,

or that, when it did occur, it would have been possible to suppress it by measures more vigorous or rapid than those which have been taken."* Everybody expected that, if a formal bill of indictment were not laid against me, some attempt, for mere decency's sake, would be made to show that I had gone wrong somewhere, somehow, and at some time. You would never have heard anything about a new India Bill if there had not been a mutiny in Bengal; and therefore it was naturally expected that some attempt would be made to show how the proposed measure had grown out of that calamity—how the latter, in some way or other, necessitated or justified the former. But not only was no attempt of this kind made by your First Minister, John, but the negative admission of my inoffensiveness was exalted into a positive admission by his coadjutor, in the passage which I have just quoted. And so you were informed that, because I had neither done anything that I ought not to have done, nor left undone anything that I ought to have done, there was a pressing necessity to extinguish me without benefit of clergy.

> ——"Logic for ever!
> That beats my grandmother, and she was clever."

There was a conclusion utterly without premises. You were told that it was necessary to put me to death; but you were not told in what manner I had forfeited the confidence which only a few years ago was reposed in me by the very persons who are now compassing my destruction. On the other hand, you *were* told that I have done nothing to forfeit that confidence—only that I am inherently bad. If I am inherently bad now, John, I was inherently bad in 1853, when you were told that the welfare of India demanded that I should not be laid in the earth. This is so manifest, that history will record against you, that as John Company could not be sentenced to death *after trial*, you were persuaded to suffer him to be sentenced to death *without trial*. It will be said, John, that you brought me to a drum-head court-martial, and exterminated a great power, to which you owe the very empire from which you derive your greatness, with as little compunction as if you were shooting down a rebellious Sepoy. If you are a great person now, John, who helped to make you what you are? Would you ever have held the high place that you do, in the estimation of your neighbours, if it had not been for me and my acquisitions? You tell me that you did it yourself, that you owe nothing to me—that is like your ingratitude, John! Make me of no account, depreciate my service, say that I have *done* nothing, that I *am* nothing. It is necessary to follow this line of argument to satisfy your conscience, John. And I see that your servants are following it, as the only way in which they can justify to you the course that they are taking.

I wish to put you on your guard, John. Your servants think, as I have already told you, that they can persuade you into the ready acceptance of this measure, by telling you that it is really a very small affair. And they endeavour to make it appear that it is a very small affair, by telling you that I, John Company, am little better than a name, a tradition. Here, for example, is an astonishing declaration, made by one of your inferior servants, who ought to know better, for he once had a place on the Indian benches of your servants' hall—"He wished," he said, "to speak with all respect of the East India Company; but he maintained that it had not been a great and potent element in conducting the business of India; that it did not possess that great control of which it boasted; *that it had no initiative, and was not the adviser of the Board of Control;* and that, so far as its direct agency was concerned, its functions were so slight, that they might be got rid of without its being found out."† It seems so impossible, John, that one of your servants should have uttered the words which I have un

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* Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 12th of February, 1858.
† Speech of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, on the 15th of February, 1858.

derlined, that, if I had not been told, by those who heard him, that he not only said this, but entered into some details confirmatory of the assertion, directly at variance with fact, I should, in the fulness of my charity, have believed that the newspapers had misreported him. To tell me, indeed—to tell you, John—that I have "no initiative." No initiative! Why, I initiate everything not in the "Secret Department." Every despatch is written in my house, and by my servants. Your people in Cannon Row do not see my despatches until my servants have written them. My servants decide, in the first instance, when to write and what to write. Your people know nothing about the matter until the work is done. And I am to be told that I initiate nothing! You are to be told that I initiate nothing—that, initiating nothing, I am of no use, and that, if I were to be abolished to-morrow, "no one would find it out." I suspect, John, that Cannon Row would find it out, if it were suddenly called upon to initiate all the business that is initiated in Leadenhall Street.

You will tell me, perhaps, that a statement so diametrically at variance with the truth must surely be discredited in Parliament. But I tell you, John, that it was not discredited. It is true that, five or six years ago, evidence was taken by the House, and is on record, respecting the manner in which my business is done. Any member taking the trouble to walk into the Library may find, in black and white, the whole history of the working of the "Double Government." But who reads the evidence taken by a former parliament—who troubles himself to search Blue-books for such details? A member of Her Majesty's Government, once Secretary to the Board of Control, surely ought to know how business is done! I was not surprised, therefore, when a highly intelligent and right-minded young member told me the other day, that the speech to which I am now alluding had made a profound impression on his mind. It had gone a long way to convince him that, for all administrative purposes, I am really little better than a tradition—a name—and that, therefore, there can be no possible harm in sweeping me away. This, you will observe, John, is the language of the ministerial journals. This, you must know, John, is the game your servants are playing. They know how reasonable is the cry against the precipitate adoption of any *great* measure. They know that you, John, being in the main a man of good sense and clear vision, when the dust is not in your eyes, are likely to cry out against the unconsidered introduction of great constitutional changes, affecting the very life of the system, into the government of your great Eastern dependencies; and therefore they are exerting themselves, in every possible manner, by pen and by tongue, to persuade you that they are recommending no vital changes, because in fact I have no life. Let it be once shown that I have no power, no life—that I can do no good myself, and cannot prevent others from doing harm—let it be shown that I do nothing in the initial, the middle, or final stages of business, but throw up obstacles and necessitate delays, and of course all the rest follows. The measure they are recommending is really a small measure; the changes are easy, obvious, and superficial, to be considered without alarm, and adopted without danger. Now, John, understand this matter. I assure you it is a very weighty one; the proposed changes are vital, organic changes; and I am eager to make this clear to you. Know, then, in the first place, how my affairs are managed at this present time. I did not invent the system—you did not invent the system. It grew out of circumstances—and we have it; that is enough for our present purpose. On my old commercial stock, John, the wisdom of your Parliament, three-quarters of a century ago, grafted a great branch of imperialism. I do not deny that something of the kind was wanted. I had grown from a mere commercial company into a great governing body; and as I had become the master, not merely of factories and of merchant ships, but of territories, fortifications, and standing armies, my affairs became the con-

cern, not of my shareholders only, but of the nation itself; and the nation had a right to demand that I should be subjected to national control. The Regulating Act was passed; an imperial Board of Commissioners was appointed; and all my acts, John, not of a purely commercial character, were subjected to the supervision of the Imperial Government, as represented by the Board of Control. I have nothing to say against this, John. The system of Government thus established was the system of the Double Government which you are now condemning. Although it arose out of this necessity to correct an existing evil, and was therefore, so to speak, an accident, there was a sound constitutional principle at the bottom of it. Two distinct governing agencies were thus associated, to co-operate with, but to control, each other. The one was—nay, I may still say, the one *is* a representative body—a body elected by a constituency—a body representing the middle classes of England. The Court of Directors is at this time composed of men for the most part elected by middle-class voters. The majority are entirely independent of the Crown; they are neither appointed nor are they removable by the Minister of the day. They have nothing to do with fragile parties or fleeting policies. A ministerial crisis is nothing to them. They are subject to no corrupt political influences; they are agitated by no gusts of faction. There is nothing to warp them from the straight course of duty; and I believe that they do their duty as honest men, and as, doubtless, your servants would do their duty, John, if there were no such things as parliamentary majorities. But this body, for all its independence and all its honesty, may go grievously wrong. It may be wrong-headed, or prejudiced, or short-sighted, or indolent, or apathetic; and it may sometimes need stimulus and sometimes control. You have then the governing Board to stimulate or to control my Directors, and if they go too fast or too slow, John, your servants may keep them at the proper pace. Now this, I say, is sound in principle; for it represents what you are so fond of talking about, my friend—"the balance of the constitution." There is the independent popular element, and there is the imperial element—each checking and controlling the other. There is a permanent body, with a consistent policy, subject to no fluctuations of party and no caprices of popular opinion, but with a tendency, therefore, to stagnation. There is, on the other hand, a fluctuating body, with no fixed policy, subject to vicissitudes of party, and continually moved by a pressure from without—whose tendency, if not towards progression, is towards a kind of restlessness that stimulates it. Each possesses, in some degree, what the other lacks; and, on the whole, we work advantageously together.

But this is not the point, John, on which it is most important to insist. An obstructive or a torpid government is, doubtless, a bad thing; but a corrupt government is infinitely worse. Now, John, you know much better than I do, that all who have written books on the nosology of your constitution, or who have touched upon it in books upon the subject—down to the latest writer, Lord Grey—have told you that in all parliamentary governments there is a necessary tendency towards corruption. The weaker the government, of course, the greater the tendency. Now, it has always been thought that the Home and Colonial service afford quite sufficient opportunity for the corruption of the country without such assistance as India may afford, on that field of action, to the Minister of the day. The patronage of India is not now available for purposes of political corruption. Take care, John, how you do anything that will tend to convert it to these vile uses. You are going to remove the only obstacles which have hitherto lain in the way of this gigantic abuse. Beware, then, lest, when you are endeavouring to rend the oak, you yourself are destroyed by the rebound.

I must make the matter clear to you, John, by explaining what the checks are of which I speak. My managing board is composed of

eighteen Directors—six of whom are nominated by the Crown, the remainder, or two-thirds of the entire body, being elected by a constituency. It may be a good or it may be a bad constituency; but, at all events, it is an independent body. It consists mainly of members of the middle classes, many of whom have served or resided in India, or are in some way associated with the country. They vote perhaps for the best man, perhaps not. Private interest goes a great way; perseverance goes a great way. But politics go no way at all. A man, who puts himself forward as a candidate for the East India Direction, announces his antecedents; sets forth what he has done (most probably) in India, and what he desires to do for the benefit of that country. But he never declares whether he is a Whig or a Tory—whether he is for the Government or against it. Mr. Hayter is nothing to him, or he to Mr. Hayter. I declare to you, John, that I don't know what are the politics of any one of my Directors that has not a seat in Parliament. And the few who have seats are so little of party men, that on one day they may vote with the Government, and on another against it. My worst enemies must admit, John, that I have never troubled myself with party politics, or turned my patronage to political uses. The majority of my Directors owe nothing to the Crown—nothing to the Minister of the day; and they have nothing to do with party. I think, then, it is fair to allow that they constitute an *independent* body. Now, as the law stands at the present time, John, all the military, the marine, and ecclesiastical patronage of India (you have stripped me of the civil and the medical), with the exception of a small share given by courtesy to the President of the India Board, is vested in my Directors. They send out every year a large number of young men; but beyond launching them fairly on the stream of life, they can do nothing to advance their progress. All the rest depends upon their own exertions, or on the view taken of those exertions by the Governor-General, or the Governor or the Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency to which he belongs. Now, these high functionaries, virtually appointed by the Crown—that is, by the Minister—sit in judgment upon the claims of men not appointed by the Crown or the Minister, but by a wholly independent body. The Minister who appoints the Governor or the Commander in-Chief has no particular interest in the members of the Indian services, because those services are not appointed by him, and, except in a very few instances, do not belong to his order. He does not, therefore, exercise any influence over patronage *in* India; and the governors and commanders-in-chief appointed by him cannot ingratiate themselves with him by advancing his friends. And they do not care to advance my friends, John, because they owe nothing to me. I never interfere in these matters, and, if I did, my interference might not be very successful. So, with very rare exceptions (exceptions which will arise under any system, to "prove the rule"), every man in the Indian services is left fairly to carve out his own fortune. The best men make their way to the best places; and when a great crisis arises, the Lawrences, the Nicholsons, and the Outrams are found at their proper posts.

I have said, John, that after I have once launched a man on the stream of life, I do not interfere with his subsequent progress. But I must make one exception to this statement. It rests with me, John, to appoint the members of the Indian Councils. With the Governor-General of India, and with the governors of the minor presidencies of India, are associated Councils composed of members of the Indian services; and the members of these Councils are nominated by me. The governor may legally override his Council; but, practically, the fellowship, in the council-chamber, of some of the ablest and most experienced men in the Indian services, cannot fail to influence, perhaps to restrain, a governor who, in all probability, is destitute of knowledge and experi-

ence. The Council thus composed is, indeed, an important constitutional check. And why is it so, John? Because it is appointed, not by the governor himself, not by the Minister who appoints the governor, but by an independent body like myself, John—by a Board composed of men, a large majority of whom are appointed by an independent constituency.

And now, my dear John, I trust that I have made sufficiently clear to you, both the principles and the practice of the much-abused "Double Government of India." Your own natural acumen will clearly indicate to you the constitutional checks and safeguards inherent in such a system. Now mark how, in the proposed new Government, all these checks and safeguards will be removed. Instead of a Board appointed mainly by a constituency, there is to be a Board appointed entirely by the Crown—that is, by the Minister of the day. This Board is to consist of eight instead of eighteen members. Instead of sitting at the other end of the town, it is to sit under the same roof with the Minister, and is to be continually in personal communication with him. Now what guarantee is there for—nay, what reasonable expectation is there of—the independence of a Council so circumstanced? The abstract absurdity of a man appointing his own checks, is patent to every one with eye to see and faculties to comprehend. But I am not going to ride off on an abstraction. Let us examine the matter more closely, John—let us look at it in all its practical bearings. What hope is there of independence from the characters and conditions of the men appointed to the Council? Why, if there be any hope at all, there it is. The members of the new Council are to be appointed from among men who have either sat in my old Court of Directors, or who have resided a certain number of years in India; and they are not to be permitted to hold seats in Parliament. It is probable that the most independent Council which could be formed would be one composed entirely of my old Directors. They are habituated to independence, John; nay, more, they are accustomed—excuse me for using a not very refined colloquialism—to "think small beer" of the Indian Minister. Carrying with them from Leadenhall Street to Whitehall a large amount of knowledge and experience, and in all probability finding none in the latter place, they are not very likely to entertain much veneration for their President, or to sit very subserviently at his feet. But even supposing that the first Council were so constituted, new materials will in time be introduced into it, and new feelings will spring up; and even looking at the matter in the most favourable point of view, it will appear that, after all, an independent spirit is of little use without independent powers of action. The men may be honest and resolute men; but expending their honesty and resolution in fruitless conflicts with a Minister who may reject their advice and scorn their remonstrances, they might, for all practical purposes of beneficial administration, as well be the tools and toadies of the Minister.

I told you much of this in my last letter, but it cannot be repeated too often and too emphatically; for the First Minister of the Crown has told you that he proposes to transfer to this new Council all the powers possessed by my old Court of Directors; and if you do not look closely into the matter, John, you may be carried away by the belief that he is speaking the truth. Understand, then, that under no possible circumstances can a Board or Council appointed by the Minister be practically as independent as a Board appointed by a constituency. Neither can a Board immediately associated with the Minister, as a component part of the same institution, and in constant personal communication with him, ever be as independent as one sitting in another place, and, except occasionally through its chairman, never communicating with him at all. The power, therfore, derived from independence will not exist in the new Council, as it now exists in my Court of Directors; and the powers vested

in it by the law will be greatly diminished. My Directors, John, stand between the English Minister and his vice-regal nominees in India. They cannot absolutely appoint a Governor-General, or a minor Governor for themselves; that is to say, they can only appoint "subject to the confirmation of Her Majesty" but as the appointment cannot take place without nomination by the Court of Directors, they have virtually the power of rejecting the man selected by the Crown. But for the existence of this power in the Court of Directors, John, you would probably have seen a worse race of men at the head of affairs in India, than those who have actually governed my possessions, on the whole, so successfully and well. This power, you know, is coupled with the power of recalling an obnoxious Governor-General—a great and substantive power, John, with which I should willingly part only with my life. Now, these powers to reject, or rather to refuse to nominate, the favourite of the Crown, and afterwards to remove him from office, are necessarily a cogent check upon the Minister of the day. The interposition of the independent element of the elected Directors between the two representatives of the crown in India and in England, has ever been one of the best safeguards of our Indian empire. It was a check that did not exist merely in name; and you must remember, as well as I do, many instances in which the power has been exercised.

But this power, John—this interposition—this check—is not to exist under the new system of Government. The minister is to send his own nominees to India, and the Council are to have no power either to reject them in the first instance, or to recall them in the last. There is to be nothing between the Crown Minister in Downing Street and the Crown Minister in the Government House of Calcutta—nothing to prevent Lord Palmerston from sending out his friend Lord Clanricarde to India, and from keeping him there as long as he likes. Now, John, I maintain that this is a very great and a very dangerous change. But I have not yet told you the worst of it. You have seen that associated with the Governor-General and the minor governors in India are certain presidential councils, which, being appointed by my Directors, are altogether independent of the Crown and of the Crown nominees. Now these councillors, as I have said, having knowledge, experience, and ability, and being invariably selected, on account of these qualifications, by my Directors, were practically, as well as constitutionally, a most important check upon the governors of the different presidencies. But now, just as the Minister at home, John, is to appoint his own checks, the Minister in India is to appoint his. And so the aristocracy is complete at both ends, and the old constitution of our Anglo-Indian empire is entirely destroyed.

Now, see the effect of this, John, upon the Patronage question. Your Ministers have the audacity to boast that these great changes will not yield to the Government of the day any amount of patronage, of which the country has any occasion to be jealous. But let us see how the account stands. Imprimis, there are eight members of the new Council to be appointed by the Government. Well, it may be said, this is not much. At present they appoint six of my Directors—six Directors, with salaries each of £500 a-year, and a twenty-second part of the patronage, military, naval, and ecclesiastical. Now, they are to appoint eight councillors, with salaries of £1000, and a tenth part (or perhaps not so much; it depends upon the share taken by the President) of the local military patronage. Now, either the share of patronage to be vested in each councillor is much greater than that which is enjoyed by one of my Directors (and the appointments, therefore, proportionately valuable), or a very large portion of my army is to be handed over to the Horse-Guards, and the patronage administered by the Crown. In either point of view, the increased power of the Government is enormous. It must be remembered that henceforth even the councillors will be members of the

Government; and that although they are not directly dependent on parliamentary majorities, they can never entirely detach themselves from imperial and aristocratic influences; and that, therefore, although in a limited sense as compared with the patronage of the Minister, their partonage will be Government patronage, and accession to the strength of the Crown. You must bear in mind, John, that although, for decency's sake, whon your eyes are upon the Minister, he will probably make, in the first instance, unexceptionable appointments—or the best that can be made on such terms as are prescribed in the Bill—there is no sort of guarantee for the excellence, or even for the harmlessness, of subsequent appointments; and that, as India will be flooded now with Queen's officers, and all the legal, marine, educational, engineering appointments, &c., will be in the gift of the Crown, Government will have plenty of *protégés* out of the line of those services, which I still, John, am proud to call mine. It will not be very long, you may be sure, before the creatures of the Court and the tools of Party are sitting in the Indian councils, and dispensing their patronage for the benefit of the Government of the day.

And how do you know, John, that the Council even thus deteriorated will last? how do you know that it is intended to last? It appears to me probable in the extreme that, good at first (as far as such a Council can be good), it will grow from good to bad, and from bad to worse, until it becomes either a scandal and a reproach, or such an entire nonentity that its abolition will be considered a virtue rather than a crime. And so the patronage, after being for some time administered *for* the Government, will be directly administered by it; and are you prepared to place such a gigantic instrument of corruption in the hands of the Minister of the day? Look to this, John, whilst there is yet time; keep your eye on the rocks, or you will assuredly find yourself drifting upon them before you know what you are about.

It appears, then, that a large portion of the initial patronage now held by my Directors is to pass immediately into the hands of the Government of the day, and that there is a strong likelihood of the whole of it eventually following in the same direction. But the contemplated changes will do more than this—they will materially affect the administration of patronage in India. The tendency of the proposed measure is to convert the Governor-General into a gigantic despot. All checks are to be removed from him, both at home and abroad. He is no longer to be controlled or influenced by my Directors, or by a council nominated by my Directors. He can do what he likes as long as the Crown Minister is with him. The Council at home cannot restrain him, for it is to have no power. The Council in India cannot restrain him, for henceforth it is to be composed of his own creatures. There is nothing in the world but his own scruples to restrain him from an abuse of patronage which may throw the whole country into confusion, and do more harm than a Sepoy mutiny. I admit the possibility, John, of this immense power being placed in worthy hands; but I doubt whether, under the new system, a really honest man could hold the appointment for a twelvemonth. Though free himself from corruption, such corrupt influences will be brought to bear upon him that his position will be painful in the extreme. The Home Government, John, will expect him to serve their friends, and will be continually entreating him to "take care of Dowb." If he be determined not to take care of Dowb, he will soon be hopelessly at variance with his friends at home, and will be glad to make room for a more facile successor. Then the facile successor in India and the corrupt Government in England will have it all their own way. And the appointments in India, which no one has ever ventured to say have been unfairly distributed under my administration, will be Hayterised without remorse. Seats in Council, residencies, chief-commissionerships, Suddur judgeships, will

be given away, at the instigation of the Government at home, for the direct or indirect purchase of parliamentary votes; and we may be sure that aristocratic connections will never again be of the little account that they now are under my middle-class Government. There will, doubtless, ere long be a line of telegraph the whole way between London and Calcutta. Think, John, of the messages from Jones of the Civil Service to Jones, member for Little Peddlington, announcing that Robinson in Council, or Brown of the Suddur, is sick unto death of cholera, and that the dying man's appointment would just suit the transmitter of the message. Think of the little conversation that evening in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, between Jones, M.P., and the Government Whip, and the consequent message next morning from Whitehall to Government House, Calcutta, that the Minister hopes that Jones, C. S., will be taken care of, if the Honourable Robinson's seat in Council becomes vacant. You may laugh, John, and shake your head, but I assure you that nothing is more likely. We know that such things have happened in other directions before.

And yet, in spite of all this, they tell you, John, not to be afraid. Not to be afraid of a measure which sweeps away all those barriers which have hitherto stood firmly and unassailably between India and the united influence of parliamentary ignorance and parliamentary corruption. The new Indian bill contemplates the gradual absorption of all the power and patronage of the Indian Government by the Minister of the day. Can there ever be anything like a consistent policy under such a system of Government? Do your Governments not fluctuate—is your Parliament not capricious? Is not public opinion more capricious still? What, John, is an Indian Minister? Is he not, as I have seen him described, a man "who may be here to-day and gone to-morrow? who may preside over the Indian Board and govern India for a fortnight, and then be suddenly deposed by some gust of parliamentary caprice—by the mistaken tactics of an inexperienced party leader, or the neglect of an inexperienced 'whipper-in?'"* Some speaker, during the recent debate on my affairs in the House of Commons, stated that the average duration of the official lives of Indian ministers has been about two years and a half. Surprising longevity! Why, John, there have been as many as half-a-dozen ministers at the head of your colonial office in the course of a single year. There is no reason why you should not have the same number of ministers, in the course of some happy year, at the head of the Indian department of the State,—half a-dozen men, each one knowing as much about India as his predecessor, and that is nothing. Have you half-a-dozen statesmen, John, of the class from which Indian ministers are likely to be taken, who know whether a *Zillah* is a wild beast, a district, or a regiment of horse? How many are there who can tell me off-hand whether Holkar is a Mohammedan or a Hindoo, and whether the Mohurrum is a Mohammedan or a Hindoo festival? What more does Parliament at large know about the matter? Not many years ago, a distinguished statesman, now no more, in a speech on the sugar duties, spoke, in the House of Commons, of the hardship of 100,000,000 of the people of India being compelled to drink their tea without sugar. Did the House laugh? Not a bit of it, John. The House listened calmly and complacently, and conjured up to their excited imagination visions of Indian ryots, sitting at the tea-table with their wives and children, and sipping sugarless bohea out of blue and white crockery. An ignorant Minister, John, is to be responsible to an ignorant Parliament. And this is the system of which you are told not to be afraid.

But then, you tell me, there is

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* Kaye's *Administration of the East India Company.*

"public opinion." What is public opinion, John? I am telling you that you want something stable—something consistent between India and the Government of the day, and you tell me that there is "public opinion." You might as well tell me that there is the wind. Public opinion is anything—nothing. What has it been—what has it *not* been—by turns, since the first sad news of the mutiny reached us on that sultry June morning? Take only one point, John. You remember what at first was the outcry against proselytising officers. You remember how it was said that the over-zealous and indiscreet interference of missionary officers had done much to turn the hearts and the knives of the Sepoys against us. Well, for a while, this was public opinion. But presently the wind shifted—right to the opposite point of the compass. Instead of this signal calamity having been brought upon us by indiscreet Christian zeal, Public Opinion pronounced that it had been drawn down upon our devoted heads as a punishment for our unchristian indifference. And now many excellent people, John, are proclaiming that we can propitiate the Most High, and remove from our unhappy countrymen the weight of His chastening hand, only by an open, unreserved acknowledgment of the duty of the Government, as well as of individual men, to use every possible endeavour to convert the heathen to Christianity, whatever the prospect of success or the certainty of mischief. This, John, has been enunciated from your pulpits and from your platforms—*is*, John, enunciated now. But there will soon be another reaction, and the sooner, I cannot help thinking, the better. For nothing can be more mischievous than the present outcry—nothing more surely calculated to increase, whilst you are praying to the Almighty to assuage, the malice of your enemies. I told you in my last, John, to think of the effect that all this indiscreet talk about open demonstrations on the part of the State, in favour of extended schemes of proselytism, is likely to have upon the national mind, when coupled with a report of the intention of substituting for the old tolerant Company's Government, a new and more vigorous administration to be carried on in the name of the Queen. Do you not think it likely, John, that emissaries will go from place to place declaring that this is the real meaning of the change of Government, and that all past pledges and promises will be ignored? What is more likely than this, John? and what will give colour to the falsehood? Why, the Public Opinion, to which you think you may look as a safeguard, but which, in reality, is a source of incredible danger to our Indian Empire.

Yes, John, under the new system of government this "Public Opinion" will drag you into vile quicksets and horrible quagmires of danger. Public opinion, rash, hasty, ignorant, acting upon a Parliament equally ignorant and equally rash. Truly, indeed, was it said the other night, John, by a great man, that "before Parliament can legislate safely for Orientals, they must be able to form a just and discriminating opinion regarding the feelings and prejudices of people of a different colour and a different creed." "They might," it was truly added, "without that knowledge, pass a law which might appear to be for the benefit of the people, but which might turn out to be a horrible punishment."* Wisely did he call your attention to another danger, greater even, if possible, than the ignorance and the arrogance of the House. This scheme, John, for my speedy destruction, is popular in the House of Commons. Why is it popular? why were so many Members found, on the morning of the 19th of February, to vote in the face of every possible argument, for the reconstruction of my house whilst it is in a blaze? Because the measure will throw into the hands of the Minister a large amount of patronage to be used for Parliamentary purposes—*to* be distributed among the hangers-on of Government, among the members

* Speech of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on the 18th of February, 1858.

of the Pope's brass-band, and other legislators of that class. Well might the orator exclaim that our Indian Empire "is threatened by a danger far more imminent than that of an enemy in the field—the danger that arises from organised red-tapery and jobbery; and that, as that Empire was won by the valour of the middle classes, he trusted that Parliament would never allow it to be wrested from their hands by official imbecility and ministerial corruption."* Yes, John, these indeed are weighty matters for your consideration. Read the whole of the noble speech from which these words are taken, and lay the warnings it contains to your heart. Never again, if this measure becomes the law of the land, shall we find the best men working their way to high place by the innate force of their own integrity and ability—their own brave resolution and indomitable perseverance. Never again will the Munros and Malcolms, taking to themselves the noble motto, *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam*, start from their father's country-house, or their father's farm, in highland or in lowland, to carve their way unaided to the governorship of a group of provinces. Never again, when a great danger bursts suddenly upon the land, will the Lawrences and the Outrams, the Nicholsons, the Wilsons, and the Chamberlaines, —middle-class men, without courtly favour, without ministerial influence —be found in the high places of the council-chamber and the camp. Never again will the nation turn with the same confidence as of old, to the heroes whom the Company have made, and the Company's system has fostered. A despotic Governor-General, backed by a Minister to whom patronage is the necessary fulcrum of Place, will have it all his own way in one department of the State; and the favourites of the Horse-Guards (I will not name them, John—you will easily supply their aristocratic patronymics) will ride rough-shod over the other. If there are no places vacant for such favourites, new appointments will be made for them, and I shall not be here, John, to protest against the jobbery. Are these, my dear John, considerations to which you can afford to turn a deaf ear? Is it all mere talk—is all an idle alarum? Or do you see in these suggestions anything to warn you that you are flinging away a great empire, at a moment, too, when it lies in your power to consolidate and to perpetuate it, by the exercise of a little patience, a little caution, and a little thought?

And now, John, before I conclude, I wish to put the whole case before you, like a pair of Limerick gloves, in a nutshell. It is asserted, and I do not mean to deny, that the present system of "Double Government" is in some respects defective. It is said that it is encumbered with formalities, and that it engenders delays. Whether these delays may not on the whole be serviceable delays, I will not now pause to inquire. You do not trouble yourself to inquire, John, whether the old system of stage-coach travelling may not, in some important respects, be more advantageous than the present system of railway travelling. You have got your railways; you use them, and you say that this is a "go-ahead age." It *is* a "go-ahead age." We must take it, for better or for worse, as it is, or we shall be left behind in the mud. Now, I admit that your progress during the last quarter of a century has been inconceivably fast, and that during that period there has been an amount of progress of different kinds, in India, far beyond what I ever anticipated; there has been territorial progress or extension; there has been moral and intellectual progress; there has been scientific progress, as demonstrated by the action of steam-communication, of railways, of the electric telegraph. Now, I admit, John, that with all this progress, my administrative agency ought to keep full pace, and that if you prove to me that it has not kept pace, I am bound either to reform myself, to submit to be reformed by you, or quietly to abdicate my functions.

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* Speech of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on the 18th of February, 1858.

Well, John, I don't want to cavil about the matter. I am not obstinate, or self-sufficient, or vain-glorious. I know what a mess your Ministers would make of the government of India; but I do not maintain that I am perfect myself. It is very probable that my mode of doing business has not kept pace with the requirements of extended dominion and increased facilities of communication—that there are, in short, defects in my system which require to be removed. But the question for your consideration is, whether these are vital, constitutional, organic defects—whether the disease has eaten, like a cancer, so deeply into my life, that it can only be removed at the expense of my existence; or whether they are accidental ailments, to which ordinary remedies may be applied, with hope of restoring me to health and activity, and enabling me to meet the demands made upon me by the increased and increasing business of my Indian Empire. This, John, I say, is the great question for your solution. I do not see that either your Ministers or your Parliament have taken it into consideration; and, therefore, I press it upon your own common sense. You are not wont, John, to prefer abolition to modification. If your own constitutional systems, at any period of your existence, have not worked well, you have modified, or, as you generally call it, you have reformed them; you have not applied the axe to the root. The *diruit ædificat* principle has never been yours. You have let circumstances, out of which all your systems of government have grown, still continue to operate upon those systems, and to shape them according to the pressure of the times. Now, what is it that makes my constitution an exception to your general rule of action? Is it that it is incurably bad? You have tried, from time to time, to improve it, John, and you declare that all these experiments have been successful. What is the logic, then, of declaring, that as all your attempts at improvements have succeeded, it is useless to try any more? One would have supposed that the success of past experiments was an argument for further efforts to improve me. At all events, it sufficiently demonstrates that I have not yet been proved to be incurable. If my defects, then—exaggerate them as you may—be not incurable; or, in other words, be not inseparable from my constitution, why seek to destroy me outright? You are not wont, in the ordinary affairs of life, to proceed in this irrational manner. If your horse goes lamely, you have him re-shod; you blister him, or you fire him; you do not shoot him until you have tried everything else in vain. If your carriage wheels go heavily and cumbrously, you grease them, or you mend them; you insert some new wood-work, or some new iron-work; or you buy new patent axles: you do not make a bonfire of the vehicle. You do not pull down your house because your fire smokes; you do not cut down your tree because there is a worm in the bark; you do not have your leg amputated, because, as Mr. Dickens says, "your corns are an aggravation." I know nothing in ordinary life that is in any way a parallel to your present proceeding (assuming that you take the advice of your Ministers), except that capital story, John, told by one of my clerks, who, I believe, must have had a prophetic vision of my latter end, as he slumbered over one of my huge ledgers in the old mercantile days,—that story of the Chinamen who, desiderating the luxury of roast pig, and knowing no easier process towards its attainment, burnt down their houses in search of cracklin. Now, is not that what you are doing, John? You want cracklin. You have really only to tell any professed cook to produce it for you, and you will have it on your table at any hour you please to name. You have no need to burn down my house, or any other house, to get it. It is the cook's work, not the incendiary's. I have half-a-dozen cooks in my big house in Leadenhall Street, who will serve you up the right thing, apple-sauce and all, at a few hours' notice.

You will tell me, perhaps, that I should have done better if I had sug-

gested this before—if I had set my house in order, unasked—if I had reformed myself out of a pure conscientious love of reform. Well, John, I admit it. But we are all of us somewhat prone to adopt the *quieta non movere* principle. It is a family failing, John. I don't know that it's peculiar to me. We all want some pressure from without to induce us to keep pace with the times. We do not "see ourselves as others see us." We think that we are doing very well; and we remember the words of the old epitaph, "I was well—I sought to be better—I took physic—and—I died." Of course this dreadful mutiny in India roused me, as it has roused you, to a sense of the insecurity of my position in India; and I should have been culpable in the extreme, if I had done nothing to probe the evil to its depths. But I have done all that, up to the present time, could be done; I have ordered special commissions to assemble in India to ascertain the causes of the outbreak, the defects of my existing military system, and the best means of reorganising the army, now broken and shattered by the shock of this great rebellion. And I will undertake to say, my dear John, that if you do not interfere, my commissions will turn out better than those which you clamoured for so loudly after the Crimean war. Now, this was the first thing to be done. It was surely my business to address myself first to the proximate causes of the great disaster. But although I desired to begin there, I did not desire to end there. I was prepared to consider in what manner the existing system of government in England may have tended to create or to perpetuate the evils out of which the mutiny has arisen. It was your duty, John, to call for inquiry. It was my duty to be prepared for inquiry, prepared to have all my affairs thoroughly investigated. I *was* prepared, John—I *am* prepared. I do not shrink from—I court inquiry. I only protest against being condemned without trial.

If I thought that there were any hope of your proposed new system of government working as well as mine has done, I would not ask you to try whether mine may not be made to work better. But I can see no hope of this. Now, your advisers, John, do not deny that my constitution is radically sound. They do not say that the principles upon which it is based are erroneous. They merely sneer at my cumbrousness and indistinctness; and on account of certain accidental defects—defects which have really nothing to do with the constitutional part of my government, they propose to destroy that constitution, and to substitute for it one that is based upon a wholly different set of principles. They do not say that the representative system is bad; they merely assert that I have a bad constituency. Instead of inquiring whether that constituency might not be improved, they propose to abolish it altogether, and to substitute the despotic principle for the elective, in your new Indian constitution. They do not assert that the principle of Double Government, or constitutional equipoise, is bad. They merely assert that it engenders delay, and obscures responsibility. Instead of inquiring how the joint operation and reciprocal action of the two parts of this government may be simplified and harmonized, and how the responsibility may be rendered more distinct and more intelligible, they propose to convert the Double Government into a single Government, and to destroy at once all the constitutional checks which have so long been the safeguard of the Indian Empire. But you may easily reform my constituency, John—you may easily simplify the action of the Double Government—and, as to responsibility, that is just what Parliament pleases to make it. But where there is no inquiry, there can be no response. And I do not see that the Indian Minister is to be rendered more responsible, by simply changing his official name.

You know the worst of me, John. You know that I have, somehow or other, added "the brightest jewel in the crown" to the regalia of Great Britain. You know that I have made you the wonder and the admiration of the world. But you do not know what will be the result of the danger-

ous experiment which your Ministers are now proposing to inaugurate. If there be one axiom, John, in the philosophy of Indian government more indisputable than any other, it is, that there must be a strong intermediate body between India and the Government of the day. Erect such a body, John, and I am satisfied. You may call it the East India Company—you may call it the Council of India—you may call it anything, nothing, I do not care—so long as it answers the purpose. But, be convinced that no council, no board, no assembly of any kind, *can* answer the purpose, if it be nominated by your Ministers. Think, then, if you do not like my present constituency, whether you cannot appoint another, and a better one; think then, if you do not like my independent Directors, whether you can get better ones equally independent; think, if you do not like my present system of check and counter-check, whether you cannot invent another with the same safeguards, but with fewer delays. Think whether you cannot improve that of which you have experience, before you fly to that of which you have none. Do not, cajoled by your Ministers, without knowledge, without inquiry, without consideration, accept from their hands a wholly new constitution for India, which will place the country at the feet of a Parliamentary majority, and soon assist you to lose it, as disastrously and disgracefully as you lost your American Colonies—and, probably, in the same way.

I am, my dear John,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN COMPANY.

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CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.

**Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, read their Effects, and judge of their Virtues.**

FOR THE CURE OF

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb., 1856.

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ALONZO BALL, M.D., *Physician of the Marine Hospital.*

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POST OFFICE, HASTLAND, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 18, 1855.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and pining away for months. Went off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms dead from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with two doses of your Pills, while others around us paid from ten to twenty dollars doctors' bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here. GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

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*From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.*

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

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### Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

*From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.*

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HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them I am now entirely well.

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and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

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APRIL, MDCCCLVIII.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DX. APRIL, 1858. VOL. LXXXIII.

## THE MISSIONARY EXPLORER.

WE are a race of travellers; the impulse seems to come into the world with us, a national inspiration. It is because of the dismal English fogs, the gloom, and the rain, and the heaviness of this unfortunate island, where the inhabitants commit suicide in November, and must fly, or die, with the instinct of desperation, say our sagacious neighbours over the Channel; but whatever the cause is, the result is clear. Deep into every inland valley, high up to every hillside, among streets, among towns, among villages, into the midland fens and plains as well as to the rock-bound extremities of the land, the mysterious sea-breath of our isolation tempts us all forth to the unknown. Perhaps the long lines of a continent running in faint hills and plains towards the horizon, can never be so suggestive and tantalising to the fancy, as that dangerous, dazzling glory of sea which hems in our insular footsteps; but it is certain that this nation of islanders, straitly confined on every side by these waters, which only kiss the shores of our neighbours for a limited extent of coast, has never ceased, since its first dawning of national importance, to produce great explorers, great voyagers, and the most persevering colonists in the world. We are not a people of fervid imagination—or, if we are, get little credit for it; but it is to be presumed that our geographical position supplies all that we lack in enthusiasm of temperament. We cannot saunter over an imaginary line, and find ourselves immediately under different laws, a different government, and a distinct language. To experience this, the soberest family-expedition must dare the passage of that angry little sea which divides us from our nearest neighbour; and the subtle whisper of the blue water, a siren ever singing of the unseen and undiscovered, exercises its perpetual and unceasing temptation upon our blood. There is not a village in the country, there is scarcely a family, over some one of whose number this suggestion has not, in one way or another, prevailed. For fortune, for fame, for knowledge, for pleasure, for nothing at all but pure love of wandering, the natives of these three kingdoms are for ever straying out of this narrow little nook, at the corner of creation, over all the world.

To say this is not certainly to say anything new; but the old perennial fact has its changing novelties of circumstance in every age. Our adventurers do not take Spanish galleons or conquer provinces in these days; and, somehow, an even quainter antiquity has fallen upon

the *Grand Tour* of our more immediate ancestors, than upon the splendid forays of Drake and Raleigh. The proper English young gentleman's course of travel—his orthodox visits to historical places, his neat notes upon pictures and palaces, his pleasant excitation of anticipated surprise on hearing peasants and children talk freely the languages which *he* has acquired so painfully, and his general delightful sense of superiority as a man who has seen the world—is something quite beyond and above the profane imagination of to-day. The grand tour, with all its pleasant complaisancies and importance, is no longer good for anything but a chapter in the *Virginians*. The fashion has changed. The English young gentleman who would distinguish himself by the accomplishment of travel now, must go to the extremities of the earth before he will find any region which it is creditable and novel to have visited. Enterprise and adventure of themselves have grown so common, that they must be pushed to the verge of voluntary martyrdom before our languid admiration and wonder can be quickened into interest. A man who has made a downright savage of himself, has a certain claim upon us. He has achieved a feat which it requires wealth, leisure, health, and boldness, in large degrees, to do, and for which the greater part of his neighbours are, one way or other, incapacitated;—but your small man, who has only travelled, what does anybody care for him? We have all travelled more or less in our own persons. A few thousand miles, or a few additional countries, are dull to our universal information; and your traveller, who confines himself within the bounds of civilisation, yet expects the public to take the smallest interest in him, must either be a Yankee, or pursue his journey with some special end in view!

Yes! we dare no longer, with a due regard for our character, travel for travel's sake. The merest tourist, who goes where *Murray* bids him, is unhappy if he has not a motive to license his wandering—a "pursuit" to raise him above the vulgar level of the travelling English. He is a student of architecture, learned in the beauties of "severe" Gothic excellence, and strict to mark the dawning symptoms of "a debased period;" or he is a connoisseur, erudite in the "second manner" of Raphael or Leonardo, and better instructed about the school of Pisa and the school of Venice than if he had been a genuine *alumnus* of one of those dead brotherhoods of art; or he is full of statistical inquiries and questions of government, and improves his mind by comparing national systems, and investigating the developments of commerce and industry in different quarters of the world; or, most fatal of all, he is a student of human nature and national character—from which last virtuous personage heaven deliver all unwary souls! But whatever he is, he is obliged to be something, from a mere necessity of self-respect. Everybody has found out, by dint of experiment, that travelling for itself is not the elevating and expanding influence it was once fondly imagined to be; and the fashion is, that everybody of the slightest pretensions, when he travels, should travel for a certain end.

So, when an unfortunate physician rushes out of his hard practice for his month's holiday, alas! it is not to forget that such things as fevers and consumptions are in this laborious world. On the contrary, he goes away, not to refresh himself so much as to benefit society, by analysing all the medicinal waters of all the *Bads* and Spas within his range, and to speculate upon peculiarities of climate and sanatorial advantages; carrying upon his unhappy shoulders, wherever he goes, the infirmities of all the world. The man of science leaves his museum only to have the same fate follow him. *He* sets up, not a tabernacle of rest, but an observatory, and takes his pleasure laboriously—not to please himself, so much as to extend the limits of geological, or astronomical, or geographical knowledge—to increase the museum, and make up another lecture, and a little more information for the inquiring world! The same necessity presses more or less upon

all classes. Everybody must have his good reason for his wanderings. Shellfish and *Actiniæ* justify the sea-air and pleasure of the humblest holiday; and the further we extend our travels, the more indispensable becomes an object and "pursuit."

Under this impulse of fashion, and popular inclination, as under all such, there lies, without doubt, a compulsion of use and necessity. Fashions do not come for nothing, any more than needs do. We have come to that condition of society which, for lack of a better term, we call extreme civilisation; everything artificial is at its highest bloom and perfection in our old empires; the comforts of life, and the accessions of luxury, were never so generally within reach, or so universally enjoyed. If everything about us is not beautiful, up to the highest reach of manufacturable beauty, the fault is not ours, but Nature's, who chooses sometimes to balk our training by withholding what she alone can bestow; but we have taught, invented, and constructed to the highest pitch of our powers. We have made it possible to whisper secrets across a continent and through a sea. We can travel at a rate which is all but flying. We can breakfast every morning, if we please, upon all the news of all the world. Though idle people dispute in the newspapers about the possibilities of marriage on three hundred a-year, we are all perfectly aware that three hundred a-year nowadays means a degree of personal comfort impossible to monarchs as many years ago. And the superficial idea is, that all this is remarkably satisfactory, the real end of national effort, the state of social eminence most desirable, and of the greatest benefit to the race. Experience, however, and social wisdom, tell other tales. History knows, and does not fail to testify, that of all the dangers which beset a state, none is so subtle, so destructive, or full of all the possibilities of evil, as this same civilisation. It is like the penetrating luscious air of a skilful poison, the perfumes of the Borgias. We must needs throw up our windows, open our breast to the winds of heaven, camp out in the fields, and be wet with the dews, like the old Assyrian king, to defy the influences of this intoxicating *malaria*,—this fragrance and sweetness of death. Expansion, increase, growth, is our only preservation. It is better even to run into extravagances of enterprise, to waste life and time in vain researches, to pile upon each other labours as unprofitable as those of Sisyphus, than to yield to the ease, the comfort, and the prosperity of modern social existence, or give up to civilisation the noble discontent and restless power in which lies our life. It is not this idea which impels us to all our many exertions, and sends our explorers barefoot through the unknown world. Few people apprehend any dangers to themselves from civilisation; yet this principle of self-defence and natural compensation, running through a hundred intermediate channels, is the safeguard of Providence for our protection, while it is also the secret of that fashion which makes us all, whether pilgrims in the desert or tourists on a holiday ramble, give substance to our pleasures, and a value to our fatigues, by charging ourselves with a real or imaginary something to do.

For our wants increase, and our necessities expand along with our luxuries. We not only want a great many things which we had formerly no occasion for, but we long to see other people infected with the same requirements, and as full of wants as ourselves. We cannot afford to leave corners of the world fallow, uncultivated, unleavened by the commixture of our restless blood. The modern spirit of conquest stirs at the thought of miles of virgin soil, where flocks might feed, or corn grow, or timber fit for the masts of some high admiral fall beneath the axe of the pioneer; and Trade, an insatiate demon, burns with lofty indignation at the thought of tribes and nations who know none of its benefits, and who are still content with the beggarly elements of mere sustenance, unaware of all they might gain by the disinterested ministrations of the great buyer and seller of civilised life. Thousands of men and women, whose ambition aims no higher tha

scanty milk and beef, or scantier maize-porridge, with an ox-skin or a yard of calico for all their wardrobe, startle the commercial soul into generous shame and yearnings of brotherhood. If we might but wrap those dusky forms in splendid prints of Manchester, in muslins of Paisley! if we could but wreathe those ebon brows with glorious Glasgow kerchiefs, Turkey-red! and wake the slumbering soul of African womanhood with glimpses of unbelievable millinery, with ribbons white and red, with dazzling beads coloured like the rainbow! But the commercial Geni pauses with all his riches in his lap, and all his hungry over-productive children urging him on. It is grievous to let so many half-naked human creatures live and die in ignorance of all those provisions of art and civilisation—harder still, and ever harder, to lose crowds of customers, whose patronage might keep many a mill going, and many a town employed, and accumulate many a fortune. But how to get at them? there is the question. Trade, bold, ready, and full of expedients, stands upon the burning sands in doubt and hesitation, and sighs its inquiry to all the winds in vain; for Manchester cottons and Glasgow handkerchiefs—nay, even beads and trinkets, guns of Birmingham and knives of Sheffield—cannot make their own way through a savage continent. They may keep up a doubtful and precarious barter along a coast-line—they may stimulate the primeval vanity to the length of kidnapping a neighbour's child, or selling a poor clansman; but they are not moral agents, and this amount of stimulation is about the highest they are capable of. Trade, where it goes alone, may create a slave-trade fatal to itself in the end, and brutalising to every intermediary concerned; but trade, which can cover the sea with ships, and the land with factories, cannot with all its united forces persuade an African chief to be civilised, to be industrious, to employ the bounty of nature which lies at his hand, to produce that he may consume. It can teach him to appreciate the fabrics of our loom and the dyes of our printing—it *may* teach him to sell his children or his dependants; but it is compelled to leave him as it found him, a savage, and consequently a half-unreasoning and wholly impracticable being, who will steal or cheat, or "appropriate" the thing he covets, but is no more worthy of the title of *customer* than is the monkey in his woods, who appreciates the red handkerchiefs as much as he.

This same title of customer is about the first degree in social rank which our primitive kinsman can take, and it expresses no inconsiderable advance and progress. To be anybody's *customer*, a man must be a responsible and trustworthy being, able to reflect upon his own wants and means, and to exercise to some extent the qualities of foresight and of judgment. A flying bargain, or a sudden burst of barbarous extravagance, cannot qualify the man of the desert for this first relationship of civilisation. He must have a steady something to offer—a proviso, which includes a steady means of acquiring the something—and certain distinct and obvious wants somewhat above the rank of vanities. No one needs to be told how these wants will increase and widen as the resources of civilization open upon the uninstructed understanding, nor how the inevitable helplessness and dependence of social life will gradually take the place of that independence and absolute freedom which belong only to the man with whom a few yards of cotton and a pound of beef complete the amount of human necessities. But even at the threshold of social habitude, the change must be an important one. To be a customer, it does not require that our client should be fashionable or a fine gentleman, but it provides for the beginning of that development which, happy consummation! may end in both, and which at present advances the wandering chief to the dignity of a primitive patriarch, and justifies the humanity of the savage by an opening of higher instincts—the necessities of the man.

But alas for commerce standing vainly upon the fatal shores of that continent, where there are millions of people to trade with, and untold fortunes to be made, but no access

practicable to the tempting field. Who is to open up the closed realms of savagery, with all their undeveloped riches? Is it the sportsman, the lion-hunter, the man of science? Is it the trader himself, whose immediate interests are concerned? The question is important enough to justify full consideration. Conquests of arms are no longer the plain and natural mode of extending territory —new discoveries of unknown Americas are not to be hoped for. Who is to go forth first at the head of all the armies of civilisation, to open up new countries, tribes, and nations —to bring a new race into the social commonwealth? There are very special capabilities necessary for the office. Great consequences follow as it is well or ill performed, and no one can glance over the first history of such efforts, without feeling how powerful is the influence which they exercise over the future character and tendencies of the countries introduced by their means into the common brotherhood of the human race.

Who, then, is the natural pioneer? It is not the sportsman-adventurer, though no one should depreciate the uses of that modern Nimrod, or his class. The sportsman, frank, friendly, liberal, and honourable— the civilised man who magnifies all the savage virtues in the sight of those who know no better, and adds to these a revelation of the more exalted courtesies and honesties of life —is an auxiliary to be held in honour; but he is not the man for this office—partly because his very sport puts so serious a vocation out of his way, and partly because the savage understanding cannot and will not comprehend him, let it try ever so hard. Why he should be there, in the first place, is a standing enigma to those sons of the desert. They ask, "Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home?" and laugh with a savage superiority of wisdom at thought of being deceived by the pretence that this is for pleasure. These volunteer labours and hardships, which are a privilege of wealth and leisure to the English gentleman, are the most incomprehensible of follies to the wandering African. He can only stare with contemptuous amazement, or suspect with natural cunning the motives of the extraordinary madman, who shares toil and fatigue in his own company for the glorious chance of an elephant hunt, or an encounter with a hungry lion. He respects the white man's gallantry, daring, and powers of endurance, but he gazes at him with mingled doubt and wonder. Is he a conspirator, plotting against the freedom of the barbarous soil he treads, and the barbarous tribes who surround him?—or is he merely a fool?

Nor has the scientific traveller a much better chance. The same inadequacy of motive deprives the primitive man of all confidence in his learned visitor, who comes simply to track a river, or to explore a continent. What can science do against the calm imperturbable sublimity of perfect ignorance? The one is a restless, troublesome, unquiet spirit of its very nature—the other a profound, passive, unyielding power, whose *momentum* of resistance it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. A man who will come over seas and through storms, who will go barefoot and half-naked, who will run a hundred risks of his life, and separate himself from all his friends, in order to find out where a lake lies, how a stream runs, what weeds grow on the sandy plain, and what trees shade the rivers, is, if possible, a conception still more ridiculous and unbelievable than the sportsman. To the primitive intelligence his alleged motive is a farce and pretence too absurd to do more than smile at. The salvage man knows better. He can believe that the geographer has come to put spells upon his land, to divert the waters of his stream, to dry him up with droughts, and waste his substance with arts magic, to pinch and cramp him like Prospero. All this is reasonable, and within the reach of comprehension; but to persuade him of such an insane fiction as the other, is a mere scoff upon his supposed credulity, which he laughs and finds out with supreme contempt. The heroism of science is out of the range of things explainable to the sceptic of the deserts. It would be almost as easy to make it

apparent to the brutes themselves as to the nobler but scarce less ignorant animal who reigns over them, and yet flies before them. To him the highest mission of that inquisitive and restless spirit is worse than foolishness—a childish and incomprehensible play with the privations of his own hard life, or more likely the wiles of a deceiver more cunning than he, who thinks to blind his eyes by this pretence; and we doubt whether it is possible, spite of their magnificent exertions, that the Barths and the Vogels, any more than the sportsman, can, however important their contributions to science, and however heroic their labours, be really effectual instruments for the opening of a new world to commerce, law, education, and all the influences of civilised life.

But there still are motives and inducements beyond mere personal profit, which even the mind of a savage, being human, is capable of comprehending; he is still a man, however degraded his existence may be, and however limited his horizon. It is in him to comprehend in some far-off and dim degree what the missionary does in that parched and sunburnt land of his. It may be the merest waste of effort to teach his ignorance; yet, by right of his humanity, he is able to understand and believe somehow that it is reasonable the teacher should come, though from the end of the world. The motive is sufficient even to his blunted and dim capacity. It is not to shoot, nor to observe, nor to travel; it is to bring certain unbelievable wonders to his own ears, to teach *him* something which he did not know before, which possibly he will not receive now, but which his visitor believes and comes to tell. The message may rouse his most powerful prejudices, his strongest impulse of opposition. It is foreign to his customs, antagonistic to his germs of belief, condemnatory of his life; but the reasonableness of the errand approves itself beyond question to his judgment. He can comprehend it without explanation. It is not a matter of that artificial learning which is a blank to him, or of that civilisation which he neither knows nor appreciates: both these unknown powers his savage self-esteem could laugh to scorn; but there is still and always a certain conscious humanity in him, able to respond to the perfect reasonableness of listening to a message from God.

We have thus an office and a messenger fit for the purpose—a primitive and comprehensible ambassador to the primitive intelligence. Let us not ignore nor depreciate a personage whose uses are so manifold and important. With us, in our mode and stage of existence, secondary influences are all-powerful. So far as superficial life is concerned, we are altogether ruled by them. Those periods of our individual history into which a great primitive love or sorrow has leaped like a fiery angel taking possession, are but the crises and turning-points. They do not make up the common current, which is filled up by trivial interests and half purposes. But to a primitive existence the primary principles of nature still must be applied. To teach civilisation while we generously refrain from all attempts to "bias" the heathen mind in favour of Christianity, is a principle as false to nature as it is perfectly incomprehensible to the heathen himself, for whom we make this disinterested abnegation of faith. But we are bold to affirm that there is not a pagan in the world—wider than that—there is not a savage, the wildest of all the hordes of the desert, who is not at the bottom of his heart man enough to comprehend one disinterested errand, and one alone—the errand of the man who brings him, not the refinements of an unknown society, or the gifts of an unappreciated education, but the first primitive distinction of his manhood and nature—that revelation from heaven, in the possibility of which every human creature has an instinctive and inherent belief.

This is the first and grand qualification of the missionary, as the pioneer of all practicable intercourse with the savage. The most barbarous of his clients is able to come to some comprehension of why he is there, and to recognise in a less or greater degree the sufficiency and reasonableness of the motive which brings him.

It is in this that his great advantage lies over all other philanthropic travellers. The people among whom he goes may, indeed, wonder at the disinterested character of his enterprise; but they do not wonder that, having really a communication from God to make, his country or his chief should send him to the ends of the earth to make it. It is, if it is true, a piece of news more marvellous and important than those which they themselves commission embassies to disclose to their neighbours. Their wonder is rather how the more enlightened race should have been so long of sending this startling information into their deserts. "Your forefathers knew of these things, yet they suffered my forefathers to go away into the darkness without hearing of them," says Dr. Livingstone's converted chief; and the complaint is as touching as it is natural. This is not by any means to presuppose a ready or eager adoption of the new religion, or a quick perception of all its Divine excellences. The spiritual view of the matter is not one which we feel called upon to enter into; but we repeat, that the motive of the missionary is the only disinterested motive—the only inducement perfectly distinct from personal profit and aggrandisement—which is comprehensible to the intellect of the savage; and that this possibility of understanding on their part gives to the religious teacher a vantage-ground and footing amongst them which nothing else can possibly bestow.

Yet it is strange enough to add—though few will be so bold as to deny these special advantages and privileges of the office of missionary—that the missionary is not an interesting nor an attractive personage to the general eye of the world. He is the hero of a limited religious circle, who chronicle his doings and his sayings in a missionary magazine—who applaud his name in Exeter Hall—who can tell his converts off by roll, and are familiar with all the special signs of grace which accompany his ministrations. But the common world takes little note of the exiled preacher—the voice in the wilderness: as likely as not, the clever people caricature him when it happens to be worth their while, and pass him with the indifference of contempt when it is not. Nobody sees in his person the old mission of the apostles going forward to the end of all things. Nobody sees the foundation of new empires—the lowest round and groundwork of national reconstruction in that little house in the desert, which the civilised Christian builds among the savages with his own hands. Before the value of his work can be appreciated, generations must grow and blossom out of it, and through it, to discover at last that their germ of life was there. Perhaps, a thousand years hence, failing walls in the African plains will be sacred to the far-off children of an emancipated race, who have found out that these homely ruins cradled a new existence for their continent; but, in the mean time, we who profess to be of the superior classes smile a little, if we do nothing more decided, at all the blowing of trumpets in Exeter Hall. When a London May calls together crowded meetings in those favourite assembly-rooms of the "religious world," we do not contrast this "religious dissipation" over-favourably with the other kind of dissipation, not religious, which throngs the salons of Belgravia and Mayfair. We give the palm not only of elegance and refinement, which might be natural, but of importance and interest, to the crowded meetings of society where statesmen are to be found among the fine ladies—where the fine ladies themselves are personages of national importance, and where, under a show of social enjoyment, a lively fancy can imagine in secret action the great diplomacies which sway the world; and in sight of these brilliant crowds, the other crowds of pious fashion are quite discountenanced, and thrown into the shade. Civilisation and the Geographical Society, which two, between them, will have their fair share of martyrs, but will not win new kingdoms out of chaos, are on the sunny side, and may get credit for liberal views and enlightened principles; but the missionary societies cluster in a coterie of small details and narrow intentions, in a flutter of white neckcloths

and bonnets from the country, perennially engulfed under the cold shadow of Exeter Hall.

How should this be so? It seems very difficult to answer the question, unless by aid of those same missionary reports, records, and magazines, in which the history, so far as fact goes, of the various exertions of evangelical zeal are to be found. We cannot say that this is a satisfactory or elevating department of literature: a man may be a capital missionary without having at the same time a gift for letter-writing, or for any other species of literary composition; and it is not easy to keep the wider and larger view of apostolic labours in the immediate presence of those long and careful details of the spiritual condition of some special lad or old woman, and the promising signs which have appeared in somebody else's wife or father—signs of grace which exhilarate a whole assembly, and console the writer for all his privations. We know that the Divine Head of the church Himself does not disdain to care for the smallest and most solitary individual of all His worshippers. We know that in the midst of the vast arrangements of His Providence, God Himself, in the sacred word of His truth, turns aside often to an individual history; yet notwithstanding, it is very hard to believe and acknowledge that the uncertain penitences of a single savage, or the doubtful amendatory symptoms which much watching can discover in the miserable hut of a Bushman, are fit equivalents for the expenditure of a trained and educated man. Be it far from us to speak or think lightly of that great end of all gospel exertions—the salvation of individual souls. Let us not even be supposed to regard with a moment's disrespect or levity the solemn and overpowering motive which prompts the devoted servant of God to the extremest limit of earthly labours, if "by any means he might save some;" but there is just all this difference between the Divine and the human records of evangelistic experience, that inspiration can never be petty and circumstantial; whereas missionary reports, in most cases are so, to a very uncomfortable and discouraging degree. When the sacred writers pause upon an individual instance of conversion, it is to brighten their pages with one vivid glimpse of nature and character, more expressive and telling than all the sermons in the world: but it is very far from this with the missionary records, which give much-diluted, long-spun-out examples of the oft-repeated vicissitudes of religious feeling; and in the contemplation of these, lose sight, or seem to lose sight, of all larger aims and motives than the formation of a little exotic conservatory of believers, the immediate result and fruit of their own labour. It is not possible, of course, that minds like ours can emulate the Divine mind, which embraces at once the smallest and the greatest in its infinite range of regard and observation; but there can be little doubt that the exclusive and limited personality of most missionary narratives—the anxious desire to bring forward instances of individual conversion, and immediate results of a work which must, of its very nature, be gradual—do more than anything else to confine within a special and limited circle the home audience of the missionary, for whose success and progress, in reality, the whole world ought to be far more specially concerned.

For individual details are always more or less petty, and it is impossible to prevent the thought rising, as it must have risen many a time even within the bosom of a May Meeting—is this black George—this old Sarah—this half-reclaimed and doubtful savage—this extraordinary spiritual blossom born out of the unameliorated pagan soil—a sufficient compensation for the loss and expatriation of that teacher who has been trained at the cost of toil, and time, and self-denial—who has been consecrated by a church, and prayed for by a people, and who is probably an efficient and persevering labourer, qualified for good work anywhere?—can we afford to expend him, with all his qualifications, out of our hands, and get only the doubtful convert in exchange? Let him say with tears in his eyes—and it is fit he should say so—that one soul is worth more than all his toil. That is abundant justification

for him, but not so much satisfaction to us, who have such overpowering occasion for the most productive services of every workman who can use his tools. Are we warranted in operations so costly, we who have nothing to spare? Can we permit so vast an expenditure for a result so disproportionate? Or is the result indeed disproportionate, and the outlay beyond rational prudence? The question is one of very high and vital importance to the world, as well as to the missionary societies. And it almost seems as if it could be answered best by dropping to a secondary place the special information of all these reports and records, which present themselves as the superficial history of the whole enterprise. "A missionary is not a church-maker—there is no such office established in Providence; he is not a cultivator of tender exotic plants of spirituality, suddenly changed from savages into angels, to be the pets of an admiring assembly at home. He is, let us thank God, the bearer of a special good to every individual who hears him; but he is also, consciously or unconsciously, in that course of providential order which rules the world, the pioneer of universal benefits, the beginner of legitimate intercourse—the first effectual link between the savage and the civilised man. Like other labourers, he must sow his seed, and leave it to the dews and the rains which fall day by day; he must not lay his ear to the soil to listen for the stirring of the young corn underground. It is his to fill up the moat, that the universal army of profits, comforts, and advantages, may march into the shut-up soul in triumph. Behind him wait all the white-robed impersonations of old allegory, and all the more real and martial good-doers of modern life. Peace and plenty, old favourites of the human fancy—truth, purity, and knowledge—all the principles of a better and higher life, can only get admittance there by treading the footsteps of the first primitive messenger who bears the communication of God to man. And while the husbandman goes his way, the special seed will spring: let him take courage—it is imperishable, and will not be wasted. But the results of his mission are not solely to individuals; he is the ambassador of all possible and practicable advantages, the underworker, unsuspected and unconscious, of all the developments of the future. We do not know, save in a very few instances, who were the early disciples who followed even Paul and Peter, and lighted their tributary cressets from these first bearers of the light; but we know that by-and-by the Cæsars and the Gods went out like ineffectual tapers in the spreading of that illumination. We have not a particle of evidence to show how many of the old islanders opened their hearts to the words of Columb, when he stood a wandering missionary among the western seas—nor much information as to the early converts of Augustine; but we know what has come in the train of the Culdee and the monk, with all the drawbacks of their message. It will not harm the immediate converts of the missionary to lose the congratulations and plaudits of Exeter Hall, but it will advantage the general interest in that great ambassador of God and man, if he will learn to combine more broadly the universal with the particular, and, without altering his work, alter in so far the telling and record of it as to represent the true nature of an enterprise which, in reality, aims at nothing less than an entire and fundamental revolution of nature, the destruction and dispersion of savagery, and the making of a new world.

It is a very difficult and dangerous business to affect or aim at a "superior" tone in matters of religion. We speak with submission—but it is rather "humbling," as our evangelical friends might say, to find what a very sad new cant of enlightenment and intellectuality is apt to take the place of that old so-called Puritanic cant which the advanced preachers and teachers of the present time think themselves bound to keep clear of. There is little advantage in altering merely the tone of those solemn pretences of expressions which we are all so apt to take refuge in; and we certainly should not feel the case improved if missionary narra-

tives, instead of well-meaning gossip about particular individuals, became ambitious character-sketches, or essays upon the dawn of civilisation. These are rather more undesirable than the other. We are even but half contented, and can scarcely help suspecting a little undue submission to the supposed likings of the public, when we find the missionary's story a tale of travel more concerned with the natural products of the country, its unknown geographical features, and all the adventures and escapes of the way, than with the special race to whom he is sent, and the labour which is his primary object. In short, and to make an end of it, we are very hard to please in our ideal, who must, to satisfy our desires, have not only an open eye for all the external wonders of his position, and a wide apprehension of all the ultimate results involved, but be, at the same time, fully and frankly a missionary, knowing and perceiving that his entire standing-ground of advantage lies in the fact that his first message is from heaven, and his primary credentials the word of God.

It is some time since any volume has made so much noise, or excited so great an interest, as the narrative of Dr. Livingstone. This is the story of a remarkable man, but it is not otherwise a remarkable book; and it is to the credit of this generation, which loves "style" so much, and is so greatly influenced by literary graces, that a work so entirely devoid of both should, nevertheless, have attained so remarkable a popularity. We permit the great Whig historian to put upon record almost anything he pleases, because not a man of us has the heart to condemn a narrative so fascinating; and we receive the wildest caprices of an amateur as serious criticism on art, simply because nature has gifted the said amateur with the most wonderful graces of language; yet we are not so unreasoning in our admirations as we seem. When a man has really something to tell us, we are content that he should tell it in his own way. It is a large testimonial to the good sense of the age, which, after all, cannot be so superficial as people call it. Dr. Livingstone has a report to make, of travels and an enterprise, quite wonderful, and, we presume, almost unparalleled. He says, with evident truth, that he would rather undertake his journey over again than write his account of it; and, accordingly, no one attempts to judge him on a ground which he does not attempt to take. He is not a literary man, nor a dilettanti. He holds the pen in a toil-hardened hand, which has been more familiar with axe and gun than with the dainty implements of civilised life. What he has to tell us of, is an unknown and undeveloped continent, the fourth quarter of the world; a country hitherto shut up and barred by unhealthy coasts and untracked deserts; a great savage impenetrable waste, where the great old lords of the forest still exist and reign; where the least religious race of the world live their naked life of exposure and privation; and upon the coast of which, our own Empire, the biggest policeman in the universe, keeps an expensive and half-successful watch, lest those poor black souls, for whom we can do nothing better, should be stolen and sold away. Dr. Livingstone, however, means to do something better for them. He has been high up *into* the home of the race where there is neither policeman nor slave-trade, but villagefuls and tribes of trainable human creatures like ourselves. He has seen the natural highways which track that silent and unrepresented territory. The soil has disclosed to him its voiceless secrets in leaf of tree and form of weed, which tell tales of unmade fortune to the educated eye. He has found out how men can live and travel in the deserts, and how commerce may enter and flourish. He comes home laden with hopes, prospects, and promises—the noble idea that he is adding power and wealth to his own country, while he carries salvation to another; and it is all this, the promises, the prospects, the hopes—a capacity which seems to him unlimited, yet a want which is touching and excessive—which make up the importance of Dr. Livingstone's book. All this he knows—all this he has come to tell, anxiously and earnestly—and to this with one accord, and without any

depreciatory criticisms, the public has been heartily content to incline its serious ear.

While we write, he is just about returning out of a serious course of lion or hero worship, which, it is to be hoped, has done no worse for him than to bore and weary his spirit. Dr. Livingstone's fame and popularity have spread much beyond the limits of any peculiar circle; but for real hearty sincere hero-worship, fooling to the very top of one's bent, there is certainly no community in existence half so successful as "the religious public." The lion of the coteries is nothing to the lion of the churches, and we trust the African apostle has not found the ordeal too hard for him. He goes out with all the encouragements and aids which science can bestow upon him, with an unparalleled amount of public sympathy, and with even the recognition and authority of Government to give dignity to his further labours; and it now remains to be seen what capabilities remain in the office which he has already raised in honourable reputation, and from which he has taught us to expect in the future still greater results.

It is not necessary, after everybody has heard from this traveller's own lips so much as it was needful to tell of his own history, to give any sketch of that here. He was one of those Scotch students who never could by any chance be fellows of Christ Church or Trinity—one of those grave labourers towards a special end, who strike through Latin and Greek, perhaps without any remarkable devotion to those exclusive and jealous channels of learning, mastering so much as must be mastered amid the cark of daily labours—a man who did not pursue his education through the hard struggle of its acquirement merely for education's sake, with the disinterested zeal of an Oxford scholar, but who worked hardly through his necessary *curriculum* as a means, and not as an end. Reading amid the clatter of machinery in a Glasgow mill, taught the future explorer how to read and write amid the clatter of surrounding savages; and the hardness of a poor man's early life trained him for the privations of his mission. He went out of the heart of the Scottish peasant-world, while most Cottar fathers still justified the picture of the Saturday Night; he worked his way through medical training and theological lectures, indebted to no one; and, finally, by dint of disappointment in his first idea of going to China, fell into the office and vocation appointed for him, and for which he has shown himself so fit. He went to Africa eighteen years ago, to join the missionary party which has already made itself celebrated by the narrative and labours of Moffat, married there the daughter of his predecessor, and lived the usual life of a missionary—at the parent station in the first place, and afterwards at one founded by himself, which a long drought and a raid of Boers at last compelled him to abandon—for nearly ten years. Then the *afflatus* of the explorer came upon this prophet in the desert. He began to discover, and the impulse grew upon him—but it is only after a long course of quiet life and unrecorded exertions among those savages — exertions which seem to have spread his influence widely among them, but which it is not easy to trace in his story, where all the ordinary details of missionary experience are omitted, and which is, probably in consequence, somewhat confused and hurried as a narrative, and not to be followed easily, —that the characteristic feature of his personal vocation begins to be developed. This, which is the great distinction of Dr. Livingstone's work and book, is a long, toilsome, solitary, and, most remarkable of all, *successful* journey, from one end to another of the scorching continent, of which this event has made him a kind of moral superior and suzerain.

The occasion of this remarkable undertaking is perhaps as singular as the enterprise itself. The missionary obliged to abandon the first scene of his independent labours at Kolobeng, where a tyrannical and barbarous colony of African Dutchmen opposed and insulted both himself and his pupils, set out up country towards the lands of a remarkable chief, whose territory he intended to make

his future centre of operations. He carried all his patriarchal and primitive wealth, his wife and his children, with him into the new region—meaning to settle there: but that was not his appointed service, as it appeared. The great chief died almost at the moment of the stranger's arrival; the locality was still unhealthful — exposed to fever and malaria; and, most momentous of all, signs of an incipient slave-trade appeared to the jealous eyes of the missionary. The Makololo gentlemen were splendid in garments of red and green baize, and dressing-gowns of printed calico: and the manner in which they had attained these grandeurs was by a beginning of slave-barter fatal to the hopes of their new teacher. The Mambari, a tribe of native traders, had brought these tempting vanities for the first time among the nobler savages for whom Dr. Livingstone was chiefly concerned. Sebituane, the chief already mentioned, was a conqueror and warrior, the chief of a superior and triumphant race. He had already subdued under his own sway a population of primitive helots, of whom his Makololo were the patrician and governing class. This primitive prince and legislator could not resist the temptation of acquiring guns even by the sacrifice of servants. He consented to sell the children of his tributaries for those precious fire-arms, and his subjects followed his example, though not without excuses and compunctions. But the evil had begun, though slightly, and the missionary found himself called upon to act with energy and promptitude. He explains thus, in his own words, his first reason for his journey:—

"In talking with my companion over these matters, the idea was suggested, that if the slave-market was supplied with articles of European manufacture by legitimate commerce, the trade in slaves would become impossible. It seemed more feasible to give the goods, for which the people now part with their servants, in exchange for ivory and other products of the country, and thus prevent the trade at the beginning, than try to put a stop to it at any of the subsequent steps. This could only be effected by establishing a highway from the coast to the centre of the country.

"As there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng, I at once resolved to save my family from exposure to this unhealthy region by sending them to England, and to return alone, with a view to exploring the country in search of a healthy district that might prove a centre of civilisation, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or the west coast."

Thus while the British Empire stood with its pistols and cruisers on the coast, a grand sentry and watchman, to interrupt the guilty convoys on their exit, the stout Scotsman in the interior set himself to dam up the fountain-head of this stream of bitterness. Geographical science and natural history may and do benefit largely by the missionary's discoveries; but this enterprise was not undertaken for the benefit of either. Let the interests of humanity for once triumph over the inquisitions of knowledge. Dr. Livingstone's sextant and thermometer were very secondary adjuncts of his mission. He kept his eyes about him wherever he went, and put everything down—savage life, in all its primitive wildness, compelled a savage particularity of observation; but any one who supposes this enterprise a geographical or scientific one, fails entirely in appreciating its true motive. The traveller notes latitudes and longitudes, trees and grasses, wild beasts and insects; he has interest enough in all of them to give a natural enlivenment and occupation to his journey, but his heart is with the humane object he has in hand. Through swamps and tropical forests, through hostile villages and unfriendly savages, he stumbles on upon his "ill-willy" ox, with one distinct endeavour in his mind, which is, neither to do a feat of travel, nor to make himself a hero of the Geographical Society, but to find or form a practicable highway for the native productions of his Makololo—to make a clear and legitimate way for them, and for all inland Africa, to the markets and merchandise of the world—and to free them, as he hopes, at once and for ever from the trade in slaves.

Such was the real object of Dr. Livingstone's journey. It is, beyond everything else, a trenchant and bold

blow at the slave-trade in its very cradle and origin; and, through the slave-trade, at slavery in all its developments. It is the only modern unbelligerent attempt of which we are aware, to cure and conquer this sad disease of humanity. It may fail, as everything else may which is in the hands of mortal agents. The traveller, it is probable, may not be entirely correct in all his speculations. The rude physical force of nature, in the primitive form of the snout of a hippopotamus, may stave the delicate steam-launch in which science, trade, and charity mean to explore the Zambesi. An inopportune cascade at an undiscovered point may put out all the calculations of the voyage, or a sudden fever may strike the party into helplessness. Still, notwithstanding, here remains the idea, which is indestructible, and partially worked ont. Congress, itself, in its stormiest midnight discussion, would not dare to present its revolver to the breast of Livingstone. He is not an Abolitionist, nor a Free-Soiler; he is not even one of those earnest and eager philanthropists, on whose labour of love experience and time have begun to throw clouds, which it is to be hoped further time and expanded experience will lighten —the slave-emancipators of our own West Indian possessions. There is no war in his thoughts, nor in his enterprise. But if his promises are to be depended on—and they seem to carry reason with them, as well as strong confirmatory evidence—and his conclusions are trustworthy, a matter which we can more easily judge for ourselves—there is in the hope and project of Dr. Livingstone a work which will nullify defeat, and make useless the whole system of slavery. This is a great thing to say—and so long as the plan remains almost wholly a theoretical and untried one, it may look like a brag and piece of boasting. How Dr. Livingstone's savages may answer to the motives and necessities of civilisation—whether there is industry and courage in them sufficient to make free labour practicable and satisfactory—how far Sekeletu in the desert is superior to Quashee in the islands—are all questions unresolved and doubtful. These, however, do not alter the great conception which has impelled the missionary to his unparalleled toils. He may be wrong or mistaken; but if he is not, he seems to have got a real hold upon the end of the clue which may lead us through all the intricate mazes which environ it, to the very innermost fortress and citadel of slavery, there to build in and wall up the decrepid giant, where he can oppress a race no more.

Impelled by his two great ideas—to make a road to the coast, and to find out a healthy and practicable site for a central settlement and metropolis of civilisation—Dr. Livingstone, with a train of native assistants and attendants, all of whom seem to have had soul enough to understand so far his immediate object, and who were perfectly alive to the importance of a good price and open market for their ivory, set out from the primitive capital of his Makololo chief, towards the Portuguese settlement of Loando, on the west coast. This journey was only so far successful that it was accomplished in safety, though at the cost of many privations and a great deal of suffering. The party, which was a large one, made their way, after leaving the upper part of the great river, which carried them on so far in comparative comfort from village to village, across an unknown country. The account is interesting and full of incident; it is not, however, particularly promising in respect to the early effect produced upon these savage races by their first contact with Europeans. As soon as the travellers emerge from the unexplored country, where neither chief nor people have ever seen a white man, the natives whom they encounter become avaricious, grasping, and untrustworthy—the primitive usage of hospitality ceases, and even for the poor provisions with which they are scantily supplied, the demand of "a man, a gun, or an ox," is made incessantly. This is, however, "the slave-path," which accounts for everything—the slave-traders who traverse it being compelled, by the nature of their traffic and of the country, wild as it is, and offering every facility

for the escape of their victims, to yield to perpetual exactions from the inhabitants. In spite of all this, however, and through the greatest sufferings and dangers, Dr. Livingstone and his party at last reached the Portuguese settlement, where the heart of the missionary was rejoiced by the sight and kindness of an Englishman, and where the Makololo made themselves acquainted with the marvels of civilisation. They went back with guns, clothing, and presents, full of complacency and importance, feeling themselves "the true ancients, who had reached to the end of the world." But their leader conducted them home with a mind still dissatisfied and inquiring; it was clear that his "highway" of civilisation could not be made to Loando. Those steaming swamps and tropical forests, bound into impenetrability by immense creepers, which could only be cut through by a hatchet, were totally impracticable. He had neither found the healthy region, nor the road to the coast.

Accordingly, after a toilsome and fever-obstructed return, the indefatigable traveller set out again upon a second journey from the same point, Linyanti, the town of Sekeletu, with another escort of natives, and bound to the other side of the continent, hoping to trace the course of the Zambesi, and quite undaunted by the non-success of his first endeavour. This last journey is the climax and conclusion of the work, so far as it has yet advanced. All the discoveries of immediate importance, so far as the missionary's large schemes of benevolent statesmanship went, were made during its course; and Dr. Livingstone had the satisfaction of finding himself right and justified in both his great hopes for Africa. He found, and skirted for a long distance, the river which had inspired him with the thought of redemption for this helpless continent; and he found also upon its banks a region where he himself brightened into the exhilaration of restored health, where all the deleterious influences of climate were modified, and where, he feels convinced, European settlements could flourish, and might be established without fear. Having made sure of both these inestimable facts to his own satisfaction, he went on with a light heart to the coast, leaving his convoy, until his return, to live and work among the Portuguese at Tete; and from Kilimane, on the East African coast, close to the delta of the Zambesi, at which point he will once again take up the thread of his labours, the adventurer returned into a world which had learned to know him, while he had very near forgotten it.

These, then, are the substantial results which he presents in justification of his own hopes, and of the endeavours to which he would anxiously persuade his countrymen. While he travelled and pondered through the African swamps and thickets, he did not know that the insatiate maw of the British giant watered for more cotton, and that political economy and private enterprise were looking out anxiously for new soil fit to produce the precious material which at present gives an undesirable monopoly to the American slaveholders; but he did convince himself that his Africa was not only a cotton-consuming but a cotton-producing soil, able to repay largely the efforts of any enterprising labourers who gave its capabilities a fair trial. The acknowledged deficiency put new heart into the wearied traveller. He had seen beforehand how valuable would be the check of this new and productive field upon the old slave-ground; but as the necessity increases, the advantage grows with it. Then there is indigo growing wild, a precious weed, over the unregarded soil—plantations of sugar-cane so extensive that our traveller says of one, "4000 men eating it during two days did not finish the whole"—coffee possible in most places, and in some actually accomplished, not to speak of physics without end, wholesome senna, beloved of nurseries, and precious quinine. All this Dr. Livingstone offers us, with healthy quarters, lovely scenery, abundant food, neighbours neither ferocious nor intractable by nature, and deeply impressed with the importance of our national character, on the banks of his noble Zambesi, only a few days from the

sea. The offer is certainly very tempting. There is sufficient draught of water everywhere for a Thames steamer, and seams of coal in convenient proximity to supply these handy little demons with their indispensable food; and there is air which English lungs can safely breathe, and a sun not too scorching for English constitutions to bear. If Dr. Livingstone is right, a European colonist might reach his healthful African home, even through the dangerous fringe of that unwholesome coast, with little greater danger than any man encounters who has to pass through a marshy or malarious district on his way home; while the natural gifts of this territory, at present of little use even to its scanty and barbarous inhabitants, seem almost inexhaustible. Add to all this the certainty that our trade and our merchants cannot go thither without carrying inevitable advantages with them—that the first cotton-plantation in Africa tended by freemen will be the first real and effectual stroke at the "institution" of slavery—more effectual and real than any sudden scheme of local emancipation; and there can be little doubt that Dr. Livingstone's scheme calls for the most serious attention from his own country and the civilised world.

And it does not seem easy to perceive on the surface any particular resemblance of character between the native tribes of the African desert and the "typical negro" of the civilised imagination. Dr. Livingstone's clients are unquestionable savages; but they are not the gay, merry, thoughtless, inconsequent Sambos, music and laughter-loving, of the American plantations, nor the indolent and insolent drones of the West Indian Islands. Perhaps the race is a different race before it comes through that alembic of slavery, which transmutes its better metal, and leaves a stain even upon the dross which it needs generations to wear away. If British enterprise prepared the field only to fill it with a new and abundant crop of this wholly impracticable animal, all the charms with which Dr. Livingstone has endowed his newly-explored dominions would be insufficient to justify the experiment. But the negro of civilisation—the actual or the emancipated slave—seems, so far as we are able to judge from the sketches of Dr. Livingstone, a perfectly inadequate representative of the native African. The Makololo who accompanied the missionary to Loando, not only persevered with very tolerable courage through that painful journey, but on their arrival there set themselves to work, as soon as they found out how they could do it, with a most praiseworthy and honourable alacrity. They became woodcutters, and drove a flourishing trade, maintaining themselves by their own exertions. On his second and more successful expedition the result was the same, though, as that must be reckoned only half completed, our information is less full. Their conduct in regard to their leader seems to have been perfectly honest, faithful, and exemplary, and even the strangers among whom he fell on his road, behaved, on the whole, with great discretion and very tolerable kindness. There seems, indeed, no ground to suppose that these reasonable savages whose wits are sharpened by a constant struggle against all the rude necessities of nature, could be transmogrified by a good fortune, which came in the shape of active employment and stimulated industry, into such an unreflective and frivolous being as the contented slave or the idle freedman of Jamaica. On this, however, must depend, in a very great measure, the success of the experiment, which seems otherwise so promising.

But it is necessary to remember that the first motive of the missionary is not the spread of trade, the increase of valuable produce, or the extension of the markets of the world. His primary object is the benefit of these same voiceless savages, for whom no one else takes much regard. It was to secure their ignorance against the devices of the slave-trader, to expand their intelligence, and to influence their hearts, that Livingstone set out upon his long journey. It was the earnestness of his solicitude for *them* that kept him undiscouraged in the failure

of his first enterprise; it was the same untiring regard which prompted him to set out once more on a second expedition; and it is that which now carries him back, with all his hopes of an opened country and a beginning trade, to resume his labours among them. It is clear, therefore, that *he* has no particular dread of making a Quashee of his Makololo, and that the idea of improving, civilising, and elevating this race, is no Utopian thought to the individual who knows them best. Religion has never before made so great a testimony to honourable English commerce, and its beneficial results, as by thus calling in its aid, as the strongest auxiliary of its own efforts; and never has made a stronger protest against the iniquitous trade of the man-stealer, than by these extraordinary individual efforts to supplant and defeat him. By so much as Dr. Livingstone's enterprise is not a purely missionary one, it is a directly anti-slavery expedition—an aim at the heart of that peculiar institution. He may be wrong—he is probably not so much wiser than all his fellow-creatures as to be infallibly correct in all his conclusions. It may be much harder than Dr. Livingstone supposes to gain possession of this continent, or to turn its riches to account; but if there is only so much truth in his discoveries as it is reasonable to expect from the candid researches of an honest and good man, the issues are scarcely to be limited.

And it is pleasant to find how entirely our name and national character are vindicated, so far as Africa is concerned, from all share in this abominable traffic—or, we should rather say, how clearly our antagonism is understood. The black slave-traders, themselves a native tribe little more enlightened than the other tribes on whom they manage to impose, show an edifying sense of the vigilance of the British cruisers; and on one occasion at least, fled precipitately from the face of the British missionary, their natural enemy and conqueror. They had come to trade, a large party, at Linyanti, while Dr. Livingstone was absent; but hearing of his residence there, and expected return, and panic-struck by the sight of some natives with *hats* which he had given them, they struck their tents in haste, and fled by night, while the dreaded missionary was still sixty miles off, and entirely unaware of their vicinity. An English hat is not a very graceful head-dress—one must suppose it a rather whimsical apex to the person of a half-naked Makololo—but in this case at least the article did good service, and the story is a very pleasant one.

We have touched but very slightly upon Dr. Livingstone's book, as indeed it is rather late to enter upon any detailed examination of a work which has already been distributed and read so largely. Nor was our concern so much with this publication as with himself—his motives and his errand, a singular exposition of the missionary enterprise and vocation. There is very little in the volume of what is commonly called missionary experience, and indeed for the last three or four years which he spent in Africa, the explorer must have had small leisure, save by his own life and conversation, for teaching or preaching. One thing he did wherever he travelled—he left at least one statement of the Gospel which he carried in every village that received him; and he tells with satisfaction how his earliest convert at Kolobeng—the station which he was compelled to abandon — "Black Sechele," an upright and honest savage, the chief of a tribe of Bechuanas—had taken upon himself the office of teacher, and supplied the missionary's lack of service by his own effectual labours, which seems to have been no small consolation to Dr. Livingstone. But the traveller's own sentiments upon missionary labour are valuable and interesting, and more in our way at present than the details of his own exertions. He is strongly opposed to the prevalent habit of placing mission-stations near each other on the skirts of a great untouched country; he finds his brethren disposed to cling too closely to the borders of civilisation, where they are at least not quite beyond the reach of the English tongue, and a visitor now and then out of the world, and where they are tempted

to nurse a sprinkling of converts into over-delicate and demonstrative Christianity. Dr. Livingstone is jealous, as Paul was, of building upon another man's foundation. He is anxious to see the messengers of the Church pushing forward into new ground; and he thinks it safer even to go away, leaving the Bible behind him, and the faculty of reading it, and trusting God alone for the issue, than to watch and tend one corner too narrowly while another still lies waste. In these sentiments, one cannot help believing, many a generous young mind ready for such labour, but damped by the close discouraging scrutiny for immediate personal fruit of a missionary's labours, and perhaps offended by details too narrow and particular, must answer with ready enthusiasm; and we do not doubt that good results must follow from so energetic a break upon the old routine, which makes the work of the missionary rather the cultivation of a little bit of artificial garden in the desert, than an apostolic enterprise, rapid, bold, impressive, and startling, which left footmarks on every soil it crossed, and laid the charge and responsibility of the preservation of the faith upon every man who held it, and not upon the one solitary stranger who remained among them. Yet the Apostles were the truest and most successful of all missionaries; and we cannot but believe with Livingstone, that a man has done no small amount of service, even to a savage people, when he leaves among their huts the Bible and the art of reading, even though he cannot remain with them to nurse the tenderer souls and serve the rest.

Nor can Dr. Livingstone, who knows our system and its workings thoroughly, refrain, on the other hand, from a half sigh of admiration over the old Jesuit establishments of which he found traces in the Portuguese province of Angola, where a kindly remembrance of these missionaries lingered; and where, like the garden flowers of an old enclosure, reading and writing still remained almost common accomplishments, surviving tokens of where the teachers had been. The English missionary, accustomed to the solitary small stipend of the London Society, and the work of all kinds which the lonely Christian in the desert must turn his own individual hand to, could not think but with a consciousness of its many excellent uses, of the Christian community instead of the individual —the little brotherhood of differing gifts and qualifications, of whom one could explore, and one observe, and one preach, while all worked together towards the same end. Do people need to be Jesuits before they can be unanimous in a pursuit so important? or is it impracticable to make a brotherhood of married Protestant missionaries as harmonious as a brotherhood of Catholic celibates? or is it only that, rejecting the evils of that ancient system, we must needs reject the good along with them, like true human creatures and pugnacious British citizens? It is not easy to tell—perhaps there is a certain amount of truth in all the three suppositions. Dr. Livingstone, however, without considering any of them, gives a sigh to the old Jesuits of Angola. He would rather see them there again, than see the ground vacant as it is; and he commends with a generous envy the wisdom with which they have chosen their sites and established their communities—those communities which exist no longer, but which one might suppose, in their better features, it was still in our power to emulate. Might not the plan be worth consideration? for half-a-dozen must be better than two; and two, we have the highest authority for saying, are better than one.

## FOOD AND DRINK.

### PART II.

THE water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallised part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent—called theine—to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect.* The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow."† Yet if the snow be melted, it becomes drinkable water; and it must be melted in the mouth. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted *in* the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

These facts point to an important consideration, which has been little regarded by the majority of those who have written on Food: the consideration of the profound differences which may result from simple differences in the *state* of substances. The chemist, in his elementary analysis, necessarily gives no clue to such differences. He tells us of what elements an article of Food is composed, but he cannot tell us *how* those elements are combined, nor in what state the substance is. Even when he has ascertained the real composition and properties of any substance, he has still to ask the physiologist what are the *conditions* presented by the organism in which this substance is to undergo chemical transformation. We know that a change in the conditions will cause a change in the manifestation of a force; so that often what ordinarily takes place in the laboratory will not at all take place in the organism. Chlorine and hydrogen are gases having a powerful affinity for each other—that is to say, they will unite when brought together in the daylight: but if we change the conditions—if we bring them together in the dark—their affinity is never manifested; and thus, while in the sunlight they rush together with explosive force, producing an intense acid, they will remain quiescent in the darkness, and for all eternity would form no combination. Again, this same chlorine decomposes water in the sun's rays; but in darkness it has no such power. If such are the effects of so simple a change in the conditions, it is easy to imagine how various must be the differences between the phenomena which occur in the laboratory, and those which the same substances present under the complex conditions of the organism.

The chemist employs vessels of glass, in which he isolates the substances he examines, keeping them free from the interference of other substances, because he knows that, unless such interference be avoided, his experiment is nullified. He knows, for example, that the water which, if poured into a red-hot crucible, flies up into his face as steam, will rapidly pass into ice if a little liquid sulphurous acid happen to be present. He knows, in short, that the stronger affinity prevents the action of the

* SCHLEIDEN: *Die Pflanze*, 1858, p. 205.
† ROSS: *Narrative of Second Voyage*, p. 366.

weaker affinity; and to be sure of his experiment, he must isolate his substances. But in the vital laboratory no such isolation is possible. The organism has no glass vessels, no air-tight cylinders. Vital processes go on in tissues which, so far from isolating the substance introduced—so far from protecting it against interference, do inevitably interfere, and are themselves involved in the very changes undergone by the substance. Thus, while it is true that an alkali will neutralise an acid out of the organism, we must be cautious in applying such a chemical principle in the administration of drugs, because the alkali stimulates a greater secretion of the gastric acid; so that over and above the amount neutralised, there will be a surplus of acid free, owing to the interference of the tissues in which the process takes place.

Besides the complications which occur from the inevitable interference of the organism itself, and from the differences resulting from differences in the state of bodies, there are other complications arising from causes peculiarly vital. Chemistry must ever remain incompetent to solve the problems of life, if only from this, that in Biology questions of Form are scarcely less important than questions of Composition. Spread out a cell into a layer, and you will find, that in ceasing to be a cell, it has ceased to act as an organ—it has lost all the properties which distinguish it as a cell. Thus, the green cells of the plant decompose carbonic acid. Even the torn leaf will equally fix the carbon and liberate the oxygen, provided its cells are preserved in their integrity of form. But if these cells are crushed, or otherwise injured, this vital property ceases, because the cell alone is capable of manifesting it.* Under the influence of yeast, sugar is decomposed into alcohol and carbonic acid; but if the yeast-cells be crushed and disorganised, their action on the sugar is said to be quite different: instead of converting it into alcohol and carbonic acid, they convert it into lactic acid. We must acknowledge, then, that when certain combinations of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and salts, assume the form of a cell, the properties of these substances become profoundly modified.

Such considerations need all our attention in dealing with so complex a question as that of Food. They show us, what indeed we had last month occasion to see in detail, the radical incompetence of Chemistry to solve any of the questions of Physiology, and urge us to reject, as misdirected labour, all attempts at establishing anything more than chemical facts in the "Chemistry of Food." It was undoubtedly a great discovery which Mulder made in 1838, that the albumen of plants was identical, or nearly so, with the albumen of animals, and consequently that when the ox ate grass, and the lion ate the ox, both derived their nutriment from the same chemical substance. A great discovery; but we cannot agree with Moleschott in thinking this discovery first settled the basis of a science of Food. It was a chemical triumph, fruitful in results to Chemistry; but its physiological bearing has been greatly exaggerated, and has given increased impetus to that chemical investigation of Food, which, as we have said, cannot, in the nature of things, be other than misleading. And although Mulder has shown the inaccuracy of Liebig's notion, that vegetable albumen is *identical* with the fibrine of the blood, and vegetable caseine with the caseine of the blood†—although he energetically repudiates as unphilosophical the idea of a chemical analysis furnishing any true standard of nutritive value, yet he does not seem to have clearly apprehended what the true method of investigation must be; and his criticism of Liebig is mainly negative.

To the chemist there may be little or no difference between plant and flesh as food; to the physiologist the difference is profound: he sees the lion perishing miserably of inanition in presence of abundant herbage,

* Mulder: *Versuch einer Physiol. Chemie*, i. 193. Lehmann: *Lehrbuch der Physiol. Chemie*, iii. 170.

† Mulder: *Physiol. Chemie*, p. 917.

which to the elephant or buffalo furnishes all that is needful. The ox eats the grass, and the tiger eats the ox, but will not touch the grass. The flesh of the ox may contain little that is not wholly derived from the grass; and the chemist analysing the flesh of both may point out their identity: but the question of Food is not, What are the chemical constituents of different substances? but, What are the substances which will nourish the organism? If the animal will not eat, or, having eaten, cannot assimilate, a certain substance, that substance is no food for it, be its chemical composition what it may.* We thus see that *digestibility* is an important element in the estimate of Food: unless the substance can be digested, it cannot be assimilated, cannot nourish; although, perhaps, *if* assimilated, the substance might have a high value. A pound of beef-steak contains an enormous superiority of tissue-making substance over that contained in a pound of cabbage; yet to the rabbit the cabbage is the superior food, while to the dog the cabbage is no food at all.

When we consider the part played by Food, as furnishing the materials out of which the organic fabric is constructed, and its actions facilitated, it seems natural to assume that the Blood is the proper standard we should have in view, and that we should designate those substances as Aliments which, directly or indirectly, go towards the formation of Blood. Yet, on a deeper scrutiny, this is seen to lead us a very little way. An analysis of Blood will neither give us a complete list of alimentary substances, nor indicate the alimentary value of each special substance. True it is that all the tissues are formed from the Blood, and that all alimentary substances, in their final state previous to assimilation, make their way into it. But we will briefly point out why, in spite of all this, the Blood can never furnish us with the desired standard.

In the first place, while Blood is truly the vehicle of nutrition, it is at the same time the vehicle of many products of decay and disintegration. It carries in its torrent the materials for the use of to-day and to-morrow, but it also carries the materials which, vital yesterday, are effete to-day, unfit to be retained, and are hurrying to the various issues of excretion.† Blood is thus at once purveyor-general and general sewer, carrying life and carrying death. We shall therefore always find in it substances which are not alimentary, mingled with those which are; and we cannot separate these, so as to make our analysis of use. In the second place, among the substances normally current in the circulation we do not find several which are notoriously serviceable as aliments. Some of these, as theine, caffeine, alcohol, &c., are not present in the blood; and others, as fats and the carbohydrates, are present in quantities obviously too small for the amounts consumed as food. Finally, although substances are nutritive, or blood-making, in proportion to their resemblance to blood, yet this resemblance must exist *after* the process of digestion, not before it; since no sooner is any substance taken into the stomach, than a series of changes occurs—changes indispensable for its admission into the circulation, but which impress on it a very different character from the one it bore on its entrance. A beef-steak is assuredly more nearly allied in composition to the blood of an ox than the dewy grass of the meadow; yet the grass becomes converted into blood in the course of the changes impressed on it during the digestion, and what was thus *unlike* becomes *like*, or, as we say, *assimilated*. The experiments of Claude Bernard are highly suggestive on this point. He found that if

* It is curious that carnivora feed chiefly, sometimes exclusively, on herbivora, and *not* on carnivora, whose flesh most resembles their own.

† See on this point JOHN SIMON, *Lectures on Pathology*, p. 28:—"*Mentally* we can separate these three kinds of blood, but experimentally we cannot. They are mixed together—past, present, and future—the blood of yesterday, the blood of to-day, and the blood of to-morrow—and we have no method of separating them."

sugar or albumen were injected into the veins, it was not assimilated, but was eliminated unchanged by the kidneys; whereas, if either substance were injected into the veins together with a little gastric juice, assimilation was complete. In another experiment he found that if sugar and albumen were injected into the portal vein, which would carry them through the liver, where certain changes are always impressed on them, they would be assimilated; but if he injected them into the jugular vein, by which they would reach the lungs without passing through the liver, no assimilation would take place. We here once more see the necessity of taking into account the organism and its vital acts, whenever we would attempt an explanation of Food.

The general considerations which *à priori* caused us to relinquish the idea of finding a proper standard in the composition of the Blood, are fully confirmed by the results of Payen's experiments, which show that Blood is not a good aliment. He fed pigs on equal proportions of flesh and blood, and found that they exhibited all the signs of starvation; whereas, when fed on flesh under similar conditions, except that blood was absent, they fattened and grew strong.*

The Blood, then, must be given up. Shall we try Milk? Others have done so before us, making it the standard of Food, because it is itself an aliment which contains all the substances necessary for the nourishment of an organism during the most rapid period of growth. Out of milk, and milk alone, the young elephant, the young lion, or the young child, extracts the various substances, which furnish muscles, nerves, bones, hair, claws, &c.; milk furnishes these in such abundance, that the increase of growth is far greater during the period when the animal is fed exclusively on it, than at any subsequent period of its career. "In milk," says Prout, "we should expect to find a model of what an alimentary substance ought to be—a kind of prototype, as it were, of nutritious elements in general." The idea is so plausible that its acceptance was general. Nevertheless nothing is more certain than that milk is not this model food, since, however it may suit the young lion or the young child, we cannot feed the adult lion or the adult man on milk alone: we can feed the lion on bones and water, and the man on bread and water, but not on milk. A model food for the young, it ceases to be so for the adult; that relation which existed between the food and the organism in the one case, no longer exists in the other.

If milk does not furnish us with an absolute standard (except for the young), it furnishes an approximative standard of great value. Its composition points out the proportions of inorganic and organic substances necessary in the food of the juvenile organism, and of course approximatively in that of the adult. In 1000 parts milk contains—

| | |
|---|---|
| Water, . . . . . | 873 |
| Caseine (nitrogenous matter), | 48 |
| Sugar of milk, . . . . | 44 |
| Butter, . . . . . | 30 |
| Phosphate of lime, . . | 2.30 |
| Other salts, . . . | 2.70 |
| | 1000 |

The reader may remark with some surprise, that in an aliment so notoriously high in nutritive value as milk, the proportion of nitrogenous matter is so very insignificant as to render the hypothesis of nitrogenous matters being pre-eminently *the* nutritive matters somewhat perplexing. As we last month gave so much space to that hypothesis, we need not here reconsider it; but contenting ourselves with the indication furnished by the analysis of milk, note how that analysis further aids our investigation, by proving the necessity of four distinct classes of principles in Food. These four classes are, the inorganic, the albuminous, the oily, and the saccharine. The proportions of these substances requisite will, of course, vary with the needs of the various organisms, as modified by race, age, climate, activity, and so forth; but nutrition will be imperfect unless all four are present, either *as* such, or else under

* Payen: *Des Substances Alimentaires*, p. 45.

conditions of possible formation—thus fats and sugars can, we know, be formed in the organism with a proper allowance of materials; and I am strongly disposed to think that albuminous substances can also be formed, though not unless some albumen be present to act as a leaven.

We are thus, by the principle of exclusion, reduced to the one method of investigation which remains, and that is to interrogate the organism, not the laboratory.

> "Experience, daily fixing our regards
> On Nature's wants,"

must guide us in the search. To ascertain what substances are nutritious, we must ascertain those which really nourish; and the relative value of these can only be ascertained by extensive and elaborate experiments on the feeding of animals, conducted on rigorously scientific principles. In other words we must adopt that very method which common sense has from time immemorial pursued; with this important difference, that instead of allowing it to be, as hitherto, wholly empirical, we must subject it to the rigour, caution, and precision, which characterise Science. And even when Science shall have established laws on this point, such as may accurately express the general value of each substance as food, there will always remain considerable difficulty in applying those laws, owing to that peculiarity of the vital organism, previously noticed—namely, that the differences among individuals are so numerous, and often so profound as to justify the adage, "one man's meat is another man's poison." Thus, while experience plainly enough indicates that, in Europe at least, meat is more nutritious than vegetables, those who eat largely of meat being stronger and more enduring than those who eat little or none; we must be cautious in the application of such a principle. Difference of Climate may, and difference of temperament certainly does, modify this question. The Hindoo sepoy, who lives on rice, would, it is said, outrun, knock down, or in any other way prove superiority in strength over the Gaucho of the Pampas, who lives on flesh. And not only are some organisms ill adapted to a flesh diet, as we have seen, but, according to Anderson, the strongest man he ever knew scarcely ever touched animal food: this was a Dane, who could walk from spot to spot carrying a stone, which was so heavy that it required ten men to lift it on to his shoulders: his chief diet was gallons of thick sour milk, tea, and coffee;* a diet which no ordinary man could support with success.

Having discussed the chief topics of Food in general, we may now ascertain what Science can tell us respecting the various articles employed as nourishment by man. Our inquiry falls naturally under two heads—first, the alimentary Principles, considered separately; and next, the Compound Aliments, or those articles of Food and Drink which make up the wondrous variety of human nourishment.

*Albumen.*—This substance, familiar to all as the white of egg, constitutes an important element in Food. It exists as a liquid in the blood, as a solid in flesh. When raw, or lightly boiled, it is readily digested; less so when boiled hard, or fried. Majendie has observed that the white of eggs combines many conditions favourable to digestion, for it is alkaline, contains saline matters, especially common salt, in large proportions, and it is very nearly allied to the albumen found in the chyle and blood. It is liquid, but is coagulated by the acids of the stomach, forming flocculi having slight cohesion, and rendered easily soluble again by the intestinal juices. Many people imagine that white of egg is injurious, or innutritious, and they only eat the yolk. To some this may be so, and when experience proves it to be so, white of egg should not, of course, be eaten; but, as a general rule, white of egg is agreeable and nutritious. Nevertheless, if given *alone*, neither white of egg

* Andersson: *Lake Ngami*, p. 58.

nor albumen will continue to be eaten by animals; they soon cease to eat it, and during the period in which it is taken they show unmistakable signs of starvation.

Albumen, then, is highly nutritious; and if we estimated the nutritive value of various articles according to their amounts of albumen, we should place caviare, ox-liver, and sweetbread at the top of the list, leaving the muscle of beef very far below them. The following table shows the proportions of albumen in 100 parts of various articles of food:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Caviare, | 31.00 |
| Ox-liver, | 20.19 |
| Sweetbread, | 14.00 |
| Muscle of pigeon, | 4.05 |
| " of veal, | 3.02 |
| " of chicken, | 3.00 |
| " of beef, | 2.02 |

This table is very instructive, as showing the vanity of attempting by a chemical analysis to assign the nutritive value of any food. The most nutritive of all these articles is notoriously beef, which, according to this analysis, should be least so. This discrepancy is lessened, but not removed, when we take into account the quantity of fibrine contained in these articles, namely:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Sweetbread, | 8 |
| Veal (muscle), | 19 |
| Chicken (muscle), | 20 |
| Beef (muscle), | 20 |

*Fibrine* is liquid in the serum of the blood, and is very closely allied to albumen—indeed, for a long while was supposed to be identical with it and with the fibrine of muscle, which is now more accurately called *musculine* (by Lehmann *syntonin*). When the blood is drawn from the body, fibrine passes from the liquid to the solid state, and coagulates into what is called the *clot*, which is nothing but solid fibrine enclosing some of the red corpuscles. It was formerly supposed that this solidification was all that took place when blood fibrine passed into muscular fibre; but recent investigations have shown that muscle-fibrine is really a different substance, allied to, but not identical with blood-fibrine.

Albumen and fibrine are found abundantly in vegetables—the former being most abundant in wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, and rice. It is found also in the oily seeds, such as almonds, nuts, &c.; in the juices of carrots, turnips, cauliflowers, asparagus, &c.* Fibrine is also abundant in the cereals, grape-juice, and juice of other vegetables. Although closely allied to animal albumen and fibrine, they are not identical with these substances, differing from them both in composition and properties; but the differences are so slight, that vegetable albumen easily passes into animal albumen in the digestive process.

*Caseine* is another of the albuminous substances, and may be regarded as a modification of albumen, into which it readily passes. It forms the *curd*, or coagulable matter of milk. Unlike albumen, it does not coagulate by heat. If heated in an open vessel, an insoluble pellicle is formed on the surface, as we often see in the milk-jug brought up with our coffee; but this effect is produced by the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere. The proportion of caseine in different kinds of milk is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cow's milk, | 4.48 |
| Ewe's milk, | 4.50 |
| Goat's milk, | 4.02 |
| Asses' milk, | 1.82 |
| Human milk, | 1.52 |

It thus appears, we hope without derogation to human dignity, that asses' milk is considerably more like that on which we were suckled, than any of the others.

Caseine forms the chief ingredient of cheese. It is an important element, as we see by its presence in milk. "The young animal receives, in the form of caseine, the chief constituent of the mother's blood. To convert caseine into blood, no foreign substance is required; and in the con-

* Albumen forms three compounds—basic, acid, and neutral. In the white of egg, and in the serum of blood, it is a basic albuminate of soda. In certain diseases it is a neutral albuminate in the blood.

version of the mother's blood into caseine, no elements of the constituents of blood have been separated. When chemically examined, caseine is found to contain a much larger proportion of the earth of bones than blood does, and that in a very soluble form, capable of reaching every part of the body. Thus, even in the earliest period of its life, the development of the organs in which vitality resides is, in the carnivorous animal, dependent on the supply of a substance identical in organic composition with the chief constituents of its blood."* Caseine is found in beans, pease, lentils, almonds, nuts, and perhaps in all vegetable juices.

These three bodies—albumen, fibrine, and caseine—are not inaptly designated "protein-bodies," even now that Mulder's idea of an organic radical, named by him "protein," has been generally given up. In the egg we see caseine arise from albumen, and in digestion caseine passes back again into albumen. Fibrine, again, appears to be only albumen with more oxygen; and it may be easily reconverted into albumen by nitrate of potash. It differs from albumen in assuming something of definite structure when coagulated—fibrillating, which albumen never does, There are many unexplained facts known respecting fibrine, which, when explained, may clear away other obscurities. Lehmann found, by experiments on himself, that animal diet produced more fibrine in his blood than was produced by vegetable diet—a fact seemingly at variance with the fact that, during starvation, the quantity of fibrine is increased, as it is also during acute inflammations. Thus, animal diet, known to be nutritious, produces a result known to be characteristic of inflammation and starvation. Nor does the difficulty cease here; the blood of the vegetable feeders, among animals, has more fibrine than that of the flesh-feeders; yet the carnivorous dog has *less* fibrine when fed on vegetable food than when his diet has been exclusively animal. Finally, although herbivora have more fibrine than carnivora, birds have more than both.

*Gluten* is not found in animals, but exists abundantly in vegetables, and is the most important of all the nitrogenous substances, because, as we have seen, it is capable of supporting life when given alone. "It is the presence of gluten in wheaten flour that renders it pre-eminently nutritious; and its viscidity or tenacity confers upon that species of flour its peculiar excellence for the manufacture of maccaroni, vermicelli, and similar pastes, which are made by a kind of wiredrawing, and for which the wheat of the south of Europe is peculiarly adapted."† The following table, which is borrowed from Dr. Pereira's work, gives the proportions of gluten in 100 parts of various vegetables:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat, Middlesex (average crop), | 19.0 |
| " Spring, | 24.0 |
| " Thick-skinned Sicilian, | 23.0 |
| " Polish, | 29.0 |
| " North American, | 22.5 |
| Barley, Norfolk, | 6.0 |
| Oats, Scotland, | 8.7 |
| Rye, Yorkshire, | 10.9 |
| Rice, Carolina, | 3.60 |
| " Piedmont, | 3.60 |
| Maize, | 5.75 |
| Beans, | 10.3 |
| Pease, | 3.5 |
| Potatoes, | 4.0 |
| Turnips, | 0.1 |
| Cabbage, | 0.8 |

These four albuminoid substances, namely albumen, fibrine, caseine, and gluten, are remarkable among other things for their extreme *instability*, —the readiness with which they are transformed, or decomposed. It is this alterability which renders them peculiarly apt to act as ferments, and to induce chemical changes in the substances with which they come in contact. It is on this alterability that their great value in nutrition depends. Further, we must remark that, no matter what is the form in which they are eaten, whether as white of egg, fibrine, caseine, or gluten, they are all reduced by the digestive process to substances named

* Liebig, *Animal Chemistry*, p. 52.

† Brande's *Chemistry*, quoted by Pereira. On this subject see the chapter "The Bread we Eat," in Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*.

*peptones*, under which forms only are they assimilable.

*Gelatine.*—There is perhaps no substance on our list which more interestingly illustrates the want of a true scientific doctrine presiding over the investigations into Food than Gelatine: a substance richer in nitrogen than any of the albuminous substances, yet denied a place among the plastic elements: a substance which, under the forms of jellies and soups, is largely given to convalescents, who get strong upon it, yet which, we are emphatically assured, has no nutritive value whatever. Mulder says that no physician, who has had experience, could doubt the nutritive value of gelatine; and we may be pretty sure that common usage, in such cases, is founded upon some solid ground, and that no substance is largely used as food which has not a nutritive value. Common usage, or what is called "common sense," must not indeed be the arbiter of a scientific question; but it has a right to be heard, when it unequivocally contradicts the conclusions of Science; and it can only be put out of court on a clear exposition of the source of its error. In the present case, Science pretends that Gelatine *cannot* be nutritive, common sense asserts that it *does* nourish; and unless the fact can be proved against common sense, it will be reasonable to suppose that Science is arguing on false premises. False, indeed, are the premises, and false the conclusion. But let us see what has been the course of inquiry.

In 1682 the celebrated Papin discovered that bones contained organic matter, and he invented a method of extraction of this matter, which occupied the chemists and savans in the early days of the French Revolution with the laudable desire of furnishing food to the famished people. A pound of bones was said to yield as much broth as six pounds of beef, and, with the true fervour of inventors, the savans declared bone-soup to be better than meat-soup. In 1817, M. D'Arcet applied steam on a grand scale to the preparation of this gelatine from bones, promising to make four oxen yield the alimentary value of five, as usually employed.

Great was the excitement, vast the preparations. In hospitals and poorhouses machines were erected which made an enormous quantity of Gelatine. Unfortunately the soup thus obtained was found far from nutritious; moreover, it occasioned thirst, digestive troubles, and finally diarrhœa. The savans heard this with equanimity. They were not the men to give up a theory on the bidding of vulgar experience. Diarrhœa was doubtless distressing, but science was not implicated in *that*. The fault must lie in the preparation of the soup; perhaps the fault was attributable to the soup-eaters: one thing only was positive —that the fault was *not* in the Gelatine. In this high and unshaken confidence, the savans pursued their course. Thousands of rations were daily distributed; but fortunately these rations were not confined to the bone-soup, or else the mortality would have been terrific. Few men of science had any doubts until M. Donné positively assured the Academy that experiments on himself, and on dogs, proved Gelatine, thus prepared, to be scarcely, if at all, nutritious. He found that employing a notable quantity in his own diet caused him rapidly to lose weight, and that during the whole experiment he was tormented with hunger and occasional faintness. A cup of chocolate and two rolls nourished him more effectually than two litres and a half of bone-soup accompanied by 80 to 100 grammes of bread.* These statements were confirmed by other experimenters, and the confidence in Gelatine was rudely shaken, and would have been ignominiously overthrown, had not Edwards and Balzac published their remarkable memoir (1838), in which experiments conducted with great care and scientific rigour established the fact that although Gelatine is *insufficient* to support life, it has nevertheless nutritive value. Dogs fed on gelatine and bread became gradually thinner and feebler; but when fed on bread alone, their loss was far more rapid.

* A *litre* is a trifle more than a pint and a half; a *gramme* is about 15½ grains.

At this period it became necessary to have the question definitively settled, and the French Academy appointed a Commission to report on it. This is the celebrated "Gelatine Commission" so often referred to. The report appeared in 1841. It showed that dogs perished from starvation in presence of the Gelatine extracted from bones, after having eaten of it only a few times. When, instead of this insipid Gelatine, the agreeable jelly which pork-butchers prepare from a decoction of different parts of the pig, was given them, they ate it with relish at first, then ceased, and died on the twentieth day, of inanition; when bread or meat, in small quantities, was given, the dogs lived a longer time, but grew gradually thinner, and all finally perished. A striking difference was observed between bone-soup and meat-soup: the animals starved on the first, and flourished on the second.

The conclusion generally drawn from this Report is, that Gelatine is *not* a nutritive substance. But all that is really proved by the experiments is that Gelatine *alone* is insufficient for nutrition; a conclusion which is equally true of albumen, fibrine, or any other single substance. For perfect nutrition there must be a mixture of inorganic and organic substances, salts, fats, sugars, and albuminates.

When animals are fed on albumen alone, or white of egg alone, with water as the single inorganic element, they perish; but they live perfectly well on raw bones and water—the reason being that bones contain salts and small proportions of albumen and fats to supplement the Gelatine, and *they contain these in the state of organic combination*, not in the state of chemical products. The paramount importance of this last condition may be gathered from the experiments mentioned in the Gelatine Report—namely, that boiling the bones, or digesting them in hydrochloric acid, and thus resolving their cartilaginous tissue into Gelatine, *destroyed* this nutritive quality. The very bones which, when raw, supported life, failed utterly when boiled.

We call especial attention to the fact of the very small proportions of Albumen which exist in the bones, as strikingly confirming our hypothesis respecting the power of the organism to form Albumen for itself, if a small amount be present to act as a sort of leaven. Moleschott also maintains, on other grounds, that Gelatine must be converted into Albumen, since the amount of Albumen in bones is in itself utterly insufficient for the demands of the tissues;* and Mulder points to the fact that, when an animal is fed on Gelatine, we never find this substance passing away in the excreta; a sufficient proof that it must in some way have been incorporated with the organism, or decomposed in it, to subserve the purposes of nutrition.†

Liebig, obliged by evidence to admit *some* nutritive quality in Gelatine, suggests that it is confined to the formation of the gelatinous tissues. This is one of those hypotheses which seduce by their plausibility, and accordingly it has been generally adopted, although physiological scrutiny detects that this is precisely one of the uses to which Gelatine can *not* be turned. For on the one hand we see that the herbivora have gelatinous tissues, although they eat no Gelatine; and, on the other hand, we see that even the carnivora, who do obtain it in their ordinary food, cannot form their gelatinous tissues out of it, because it is never in their blood, from which all the tissues are formed.

Bernard has shown that part of the Gelatine is converted into sugar, and sugar, we know, is necessary to the organism. It may also be converted into fat; and, as has been said, there is much evidence to show that it may be converted into Albumen among the complex processes of vital chemistry; but whatever may be the decision respecting the point, there can be no legitimate reason for denying that Gelatine ranks among nutritive principles.

*Fats and Oils.*—These are various

* Moleschott, *Kreislauf des Lebens*, p. 135. † Mulder, p. 937.

and important, including suet, lard, marrow, butter, and fixed oils. Vegetables also yield a great variety of oils, fixed and volatile, or essential. The quantity procurable from 100 parts of vegetable and animal substances is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Filberts, | 60 |
| Olive seeds, | 54 |
| Cocoa-nut, | 47 |
| Almonds, | 46 |
| White mustard, | 36 |
| Linseed, | 22 |
| Maize, | 9 |
| Yolk of eggs, | 28.75 |
| Ordinary meat, | 14.3 |
| Caviare, | 4.8 |
| Ox-liver, | 3.89 |
| Milk, Cows', | 3.13 |
| „ Women's, | 3.55 |
| „ Asses', | 0.11 |
| „ Goats', | 3.32 |
| „ Ewes', | 4.20 |
| Bones of sheep's feet, | 5.55 |
| " of ox-head, | 11.54* |

Fats and oils are all difficult of digestion—more so, indeed, than most other principles; but the degree in which they are digestible is very much a matter of individual peculiarity, some men digesting large quantities with ease, others being unable to digest even small quanties. M. Berthé instituted an elaborate series of experiments on his own person, with the view of ascertaining the comparative digestibility of various fats and oils.† The following classification of his results is all we can find space for. First class, comprising those difficult of digestion: Olive oil, almond oil, poppy-seed oil. Second class, comprising those easy of digestion: Whale oil, butter and animal fats, colourless-liver oil. Third class, comprising those very easy of digestion: Pure liver oil.

It should be remembered that great differences are observable according to the state in which oils are ingested. If taken by themselves, they are scarcely affected by the digestive process, and act as laxatives: but if taken mingled with other substances, they may be reduced to an emulsion, and so absorbed. Thus we eat olive oil with salad, or butter with bread, and the greater part is absorbed; but the same amount of olive oil administered alone would act as a purge. It is owing, moreover, to the minute state of sub-division and mixture of the oils in all vegetable substances that they are so much more digestible than animal fats.

Dr. Pereira quotes the statement of Dr. Beaumont, that "bile is seldom found in the stomach, except under peculiar circumstances. I have observed that when the use of fat or oily food has been persevered in for some time, there is generally a presence of bile in the gastric fluids." Upon which Dr. Pereira remarks that the popular notion of oily or fatty foods "causing bile" is not so groundless as medical men have generally supposed. The reason of fat being indigestible is thus suggested:—

"In many dyspeptic individuals, fat does not become properly chymified. It floats on the contents of the stomach in the form of an oily pellicle, becoming odorous, and sometimes highly rancid, and in this state excites heartburn, nausea, and eructations, or at times actual vomiting. It appears to me that the greater tendency which some oily substances have than others to disturb the stomach, depends on the greater facility with which they evolve volatile fatty acids, which are for the most part exceedingly acrid and irritating. The unpleasant and distressing feelings excited in many dyspeptics by the ingestion of mutton-fat, butter, and fish oils are in this way readily accounted for, since all these substances contain each one or more volatile acids to which they owe their odour. Thus mutton-fat contains hircic acid; butter, no less than three volatile acids, viz. butyric, capric, and caproic acids; while train oil contains phocenic acid."‡

The effect of a high temperature on fat is to render it still more unsuitable to the stomach; and all persons troubled with an awful consciousness of what digestion is, and not living in that happy eupeptic ignorance which only knows digestion by name, should

* Pereira: *Treatise on Diet*, p. 167.

† Berthé: *Moniteur des Hôpitaux*, 1856, No. 69. Cannstatt: *Jahresbericht*, 1856, pp. 69–72.

‡ Pereira, p. 171.

avoid food in the cooking of which much fat or oil has been subjected to a high temperature, as in frying in butter or lard. Melted butter, buttered toast, pastry, suet-puddings, fat hashes and stews, are afflictions to the dyspeptic; and although the oil which is eaten with salad does not assist the digestion of the salad, as many writers and most salad-eaters maintain, it is assuredly far more digestible than any fat or oil which has been cooked, probably because it contains no free volatile acid.

Besides the fats and *fixed* oils, there are certain volatile (essential) oils employed as condiments. These are contained in the leaves and seeds of sage, mint, thyme, marjoram, fennel, parsley, anise, and caraway; to which may be added mustard, horse-radish, water-cress, onions, leeks, and various spices. The volatile oil contained in each of these substances stimulates the system, but does not incorporate itself with the organism, and is soon ejected, retaining its characteristic odour.

*Starch.*—The gentle housewife, familiar with starch only in its relations to the wash-tub, will be probably surprised at meeting with it among articles of food, yet under the various names of amylum, fecula, farinaceous matter, and starch, this substance, widely distributed over the vegetable kingdom, ranks as an important alimentary principle. It must, however, be cooked for man's use. It is never found in the blood, nor in the tissues, so that we are certain it is transformed during the digestive process; and some of these transformations have been detected, first as it passes into dextrine, and thence into sugar, and most probably fat. It is classed as respiratory, or heat-producing, by Liebig and his school, on grounds we have already seen to be erroneous. The various starchy substances—sago, tapioca, arrowroot, and *tous les mois*, have been so amply treated of by Professor Johnston in his admirable *Chemistry of Common Life*, that our readers need only be directed to his pages.

*Sugar.*—Sugar exists abundantly in vegetables, and in some animal substances, notably milk and liver. Dr. Pereira has compiled the following table, which exhibits the proportion of sugar in 100 parts:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Barley-meal, | 5.21 |
| Oatmeal, | 8.25 |
| Wheat-flour, | 8.48 |
| Wheat-bread, | 3.6 |
| Rye-meal, | 3.28 |
| Maize, | 1.45 |
| Rice, | 0.29 |
| Pease, | 2.0 |
| Figs, | 62.5 |
| Greengages, | 11.61 |
| Fresh ripe pears, | 6.45 |
| Gooseberries, | 6.24 |
| Cherries, | 18.12 |
| Apricot, | 11.61 |
| Peach, | 16.48 |
| Beet-root, | 9.0 |

That sugar is nutritious no one doubts. Although easily digested, there are persons with whom it disagrees, and in some dyspeptics it produces flatulency and acidity. There is no tissue into the composition of which it enters as a constituent, unless we make an exception in favour of muscle, in which Scherer has discovered a substance, by him named *inosite*, having the chemical composition of sugar ($C^{12}$ $H^{12}$ $O^{12}$), but having none of its characteristic properties, and existing, moreover, in extremely minute quantities. The sugar we find in the blood and milk is not derived from the sugar we eat; *that* is transformed into fat, lactic acid, and other substances. The sugar of the blood is formed *by* the liver, and is formed *from* albuminous substances in their passage through the liver, the quantity being wholly independent of any amount of sugar taken in the food, and being the same in amount when *none* is taken in the food.*

Because sugar forms part of no tissue, and is a carbohydrate, it is classed by Liebig among heat-making foods. But we not only saw ample

* Claude Bernard's discovery of this sugar-forming function of the liver has been recently attacked by Figuier, Longet, and others; but the discussion, after exciting considerable sensation, may now be said to be finally closed in Bernard's favour. See his masterly *Leçons de Physiol. Expérimentale*, 1854-5; and the *Mémoires* on both sides in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1854-6.

reason for rejecting such an idea when we considered the general question—we must even more peremptorily reject it, now that we come to grapple with the details. Against the supposition of sugar having no plastic property, it is enough to oppose the fact that many insects feed solely on sugar and saccharine juices; and in them, therefore, it is clear that something more than heat is evolved from sugar. Lehmann also bids us remember that in the egg a small quantity of sugar exists, and this quantity increases, instead of diminishing, as the development of the chick proceeds: whereas, if sugar only served for purposes of oxidation, it would be oxidised and disappear as development advanced.

In the *Chemistry of Common Life*, the subject of sugar is treated in detail, which renders repetition here superfluous. Two questions only need be touched on. Is sugar injurious to the teeth? Is it injurious to the stomach? To answer the first, we have only to point to the Negroes, who eat more sugar then any other human beings, and whose teeth are of enviable splendour and strength. To answer the second is not so easy; yet, when we learn the many important offices which sugar fulfils in the organism, we may be certain that, if injurious at all, it is only so in excess. The lactic acid formed from sugar dissolves phosphate of lime, and this, as we know, is the principal ingredient of bones and teeth. By its dissolution it becomes accessible to the bones and teeth, and as sugar effects this, its utility is vindicated. But a surer argument is founded on the instinct of mankind. If we all so eagerly eat sugar, it is because there is a natural relation between it and our organism. Timid parents may therefore check their alarm at the sight of juvenile forays on the sugar-basin, and cease to vex children by forbidding commercial transactions with the lollypop merchant, and cease to frustrate their desires for barley-sugar by the horrid and never-appreciated pretext of the interdict being "for their good."

*Alcohol.*—If it astonished the reader to see water and salts classed as alimentary principles, if it puzzled the housewife to see starch placed on the same list, it will necessarily exasperate the members of Temperance Societies to see their hateful alcohol elevated to that rank. They are accustomed to call alcohol a *poison*, to preach against it as poisonous in large doses or small, concentrated or diluted. Nevertheless, in compliance with the dictates of Physiology, and, let me add, in compliance also with the custom of physiologists, we are forced to call alcohol food, and very efficient food too. If it be not food, then neither is sugar food, nor starch, nor any of those manifold substances employed by man which do not enter into the composition of his tissues. That it produces poisonous effects when concentrated and taken in large doses, is perfectly true; but that similar effects follow when *diluted* and taken in small doses, is manifestly false, as proved by daily experience.

Every person practically acquainted with the subject knows that concentrated alcohol has, among other effects, that of depriving the mucous membrane of the stomach of all its water—*i. e.* hardens it, and destroys its power of secretion; whereas diluted alcohol does nothing of the kind, but *increases* the secretion by the stimulus given to the circulation. An instructive illustration of the difference between a concentrated and diluted dose is seen in Bardeleben's experiment on dogs. He found that forty-five grains of common salt, introduced at once into the stomach through an opening, occasioned a secretion of mucus followed by vomitings; whereas five times that amount of salt in *solution* produced neither of these effects. The explanation is simple, and will be understood by any one who has seen the salt sprinkled over a round of beef converted into brine, owing to the attraction exercised by the salt on the water in the beef: this attraction no longer exists when the salt is in solution. We might multiply examples of the differences which result from the use of concentrated and diluted agents, or from differences in the quantities employed, as when a certain amount of acid assists digestion, but, if increased, arrests it.

But the demonstration of such a position is unnecessary, as no well-informed physiologist will deny it. The singular fallacy of concluding that whatever is true of a large quantity of concentrated alcohol is equally true, though in a proportionate degree, of a small quantity of diluted alcohol, lies indeed at the basis of the Total Abstinence preaching. But we need scarcely tell the physiologist that the difference of effect is absolute; a difference in *kind*, and not simply in degree.

On the other hand, it is needless to dwell on the dangers which unhappily surround the use of alcohol. Terrible is the power of this "tricksy spirit;" and when acting in conjunction with ignorance and sensuality, its effects are appalling. So serious an influence does it exercise on human welfare, that we may readily extenuate the too frequent fanaticism of those zealous men who have engaged in a league for its total suppression. So glaring are the evils of intemperance, that we must always respect the motives of Temperance Societies, even when we most regret their exaggerations, and their want of care and candour in the examination of evidence. They are fighting against a hideous vice, and we must the more regret that zeal for the cause leads them, as it generally leads partisans, to make sweeping charges, which common sense is forced to reject. All honour for the brave and sincere; all scorn for the noisy shallow quacks who make a *trade* of the cause!

No real gain can be achieved by any cause when it eludes or perverts the truth; and whatever temporary effect, in speeches or writings, may arise from the iteration of the statement that alcohol is poison—a poison in small quantities, as in large—always and everywhere poisonous, the cause must permanently lose ground, because daily experience repudiates such a statement as manifestly false. Alcohol *replaces* a given amount of ordinary food. Liebig tells us that, in Temperance families where beer was withheld and money given in compensation, it was soon found that the monthly consumption of bread was so strikingly increased, that the beer was twice paid for, once in money, and a second time in bread. He also reports the experience of the landlord of the Hotel de Russie at Frankfort during the Peace Congress: the members of this Congress were mostly teetotallers, and a regular deficiency was observed every day in certain dishes, especially farinaceous dishes, puddings, &c. So unheard-of a deficiency, in an establishment where for years the amount of dishes for a given number of persons had so well been known, excited the landlord's astonishment. It was found that men made up in pudding what they neglected in wine. Every one knows how little the drunkard eats: to him alcohol replaces a given amount of food.

The general opinion among physiologists is, that alcohol is only heat-producing food, and that it thereby saves the consumption of tissue. Moleschott says that, although forming none of the constituents of blood, alcohol limits the combustion of those constituents, and in this way is equivalent to so much blood. "He who has little can give but little, if he wish to retain as much as one who is prodigal of his wealth. Alcohol is the savings' bank of the tissues. He who eats little, and drinks alcohol in moderation, retains as much in his blood and tissues as he who eats more, and drinks no alcohol."* But the physiological action of alcohol is still unexplained; we know that it does sustain and increase the force of the body; we know that it supplies the place of a certain quantity of food; but *how* it does this we do not know. It is said to be "burnt" in the body, and to make its exit as carbonic acid and water; but no proof has yet been offered of this assertion. Some of it escapes in the breath, and in some of the secretions; but how much escapes in this way, and what becomes of the rest, if any, is at present a mystery.

*Iron.*—We are passing from surprise to surprise as we in turn arrive at substances undoubtedly claiming

* Moleschott: *Lehre der Nahrungsmittel*, p. 162.

rank among alimentary principles, which nevertheless the ordinary conceptions of men are far from familiar with. After water, chalk, starch, and alcohol, are we now to celebrate the nutritive qualities of iron? Even so. That metal circulates in our blood, forming indeed an *essential* element of the corpuscles—existing in all pigments—in the bile, in various other places—notably in the hair, where it is in proportion to the darkness of the colour. The quantity of iron in the blood is but small, varying in different individuals, and different states of the same individual; those who are of what is called the sanguine temperament have more than those of the lymphatic temperament; those who are well-fed have more than those who are ill-fed. It is in almost all our animal and vegetable food, so that we do not habitually need to seek it; but the physician often has to prescribe it, either in the form of "steel wine," or in that of chalybeate waters.

*Phosphorus* and *Sulphur* are also indispensable, but they are received with our food. *Acids* are received with vegetable food; but they are also taken separately, especially the acetic acid, or vinegar, which, according to Prout, has either by accident or design been employed by mankind in all ages—that is to say, substances naturally containing it have been employed as aliments, or it has been formed artificially. It is owing to their acids that fruits and vegetables are necessary to man, although not necessary to the carnivora. Dr. Budd justly points to the prolonged abstinence from succulent vegetables and fruits as the cause of the scurvy among sailors. Lemon-juice is now always given to sailors with their food; it protects them from scurvy, which no amount of vinegar, however, is sufficient to effect. We make cooling drinks with vegetable acids; and our salads and greens demand vinegar, as our cold meat demands pickles. Taken in moderation, there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in excess it impairs the digestive organs; and, as we remarked a little while ago, experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down an alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat," may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin, will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be a warning: "A few years ago, a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily: the young lady followed her advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold, which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean, and wasted away; night sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diarrhœa terminated her life." Therefore, young ladies, be boldly fat! never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if Nature means you to be ruddy and rotund, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library. At any rate, understand this, that if vinegar will diminish the fat, it can only do so by affecting your health.

We have thus touched upon the chief Alimentary Principles, and in the next paper will review the Compound Aliments, or those articles of Food and Drink which constitute and vary our diet.

## A FEW WORDS ON SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, BY ONE WHO IS NO PHILOSOPHER.

I LIKE society. I feel all the humiliation of such a confession in these improving times. I know it betrays great want of resources within oneself, great dissipation of mind, miserable frivolity of temperament. I know it all. I dare not have confessed it even to my most intimate friends; but I don't mind confessing it here, because nobody knows me, and it will be a great relief to my feelings. Yes, I like society; and I most not even shelter myself under the reservation that I mean, by this, fashionable society, or good society, or literary society. I simply mean, I like to see about me the human face, more or less divine; and to hear the human voice, even though its ring may sound suspicious in the ears polite of "the best circles." Yes; I like what is commonly called ordinary society. I find nothing in my feelings, honestly examined, which responds to the popular protests against the dull propriety of country visiting, on the one hand, or the heartless glitter of London parties, on the other. I like going out to dinner—to a good dinner, if possible—but to a bad dinner occasionally, rather than not go out at all. I like meeting people—clever people, if possible—agreeable people above all things; but we can't all be clever or agreeable; and I am inclined to take society—as we are obliged to take a good many things in this world—as it comes. It strikes me, too, very forcibly, that if everybody declined to meet everybody who was not clever or agreeable, it would fall rather hard upon some of us: I, for instance, should have no society at all. I am not clever, certainly, and not agreeable always; indeed, at times abominably stupid and disagreeable, as my conscience painfully informs me; though, of course, I should be justly indignant if any one else were to take that liberty. Yet I should take it very hard to be scouted as if I were a Hindoo (whether Brahmin or Pariah, makes little difference just now) on account of these infirmities; which, after all; are human, and largely prevalent. Laying claim to no remarkable brilliancy myself, I do not take accurate measure of all my friends' capacities, and can make allowances for any fair amount of dulness. I have been quite as much bored, if the truth must be told, by well-informed men, and very superior women, as by anything I can remember. I have found recognised geniuses the dullest possible company; and have spent the most enjoyable evenings with people who confessed themselves to be dunces and nobodies—have yawned for very weariness amidst the "crême de la crême;" and laughed at small wits of my own calibre, to the great benefit of my digestion, however derogatory to my taste. I fear I have not even the proper pride which professes that it had rather have no society than society below itself. I have no doubt it is a very fine principle, and an excellent rule for young people, whose only object in life, of course, is to work their way upwards in the world, and marry advantageously, and make valuable connections: we are indebted for it, I suspect, with many other popular sentiments, to that pure and excellent moralist, Lord Chesterfield; but I hazard a doubt whether it is quite a Christian one. And this, again, if pushed too far, might be rather inconvenient to oneself. If I am never to condescend a step in the social scale when I ask a friend to dinner—if I am always to be courting my rich neighbours, and insinuating myself into the highest rooms—thus reading backwards the precepts of a social philosophy rather older than Chesterfield's, though never quite so popular—are all richer people, and cleverer people, and more desirable people, to condescend to *me*? On what principle of fairness is this broad bar sinister to be drawn exactly below my name? Why is my precise social status, or my precise intellectual value, to be tacitly adopted, both by myself and others, as that below which all is to be a *terra incognita*—marked, as in the maps of the old geographies, with figures of griffins and

one-eyed monsters, and other hints of unapproachable savagedom? Or is it, after all, a very desirable or a very dignified position—or one that contributes so very highly to one's self-respect—to look round you in every company, and feel that every man, woman, and child, who composes it, are your betters in some one or other point of view? I have no sympathy with the man who delights to be "king of his company;" neither, on the other hand, do I choose to be admitted upon sufferance into mine. I like good society, in a certain sense, as well perhaps as those who talk more about it, and, I flatter myself, can "behave myself before folk" without expending sixpence on the popular manual on that subject; but I like society also as a relaxation: even gods must unbend, and man has a good deal of the lower animal in him. It must be tiresome for the best-educated bear to be continually upon his hind-legs; I confess I like to get amongst my fellow-animals, and to go upon all-fours sometimes. I had rather have spent one evening with Counsellor Pleydell at "high jinks," than have dined ten times with that stiff and correct Colonel Mannering off the family plate, under the eyes of awfully respectable Barnes. And I am much mistaken if the great Novelist himself would not have agreed with me.

I have been irritated into this declaration partly by the sight of four large volumes *On Solitude*, by an old Swiss wiseacre, called Zimmermann (does one need to be told that he died of hypochondria?) and of which the translation, from a French abridgment—fancy a Frenchman recommending solitude—was at one time a popular classic; read by young ladies, alternately, I should suppose, with *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, in order to prepare them for either destiny. Partly also, because, though the old Swiss doctor moped himself to death long ago, there is always a diseased tendency in the English mind to raise him up disciples. The old delusion is not extinct, only modified by change of times and habits. The

"Hermit hoar, in mossy cell,"

has long passed away from us, if he ever existed; for mossy cells, and all such damp places, in an English climate, must always have been abominable. At all events, no one has any vocation for that kind of thing in our days. The only instance of a modern hermit, I believe, is at Cremorne, and he goes home to a hot supper about twelve, and is a very jolly fellow indeed from that time to any hour in the morning. Still, some people say they prefer solitude. They are "never so happy as when alone." No one doubts it. No one objects to it. It's a lawful taste, under limitations, if not a very useful or amiable one. But the point that provokes one is, that instead of being ashamed of it, and trying to conceal it as they would any other moral obliquity—as a taste for amateur shop-lifting, or any awkward propensity of that kind—these people parade it; they claim to be praised for it; they look down upon you with the most magnificent air of superiority. "My mind to me a kingdom is," say they. Very well; rule it, and have done with it: I don't want to invade your kingdom. But don't usurp a regency over *my* mind. My mind is no kingdom: I don't want any such kingdom: I might as well be Robinson Crusoe. The man whom you borrow that fine sentiment from was in prison, and wisely made the best of it; he could sing another note when out of his cage. Travel through the world in your own sulky, if you will, but don't affect to sneer at our more social conveyances. Why on earth are you to be praised for a surly, inhospitable, uncompanionable disposition? It's selfishness, let me tell you, a good deal of it. You are too refined, forsooth, for this everyday life. You don't enjoy other people's happiness; their vulgar affairs and little interests bore a philosopher of your stamp, because you have never learnt the true human philosophy which drew down plaudits from a more enlightened audience than fills a modern lecture-room, albeit a heathen spoke it in a heathen theatre—

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto—"

a philosophy which found its sanc-

tion, remember, in a higher authority, where we are taught to be "all things to all men."

But to descend to my own confessions. I live in a country neighbourhood; and my country neighbours, I freely acknowledge, are not all shining lights—"mortal men, mortal men." Still, as I said, I like society; and as the Englishman's social mood is his feeding hour, I like going out to dinner. I call it a bore, of course, in accordance with conventional usage; I profess myself a victim, discharging a painful duty to society; "we must keep up our acquaintances, you know," &c. &c.—so I go—and I like it. Five miles of bad road bring me to Smith's door, and I can hear his jolly loud voice, and smell the roast beef, as we go in. I like Smith. You don't know Smith, my fastidious friend, and wouldn't care to know him. He is our country surgeon, fat, and not over-polished; doing a very good business with very hard work; and if ever you happen to break your leg in our hunting country, you'll be very glad to make Smith's acquaintance. But he is by no means what you call a perfect gentleman, my friend Smith. He laughs at the full natural compass of his voice over his dinner-table, though he is as gentle as a woman in a sick-room. He shakes you by the hand as if he meant it, and is apt to call a spade a spade. But I can tell you one thing he did the other day, which may give you a notion of his character: he refused his vote to his best patient, Lord ——, when his eldest son stood for the county, and when a good many of our squirearchy, and hierarchy too, who ought to have known better, put their principles and their politics in their pocket, because, "you see, one don't like to disoblige a neighbour;" and what perhaps surprised our local gossips still more, was that the Viscount did *not* on the next occasion send for that rising young Æsculapius, who is now lecturing at our philosophical institution, and *did* ask Smith as usual to a comprehensive dinner-party. Smith is not a man of very great refinement. Not a very agreeable man, perhaps; his conversation is not what you call "improving." He is not "a man of considerable information." His views on the India and China questions are scarcely to be called original, being a slight alteration and reproduction from those set forth in his weekly paper—not to be compared, in this respect, to those of my nearer neighbour and acquaintance, Mostyn Hastings, who is deep (or professes to be) in the secrets of our county member, Lord Gulliver, and hears from him "a good deal of what goes on in political circles"—generally having some profound piece of secret intelligence to produce for the benefit of our more aristocratic dinner-parties. To be sure, Mostyn's information, somehow or other, seldom turns out to be exactly the fact; but this makes no difference as to its piquancy at the time; while Smith's, being usually a week old, has the advantage of having had the lies sifted out of it. I should hardly venture to say as much in our neighbourhood, but I prefer Smith's conversation on the whole to Mostyn's. I don't know that he is any great wit, but we laugh a good deal when we are together, and enjoy ourselves, I fancy, in our ignorant way, quite as much as grander and more intellectual people. Then again there is Jones. I like Jones. I can go into Jones's house at any moment, and feel sure that he is glad to see me. Jones is bucolic and horticultural. If he is not in the house—and he seldom is in fine weather—still you seldom, if ever, get the answer "not at home." If he is not to be found in the garden, with his coat off, pruning his peaches, or cutting his asparagus, according to the time of year, "Master's somewhere about, sir," and you find him with his bailiff among his pigs and sheep. I don't care for pigs or sheep, nor profess to be any judge of such matters; but I like to hear Jones dilate on their merits, because he evidently likes it so much, and it is a pleasure in these emasculate days to see a man enthusiastic about anything. And, to do him justice, he does not insist upon your riding all his hobbies. "Lunch! have you lunched? stay to dinner then? Must go home? nonsense—send a boy over, and tell them not to wait—dinner at five—must stay—

haven't seen you here a long while. Mrs. Jones quite complains of you." And, let me tell you, you may do worse than take Jones's pot-luck, as he calls it; his is not that niggard hospitality that never has a decent dinner, except when a week's notice is given beforehand, or that feels ashamed to set a friend down to the family table. You may not find the orthodox courses; but what you do find in his house will be good. Jones is not one of those uneducated animals who does not care what he eats or drinks, or one of those hypocritical starvelings who *says* he doesn't. Jones is a man who despises luncheon, and dinner is to him a serious everyday business—not to be classed, like fashionable dinners, among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Of him it might be said, as of Syr Gareth of Orkney in the *Morte d'Arthur*—only that the heroes of our degenerate age lack the immortalising bard—"Knyghtely he ete his mete and egerly, and some said they never sawe a goodlyer man, nor so well of etynge." And as to a bottle of port—if you have still any stomach for that ancient beverage—you are safer a good deal at Jones's table than at my lord's, where I should not advise your drinking more than you can help. (You won't be pressed there, however—don't be afraid; it's not the fashion; and the wine is so doubtful, that it's a very wise arrangement.) Then as to conversation, Jones will tell you a good story about almost every man in the country: suppose they do come over again sometimes—is a man bound to keep a memorandum of his audience at every anecdote? and it must be a bad story that won't bear hearing twice. Suppose Jones does talk a good deal about his grandmother, you don't mean to call that bad style, I hope? Why, Lady Gulliver always talks of her aunt, the countess, and I would just as soon hear about one as the other, for I never saw either of them, and don't take a particle of interest in the sayings and doings of either, though I believe the dowager Jones did a good many kind things in her generation, which I never heard laid to the charge of the deceased countess. And I can always relieve myself by a yawn in Jones's face, when he harps a little too long upon his family reminiscences—a yawn which I am reduced to all kinds of mean shifts to conceal in the presence of her ladyship.

But let no one suppose, from these pictures of my acquaintance, that ours is a very primitive circle, and that I have been digging out of a fossil state of society, left behind in the sweep of civilisation and refinement. Not at all. We march with the times. We have some most correct and fashionable visiting acquaintance. There is my very near neighbour, the Rev. Byron Brown. Never calls on any one before five; dines at seven—what he calls dining. For I confess it is one of those places where the duty of dining does not become a pleasure to me. He does the thing in style—such style! The sort of thing has been described, over and over again, better than I can do it. Dinner for twelve; plenty to look at, and not much to eat. Staff—confidential servant, out of livery, to administer the champaign in infinitesimal doses; hired waiter, groom, and Buttons, tumbling over each other, and distributing gravy where least wanted. Wine passed round twice after dinner; then bad coffee, worse music (Italian, of course), carriages at ten. Judging from his public performances, I should calculate Byron's daily spread for himself and Mrs. B. would be two mutton-chops, *à la* something, and a silver claret-jug—empty. How often have I longed to tell him, in the presence of his most honoured guest Hastings (Hon. Mostyn), of the jolly dinners I used to share, when a youngster at home for the vacation, with his father, old Boreas Brown, as he was fondly called (he had been in the navy, and sung a song about Boreas), when the *pièce de resistance* was commonly a boiled rump of beef, and such punch afterwards, and whist till any hour you pleased; and how my good old governor used to declare that one of his horses was ruined by always being kept waiting for that last rubber, that never did end when it

ought. I have longed often, I say, to enlighten Byron and his select friends with some of these reminiscences (for he was but a child himself in those days), but that it would be a shame to hurt his feelings, as it infallibly would: he is not a bad fellow at bottom, after all, only deluded. Indeed, in such company I feel such doings ought not to be whispered. I creep into myself sometimes with shame when I think how unfit I am for the seat I occupy. I have to reason myself out of a feeling of actual guilt, when I think I could have enjoyed another glass of that port (it was poor old Boreas' stock, and will last Byron a long while), much more than Mrs. Hastings' Italian squall; and if my carriage is five minutes after the regulation hour of ten, I shudder to think what that honourable lady would think of me, if she knew how often, within these same old walls, I had heard the chimes at midnight.

I sometimes am tempted to wish I could reverse the process of the sleepers of Ephesus, and sleep a generation or two back in the world. Some great geniuses are said to have been born in advance of their age. For my own part—being the reverse of a genius, I suppose—I think I must have come into the world too late at least by a lifetime. I miss the social life which I well remember even in the days of my boyhood. People are getting too grand, or too refined, or too *spirituel* (they like a French word), to enjoy themselves. Some allowance I am willing to make for a natural reaction. Sick and disgusted, and very reasonably, at the coarse animal bent of our forefathers' pleasures, and the excesses into which their social tempers and love of hospitality too often carried them, their descendants have made a rush into the opposite extreme. I have no desire to bring back the days when men staggered into drawing-rooms under their two bottles of wine. No rational being calls that enjoyment. Whist is not the serious business of life, as some of our grandfathers and grandmothers seem to have supposed it, and there was a mixture of what was evil as well as what was good in the "glasses round," which even fair lips were not ashamed to taste after a late supper. But is there no possible form of social life for Englishmen, intermediate between the roystering boon-companionship of a Squire Western, and the miserable unhearty stuck-up form of intercourse (one has to invent epithets for it out of indignation, or borrow them from slang, so naturally un-English is it) which has of late years sprung up amongst our middle classes? Niggardly at once and expensive, encouraging, instead of kindly feeling and good-neighbourship, a petty pride and rivalry and affectation, catching at the shadow of a cold dignity and refinement, which they imagine to be the characteristics of superior station, instead of enjoying, heartily and thankfully, the wealth of social blessings which lie around them in their own. The state of isolation in which a man of moderate means, in most country neighbourhoods, lives and moves from year to year, is notorious; it would be pitiable if it were not so often his own fault. By men of moderate means, I mean chiefly the village rector and the small landed proprietor. This latter class, indeed, for the same social reasons, has for some time been fast diminishing. As to the "professional man," as we call him, who has every right to take his place among them, it is one symptom of an unhealthy tone in English society that his position of late years has notoriously sunk. With some few exceptions, made in favour of the man and not of the profession, he is no longer met at the kind of table at which he was welcome fifty years ago. The lawyer who knows all our family secrets, in whose honour, though we have the bad taste to call him a rascal, we place a confidence which we seldom find abused; the surgeon, to whose care and skill we *trust our* lives, our health, our family hopes, and, I may almost say, the honour of our wives and daughters—these men we do all we can to force down into a class of society whose habits, whose tastes—and therefore we have a right to suppose, whose principles—are lower than our own. We com-

plain of these men not being gentlemen, and we do all in our power to prevent their having one of the most essential qualifications, the believing themselves to be so. So the rector dwells in his little world, and finds his excitement and amusement (for excitement and amusement, I lay it down as a rule, every healthy mind must have) in a war with his dissenters, or, still better, with his neighbour and reverend brother; or in Church politics, narrowing his mind by the constant reading of his politico-religious Church newspaper, high or low, instead of enlarging it by the study of the wide-open book of humankind; and running up occasionally, if the railway station be handy, to his university or to town, like a miner for a breath of upper air. And the squire of limited acres and expanding family dwells in *his* little world also, or more probably does not dwell there, but, unable to afford his house in town for the season, like his neighbour the M.P., or to surround himself, when at home in the country, like him, with a houseful of pleasant people—unless he be mad enough to ruin himself in the attempt—he betakes himself, with his pretty daughters, to the Continent in search of cheap living, cheap education, and, perhaps above all, cheap society. And the lawyer and the doctor, being of a companionable disposition, try, perhaps, to form a little world of their own, a sort of double hemisphere, and meet and chat over their bottle of port or their brandy-and-water, and discuss the tightness of the squire's exchequer, or the pattern of humility and Christian sympathy set before them by the rector's lady, not much to the improvement of their minds, or progress in their duty towards their neighbour; the lawyer perhaps with a mental anticipation of the time to come, when, a few years hence, if my lord's agency turns out as well as he hopes, he, too, shall become an independent gentlemen, possibly take a lease of the squire's place, or buy it advantageously—for it is very likely to be in the market by that time—doubting whether he shall find it in his heart to do the correct thing, and cut his friend Bolus, but determining, at all events, to show the rector that he's as good as he is, and fancying that he is to be a happier man when he has a high wall and pair of double gates to shut him out from the sight of his neighbours, and one or two gentlemen in plush to stand and watch him eat his dinner.

In short, the hearty genial old English life is fast disappearing: the kindly intercourse between house and house, which sweetened life for the young, and smoothed for a while the careful brows of the old, is dying away; and what we now call society is too often a mere sacrifice to appearances, an unreal puppet-like performance, which gives pleasure to very few, and imposes upon nobody. Unless our revenues will allow us to keep a pleasant set of guests at bed and board in the country, or we throw ourselves upon our club in town, we had best make ourselves as independent of our kind as may be.

One plea is, every one is so busy in these days: in spite of Solomon's saying, that there is "a time for all things," our modern wise men, by their own account, can hardly find time for anything. It is not only the unfortunate mechanic that is driven into a state of slavery by his fourteen hours of daily toil, and has a holiday so rarely that he does not know how to use it when it comes, but even what they in their ignorance would call the unproductive classes have not, if you will believe their own pitiable story, a moment to themselves. They are so busy always. In the name of the great Busybody, busy about what?—

"Seven hours to sleep, to healthful labour seven,
Ten to the world allow—and all to Heaven."

Now the man to whom this distich is attributed is generally allowed to have brought something to pass in his generation. But I suppose the days have grown shorter since then. One remembers an old form of expression, "dropping in to see a friend:" a barbarous idiom, adapted to the savage state of—may we call it society?—among our forefathers I protest—with the exception of n

friends Smith and Jones, who are confessedly behind the age—I should shrink from trying that experiment at any house of my acquaintance. I should expect to be dropped out again pretty quickly, and thankful if it were not out of a two pair of stairs window. I did that kind of thing once, I remember, in the days of my comparative youth and simplicity, in the case of the Rev. Byron, who had been good enough to say he should be "always glad to see me." I rode over there about the uncanonical hour of one, with a view to a possible lunch, let me say, as I am about my confessions. The confidential servant was struggling into his coat as he opened the door for me, and was startled into a confession that he believed "master was in his study;" he would see. So I was ushered into a very cold drawing-room, and, after giving me time to get exceedingly uncomfortable, my reverend friend made his appearance. We were both, of course, full of apologies—I for my unseasonable interruption, he for having unavoidably detained me. He gave me to understand, of course in the most delicate manner, that he was always much engaged in the morning. Now I happen, since those days, to have learned the interpretation of this mystery. At the time, of course, I thought he might be editing a new edition of the Fathers, or an original explanation of the Articles—most of my clerical friends were, in those days. But Brown's confidential servant happens to be a lover of my cook's. If you want to have all your private habits known, keep one of these modern "confidentials," by all means. Brown buys all his sermons cheap—lithographed in MS. That's the last fashion. Perhaps, in his case, it's just as well for his hearers. It don't take many of his mornings, at all events, to "prepare for his duties," as Mrs. Byron terms it. But Brown's morning of study is pretty much as follows: Breakfast, 9 to 10; *Times* newspaper, 10 to 11; yawn; look out of window; cast up yesterday's accounts; write two notes (twice over), and three school-reward tickets. That carries us on till half-past

the *Times* again, perhaps; clerk calls about a wedding or a funeral; chat with him about the family affairs of the parties concerned till the luncheon-bell breaks up the conference. And Brown has been "very busy"—he tells Mrs. Brown so, and he thinks so. Such a man ought not to be interrupted. I knew a man who wrote his sermons on horseback (certainly they were not like Brown's MS.), and another who wrote a Roman History, or, I might say, *the* Roman History, in his drawing-room, surrounded by his children at play; but then they were not studious characters, like my reverend friend. Then, again, Mrs. Brown is "sorry she sees so little of Mrs. Smith;" she would so *much* like to be better neighbours; but her time is so fully occupied with the "dear children." "A most devoted wife and mother," so I am told. I am heartily glad she stands in neither relation to me. Those "dear children" never looked half so pretty, half so innocent, or half so attractive, as I saw them one day, escaped from Mamma's and Mademoiselle's *surveillance*, galloping round Smith's paddock on his old rough pony, and Madeleine (the Countess's godchild) dancing wild with delight at old Ponto's grave face under her best bonnet. Poor child! it was very naughty, no doubt—quite against all the rules of her "bringings up;" it was very incautious to have *left her* for a moment under the protection of that notoriously rude Tom Smith: and she won't be taken out again with mamma in a hurry to call on those kind of people: one can't be too particular, as she very properly says, with whom one's children associate. So my pretty little Madeleine will grow up drilled according to rule under mamma's own inspection, and come out in due time with her manners perfectly formed, trained, and pruned, till there is not an inch of natural growth about her, according to the precise pattern of twenty other young ladies of my acquaintance—girls who might have been jewels, but are now little centres of vapid self-sufficiency set in crinoline.

The rouge, and the powder, and the stiff curls, by which our grandmothers disfigured nature, were bad enough;

but "rouged cheeks and curled hair," as Lord Bacon has it, "are better than rouged and curled manners." One of the great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages; they won't marry now, we are told, as they used to do, and ought to do, on three hundred a-year. Depend upon it, in many and many a case it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting—it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbours' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has over-strung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully, that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose "the one" out of a bevy of proper-behaved damsels, like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height, and shape, and colour? They all look alike, dress alike, talk alike, and walk alike; and for anything that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention—matrimony prepense; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't fancy that I talk like a cynical old bird, not to be caught with chaff. I take as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and open as I once was to the conviction of bright eyes, my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion (clasps for Alma and Balaklava), gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressible, decidedly. "What I missed most," said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face." Whereupon I spoke: "I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the 'Army and Navy.' Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family name again at the old manor?"

Well, so I would," said Jack, interjectively between the puffs of his cutty, "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies: catch me marrying a young lady!" Jack has mortally offended, I fear, a whole circle of previous admirers, mammas and daughters, by a very innocent and well-intentioned little speech he made at one of his last public appearances. His hostess was begging him to dance. Jack "didn't seem to care about dancing." "But pray—to oblige her—there were so many nice girls sitting down, and the men were so stupid!" Jack would have danced with a she-bear sooner than be really rude or ill-natured, so he consented. The patroness was charmed and grateful. And now, which would he like her to introduce him to? "Miss A.? sweet girl! Miss B.? very sweet girl—clever, only so quiet. The two Miss C.'s? both darlings! Miss D.?" (in a whisper), "twenty thousand, and not engaged!" "Thankye," said Jack, after casting his eye along the line as if he were on parade, "they all look very much alike. As I am to do it," continued he, without moving a muscle of his countenance, for he was in earnest, "I may as well do it handsomely; so I'll take the tallest and the stiffest, with a shade of red in her hair."

Seriously, I do not think the clubs alone have to answer for the decrease in early marriages. Other modern improvements in society must bear their share of blame. I would back the hearts—I mean the girls—against the clubs any day, only give them fair-play. The great god Pan is dead, but Eros is immortal. "*Naturam expellas furcâ*"—but rather let me translate freely, or my fairer readers (and if they once open this page they are sure to read it) will think there is something wicked under the Latin—"you may pitchfork poor 'human nature' out of a three-pair front, and it will creep in again, wagging its tail, at the back-door." Woman against the world! Man is her willing slave, if she be true to herself. But no sensible man of moderate means—no man who has to work, and is willing to work, for his livelihood—I might perhaps say no sensible man in any position—

secret. I think an old writer calls it the "master-science," implying that others are subservient to it (his name, I remember, was Aristotle; but it's a very old book, and probably an exploded theory). Is it not true, even in a lower sense than it was written, that "there is a wisdom which multiplieth bitterness?" We are a very scientific age, a very reading age, a very inquiring age—no doubt of it; but are we the happier for it? I don't ask, Are we the better for it?—that is not the question before the present court; we leave that to graver judges. A reading age we are pre-eminently. Of the multitude of books there is verily no end. "Mudie's" has become a national institution. "I do believe," says a delightful writer, slyly putting his sentiments into the mouth of a street philosopher, "there's some folks as reads themselves stupid."* An inquiring age we are, undoubtedly: we take very little upon trust; we investigate everything in heaven and earth, within and beyond our comprehension, and believe as little as we can help. That may be a step towards happiness—I leave that question again to wiser heads. We deal largely in general knowledge—an excellent article, no doubt; but one may have too much of it. Sometimes ignorance is really bliss. It has not added to my personal comfort to know to a decimal fraction what proportion of red earth I may expect to find in my cocoa every morning; to have become knowingly conscious that my coffee is mixed with ground liver and litmus, instead of honest chicory; and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of my cayenne. It was once my fate to have a friend staying in my house who was one of these minute philosophers. He used to amuse himself after breakfast by a careful analysis and diagnosis of the contents of the teapot, laid out as a kind of *hortus siccus* on his plate. "This leaf, now," he would say, "is fuchsia; observe the serrated edges: that's no tea-leaf—positively poisonous. This, now, again, is blackthorn, or privet—yes, privet; you may know it by the divisions in the panicles: that's no tea-leaf." A most uncomfortable guest he was; and though not a bad companion in many respects, I felt my appetite improved the first time I sat down to dinner without him. It won't do to look into all your meals with a microscope. Of course there is a medium between these over-curious investigations and an implicit faith in everything that is set before you. One likes in the main, though perhaps it betrays a weakness, to know what one is eating. Hear, on the other side the question, a recent traveller in China: "Salted earthworms," quoth he, "which *fortunately we did not know until we had eaten them!*" That was a true philosopher; but we cannot all be expected to attain to the sublime.

In fact, I am a poor creature, who could have been well contented, and perhaps happier, in a lower element. I feel like an owl in the broad daylight of intelligence round me, and want to go back to my darkness. I am oppressed with a wealth of all that is elevating and improving—"the burden of an honour unto which I was not born." There are so many things in this age for which I feel myself so unfit. If I go to the Crystal Palace, I am told I go there (or ought to) in order to be edified and instructed; to have my taste refined, my history rubbed up, my mind expanded; to learn the mysteries of form, colour, and proportion; to recognise the grand, and to worship the beautiful; but I don't. I have been there several times, but I go to be amused. I come away with a more confused idea than ever of the Kings and Queens of England; they seem to me to have altered the succession. As to the dates of Architecture and Chronology, about which I never was very learned, I now labour under a confusion of persons and places which I should hardly like to confess. Out of the Alhambra I come plump upon Rameses the Great, and passing under the chancel arch of Tuam Cathedral, and then through the door of Romsey Abbey, I find myself in the Church of Santa Maria at Cologne. I gave the guide-book

* "The Lover's Seat."

up after that, and have been content since to wander through a labyrinth of paint and gilding, pretty enough, till I find my way to the fowl and ham, turn my back diligently upon the cannibals opposite, and do what even the most persevering searcher after knowledge is fain to do there—eat my dinner. Even the quiet little town near which I dwell is invaded by itinerant lecturers: it's very improving, they tell me; it don't improve me. They have a choral society there, which does oratorios, and are said to be very promising: I was weak enough to subscribe, and have been once; and I don't mean to go again. Everything is to be done now, too, by examinations. Unrewarded merit is to be no more permitted. I am seriously afraid of a commission coming down some day to examine me. But I give notice hereby, that if the whole world is to be turned into a vast school, I for one mean to play truant. I shall have to seek some far Utopia, where the schoolmaster does not profess, according to the modern prospectus, to exercise a strict superintendence over his pupils during their hours of recreation, and take my voyage—I suppose in a ship of fools—to some islands of blessed ignorance, whose inhabitants are not yet too busy to enjoy themselves, or too wise to laugh.

But the editor has no more room for any more of my nonsense. There's a very solemn and stiff political article coming immediately. So I take leave of my readers—if they have not already taken leave of me—with a quotation from a wiser man:

"Boys, boys, be grave: here comes"——

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## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XI.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

### BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

### Being an Address to the Reader.

SEEING the length to which this Work has already run, and the space it must yet occupy in the columns of Maga, it is but fair to the Reader to correct any inconsiderate notion that the Author does not know "what he will do with it." Learn, then, O friendly Reader, that no matter the number of months through which it may glide its way to thine eyes—learn that, with the single exception of the chapter now respectfully addressed to thee, THE WHOLE OF THIS WORK HAS BEEN LONG SINCE COMPLETED, AND TRANSFERRED FROM THE DESK OF THE AUTHOR TO THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHER.

On the 22d of January last—let the day be marked with a white stone!—the Author's labours were brought to a close, and "What he will do with it" is no longer a secret—at least to the Proprietors of Maga.

May this information establish, throughout the rest of the journey to be travelled together, that tacit confidence between Author and Reader which is so important to mutual satisfaction.

Firstly.—The Reader may thus have the complaisance to look at each instalment as the component portion of a completed whole;—comprehending that it cannot be within the scope of the Author's design to aim at a separate effect for each separate Number; but rather to carry on through each Number the effect which he deems most appropriate to his composition when regarded as a whole. And here may it be permitted to dispel an erroneous idea which, to judge by current criticism, appears to be sufficiently prevalent to justify the egotism of comment. It seems to be supposed that, because this work is published from month to

month in successive instalments, therefore it is written from month to month as a newspaper article may be dashed off from day to day. Such a supposition is adverse to all the principles by which works that necessitate integrity of plan, and a certain harmony of proportion, are constructed; more especially those works which aim at artistic representations of human life: For, in human life, we must presume that nothing is left to chance, and chance must be no less rigidly banished from the art by which human life is depicted. That art admits no hap-hazard chapters, no uncertainty as to the consequences that must ensue from the incidents it decides on selecting. Would the artist, on after thought, alter a consequence, he must reconsider the whole chainwork of incident which led to one inevitable result, and which would be wholly defective if it could be made to lead to another. Hence, a work of this kind cannot be written *currente calamo*, from month to month; the entire design must be broadly set forth before the first page goes to press; and large sections of the whole must be always completed in advance, in order to allow time for deliberate forethought, and fair opportunity for such revisions, as an architect, having prepared all his plans, must still admit to his building, should difficulties, not foreseen, sharpen the invention to render each variation in detail an improvement consistent to the original design.

Secondly.—May the Reader—accepting this profession of the principles by which is constructed the History that invites his attention, and receiving now the assurance that the Work is actually passed out of the Author's hands, is as much a thing done and settled as any book composed by him twenty years ago—banish all fear lest each Number should depend for its average merit on accidental circumstances—such as impatient haste, or varying humour, or capricious health, or the demand of more absorbing and practical pursuits, in which, during a considerable portion of the year, it has long been the Author's lot to be actively engaged. Certes, albeit in the course of his life he has got through a reasonable degree of labour, and has habitually relied on application to supply his defects in genius; yet to do one thing at a time is the practical rule of those by whom, in the course of time, many things have been accomplished. And, accordingly, a work, even so trivial as this may be deemed, is not composed in the turmoil of metropolitan life, nor when other occupations demand attention, but in the quiet leisure of rural shades, and in those portions of the year which fellow-workmen devote to relaxation and amusement. For even in holidays, something of a holiday-task adds a zest to the hours of ease.

Lastly.—Since this survey of our modern world requires a large and a crowded canvass, and would be incomplete did it not intimate those points of contact in which the private touches the public life of Social Man, so it is well that the Reader should fully understand that all reference to such grand events as political "crises" and changes of Government were written many months ago, and have no reference whatever to the actual occurrences of the passing day. Holding it, indeed, a golden maxim that practical politics and ideal art should be kept wholly distinct from each other, and seeking in this Narrative to write that which may be read with unembittered and impartial pleasure by all classes and all parties —nay, perchance, in years to come, by the children of those whom he now addresses—the Author deems it indispensable to such ambition to preserve the neutral ground of imaginative creation, not only free from those personal portraitures which are fatal to comprehensive and typical delineations of character, but from all intentional appeals to an interest which can be but momentary, if given to subjects that best befit the leading articles of political journals. His realm, if it hope to endure, is in the conditions, the humours, the passions by which one general phase of society stands forth in the broad light of our common human nature, never to be cast aside, as obsolete and out of fashion, "into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

Reader! this exordium is intended by way of preface to that more important division of this work, in which the one-half the circle rounds itself

slowly on to complete the whole. Forgive the exordium; for, rightly considered, it is but an act of deference to thee. Didst thou ever reflect, O Reader, on what thou art to an Author? Art thou aware of the character of dignity and power with which he invests thee? To thee the Author is but an unit in the great sum of intellectual existence. To the Author, thou, O Reader! art the collective representative of a multifarious abiding audience. To thee the Author is but the machine, more or less defective, that throws off a kind of work usually so ephemeral that seldom wilt thou even pause to examine why it please or displease, for a day, the taste that may change with the morrow. But to him, the Author, thou, O Reader? art a confidant and a friend, often nearer and dearer than any one else in the world. All other friends are mortal as himself; they can but survive for a few years the dust he must yield to the grave. But there, in his eye, aloof and aloft for ever, stands the Reader, more and more his friend as Time rolls on. 'Tis to thee that he leaves his grandest human bequest, his memory and his name. If secretly he deem himself not appreciated in his own generation, he hugs the belief, often chimerical and vain, but ever sweet and consoling, that in some generation afar awaits the Reader destined at last to do him justice. With thee, the Author is, of all men, he to whom old age comes the soonest. How quickly thou hastenest to say, "Not what he was! Vigour is waning—invention is flagging—past is his day—push him aside, and make room for the Fresh and the New." But the Author never admits that old age can fall on the Reader. The Reader to him is a being in whom youth is renewed through all cycles. Leaning on his crutch, the Author still walks by the side of that friendly Shadow as he walked on summer eves, with a school-friend of boyhood—talking of the future with artless, hopeful lips! Dreams he that a day may come when he will have no Reader! O school-boy! dost thou ever dream that a day may come when thou wilt have no friend?

## CHAPTER II.

**Etchings of Hyde Park in the Month of June, which, if this History escape those villains the trunk-makers, may be of inestimable value to unborn antiquarians.—Characters, long absent, reappear and give some account of themselves.**

Five years have passed away since this History opened. It is the month of June, once more—June, which clothes our London in all its glory; fills its languid ball-rooms with living flowers, and its stony causeways with human butterflies. It is about the hour of six P.M. The lounge in Hyde Park is crowded; along the road that skirts the Serpentine crawl the carriages one after the other; congregate, by the rails, the lazy lookers-on—lazy in attitude, but with active eyes, and tongues sharpened on the whetstone of scandal; the Scaligers of Club-windows airing their vocabulary in the Park. Slowly saunter on foot-idlers of all degrees in the hierarchy of London *idlesse;* dandies of established fame—youthful tyros in their first season. Yonder, in the Ride, forms less inanimate seem condemned to active exercise; young ladies doing penance in a canter; old beaux at hard labour in a trot. Sometimes, by a more thoughtful brow, a still brisker pace, you recognise a busy member of the Imperial Parliament, who, advised by physicians to be as much on horseback as possible, snatches an hour or so in the interval between the close of his Committee and the interest of the Debate, and shirks the opening speech of a well-known bore. Among such truant lawgivers (grief it is to say it) may be seen that once model member, Sir Jasper Stollhead. Grim dyspepsia seizing on him at last, "relaxation from his duties" becomes the adequate punishment for all his sins. Solitary he rides, and, communing with himself, yawns at every second. Upon chairs, beneficently located under the trees towards the north side of the walk, are interspersed small knots and coteries in repose. There, you might see the La-

dies Prymme, still the Ladies Prymme—Janet and Wilhelmina; Janet has grown fat, Wilhelmina thin. But thin or fat, they are no less Prymmes. They do not lack male attendants; they are girls of high fashion, with whom young men think it a distinction to be seen talking; of high principle, too, and high pretensions (unhappily for themselves they are coheiresses), by whom young men under the rank of earls need not fear to be artfully entrapped into "honourable intentions." They coquet majestically, but they never flirt; they exact devotion, but they do not ask in each victim a sacrifice on the horns of the altar; they will never give their hands where they do not give their hearts; and being ever afraid that they are courted for their money, they will never give their hearts save to wooers who have much more money than themselves. Many young men stop to do passing homage to the Ladies Prymme; some linger to converse—safe young men, they are all younger sons. Farther on, Lady Frost, and Mr. Crampe the wit, sit amicably side by side, pecking at each other with sarcastic beaks; occasionally desisting, to fasten nip and claw upon that common enemy, the passing friend! The Slowes, a numerous family, but taciturn, sit by themselves—bowed to much; accosted rarely.

Note that man of good presence, somewhere about thirty, or a year or two more, who, recognised by most of the loungers, seems not at home in the lounge. He has passed by the various coteries just described, made his obeisance to the Ladies Prymme, received an icy epigram from Lady Frost, and a laconic sneer from Mr. Crampe, and exchanged silent bows with seven silent Slowes. He has wandered on, looking high in the air, but still looking for some one, not in the air, and evidently disappointed in his search, comes to a full stop at length, takes off his hat, wipes his brow, utters a petulant "Prr—r—pshaw!" and seeing, a little in the background, the chairless shade of a thin, emaciated, dusty tree, thither he retires, and seats himself with as little care whether there to seat himself be the right thing in the right place, as if in the honeysuckle arbour of a village inn. "It serves me right," said he, to himself, "a precocious villain bursts in upon me, breaks my day, makes an appointment to meet here, in these very walks, ten minutes before six; decoys me with the promise of a dinner at Putney—room looking on the river, and fried flounders. I have the credulity to yield; I derange my habits—I leave my cool studio; I put off my easy blouse; I imprison my free-born throat in a cravat invented by the Thugs; the dog-days are at hand, and I walk rashly over scorching pavements in a black frock-coat, and a brimless hat; I annihilate 3s. 6d. in a pair of kid gloves; I arrive at this haunt of spleen; I run the gauntlet of Frosts, Slowes, and Prymmes;—and my traitor fails me! Half past six—not a sign of him! and the dinner at Putney—fried flounders? Dreams! Patience, five minutes more; if then he come not—breach for life between him and me! Ah, *voilà!* there he comes, the laggard! But how those fine folks are catching at him! Has he asked them also to dinner at Putney, and do *they* care for fried flounders?"

The soliloquist's eye is on a young man, much younger than himself, who is threading the motley crowd with a light quick step, but is compelled to stop at each moment to interchange a word of welcome, a shake of the hand. Evidently he has already a large acquaintance; evidently he is popular, on good terms with the world and himself. What free grace in his bearing! what gay good humour in his smile! Powers above! Lady Wilhelmina surely blushes as she returns his bow. He has passed Lady Frost unblighted; the Slowes evince emotion, at least the female Slowes, as he shoots by them with that sliding bow. He looks from side to side, with a rapid glance of an eye in which light seems all dance and sparkle; he sees the soliloquist under the meagre tree—the pace quickens, the lips part, half laughing.

"Don't scold, Vance. I am late, I know; but I did not make allowance for interceptions."

"Body o' me, interceptions! For an absentee just arrived in London, you seem to have no lack of friends."

"Friends made in Paris, and found again here at every corner, like pleasant surprises. But no friend so welcome, and dear, as Frank Vance."

"Sensible of the honour, O Lionello the magnificent. Verily you are *bon Prince!* The Houses of Valois and of Medici were always kind to artists. But whither would you lead me? Back into that treadmill? Thank you humbly; no. A crowd in fine clothes is of all mobs the dullest. I can look undismayed on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant; but when the many-headed monster buys its hats in Bond Street, and has an eye-glass at each of its inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright. Besides, it is near seven o'clock; Putney not visible, and the flounders not fried!"

"My cab is waiting yonder; we must walk to it—we can keep on the turf, and avoid the throng. But tell me honestly, Vance, do you really dislike to mix in crowds—you, with your fame, dislike the eyes that turn back to look again, and the lips that respectfully murmur, 'Vance, the Painter'? Ah, I always said you would be a great painter. And in five short years you have soared high."

"Pooh!" answered Vance, indifferently. "Nothing is pure and unadulterated in London use; not cream, nor cayenne pepper—least of all, Fame; mixed up with the most deleterious ingredients. Fame! did you read the *Times'* critique on my pictures in the present Exhibition? Fame, indeed! Change the subject. Nothing so good as flounders. Ho! is that your cab? Superb! Car fit for the 'Grecian youth of talents rare,' in Mr. Enfield's *Speaker;*—horse that seems conjured out of the Elgin Marbles. Is he quiet?"

"Not very; but trust to my driving. You may well admire the horse—present from Darrell, chosen by Colonel Morley."

When the young men had settled themselves in the vehicle, Lionel dismissed his groom, and, touching his horse, the animal trotted out briskly.

"Frank," said Lionel, shaking his dark curls with petulant gravity, "your cynical definitions are unworthy that masculine beard. You despise fame! what sheer affectation!

'Pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis——.'"

"Take care," cried Vance; "we shall be over." For Lionel, growing excited, teased the horse with his whip; and the horse bolting, took the cab within an inch of a water-cart.

"Fame, Fame!" cried Lionel, unheeding the interruption. "What would I not give to have and to hold it for an hour!"

"Hold an eel, less slippery; a scorpion, less stinging! But—" added Vance, observing his companion's heightened colour, "but," he added seriously, and with an honest compunction, "I forgot, you are a soldier, you follow the career of arms! Never heed what is said on the subject by a querulous painter! The desire of fame may be folly in civilians, in soldiers it is wisdom. Twin-born with the martial sense of honour, it cheers the march, it warms the bivouac; it gives music to the whirr of the bullet, the roar of the ball; it plants hope in the thick of peril; knits rivals with the bond of brothers; comforts the survivor when the brother falls; takes from war its grim aspect of carnage; and from homicide itself extracts lessons that strengthen the safeguards to humanity, and perpetuate life to nations. Right—pant for fame; you are a soldier!"

This was one of those bursts of high sentiment from Vance, which, as they were very rare with him, had the dramatic effect of surprise. Lionel listened to him with a thrilling delight. He could not answer, he was too moved. The artist resumed, as the cabriolet now cleared the Park, and rolled safely and rapidly along the road. "I suppose, during the five years you have spent abroad, completing your general education, you have made little study, or none, of what specially appertains to the profession you have so recently chosen."

"You are mistaken there, my dear Vance. If a man's heart be set on a thing, he is always studying it. The

books I loved best, and most pondered over, were such as, if they did not administer lessons, suggested hints that might turn to lessons hereafter. In social intercourse, I never was so pleased as when I could fasten myself to some practical veteran—question and cross-examine him. One picks up more ideas in conversation than from books; at least I do. Besides, my idea of a soldier who is to succeed some day, is not that of a mere mechanician at-arms. See how accomplished most great captains have been. What observers of mankind! — What diplomatists — what reasoners! what men of action, because men to whom reflection had been habitual before they acted! How many stores of idea must have gone to the judgment which hazards the sortie, or decides on the retreat!"

"Gently, gently!" cried Vance. "We shall be into that omnibus! Give me the whip—do; there—a little more to the left—so. Yes; I am glad to see such enthusiasm in your profession—'tis half the battle. Hazlitt said a capital thing, 'the 'prentice who does not consider the Lord Mayor in his gilt coach the greatest man in the world, will live to be hanged!'"

"Pish!" said Lionel, catching at the whip.

VANCE (holding it back).—"No, I apologise instead. I retract the Lord Mayor; comparisons are odious. I agree with you, nothing like leather—I mean nothing like a really great soldier—Hannibal, and so forth. Cherish that conviction, my friend; meanwhile, respect human life—there is another omnibus!"

The danger past, the artist thought it prudent to divert the conversation into some channel less exciting.

"Mr. Darrell, of course, consents to your choice of a profession?"

"Consents—approves, encourages. Wrote me such a beautiful letter—what a comprehensive intelligence that man has!"

"Necessarily; since he agrees with you. Where is he now?"

"I have no notion; it is some months since I heard from him. He was then at Malta, on his return from Asia Minor."

"So! you have never seen him since he bade you farewell at his old Manor-House?"

"Never. He has not, I believe, been in England."

"Nor in Paris, where you seem to have chiefly resided?"

"Nor in Paris. Ah, Vance, could I but be of some comfort to him! Now that I am older, I think I understand in him much that perplexed me as a boy, when we parted. Darrell is one of those men who require a home. Between the great world and solitude, he needs the intermediate filling up which the life domestic alone supplies: a wife to realise the sweet word helpmate—children, with whose future he could knit his own toils and his ancestral remembrances. That intermediate space annihilated, the great world and the solitude are left, each frowning on the other."

"My dear Lionel, you must have lived with very clever people; you are talking far above your years."

"Am I? True, I have lived, if not with very clever people, with people far above my years. That is a secret I learned from Colonel Morley, to whom I must present you—the subtlest intellect under the quietest manner. Once he said to me, 'Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason—without crudeness and without decline—live habitually, while young, with persons older, and, when old, with persons younger than yourself.'"

"Shrewdly said, indeed. I felicitate you on the evident result of the maxim. And so Darrell has no home; no wife, and no children?"

"He has long been a widower; he lost his only son in boyhood, and his daughter—did you never hear?"

"No—what—?"—

"Married so ill—a runaway match—and died many years since, without issue."

"Poor man! It was these afflictions, then, that soured his life, and made him the hermit or the wanderer?"

"There" said Lionel, "I am puzzled; for I find that even after his son's death and his daughter's unhappy marriage and estrangement from him, he was still in Parliament, and in full activity of career. But

certainly he did not long keep it up. It might have been an effort to which, strong as he is, he felt himself unequal; or, might he have known some fresh disappointment, some new sorrow, which the world never guesses? what I have said as to his family afflictions the world knows. But I think he will marry again. That idea seemed strong in his own mind when we parted; he brought it out bluntly, roughly. Colonel Morley is convinced that he will marry, if but for the sake of an heir."

VANCE.—"And if so, my poor Lionel, you are ousted of—"

LIONEL (quickly interrupting).—"Hush! Do not say, my dear Vance, do not *you* say—you!—one of those low mean things which, if said to me even by men for whom I have no esteem, make my ears tingle and my cheek blush. When I think of what Darrell has already done for me—me who have no claim on him—it seems to me as if I must hate the man who insinuates, 'Fear lest your benefactor find a smile at his own hearth, a child of his own blood—for you may be richer at his death in proportion as his life is desolate.'"

VANCE.—"You are a fine young fellow, and I beg your pardon. Take care of that milestone—thank you. But I suspect that at least two-thirds of those friendly hands that detained you on the way to me, were stretched out less to Lionel Haughton—a subaltern in the Guards—than to Mr. Darrell's heir-presumptive."

LIONEL.—"That thought sometimes galls me, but it does me good; for it goads on my desire to make myself some one whom the most worldly would not disdain to know for his own sake. Oh for active service!—Oh for a sharp campaign!—Oh for fair trial how far a man in earnest can grapple Fortune to his breast with his own strong hands! You have done so, Vance; you had but your genius and your painter's brush. I have no genius, but I have resolve, and resolve is perhaps as sure of its ends as genius. Genius and Resolve have three grand elements in common—Patience, Hope, Concentration."

Vance, more and more surprised, looked hard at Lionel, without speaking. Five years of that critical age, from seventeen to twenty-two, spent in the great capital of Europe—kept from its more dangerous vices partly by a proud sense of personal dignity, partly by a temperament which, regarding love as an ideal for all tender and sublime emotion, recoiled from low profligacy as being to Love what the Yahoo of the mocking satirist was to Man—absorbed much by the brooding ambition that takes youth out of the frivolous present into the serious future, and seeking companionship, not with contemporary idlers, but with the highest and maturest intellects that the free commonwealth of good society brought within his reach—Five years so spent had developed a boy, nursing noble dreams, into a man fit for noble action—retaining freshest youth in its enthusiasm, its elevation of sentiment, its daring, its energy, and divine credulity in its own unexhausted resources; but borrowing from maturity compactness and solidity of idea—the link between speculation and practice—the power to impress on others a sense of the superiority which has been self-elaborated by unconscious culture.

"So!" said Vance, after a prolonged pause, "I don't know whether I have resolve or genius; but certainly, if I have made my way to some small reputation, patience, hope, and concentration of purpose must have the credit of it; and prudence, too, which you have forgotten to name, and certainly don't evince as a charioteer. I hope, my dear fellow, you are not extravagant. No debts, eh?—why do you laugh?"

"The question is so like you, Frank—thrifty as ever."

"Do you think I could have painted with a calm mind, if I knew that at my door there was a dun whom I could not pay? Art needs serenity; and if an artist begin his career with as few shirts to his back as I had, he must place economy amongst the rules of perspective."

Lionel laughed again, and made some comments on economy which were certainly, if smart, rather flippant, and tended not only to lower the favorable estimate of his intellectual improvement which Vance

had just formed, but seriously disquieted the kindly artist. Vance knew the world—knew the peculiar temptations to which a young man in Lionel's position would be exposed—knew that contempt for economy belongs to that school of Peripatetics which reserves its last lessons for finished disciples in the sacred walks of the Queen's Bench.

However, that was no auspicious moment for didactic warnings.

"Here we are!" cried Lionel—"Putney Bridge."

They reached the little inn by the river-side, and while dinner was getting ready, they hired a boat. Vance took the oars.

VANCE.—"Not so pretty here as by those green quiet banks along which we glided, at moonlight, five years ago."

LIONEL.—"Ah, no. And that innocent, charming child, whose portrait you took—you have never heard of her since?"

VANCE.—"Never! How should I! Have you?"

LIONEL.—"Only what Darrell repeated to me. His lawyer had ascertained that she and her grandfather had gone to America. Darrell gently implied, that from what he learned of them, they scarcely merited the interest I felt in their fate. But we were not deceived—were we, Vance?"

VANCE.—"No; the little girl—what was her name? Sukey? Sally? —Sophy—true, Sophy—had something about her extremely prepossessing, besides her pretty face; and, in spite of that horrid cotton print, I shall never forget it."

LIONEL.—"Her face! Nor I. I see it still before me."

VANCE.—"Her cotton print! I see it still before me! But I must not be ungrateful. Would you believe it, that little portrait which cost me three pounds, has made, I don't say my fortune, but my fashion?"

LIONEL.—"How! You had the heart to sell it?"

VANCE.—"No; I kept it as a study for young female heads—'with variations,' as they say in music. It was by my female heads that I became the fashion; every order I have contains the condition—'But be sure, one of your sweet female heads, Mr. Vance.' My female heads are as necessary to my canvass as a white horse to Wouvermans'. Well, that child, who cost me three pounds, is the original of them all. Commencing as a Titania, she has been in turns a 'Psyche,' a 'Beatrice Cenci,' a 'Minna,' 'A Portrait of a Nobleman's Daughter,' 'Burns's Mary in Heaven,' 'The Young Gleaner,' and 'Sabrina fair,' in Milton's *Comus*. I have led that child through all history, sacred and profane. I have painted her in all costumes (her own cotton print excepted). My female heads are my glory—even the *Times*' critic allows *that!* 'Mr. Vance, *there*, is inimitable! a type of child-like grace peculiarly his own, &c., &c.' I'll lend you the article."

LIONEL.—"And shall we never again see the original darling Sophy? You will laugh, Vance, but I have been heartproof against all young ladies. If ever I marry, my wife must have Sophy's eyes! In America!"

VANCE.—"Let us hope by this time happily married to a Yankee! Yankees marry girls in their teens, and don't ask for dowries. Married to a Yankee! not a doubt of it! a Yankee who chaws, whittles, and keeps a 'store!'"

LIONEL.—"Monster! Hold your tongue! *A propos* of marriage, why are you still single?"

VANCE.—"Because I have no wish to be doubled up! Moreover, man is like a napkin, the more neatly the housewife doubles him, the more carefully she lays him on the shelf. Neither can a man once doubled know how often he may be doubled. Not only his wife folds him in two, but every child quarters him into a new double, till what was a wide and handsome substance, large enough for anything in reason, dwindles into a pitiful square that will not cover one platter—all puckers and creases—smaller and smaller with every double—with every double a new crease. Then, my friend, comes the washing bill! and, besides all the hurts one receives in the mangle, consider the hourly wear and tear of the linen-press! In short, Shakespeare vindicates the single life, and depicts the double in the famous

line — which is no doubt intended to be allegorical of marriage—

'Double, double, toil and trouble.'

Besides, no single man can be fairly called poor. What double man can with certainty be called rich? A single man can lodge in a garret, and dine on a herring; nobody knows, nobody cares. Let him marry, and he invites the world to witness where he lodges, and how he dines. The first necessary a wife demands is the most ruinous, the most indefinite superfluity; it is Gentility according to what her neighbours call genteel. Gentility commences with the honeymoon; it is its shadow, and lengthens as the moon declines. When the honey is all gone, your bride says, 'We can have our tea without sugar when quite alone, love; but in case Gentility drop in, here's a bill for silver sugar-tongs!' That's why I'm single."

"Economy again, Vance."

"Prudence — dignity," answered Vance seriously; and sinking into a reverie that seemed gloomy, he shot back to shore.

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. Vance explains how he came to grind colours and save halfpence.—A sudden announcement.

The meal was over—the table had been spread by a window that looked upon the river. The moon was up: the young men asked for no other lights; conversation between them—often shifting, often pausing — had gradually become grave, as it usually does, with two companions in youth; while yet long vistas in the Future stretched before them deep in shadow, and they fall into confiding talk on what they wish — what they fear; making visionary maps in that limitless Obscure.

"There is so much power in faith," said Lionel, "even when faith is applied but to things human and earthly, that let a man be but firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies. Surely, when you were a child at school, you felt convinced that there was something in your fate distinct from that of the other boys—whom the master might call quite as clever—felt that faith in yourself which made you sure that you would be one day what you are."

"Well I suppose so; but vague aspirations and self-conceits must be bound together by some practical necessity — perhaps a very homely and a very vulgar one — or they scatter and evaporate. One would think that rich people in high life *ought* to do more than poor folks in humble life. More pains are taken with their education; they have more leisure for following the bent of their genius; yet it is the poor folks, often half self-educated, and with pinched bellies, that do three-fourths of the world's grand labour. Poverty is the keenest stimulant, and poverty made me not say, 'I *will* do,' but 'I *must*.'"

"You knew real poverty in childhood, Frank?"

"Real poverty, covered over with sham affluence. My father was Genteel Poverty, and my mother was Poor Gentility. The sham affluence went when my father died. The real poverty then came out in all its ugliness. I was taken from a genteel school, at which, long afterwards, I genteelly paid the bills; and I had to support my mother somehow or other—somehow or other I succeeded. Alas, I fear not genteelly! But before I lost her, which I did in a few years, she had some comforts which were not appearances; and she kindly allowed, dear soul, that gentility and shams do not go well together. O! beware of debt, *Lionello mio;* and never call that economy meanness which is but the safeguard from mean degradation."

"I understand you at last, Vance; shake hands—I know why you are saving."

"Habit now," answered Vance, repressing praise of himself, as usual. "But I remember so well when twopence was a sum to be respected,

that to this day I would rather put it by than spend it. All our ideas—like orange-plants—spread out in proportion to the size of the box which imprisons the roots. Then I had a sister." Vance paused a moment as if in pain, but went on with seeming carelessness, leaning over the window-sill, and turning his face from his friend. "I had a sister older than myself, handsome, gentle. I was so proud of her! Foolish girl! my love was not enough for her. Foolish girl! she could not wait to see what I might live to do for her. She married—oh! so genteelly!—a young man, very well born, who had wooed her before my father died. He had the villany to remain constant when she had not a farthing, and he was dependent on distant relations and his own domains in Parnassus. The wretch was a poet! So they married. They spent their honeymoon genteelly, I daresay. His relations cut him. Parnassus paid no rents. He went abroad. Such heart-rending letters from her! They were destitute. How I worked! how I raged! But how could I maintain her and her husband too, mere child that I was? No matter. They are dead now both;—all dead for whose sake I first ground colours and saved halfpence. And Frank Vance is a stingy, selfish bachelor. Never revive this dull subject again, or I shall borrow a crown from you and cut you dead. Waiter, ho!—the bill. I'll just go round to the stables, and see the horse put to."

As the friends re-entered London, Vance said, "Set me down anywhere in Piccadilly; I will walk home. You, I suppose, of course, are staying with your mother in Gloucester Place?"

"No," said Lionel, rather embarrassed; "Colonel Morley, who acts for me as if he were my guardian, took a lodging for me in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair. My hours, I fear, would ill suit my dear mother. Only in town two days; and, thanks to Morley, my table is already covered with invitations."

"Yet you gave me one day, generous friend!"

"You the second day—my mother the first. But there are three balls before me to-night. Come home with me, and smoke your cigar while I dress."

"No; but I will at least light my cigar in your hall,—prodigal!"

Lionel now stopped at his lodging. The groom, who served him also as valet, was in waiting at the door. "A note for you, sir, from Colonel Morley—just come." Lionel hastily opened it, and read—

"My dear Haughton,—Mr. Darrell has suddenly arrived in London. Keep yourself free all to-morrow, when, no doubt, he will see you. I am hurrying off to him. Yours in haste, A. V. M."

## CHAPTER IV.

### Once more Guy Darrell.

Guy Darrell was alone. A lofty room in a large house on the first floor. His own house in Carlton Gardens, which he had occupied during his brief and brilliant parliamentary career; since then, left contemptuously to the care of a house-agent, to be let by year or by season, it had known various tenants of an opulence and station suitable to its space and site. Dinners and concerts, routs and balls, had assembled the friends and jaded the spirits of many a gracious host and smiling hostess. The tenure of one of these temporary occupants had recently expired, and ere the agent had found another, the long absent owner dropped down into its silenced halls as from the clouds, without other establishment than his old servant Mills and the woman in charge of the house. There, as in a caravanserai, the traveller took his rest, stately and desolate. Nothing so comfortless as one of those large London houses all to oneself. In long rows against the walls stood the empty *fauteuils*. Spectral from the gilded ceiling hung lightless chandeliers. The furniture

pompous, but worn by use and faded by time, seemed mementoes of departed revels. When you return to your own house in the country—no matter how long the absence—no matter how decayed by neglect the friendly chambers may be—if it has only been deserted in the meanwhile, (not let to new races, who, by their own shifting dynasties, have supplanted the rightful lord, and half-effaced his memorials), the walls may still greet you forgivingly, the character of *Home* be still there. You take up again the thread of associations which had been suspended, not snapped. But it is otherwise with a house in cities, especially in our fast-living London, where few houses descend from father to son—where the title-deeds are rarely more than those of a purchased lease for a term of years, after which your property quits you. A house in London, which your father never entered, in which no elbow-chair, no old-fashioned work-table, recall to you the kind smile of a mother—a house that you have left as you leave an inn, let to people whose names you scarce know, with as little respect for your family records as you have for theirs;—when you return after a long interval of years to a house like that, you stand as stood Darrell—a forlorn stranger under your own roof-tree. What cared he for those who had last gathered round those hearths with their chill steely grates—whose forms had reclined on those formal couches—whose feet had worn away the gloss from those costly carpets? Histories in the lives of many might be recorded within those walls. Lovers there had breathed their first vows; bridal feasts had been held; babes had crowed in the arms of proud young mothers; politicians there had been raised into ministers; ministers there had fallen back into "independent members;" through those doors corpses had been borne forth to relentless vaults. For these races and their records what cared the owner? Their writing was not on the walls. Sponged out as from a slate, their reckonings with Time, leaving dim, here and there, some chance scratch of his own, blurred and bygone. Leaning against the mantelpiece, Darrell gazed round the room with a vague wistful look, as if seeking to conjure up associations that might link the present hour to that past life which had slipped away elsewhere; and his profile, reflected on the mirror behind, pale and mournful, seemed like that ghost of himself which his memory silently evoked.

The man is but little altered externally since we saw him last, however inly changed since he last stood on those unwelcoming floors; the form still retained the same vigour and symmetry—the same unspeakable dignity of mien and bearing—the same thoughtful bend of the proud neck—so distinct, in its elastic rebound, from the stoop of debility or age. Thick as ever the rich mass of dark brown hair, though, when in the impatience of some painful thought his hand swept the loose curls from his forehead, the silver threads might now be seen shooting here and there—vanishing almost as soon as seen. No, whatever the baptismal register may say to the contrary, that man is not old—not even elderly; in the deep of that clear grey eye light may be calm, but in calm it is vivid; not a ray, sent from brain or from heart, is yet flickering down. On the whole, however, there is less composure than of old in his mien and bearing—less of that resignation which seemed to say, "I have done with the substances of life." Still there was gloom, but it was more broken and restless. Evidently that human breast was again admitting, or forcing itself to court, human hopes, human objects. Returning to the substances of life, their movement was seen in the shadows which, when they wrap us round at remoter distance, seem to lose their trouble as they gain their width. He broke from his musing attitude with an abrupt angry movement, as if shaking off thoughts which displeased him, and gathering his arms tightly to his breast, in a gesture peculiar to himself, walked to and fro the room, murmuring inaudibly. The door opened; he turned quickly, and with an evident sense of relief, for his face brightened. "Alban, my dear Alban!"

"Darrell—old friend—old school-

friend — dear, dear Guy Darrell!" The two Englishmen stood, hands tightly clasped in each other, in true English greeting—their eyes moistening with remembrances that carried them back to boyhood.

Alban was the first to recover self-possession; and when the friends had seated themselves, he surveyed Darrell's countenance deliberately, and said: "So little change!—wonderful! What is your secret?"

"Suspense from life—bybernating. But you beat me; you have been spending life, yet seem as rich in it as when we parted."

"No; I begin to decry the present and laud the past—to read with glasses, to decide from prejudice, to recoil from change, to find sense in twaddle — to know the value of health from the fear to lose it—to feel an interest in rheumatism, an awe of bronchitis—to tell anecdotes and to wear flannel. To you in strict confidence I disclose the truth—I am no longer twenty-five. You laugh—this is civilised talk; does it not refresh you after the gibberish you must have chattered in Asia Minor?"

Darrell might have answered in the affirmative with truth. What man, after long years of solitude, is not refreshed by talk, however trivial, that recalls to him the gay time of the world he remembered in his young day—and recalls it to him on the lips of a friend in youth! But Darrell said nothing; only he settled himself in his chair with a more cheerful ease, and inclined his relaxing brows with a nod of encouragement or assent.

Colonel Morley continued. "But when did you arrive? whence? How long do you stay here? What are your plans?"

DARRELL.—"Cæsar could not be more laconic. When arrived?—this evening. Whence?—Ouzelford. How long do I stay?—uncertain. What are my plans?—let us discuss them."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"With all my heart. You have plans, then?—a good sign. Animals in hybernation form none."

DARRELL — (Putting aside the lights on the table, so as to leave his face in shade, and looking towards the floor as he speaks.—) "For the last five years I have struggled hard to renew interest in mankind, reconnect myself with common life and its healthful objects. Between Fawley and London I desired to form a magnetic medium. I took rather a vast one—nearly all the rest of the known world. I have visited both Americas—either Ind. All Asia have I ransacked, and pierced as far into Africa as traveller ever went in search of Timbuctoo. But I have sojourned also, at long intervals—at least they seemed long to me—in the gay capitals of Europe (Paris excepted); mixed, too, with the gayest—hired palaces, filled them with guests—feasted and heard music. 'Guy Darrell,' said I, 'Shake off the rust of years—thou hadst no youth while young. Be young now. A holiday may restore thee to wholesome work, as a holiday restores the wearied schoolboy.'"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I comprehend; the experiment succeeded?"

DARRELL.—"I don't know—not yet—but it may; I am here, and I intend to stay. I would not go to a hotel for a single day, lest my resolution should fail me. I have thrown myself into this castle of care without even a garrison. I hope to hold it. Help me to man it. In a word, and without metaphor, I am here with the design of re-entering London life."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I am so glad. Hearty congratulations! How rejoiced all the Viponts will be! Another 'CRISIS' is at hand. You have seen the newspapers regularly, of course—the state of the country interests you. You say that you come from Ouzelford, the town you once represented. I guess you will re-enter Parliament; you have but to say the word."

DARRELL.—"Parliament! No. I received, while abroad, so earnest a request from my old constituents to lay the foundation-stone of a new Town-hall, in which they are much interested, and my obligations to them have been so great, that I could not refuse. I wrote to fix the day as soon as I had resolved to return to England, making a condition that I should be spared the infliction of a public dinner, and landed just in time to keep my appointment —

reached Ouzelford early this morning, went through the ceremony, made a short speech, came on at once to London, not venturing to diverge to Fawley (which is not very far from Ouzelford), lest, once there again, I should not have strength to leave it—and here I am." Darrell paused, then repeated, in brisk emphatic tone: "Parliament? No. Labour? No. Fellow man, I am about to confess to you; I would snatch back some days of youth—a wintry likeness of youth—better than none. Old friend, let us amuse ourselves! When I was working hard—hard—hard—it was you who would say: 'Come forth, be amused'—You, happy butterfly that you were! Now, I say to you: 'Show me this flaunting town that you know so well; initiate me into the joy of polite pleasures, social commune—

'Dulce mihi furere est amico.'

You have amusements—let me share them."

"Faith," quoth the Colonel, crossing his legs, "you come late in the day! Amusements cease to amuse at last. I have tried all, and begin to be tired. I have had my holiday, exhausted its sports; and you, coming from books and desk fresh into the playground, say, 'Football and leapfrog.' Alas! my poor friend, why did not you come sooner?"

Darrell.—"One word, one question. You have made EASE a philosophy and a system; no man ever did so with more felicitous grace; nor, in following pleasure, have you parted company with conscience and shame. A fine gentleman ever, in honour as in elegance. Well, are you satisfied with your choice of life? Are you happy?"

"Happy—who is? Satisfied—perhaps!"

"Is there any one you envy—whose choice other than your own, you would prefer?"

"Certainly."

"Who?"

"You."

"I!" said Darrell, opening his eyes with unaffected amaze. "I! envy me! prefer my choice!"

Colonel Morley (peevishly.)—"Without doubt. You have had gratified ambition—a great career. Envy you! who would not? Your own objects in life fulfilled; you coveted distinction—you won it; fortune—your wealth is immense; the restoration of your name and lineage from obscurity and humiliation—are not name and lineage again written in the *Libro d'oro?* What king would not hail you as his counsellor? what senate not open its ranks to admit you as a chief? what house, though the haughtiest in the land, would not accept your alliance? And withal, you stand before me stalwart and unbowed, young blood still in your veins. Ungrateful man, who would not change lots with Guy Darrell? Fame, fortune, health, and, not to flatter you, a form and presence that would be remarked, though you stood in that black frock by the side of a monarch in his coronation robes."

Darrell.—"You have turned my questions against myself with a kindliness of intention that makes me forgive your belief in my vanity. Pass on—or rather pass back; you say you have tried all in life that distracts or sweetens. Not so; lone bachelor, you have not tried wedlock. Has not that been your mistake?"

Colonel Morley.—"Answer for yourself. You have tried it." The words were scarce out of his mouth ere he repented the retort. For Darrell started as if stung to the quick; and his brow, before serene, his lip, before playful, grew, the one darkly troubled, the other tightly compressed. "Pardon me," faltered out the friend.

Darrell.—"Oh yes; I brought it on myself. What stuff we have been talking! Tell me the news—not political—any other. But first, your report of young Haughton. Cordial thanks for all your kindness to him. You write me word that he is much improved—most likeable; you add, that at Paris he became the rage—that in London you are sure he will be extremely popular. Be it so, if for his own sake. Are you quite sure that it is not for the expectations which I come here to dissipate?"

Colonel Morley.—"Much for himself, I am certain; a little, perhaps, because, whatever he thinks, and

I say, to the contrary,—people seeing no other heir to your property—"

"I understand," interrupted Darrell quickly. "But he does not nurse those expectations? he will not be disappointed?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Verily I believe, that, apart from his love for you, and a delicacy of sentiment that would recoil from planting hopes of wealth in the graves of benefactors, Lionel Haughton would prefer carving his own fortunes to all the ingots hewed out of California by another's hand, and bequeathed by another's will."

DARRELL.—"I am heartily glad to hear and to trust you."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I gather from what you say that you are here with the intention to—to—"

"Marry again," said Darrell firmly. "Right. I am."

"I always felt sure you would marry again. Is the lady here too?"

"What lady?"

"The lady you have chosen."

"Tush—I have chosen none. I come here to choose; and in this I ask advice from your experience. I would marry again! I—at my age! Ridiculous! But so it is. You know all the mothers and marriageable daughters that London—*arida nutrix*—rears for nuptial altars—where, amongst them, shall I, Guy Darrell, the man whom you think so enviable, find the safe helpmate, whose love he may reward with munificent jointure, to whose child he may bequeath the name that has now no successor, and the wealth he has no heart to spend?"

Colonel Morley—who, as we know, is by habit a match-maker, and likes the vocation—assumes a placid but cogitative mien, rubs his brow gently, and says in his softest, best-bred accents, — "You would not marry a mere girl? some one of suitable age? I know several most superior young women on the other side of thirty, Wilhelmina Prymme, for instance, or Janet—"

DARRELL.—"Old maids. No—decidedly no!"

COLONEL MORLEY (suspiciously). —"But you would not risk the peace of your old age with a girl of eighteen, or else I do know a very accomplished, well brought-up girl; just eighteen—who—"

DARRELL.—"Re-enter life by the side of Eighteen! am I a madman?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Neither old maids, nor young maids; the choice becomes narrowed. You would prefer a widow. Ha; I have thought of one! a prize, indeed, could you but win her, the widow of—"

DARRELL.—"Ephesus!—Bah! suggest no widow to me. A widow, with her affections buried in the grave!"

MORLEY.—"Not necessarily. And in this case—"

DARRELL (interrupting, and with warmth).—"In every case, I tell you, no widow shall doff her weeds for me. Did she love the first man? fickle is the woman who can love twice. Did she not love him? why did she marry him? perhaps she sold herself to a rent-roll? Shall she sell herself again to me, for a jointure? Heaven forbid! Talk not of widows. No dainty so flavourless as a heart warmed up again."

COLONEL MORLEY. — "Neither maids, be they old or young, nor widows. Possibly you want an angel. London is not the place for angels."

DARRELL. — "I grant that the choice seems involved in perplexity. How can it be otherwise, if oneself is perplexed? And yet, Alban, I am serious; and I do not presume to be so exacting as my words have implied. I ask not fortune, nor rank beyond gentle blood, nor youth, nor beauty, nor accomplishments, nor fashion, but I do ask one thing, and one thing only."

COLONEL MORLEY. — "What is that? you have left nothing worth the having, to ask for."

DARRELL.—"Nothing! I have left all! I ask some one whom I can love; love better than all the world—not the *mariage de convenance*, not the *mariage de raison*, but the *mariage d'amour*. All other marriage, with vows of love so solemn, with intimacy of commune so close, all other marriage in my eyes is an acted falsehood—a varnished sin. Ah, if I had thought so always! But away regret and repentance! The Future alone is now before me. Alban Morley! I would sign away all I have

in the world (save the old house at Fawley), ay, and after signing, cut off, to boot, this right hand, could I but once fall in love; love, and be loved again, as any two of heaven's simplest human creatures may love each other while life is fresh! Strange, strange—look out into the world; mark the man of our years who shall be most courted, most adulated, or admired. Give him all the attributes of power, wealth, royalty, genius, fame. See all the younger generations bow before him with hope or awe; his word can make their fortune; at his smile a reputation dawns. Well; now let that man say to the young, 'Room amongst yourselves—all that wins me this homage I would lay at the feet of Beauty. I enter the lists of love,' and straightway his power vanishes, the poorest booby of twenty-four can jostle him aside; before the object of reverence, he is now the butt of ridicule. The instant he asks right to win the heart of a woman, a boy whom, in all else, he could rule as a lackey, cries, 'Off, Greybeard, *that* realm at least is mine!'"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"This were but eloquent extravagance, even if your beard were grey. Men older than you, and with half your pretensions, even of outward form, have carried away hearts from boys like Adonis. Only choose well; that's the difficulty—if it was not difficult, who would be a bachelor?"

DARRELL.—"Guide my choice. Pilot me to the haven."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Accepted! But you must remount a suitable establishment; reopen your way to the great world, and penetrate those sacred recesses where awaiting spinsters weave the fatal web. Leave all to me. Let Mills (I see you have him still) call on me to-morrow about your *ménage*. You will give dinners, of course?"

DARRELL.—"Oh; of course; must I dine at them myself?"

Morley laughed softly, and took up his hat.

"So soon," cried Darrell. "If I fatigue you already, what chance shall I have with new friends?"

"So soon! it is past eleven. And it is you who must be fatigued?"

"No such good luck; were I fatigued, I might hope to sleep. I will walk back with you. Leave me not alone in this room—alone in the jaws of a Fish; swallowed up by a creature whose blood is cold."

"You have something still to say to me," said Alban when they were in the open air; "I detect it in your manner—what is it?"

"I know not. But you have told me no news; these streets are grown strange to me. Who live now in yonder houses? once the dwellers were my friends."

"In that house—oh, new people; I forget their names—but rich—in a year or two, with luck, they may be exclusives, and forget *my* name. In the other house, Carr Vipont, still."

"Vipont; those dear Viponts! what of them all? crawl they? sting they? Bask they in the sun? or are they in anxious process of a change of skin?"

"Hush, my dear friend; no satire on your own connections; nothing so injudicious. I am a Vipont, too, and all for the family maxim—"Vipont with Vipont, and come what may!"

"I stand rebuked. But I am no Vipont. I married, it is true, into their house, and they married, ages ago, into mine; but no drop in the blood of time-servers flows through the veins of the last childless Darrell. Pardon. I allow the merit of the Vipont race; no family more excites my respectful interest. What of their births, deaths, and marriages?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"As to births, Carr has just welcomed the birth of a grandson; the first-born of his eldest son (who married last year a daughter of the Duke of Halifax)—a promising young man, a Lord in the Admiralty. Carr has a second son in the——Hussars; has just purchased his step: the other boys are still at school. He has three daughters too, fine girls, admirably brought up; indeed, now I think of it, the eldest, Honoria, might suit you, highly accomplished—well read, interests herself in politics—a great admirer of intellect—of a very serious turn of mind, too."

DARRELL.—"A female politician

with a serious turn of mind—a farthing rushlight in a London fog! Hasten on to subjects less gloomy. Whose funeral Achievement is that yonder?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"The late Lord Niton's, father to Lady Montfort."

"DARRELL.—"Lady Montfort! Her father was a Lyndsay, and died before the Flood. A deluge, at least, has gone over me and my world, since I looked on the face of his widow."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I speak of the present Lord Montfort's wife—the Earl's. You of the poor Marquess's—the last Marquess—the marquesate is extinct. Surely, whatever your wanderings, you must have heard of the death of the last Marquess of Montfort?"

"Yes, I heard of that," answered Darrell, in a somewhat husky and muttered voice. "So he is dead, the young man!—What killed him?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"A violent attack of croup—quite sudden. He was staying at Carr's at the time. I suspect that Carr made him talk! a thing he was not accustomed to do: Deranged his system altogether. But don't let us revive painful subjects."

DARRELL.—"Was she with him at the time?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Lady Montfort?—No; they were very seldom together."

DARRELL.—"She is not married again yet?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"No, but still young, and so beautiful, she will have many offers. I know those who are waiting to propose. Montfort has been only dead eighteen months—died just before young Carr's marriage. His widow lives, in complete seclusion, at her jointure-house near Twickenham. She has only seen even me once since her loss."

DARRELL.—"When was that?"

MORLEY.—"About six or seven months ago; she asked after you with much interest."

DARRELL.—"After me!"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"To be sure. Don't I remember how constantly she and her mother were at your house? Is it strange that she should ask after you? You ought to know her better—the most affectionate grateful character."

DARRELL.—"I dare say. But at the time you refer to, I was too occupied to acquire much accurate knowledge of a young lady's character. I should have known her mother's character better, yet I mistook even that."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Mrs. Lyndsay's character you might well mistake,—charming but artificial: Lady Montfort is natural. Indeed, if you had not that illiberal prejudice against widows, she was the very person I was about to suggest to you."

DARRELL.—"A fashionable beauty! and young enough to be my daughter. Such is human friendship! So the marquesate is extinct, and Sir James Vipont, whom I remember in the House of Commons — respectable man — great authority on cattle — timid, and always saying, '*Did* you read that article in to-day's paper?'—has the estates and the earldom."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Yes. There was some fear of a disputed succession, but Sir James made his claim very clear. Between you and me, the change has been a serious affliction to the Viponts. The late Lord was not wise, but on State occasions he looked his part—*très Grand Seigneur*—and Carr managed the family influence with admirable tact. The present Lord has the habits of a yeoman; his wife shares his tastes. He has taken the management not only of the property, but of its influence, out of Carr's hands, and will make a sad mess of it, for he is an impracticable, obsolete politician. He will never keep the family together—impossible—a sad thing. I remember how our last muster, five years ago next Christmas, struck terror into Lord ——'s Cabinet; the mere report of it in the newspapers set all people talking and thinking. The result was, that, two weeks after, proper overtures were made to Carr—he consented to assist the Ministers—and the Country was saved! Now, thanks to this stupid new Earl, in eighteen months we have lost ground which it took at least a century and a half to gain. Our votes are divided, our influence frittered away; Montfort-house is shut up, and Carr, grown quite thin,

says that, in the coming 'CRISIS' a Cabinet will not only be formed, but will also last—last time enough for irreparable mischief — without a single Vipont in office."

Thus Colonel Morley continued in mournful strains, Darrell silent by his side, till the Colonel reached his own door. There, while applying his latchkey to the lock, Alban's mind returned from the perils that threatened the House of Vipont and the Star of Brunswick, to the petty claims of private friendship. But even these last were now blended with those grander interests, due care for which every true patriot of the House of Vipont imbibed with his mother's milk.

"Your appearance in town, my dear Darrell, is most opportune. It will be an object with the whole family to make the most of you at this coming 'CRISIS'—I say coming, for I believe it must come. Your name is still freshly remembered—your position greater for having been out of all the scrapes of the party the last sixteen or seventeen years; your house should be the nucleus of new combinations. Don't forget to send Mills to me; I will engage your *chef* and your house-steward to-morrow. I know just the men to suit you. Your intention to marry, too, just at this moment, is most seasonable; it will increase the family interest. I may give out that you intend to marry?"

"Oh, certainly—cry it at Charing Cross."

"A club-room will do as well. I beg ten thousand pardons; but people will talk about money whenever they talk about marriage. I should not like to exaggerate your fortune — I know it must be very large, and all at your own disposal—Eh?"

"Every shilling."

"You must have saved a great deal since you retired into private life?"

"Take that for granted. Dick Fairthorn receives my rents, and looks to my various investments; and I accept him as an indisputable authority when I say, that what with the rental of lands I purchased in my poor boy's lifetime, and the interest on my much more lucrative moneyed capital, you may safely whisper to all ladies likely to feel interest in that diffusion of knowledge, 'Thirty-five thousand a-year, and an old fool.'"

"I certainly shall not say an old fool, for I am the same age as yourself; and if I had thirty-five thousand pounds a year, I would marry too."

"You would! Old fool!" said Darrell, turning away.

## CHAPTER V.

**Revealing glimpses of Guy Darrell's past in his envied prime. Dig but deep enough, and under all earth runs water, under all life runs grief.**

Alone in the streets, the vivacity which had characterised Darrell's countenance as well as his words, while with his old school friend, changed as suddenly and as completely into pensive abstracted gloom as if he had been acting a part, and with the exit the acting ceased. Disinclined to return yet to the solitude of his home, he walked on at first mechanically, in the restless desire of movement, he cared not whither. But as, thus chance-led, he found himself in the centre of that long straight thoroughfare which connects what once were the separate villages of Tyburn and Holborn, something in the desultory links of reverie suggested an object to his devious feet. He had but to follow that street to his right hand, to gain in a quarter of an hour a sight of the humble dwelling-house in which he had first settled down, after his early marriage, to the arid labours of the bar. He would go, now that, wealthy and renowned, he was revisiting the long-deserted focus of English energies, and contemplate the obscure abode in which his powers had been first concentrated on the pursuit of renown and wealth. Who among my readers that may have risen on the glittering steep ("Ah, who can tell

how hard it is to climb!" *) has not been similarly attracted towards the roof at the craggy foot of the ascent, under which golden dreams refreshed his straining sinews? Somewhat quickening his steps, now that a bourne was assigned to them, the man growing old in years, but, unhappily for himself, too tenacious of youth in its grand discontent, and keen susceptibilities to pain, strode noiselessly on, under the gaslights, under the stars; gaslights primly marshalled at equidistance; stars that seem to the naked eye dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man's order, near and finite, is so distinct; the Maker's order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man's comprehension even of *what* is order!

Darrell paused hesitating. He had now gained a spot in which improvement had altered the landmarks. The superb broad thoroughfare continued where once it had vanished abrupt in a labyrinth of courts and alleys. But the way was not hard to find. He turned a little towards the left, recognising with admiring interest, in the gay white would-be Grecian edifice, with its French *grille*, bronzed, gilded, the transformed Museum, in the still libraries of which he had sometimes snatched a brief and ghostly respite from books of law. Onwards yet through lifeless Bloomsbury, not so far towards the last bounds of Atlas as the desolation of Podden Place, but the solitude deepening as he passed. There it is, a quiet street indeed! not a soul on its gloomy pavements, not even a policeman's soul. Naught stirring save a stealthy, profligate, good-for-nothing cat, flitting fine through yon area bars. Down that street had he come, I trow, with a livelier, quicker step the day when, by the strange good luck which had uniformly attended his worldly career of honours, he had been suddenly called upon to supply the place of an absent senior, and, in almost his earliest brief, the Courts of Westminster had recognised a master;—come, I trow, with a livelier step, knocked at that very door whereat he is halting now; entered the room where the young wife sat, and at sight of her querulous peevish face, and at sound of her unsympathising languid voice, fled into his cupboard-like back parlour—and muttered "courage"—courage to endure the home he had entered longing for a voice which should invite and respond to a cry of joy.

How closed up, dumb, and blind, looked the small, mean house, with its small mean door, its small mean rayless windows. Yet a FAME had been born there! Who are the residents now? Buried in slumber, have *they* any 'golden dreams?' Works therein any struggling brain, to which the prosperous man might whisper 'courage;' or beats, there, any troubled heart to which faithful woman should murmur 'joy?' Who knows? London is a wondrous poem, but each page of it is written in a different language; no lexicon yet composed of any.

Back through the street, under the gaslights, under the stars, went Guy Darrell, more slow and more thoughtful. Did the comparison between what he had been, what he was, the mean home just revisited, the stately home to which he would return, suggest thoughts of natural pride? it would not seem so; no pride in those close-shut lips, in that melancholy stoop.

He came into a quiet square—still Bloomsbury—and right before him was a large respectable mansion, almost as large as that one in courtlier quarters, to which he loiteringly delayed the lone return. There, too, had been for a time the dwelling which was called his *home*—there, when gold was rolling in like a tide, distinction won, position assured, there—not yet in Parliament, but foremost at the bar—already pressed by constituencies, already wooed by ministers—there, still young (O, luckiest of lawyers!)—there had he moved his household gods. Fit residence for a Prince of the Gown. Is it when living there that you would envy the prosperous man? Yes, the

*"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."—BEATTIE.

moment his step *quits* that door; but envy him when he enters its threshold?—nay, envy rather that roofless Savoyard, who has crept under yonder portico, asleep with his ragged arm round the cage of his stupid dormice! There, in that great barren drawing-room sits a

"Pale and elegant Aspasia."

Well, but the wife's face is not querulous now. Look again—anxious, fearful, secret, sly. Oh! that fine lady, a Vipont Crooke, is not contented to be wife to the wealthy, great Mr. Darrell. What wants she? that *he* should be spouse to the fashionable, fine Mrs. Darrell. Pride in him! not a jot of it; such pride were unchristian. Were he proud of her, as a Christian husband ought to be of so elegant a wife, would he still be in Bloomsbury? Envy *him!* the high gentleman, so true to his blood, all galled and blistered by the moral vulgarities of a tuft-hunting, toad-eating mimic of the Lady Selinas. Envy him! well, why not? All women have their foibles. Wise husbands must bear and forbear. Is that all? wherefore, then, is her aspect so furtive, wherefore on his a wild, vigilant sternness? Tut, what so brings into coveted fashion a fair lady exiled to Bloomsbury as the marked adoration of a lord, not her own, who gives law to St. James's! Untempted by passion, cold as ice to affection, if thawed to the gush of a sentiment, secretly preferring the husband she chose, wooed, and won, to idlers less gifted even in outward attractions;—all this, yet seeking, coquetting for, the *éclat* of dishonour! To elope? Oh, no, too wary for that, but to be gazed at and talked of, as the fair Mrs. Darrell, to whom the Lovelace of London was so fondly devoted. Walk in, haughty son of the Dare-all. Darest thou ask who has just left thy house? Darest thou ask what and whence is the note that sly hand has secreted? Darest thou? —perhaps yes: what then? canst thou lock up thy wife? canst thou poniard the Lovelace? Lock up the air; poniard all whose light word in St. James's can bring into fashion the matron of Bloomsbury! Go, lawyer, go, study briefs and be parchment.

Agonies — agonies — shot again through Guy Darrell's breast, as he looked on that large, most respectable house, and remembered his hourly campaign against disgrace! He has triumphed! Death fights for him: on the very brink of the last scandal, a cold, caught at some Vipont's ball, became fever; and so from that door the Black Horses bore away the Bloomsbury Dame, ere she was yet—the fashion! Happy in grief the widower who may, with confiding hand, ransack the lost wife's harmless desk, sure that no thought concealed from him in life will rise accusing from the treasured papers! But that pale proud mourner, hurrying the eye over sweet-scented *billets*, compelled, in very justice to the dead, to convince himself that the mother of his children was corrupt only at heart—that the Black Horses had come to the door in time—and, wretchedly consoled by that niggardly conviction, flinging into the flames the last flimsy tatters on which his honour (rock-like in his own keeping) had been fluttering to and fro in the charge of a vain treacherous fool! Envy you *that* mourner? No! not even in his release. Memory is not nailed down in the velvet coffin; and to great loyal natures, less bitter is the memory of the lost when hallowed by tender sadness, than when coupled with scorn and shame.

The wife is dead. Dead, too, long years ago, the Lothario! The world has forgotten them; they fade out of this very record when ye turn the page; no influence, no bearing have they on such future events as may mark what yet rests of life to Guy Darrell. But as he there stands and gazes into space, the two forms are before his eye as distinct as if living still. Slowly, slowly he gazes them down; the false smiles flicker away from their feeble lineaments; woe and terror on their aspects—they sink, they shrivel, they dissolve!

## CHAPTER VI.

The wreck cast back from Charybdis.

*Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle.*

Guy Darrell turned hurriedly from the large house in the great square, and, more and more absorbed in reverie, he wandered out of his direct way homeward, clear and broad though it was, and did not rouse himself till he felt, as it were, that the air had grown darker; and looking vaguely round, he saw that he had strayed into a dim maze of lanes and passages. He paused under one of the rare lamp-posts, gathering up his recollections of the London he had so long quitted, and doubtful for a moment or two which turn to take. Just then, up from an alley fronting him at right angles, came sullenly, warily, a tall, sinewy, ill-boding, tatterdemalion figure, and seeing Darrell's face under the lamp, halted abrupt at the mouth of the narrow passage from which it had emerged—a dark form filling up the dark aperture. Does that ragged wayfarer recognise a foe by the imperfect ray of the lamplight? or is he a mere vulgar footpad, who is doubting whether he should spring upon a prey? Hostile his look—his gesture—the sudden cowering down of the strong frame, as if for a bound; but still he is irresolute. What awes him? What awes the tiger, who would obey his blood-instinct, without fear, in his rush on the Negro—the Hindoo—but who halts and hesitates at sight of the white man—the lordly son of Europe? Darrell's eye was turned towards the dark passage—towards the dark figure—carelessly, neither recognising, nor fearing, nor defying—carelessly, as at any harmless object in crowded streets, and at broad day. But while that eye was on him, the tatterdemalion halted; and, indeed, whatever his hostility, or whatever his daring, the sight of Darrell took him by so sudden a surprise, that he could not at once re-collect his thoughts, and determine how to approach the quiet unconscious man who, in reach of his spring, fronted his overwhelming physical strength with the habitual air of dignified command. His first impulse was that of violence; his second impulse curbed the first. But Darrell now turns quickly, and walks straight on; the figure quits the mouth of the passage, and follows with a long and noiseless stride. It has nearly gained Darrell. With what intent? A fierce one, perhaps—for the man's face is sinister, and his state evidently desperate—when there emerges unexpectedly from an ugly-looking court or *cul de sac*, just between Darrell and his pursuer, a slim, long-backed, buttoned-up, weasel-faced policeman. The policeman eyes the tatterdemalion instinctively, then turns his glance towards the solitary defenceless gentleman in advance, and walks on, keeping himself between the two. The tatterdemalion stifles an impatient curse. Be his purpose force, be it only supplication, be it colloquy of any kind, impossible to fulfil it while that policeman is there. True, that in his powerful hands he could have clutched that slim, long-backed officer, and broken him in two as a willow wand. But that officer is the Personation of Law, and can stalk through a legion of tatterdemalions as a ferret may glide through a barn full of rats. The prowler feels he is suspected. Unknown as yet to the London police, he has no desire to invite their scrutiny. He crosses the way; he falls back; he follows from afar. The policeman may yet turn away before the safer streets of the metropolis be gained. No; the cursed Incarnation of Law, with eyes in its slim back, continues its slow stride at the heels of the unsuspicious Darrell. The more solitary defiles are already passed—now that dim lane, with its dead wall on one side. By the dead wall skulks the prowler; on the other side still walks The Law. Now—alas for the prowler!—shine out the thoroughfares, no longer dim nor deserted—Leicester Square, the Haymarket,

Pall Mall, Carlton Gardens; Darrell s at his door. The policeman turns harply round. There, at the corner ıear the learned Clubhouse, halts he tatterdemalion. Towards the tat-erdemalion the policeman now ad-ances quickly. The tatterdemalion s quicker still — fled like a guilty hought.

Back—back—back into that maze of passages and courts—back to the nouth of that black alley. There he ıalts again. Look at him. He has ırrived in London but that very ıight, after an absence of more than our years. He has arrived from the ea-side on foot; see, his shoes are vorn into holes. He has not yet ound a shelter for the night. He had een directed towards that quarter, hronged with adventurers, native ınd foreign, for a shelter, safe, if qualid. It is somewhere near that ourt, at the mouth of which he tands. He looks round, the police-nan is baffled, the coast clear. He teals forth, and pauses under the ame gaslight as that under which Guy Darrell had paused before—un-ler the same gaslight, under the same tars. From some recess in his rags he lraws forth a large, distained, distend-d pocketbook—last relic of sprucer lays—leather of dainty morocco, once laborately tooled, patent springs, airy lock, fit receptacle for bank-ıotes, *billets-doux*, memoranda of debts of honour, or pleasurable engage-nents. Now how worn, tarnished, greasy, rapscallion-like, the costly bauble! Filled with what motley un-ovable contents—stale pawn-tickets of foreign *monts de piété*, pledges ıever henceforth to be redeemed; crawls by villanous hands in thievish ıieroglyphics; ugly implements re-placing the malachite penknife, the golden toothpick, the jewelled pen-cil-case, once so neatly set within heir satin lappets. Ugly imple-ments, indeed — a file, a gimlet, loaded dice. Pell-mell, with such more hideous and recent contents, lishonoured evidences of gaudier summer life — locks of ladies' hair, love-notes treasured mechanically, not from amorous sentiment, but perhaps from some vague idea that they might be of use if those who gave the locks or wrote the notes should be raised in fortune, and could buy back the memorials of shame. Diving amidst these miscellaneous documents and treasures, the prow-ler's hand rested on some old letters, in clerk-like fair caligraphy, tied round with a dirty string, and on them, in another and fresher writing, a scrap that contained an address —"Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., Alhambra Villa, Regent's Park." "To-morrow, Nix my Dolly; to-morrow," muttered the tatterdemalion; "but to-night;—plague on it, where is the other blackguard's direction? Ah, here—" And he extracted from the thievish scrawls a *peculiarly* thievish-looking hieroglyph. Now, as he lifts it up to read by the gaslight, survey him well. Do you not know him? Is it possible? What! the brilliant sharper! The ruffian exquisite! Jasper Losely! Can it be? Once before, in the fields of Fawley, we beheld him out at elbows, seedy, shabby, ragged. But then it was the decay of a foppish spendthrift—clothes distained, ill-assorted, yet still of fine cloth; shoes in holes, yet still pearl-coloured brodequins. But now it is the decay of no foppish spendthrift; the rags are not of fine cloth; the tattered shoes are not brodequins. The man has fallen far below the politer grades of knavery, in which the sharper affects the beau. And the countenance, as we last saw it, if it had lost much of its earlier beauty, was still incontestably handsome. What with vigour, and health, and animal spirits, *then* on the aspect still lingered light; *now*, from corruption, the light itself was gone. In that herculean constitution excess of all kinds had at length forced its ravage, and the ravage was visible in the ruined face. The once sparkling eye was dull and blood-shot. The colours of the cheek, once clear and vivid, to which fiery drink had only sent the blood in a warmer glow, were now of a leaden dulness, relieved but by broken streaks of angry red—like gleams of flame struggling through gathered smoke. The profile, once sharp and delicate like Apollo's, was now confused in its swollen outline; a few years more, and it would be gross as that of Silenus — the nostrils, distended with incipient carbuncles,

which betray the gnawing fang that alcohol fastens into the liver. Evil passions had destroyed the outline of the once beautiful lips, arched as a Cupid's bow. The sideling, lowering, villanous expression which had formerly been but occasional, was now habitual and heightened. It was the look of the bison before it gores. It is true, however, that even yet on the countenance there lingered the trace of that lavish favour bestowed on it by nature. An artist would still have said, "How handsome that raggamuffin must have been!" And true is it also, that there was yet that about the bearing of the man, which contrasted his squalor, and seemed to say that he had not been born to wear rags, and loiter at midnight amongst the haunts of thieves. Nay, I am not sure that you would have been as incredulous now, if told that the wild outlaw before you had some claim by birth or by nurture to the rank of gentleman, as you would, had you seen the gay spendthrift in his gaudy day. For then he seemed below, and now he seemed above, the grade in which he took place. And all this made his aspect yet more sinister, and the impression that he was dangerous yet more profound. Muscular strength often remains to a powerful frame long after the constitution is undermined, and Jasper Losely's frame was still that of a formidable athlete; nay, its strength was yet more apparent now that the shoulders and limbs had increased in bulk, than when it was half-disguised in the lissom symmetry of exquisite proportion—less active, less supple, less capable of endurance, but with more crushing weight in its rush or its blow. It was the figure in which brute force seems so to predominate that in a savage state it would have worn a crown—the figure which secures command and authority in all societies where force alone gives the law. Thus, under the gaslight and under the stars, stood the terrible animal—a strong man embruted—"SOUVIENS-TOI DE TA GABRIELLE." —There, still uneffaced, though the gold-threads are all tarnished and ragged, are the ominous words on the silk of the she-devil's love-token! But Jasper has now inspected the direction on the paper he held to the lamp-light, and, satisfying himself that he was in the right quarter, restored the paper to the bulky distended pocketbook, and walked stilenly on towards the court from which had emerged the policeman who had crossed his prowling chase.

"It is the most infernal shame," said Losely between his grinded teeth, "that I should be driven to these wretched dens for a lodging, while that man who ought to feel bound to maintain me should be rolling in wealth, and cottoned up in a palace. But he shall fork out. Sophy must be hunted up. I will clothe her in rags like these. She shall sit at his street-door. I will shame the miserly hunks. But how track the girl? Have I no other hold over him? Can I send Dolly Poole to him? How addled my brains are!—want of food—want of sleep. Is this the place? Peuh!—"

Thus murmuring he now reached the arch of the court, and was swallowed up in its gloom. A few strides, and he came into a square open space, only lighted by the skies. A house larger than the rest, which were of the meanest order, stood somewhat back, occupying nearly one side of the quadrangle—old, dingy, dilapidated. At the door of this house stood another man, applying his latchkey to the lock. As Losely approached, the man turned quickly, half in fear, half in menace—a small, very thin, impish-looking man, with peculiarly restless features that seemed trying to run away from his face. Thin as he was, he looked all skin and no bones—a goblin of a man whom it would not astonish you to hear could creep through a keyhole. Seeming still more shadowy and impalpable by his slight, thin, sable dress, not of cloth, but a sort of stuff like alpaca. Nor was that dress ragged, nor, as seen but in starlight, did it look worn or shabby; still you had but to glance at the creature to feel that it was a child in the same Family of Night as the ragged felon that towered by its side. The two outlaws stared at each other. "Cutts!" said Losely, in the old rollicking voice, but in a hoarser, rougher key—"Cutts, my boy, here I am, welcome me!"

"What! General Jas.!" returned Cutts, in a tone which was not without a certain respectful awe, and then proceeded to pour out a series of questions in a mysterious language, which may be thus translated and abridged: "How long have you been in England; how has it fared with you? you seem very badly off? coming here to hide? nothing very bad, I hope? what is it?"

Jasper answered in the same language, though with less practised mastery of it—and with that constitutional levity which, whatever the time or circumstance, occasionally gave a strange sort of wit, or queer, uncanny, devil-me-care vein of drollery, to his modes of expression.

"Three months of the worst luck man ever had — a row with the *gens-d'armes* — long story—three of our pals seized—affair of the galleys for them, I suspect — French frogs can't seize me—fricasseed one or two of them—broke away—crossed the country—reached the coast—found an honest smuggler—landed off Sussex with a few other kegs of brandy —remembered you — preserved the address you gave me — and condescend to this rat-hole for a night or so. Let me in—knock up somebody —break open the larder—I want to eat — I am famished—I should have eaten you by this time, only there's nothing on your bones."

The little man opened the door—a passage black as Erebus. "Give me your hand, General." Jasper was led through the pitchy gloom for a few yards; then the guide found a gas-cock, and the place broke suddenly into light. A dirty narrow staircase on one side; facing it, a sort of lobby, in which an open door showed a long sanded parlour, like that in public-houses—several tables, benches, the walls whitewashed, but adorned with sundry ingenious designs made by charcoal or the smoked ends of clay-pipes. A strong smell of stale tobacco and of gin and rum. Another gaslight, swinging from the centre of the ceiling, sprang into light as Cutts touched the tap-cock.

"Wait here," said the guide. "I will go and get you some supper."

"And some brandy," said Jasper.

"Of course."

The bravo threw himself at length on one of the tables, and, closing his eyes, moaned. His vast strength had become acquainted with physical pain. In its stout knots and fibres, aches and sharp twinges, the dragon-teeth of which had been sown years ago in revels or brawls, which then seemed to bring but innocuous joy and easy triumph, now began to gnaw and grind. But when Cutts reappeared with coarse viands and the brandy-bottle, Jasper shook off the sense of pain, as does a wounded wild beast that can still devour; and after regaling fast and ravenously, he emptied half the bottle at a draught, and felt himself restored and fresh.

"Shall you fling yourself amongst the swell fellows who hold their club here, General?" asked Cutts; "'tis a bad trade, every year it gets worse. Or have you not some higher game in your eye?"

"I have higher game in my eye. One bird I marked down this very night. But that may be slow work, and uncertain. I have in this pocket-book a bank to draw upon meanwhile."

"How?—forged French *billets de banque*—dangerous."

"Pooh!—better than that—letters which prove theft against a respectable rich man."

"Ah, you expect hush-money?"

"Exactly so. I have good friends in London."

"Among them, I suppose, that affectionate 'adopted mother' who would have kept you in such order."

"Thousand thunders! I hope not. I am not a superstitious man, but I fear that woman as if she were a witch, and I believe she is one. You remember black Jean, whom we called *Sans culotte*. He would have filled a churchyard with his own brats for a five-franc piece; but he would not have crossed a churchyard alone at night for a thousand Naps. Well, that woman to me is what a churchyard was to black Jean. No; if she is in London, I have but to go to her house and say, 'Food, shelter, money;' and I would rather ask Jack Ketch for a rope."

"How do you account for it, General? She does not beat you—she is

not your wife. I have seen many a stout fellow, who would stand fire without blinking, show the white feather at a scold's tongue. But then he must be spliced to her—"

"Cutts, that griffin does not scold—she preaches. She wants to make me spooney, Cutts—she talks of my young days, Cutts—she wants to blight me into what she calls an honest man, Cutts;—the virtuous dodge! She snubs and cows me, and frightens me out of my wits, Cutts. For I do believe that the witch is determined to have me, body and soul, and to marry me some day in spite of myself, Cutts. And if ever you see me about to be clutched in those horrible paws, poison me with ratsbane, or knock me on the head, Cutts."

The little man laughed a little laugh, sharp and elritch, at the strange cowardice of the stalwart daredevil. But Jasper did not echo the laugh.

"Hush!" he said timidly, "and let me have a bed, if you can; I have not slept in one for a week, and my nerves are shaky."

The imp lighted a candle-end at the gas-lamp, and conducted Losely up the stairs to his own sleeping-room, which was less comfortless than might be supposed. He resigned his bed to the wanderer, who flung himself on it, rags and all. But sleep was no more at his command than it is at a king's.

"Why the —— did you talk of that witch?" he cried peevishly to Cutts, who was composing himself to rest on the floor. "I swear I fancy I feel her sitting on my chest like a nightmare."

He turned with a vehemence which shook the walls, and wrapt the coverlid round him, plunging his head into its folds. Strange though it seem to the novice in human nature,—to Jasper Losely the woman who had so long lived but for one object—viz. to save him from the gibbet, was as his evil genius, his haunting fiend. He had conceived a profound terror of her, from the moment he perceived that she was resolutely bent upon making him honest. He had broken from her years ago—fled—resumed his evil courses—hid himself from her—in vain. Wherever he went, there went she. He might baffle the police, not her. Hunger had often forced him to accept her aid. As soon as he received it, he hid from her again, burying himself deeper and deeper in the mud, like a persecuted tench. He associated her idea with all the ill-luck that had befallen him. Several times some villanous scheme on which he had counted to make his fortune, had been baffled in the most mysterious way; and just when baffled—and there seemed no choice but to cut his own throat or some one else's—up turned grim Arabella Crane, in the iron-grey gown, and with the iron-grey ringlets—hatefully, awfully beneficent—offering food, shelter, gold—and some demoniacal, honourable work. Often had he been in imminent peril from watchful law or treacherous accomplice. She had warned and saved him as she had saved him from the fell Gabrielle Desmarets, who, unable to bear the sentence of penal servitude, after a long process defended with astonishing skill, and enlisting the romantic sympathies of young France, had contrived to escape into another world by means of a subtle poison concealed about her *distinguée* person, and which she had prepared years ago with her own bloodless hands, and no doubt scientifically tested its effect on others. The cobra capella is gone at last! "*Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle,*" O Jasper Losely! But why Arabella Crane should thus continue to watch over him whom she no longer professed to love—how she should thus have acquired the gift of ubiquity and the power to save him—Jasper Losely could not conjecture. The whole thing seemed to him weird and supernatural. Most truly did he say that she had *cowed him.* He had often longed to strangle her; when absent from her, had often resolved upon that act of gratitude. The moment he came in sight of her stern, haggard face—her piercing lurid eyes—the moment he heard her slow, dry voice in some such sentences as these—"Again you come to me in your trouble, and ever shall. Am I not still as your mother, but with a wife's fidelity, till death us do part? There is the

portrait of what you were—look at it, Jasper. Now turn to the glass—see what you are. Think of the fate of Gabrielle Desmarets! But for me what, long since, had been your own? But I will save you, I have sworn it. You shall be wax in these hands at last;"—the moment that voice thus claimed and insisted on redeeming him, the ruffian felt a cold shudder—his courage oozed—he could no more have nerved his arm against her than a Thug would have lifted his against the dire goddess of his murderous superstition. Jasper could not resist a belief that the life of this dreadful protectress was, somehow or other, made essential to his—that, were she to die, he should perish in some ghastly and preternatural expiation. But for the last few months he had, at length, escaped from her—diving so low, so deep into the mud, that even her net could not mesh him. Hence, perhaps, the imminence of the perils from which he had so narrowly escaped—hence the utterness of his present destitution. But man, however vile, whatever his peril, whatever his destitution, was born free, and loves liberty. Liberty to go to Satan in his own way was to Jasper Losely a supreme blessing compared to that benignant compassionate *espionage*, with its relentless eye and restraining hand. Alas and alas! Deem not this perversity unnatural in that headstrong self-destroyer! How many are there whom not a grim hard-featured Arabella Crane, but the long-suffering, divine, omniscient, gentle Providence itself, seeks to warn, to aid, to save—and is shunned, and loathed, and fled from, as if it were an evil genius! How many are there who fear nothing so much as the being made good in spite of themselves?—how many?—who can count them?

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FROM SPAIN TO PIEDMONT.

When last I wrote to you, oh Ebony, it was from the banks of the Manzanares; I resume my pen upon the shores of the Po. Those, when I left them, bordered a tiny streamlet, daily dwindling under the double suction of a fierce sun and a thirsty sand; between these, as I write, the waters rush swift, deep, and troubled over their rugged bed, dashing down rocky ledges, circling and foaming round snow-capped islets. Spain in July was true to its torrid reputation; Italy, in February, is faithless to its fame as a land of sunshine and flowers.

Frequent change of place is the destiny and duty of your Vedette; and generally by the straightest line, and with little pause, he speeds his way from point to point. This time he must beg of you to bear with and accompany him on a more circuitous and desultory march. The start was a joyful one. Of all the capitals, whence men desire to escape in summer, Madrid is surely that whence departure is most urgent. Of all the parched cities in which human beings ever passed July and August, and lived, it assuredly is the most scorched, arid, leafless, and calcined. The nights are so short and hot that the earth never cools—the tiles on the house-tops glow in the glare—the visible heat quivers over the ground—the insidious white dust provokes dire ophthalmia—the rarified air of the elevated and blazing plateau irritates every nerve and fibre of the human frame. In Madrid you are not melted and made languid, as by the heat of most other places, but you are baked, high-dried, and your nerves are strained like fiddle-strings. The pinguid portion of your body is exhausted by some mysterious process, until you become all bone and tendon and tightly stretched skin, and you get to feel quite brittle, and go about in a state of morbid apprehension lest somebody should run against you and crack you. The houses are saturated with heat; beds are voted a nuisance, and you prefer a plank to a blanket—a tightly-stuffed paillasse to cushions of feathers: everything eatable and drinkable is dried up, faded, tepid, or in some way nauseous. The vegetables, brought from afar, would be denounced by a Coven-

gardener as fit only for the dung-heap; and you must eat your mutton as tough as boot-leather if you will not have it higher than venison. You live chiefly on liquids, and ingurgitate oceans of iced drinks; but even the ice—or rather snow—for that is the substitute for it in Madrid—becomes, at that time of year, unworthy of the name, and has little coolness left in it. A certain portion of the aborigines contrive to support life under this complication of trials; but the flit is general amongst all who can get away; and by the middle of summer the clubs are deserted, the theatres closed, and the number of dogs in Madrid has greatly diminished, those intelligent quadrupeds having wandered away from the sultry shadeless capital in search of water to drink and a bush to lie under. So that, in fact, there is nobody left to converse with.

These things duly considered, you will not wonder that it was with delight, as intense as the prevailing heat, that I received, soon after the departure of my last despatch to you, the route for France, and that I instantly sallied forth in quest of a conveyance, proposing, if possible, to start next morning. But in Spain, stage-coaching, like many other things, is managed in a fashion peculiar to the country. At Madrid, in summer, the supply by no means meets the demand, and families anxious to get north are sometimes detained until the journey is scarcely worth making. The prudent, whose plans are fixed, secure places weeks, and even months, beforehand; but persons compelled to start on a sudden are often greatly embarrassed. Posting in the Peninsula is troublesome work; and, out of consideration for the ill-paid postmasters, the number of orders granted for horses is very limited. Rail-less Spain still continues, and may long remain, the most inconvenient country in Europe to travel through. In summer it is common to see advertisements in the Madrid papers, offering high premiums for places by mail or diligence, but often in vain. As a solitary traveller, however, not particular about the nature or compartment of the vehicle in which I should journey, I trusted to find a nook. The mail had no places for a month to come; the diligences were booked full inside and out for nearly as long, and there were applications from living subjects to be taken as luggage on the roof. I would have gone round by Saragossa, a long and wearisome route, but the coaches to that city were engaged for the next three weeks. I began to deliberate on the propriety of riding—not very pleasant in that blazing weather, over Spanish roads, and in Spanish saddles—when, luckily, a place fell vacant in a diligence proceeding to Bayonne by way of Soria and Pampeluna.

For persons who are not nice about provender, the Soria route is pleasanter than the more usual one by Burgos, since one sooner escapes from the dreary and desolate plains of Castile, where everything one beholds, landscapes and houses, men's faces and clothes, are of one monotonous brown and sun-baked tint. But although inns in Spain generally afford but poor entertainment, the doubt may be permitted, whether, on any road in that most backward country of Europe, more villanous baiting-places are to be met with than those between Madrid and Pampeluna. The heat, however, in the latter half of last July, was such as to leave little appetite even for more tempting viands than those detestable *ventas* afforded. As everywhere in Spain, good chocolate and excellent white bread were always to be obtained; and with these, the favourite refreshment of the nation, and of which they never weary, any more than the Frenchman does of his coffee, or the Englishman of his tea, the foreigner will do wisely to content himself when travelling in that season and in that country. Anything hotter than the whole of that sixty-five hours' journey I do not remember to have felt. It was painful to witness the perspiring agonies of the women, who formed the majority of the occupants of the interior and rotunda of the diligence. There was one corpulent Madrilenian matron (Spanish women, after a certain age, are much inclined to obesity), with a yellow skin, a strong mustache, and formidable eyebrows, but inclining to calvity as regarded

her head, who, I thought, must have given up the ghost before reaching her destination. She had a shining skin, and round her apoplectic-looking neck, many rolls of fat, which soon got much begrimed by the dust of the road. Whenever I got down at the relays, she was sure to be leaning with her fat flabby cheek against the side of the window, moaning piteously, and dabbling heavily with eau-de-cologne, and every few leagues she had a fainting-fit. Her husband, a wizened, grizzled little Spaniard, seemed used to her ways, and took no heed of her miseries, beguiling his time by the perpetual fabrication and consumption of paper cigars, which profitable and intellectual occupation — and possibly also an insufficient recognition of the virtues of soap—had brought his finger-tips to the tint of a cocoa-nut. Two daughters, miniatures of their mother, and like her inclining to *embonpoint;* a young officer, who flirted indifferently with one or other of the sisters; a lady's-maid, and a poodle (the latter very large, tail-less, slightly mangy, and of flea-bitten aspect), completed the party in the interior, amongst which I sincerely thanked my guardian angel for not having placed me. I had been so fortunate as to obtain a seat in the *coupé*, and still more lucky did I deem myself in having two lean and intelligent companions, who took little room, discoursed agreeably, smoked moderately, and spat not at all. One of them, a priest, was at first taciturn, as is not uncommon with men of his cloth and country. He was tall, wiry, and hard-featured, near upon fifty, with a furrowed brow, and of ascetic aspect—the very model of a Spanish priest, as Velasquez has painted many. When a little courtesy and attention, the offer of a cigar, and one or two compliments paid to his country, had lured him out of his reserve and into conversation, he proved to be a man of the world, and of education such as is not often found amongst Spanish churchmen. He had led an eventful life, and like many of his fraternity, had been largely mixed up in Spanish political convulsions and civil contests. More than twenty years previously he had laid aside the clerical robe, and had taken up the sabre in defence of the rights of Don Carlos. He related many incidents of the war, which, from the lips of one who had witnessed or borne a part in them, possessed an interest they might perhaps lose upon paper. One or two anecdotes, however, appeared to me so characteristic as to be worth retaining. Don Geronimo (it was the priest's name) had been with Zumalacarregui early in the war, when Lord Eliot was sent to Biscay, and succeeded in making the convention that bears his name, and that gave a more merciful character to the strife which had commenced with the cry of "no quarter." To the mountain camp of the royalist chief, the English lord, with justifiable mistrust of its resources, and a true Englishman's care for the creature comforts, took with him a string of mules, well laden with provisions. Zumalacarregui was shocked at this. "What!" he exclaimed to his officers, amongst whom were then to be found some of the best soldiers and best blood in Spain, "does he think we are starving? We will show him the contrary." The fact was, that, whatever their deficiencies in various respects, in arms, uniforms, and money, the Carlists, holding some of the most fertile valleys of Biscay and Navarre, and having the population entirely in their favour, and devoted to the king, were then, and during the greater part of the war, abundantly supplied with food, and lived, indeed, on the fat of the land. Zumalacarregui was put upon his mettle by the sumpter-mules of the British envoy. He ordered a dinner to be prepared at Segura, his native town, in honour of Lord Eliot. He had three capital Guipuzcoan cooks; and, that the service might be worthy of the fare, he borrowed plate from all the country round. It was willingly and abundantly contributed; and, probably, so motley and remarkable a dinner-service was never before or since got together. Cups, jugs, and salvers, that had been for generations in the ancient Basque families—heirlooms much prized, but many of which, at a later period, were cheer-

fully thrown into the melting-pot to support the identified causes of legitimacy and the Biscayan *fueros*—poured in on the requisition of the beloved general; and the table, when laid, would have been in its place in a museum of antiquities. Old wine, too, of rare vintage, was not wanting; the cooks did their utmost for the honour of their province; and Lord Eliot was fain to admit that he had underrated the resources of his hospitable entertainer. On another occasion, the Carlist leader invited him to breakfast near Estella, and gave secret orders that, during the repast, his guerillas should provoke the Christinos, and bring on a skirmish. At the sudden sound of firing close at hand, Lord Eliot, by a natural impulse, started from his seat, as did a foreign aid-de-camp of Zumalacarregui's there present. "Don't disturb yourself, my lord," said the general quietly. "When they know that I am here, they will not come on." And the meal was finished to the music of the musketry. Lord Eliot, Don Geronimo added, took a great liking to Zumalacarregui, who seems to have had the power of inspiring all who approached him with sentiments of esteem and respect, and remained with him, for the sake of his society, for some days after the object of his mission was attained.

If the priest was an interesting companion, especially to one who had seen something of the war, in reminiscences of which he abounded, my other fellow-traveller proved still more so. He was a slender, smartly-made, alert-looking man of about thirty-five, with aquiline features, an expressive and determined countenance, a frank and pleasing smile, and a face clean-shaven, except of a wiry mustache. Nothing in his dress betrayed the soldier; but still it was impossible to doubt that he had served, and probably for a long time. There were lines on his face which told of hardship and suffering, although these seemed in no degree to have depressed his spirits, or to have impaired his youthful vigour and activity. He was a good linguist, talked French admirably, Spanish tolerably, and only a slight accent when he spoke to me in capital English, betrayed him to be a German. He was by no means difficult to draw out; and before our journey was half over we had obtained from him, without much questioning, a graphic sketch of his adventurous life. He had just left a German university when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, and, having a hot head and notions somewhat exaggerated as to the amount of liberty for which the Fatherland was ripe, he plunged at once into the contest, and, after many adventures and narrow escapes, found himself in the ranks of the Hungarian army. The war at an end, Germany was no place for one so compromised as he was; and after pining for a short time in idleness in England, he proceeded to India, and entered the service of a native prince. There he passed several eventful years, saw some fighting, and improved his knowledge of English; but, becoming disgusted with his position, he accepted an offer of service in the Persian army. On his way from India, and before entering the Persian Gulf, the native vessel, in which he had taken passage, was captured by pirates, and carried into a little port on the coast of Oman. Everybody on board was massacred except himself. He saved his life by proclaiming himself a physician. He could not have hit upon a happier device. The brother of the piratical chief of the small town at which he was landed had long been ill of fever; native art had afforded him no relief, and the Frank doctor was called upon immediately to cure him. Fortunately he had with him quinine and other drugs, suitable to the most ordinary diseases of those climates; and, stimulated by the promise of his liberty if he effected a cure, and by the threat of instant death if he failed, he proceeded to administer remedies. Perhaps the malady was not very obstinate, but at any rate they proved effectual, and the sick man recovered. The doctor gained great praise, and was told that he should shortly be released; but he soon found that the Arabs had no intention of depriving themselves of the valuable assistance of so skilful a

leech. When he reminded them of their promise, he was put off by pretexts, and the service he had rendered did not even procure him decent treatment. Rice and dates constituted his sole food; and he was so strictly watched, that escape, even had he known whither to fly, was evidently impossible. Meanwhile, he was compelled to prescribe for the sick, trembling, at every fresh case, lest he should kill his patient, and be himself in his turn killed. He had passed some months in this painful, and, as it seemed, hopeless captivity, when a messenger arrived from the interior to demand the assistance of the Frank hakim for a chief who had received a bullet in his thigh. The wounded man being a person of great weight, and a desperate fellow to fight, compliance was immediate. The unfortunate *médecin malgré lui* was hoisted on the top of a camel, and started off to a distance of forty-eight hours' march. His journey was mournful enough; for, if he had hitherto contrived to pass muster as a physician, he had not the slightest hope of acquitting himself tolerably as a surgeon, and had as much notion of building a man-of-war as of extracting a musket-ball. But his life had become too irksome and hopeless for him to care much about it; and all he prayed for was that he might be put to death at once, and not tortured. On approaching the town or village to which he was bound, his ears were greeted by a most diabolical clamour, howlings and lamentations, and the sounds of savage instruments. The leader of his escort shook his head. "We come too late," he said; "the chief is dead." And so it proved, and the hakim was taken back to the coast and his captors. But he soon found that, if his position was bad before, it was worse now. His reputation was completely ruined. "If his skill had been worth anything," said the Arabs, "he would have kept the wounded man alive until he arrived to see him." To those barbarians the reason was conclusive, and all confidence in him was at an end. Nobody consulted him any more; he was worse treated, worse fed, and compelled to work. His case was so piteous that he sometimes thought of throwing himself into the sea; but then again he took courage and patience, in hopes of some lucky turn and possible rescue. At last, when he had been six months a captive, he one day perceived an unusual stir in the village. The Arabs were gathering together their property, and evidently preparing to flit. He presently learned that this was in apprehension of the visit of an English cruiser, sent to repress the depredations of the pirates. In the general bustle, little attention was paid to him; but he observed an old man, of some consideration in the village, and whom he had cured of a slight illness, eyeing him attentively, and seemingly watching an opportunity to speak with him unobserved. This found, the old Arab told him that they should go away that night; that, before daybreak, not a soul would be left in the village; and that, if he wished to escape, he must hide amongst the rocks on the beach, and the English cruiser would doubtless take him off. The advice was too good not to be acted upon. As soon as it became dark, the disgraced doctor managed to conceal himself in the manner indicated. Shortly afterwards he perceived that his absence was noted; he heard his name repeatedly shouted, and the steps of people seeking him. His suspense and agony were terrible, but his hiding-place was well chosen; he lay still as death, and after a while the search seemed abandoned, and all was quiet in the village. Still he dared not venture forth, lest a rear-guard should remain; and even when day broke, and the sun rose high in the heavens, and although the most profound silence prevailed, he did not quit his hiding-place, but lay motionless, gazing out upon the sea, of which he had a view through a narrow opening in the rocks. Towards noon, as he lay there faint and hungry, his eyes dazzled by the glare of the water, a black bar suddenly crossed his line of vision. It was the bowsprit of a ship—the ardently-desired cruiser. Swiftly she glided past, too far off for any signal he had it in his power to make, and with breathless anxiety he watched her

course, hoping to see it changed, and directed towards the land. But on she went, increasing instead of diminishing her distance; and his hope was soon exchanged for despair. Liberty was worthless to him if he had no means of escaping from that inhospitable coast, where he must either perish of hunger or fall again into the hands of the pirates, at which, perhaps, a worse fate awaited him. Still doubtful whether the village was completely evacuated, he resolved to stay where he was until nightfall, and then to make a reconnaissance. But, a short time before sunset, the same object that once already had filled him with hope, reappeared to revive it. The cruiser returned, and presently cast anchor. Boats were lowered from her; they approached the shore, and opened a furious fire on the village. The village did not think proper to reply; its recent occupants were far enough off by that time. So the boats dashed in, and a lot of blue-jackets jumped ashore. The German adventurer and hakim left his hiding-place, and hurried to meet them. His rig did not apparently inspire the man-of-war's men with much confidence, and, taking him doubtless for one of the natives, they sent a few shots in his direction, in spite of his shouts, hand-waving, and energetic demonstrations of amity. An officer checked the fire: the ex-adherent of the Rajah of Bubblepore made himself known as a Christian captive escaped from the bondage of the infidel; and soon he found himself seated in the gun-room of H.B.M.'s cruiser, clad in a subscription of clothes made for him by the officers, and handling a knife and fork in such style that, to save his life, the ship's surgeon was obliged to take them away. Six months of rice and dates, my fellow-traveller pathetically assured me, have a most hollowing effect upon a European stomach, however well the diet may be endured by Arabs. He then proceeded to tell us how he finally arrived in Persia, and how the government broke its agreement with him—as might be expected of the knavish government of that nation of liars and swindlers *par excellence;* how he nevertheless, his agreement having been guaranteed by a foreign minister, got paid for the full time stipulated; how he then, the war with Russia breaking out, entered the Turkish service, and was on the Danube and in the Crimea; and how, since the peace, he had obtained leave to visit his own country, after nine years' exile. The object of his visit to Spain he did not tell us; nor did I ask, conjecturing it to be a consequence of that habit of constant rambling which, once contracted, becomes so inveterate, and difficult to get rid of. He told us various things well worth remembering; but I must abstain from putting them down here, or we shall never get to Piedmont within the limits of a reasonably long letter.

If Spain has made little political progress during the quarter of a century that has nearly elapsed since she threw off the trammels of absolutism, it were unjust to deny that, as regards material improvements, she has been less stationary. For these improvements she has been in great measure indebted to foreigners, but nevertheless they exist, and the traveller feels the advantage of them. Thus, in the matter of diligences, there is no comparison between those of to-day and those of fifteen or twenty years ago. The vehicle in which we were was roomy, commodious, and well hung; and its pace was tolerable, considering the heat of the weather and the inequalities of the road. Spanish and French diligences are driven on quite different principles. In France you go slowly up hill, and rapidly down—dangerous speed being guarded against, in the latter case, by pressure or drags upon the wheels. In Spain, on the other hand, any moderate ascent is the signal for a gallop. The whip cracks; the mules are invoked by their names, and powerfully cursed: sometimes the *Zagal*, getting into a sort of frenzy, confides the reins to the conductor, jumps down, double-thongs a lazy leader, and even picks stones from the ground and pelts his team. As long as these irregular kinds of stimulus do not overshoot the mark, drive the cattle off the road, and upset the coach down a bank, all goes well; the summit is attained

at a swinging pace, and the beasts recover breath during a leisurely trot along the level. But, at a descent, the *modus operandi* is quite different, and it is then often more difficult to keep the mules or horses back than to get them forward when rising a hill. Perhaps it is from a deficiency of mechanical appliances that, on going down-hill, the wheelers always seem to have a painful and dangerous struggle to prevent the heavy-laden diligence from running over them. The driver holds them in, soothes and encourages them with his voice, and the poor animals bear back with all their strength; but it frequently seems to be nearly an even bet whether they shall be able to hold up against the immense downward pressure, or have to run for their lives in front of the monstrous dead-weight which is in a greater hurry than they are to get to the bottom—a fearful sort of race, whose issue, on a long descent, could not be doubtful, and must end in a general smash. The case is, of course, much worse if the leaders are hot-blooded and anxious to go ahead, for over them the driver, according to the Spanish mode of harnessing, has little or no command. At the last relay, before reaching Pampeluna, six eager horses were put to our diligence, two and two. It was near sunset, and, in hopes of a mouthful of fresh air, and also the better to see the country, I got on the seat beside the driver, who was a little, active, determined-looking fellow, smartly dressed, as postilions are wont to be whose daily duty it is to drive into a capital. "*Cuidado!*" the conductor said to him, as he gathered up the reins,—"have a care, and no running away, like the other day." The other nodded knowingly, and, just then the horses' heads were let go, and they were instantly all over the road, plunging in every direction, until they started off at a tremendous pace. The road was pretty level, and it did not matter; but a long line of undulations was before us, some of them rather steep, although short. The little, vicious-looking zegal set his teeth, planted his feet firmly on the footboard, and seemed prepared for a life-and-death struggle. The conductor appeared uneasy, and kept muttering his eternal *Cuidado! cuidado!* of which the driver took little heed, merely shrugging his shoulders, as if he thought the injunction quite superfluous. We went up a hill at the same furious pace. From the top a descent began, and with it a really frightful struggle between the postilion and the wheelers on the one hand, the leaders and the weight of the diligence on the other. The latter beat; the little zagal got black in the face from exertion, the wheelers were almost out of the harness, and under the wheels, in their efforts to bear up; but it was no use; we went down that hill, up another, and down a third, all at the same mad gallop, fairly run away with, the diligence—whose weight must have been very great, for it was crammed with passengers and heaped with luggage—literally dancing along the road, and rocking so that I expected it each moment to go over. The peril passed, however; the horses were at last pulled up, but it was thought necessary to adopt a new plan of proceeding. The conductor took the reins, and the zagal hooked himself on in some way to the side of the diligence. When we came to a descent, he jumped down, and hung to the heads of the foremost pair of horses, suffering himself to be dragged along by them, sometimes with his feet off the ground, but succeeding in checking their ardour and speed. And thus, without accident, *quittes pour la peur*, we at last entered the town of Pampeluna, which looked ruddy and cheerful in the rays of the setting sun, with a military band playing on the Place d'Armes, and black-eyed Navarrese maidens taking their evening stroll: and then we found, at the comfortable half-French half-Spanish inn, the *table d'hôte* prepared, being the first meal, worthy of the name, we had obtained in the forty-eight hours that had elapsed since we had left Madrid.

Two words before getting off Spanish ground, and entering France, along the picturesque and lovely road that leads to the frontier village of Ainhoa, concerning Spanish railways. One frequently sees in news-

papers dazzling advertisements of projected lines, and hears of the Cortes having voted laws relating to perfect networks of rails, which are to furrow Spain in all directions, to augment trade, encourage building, increase the population, enrich the country, and, above all, fill the pockets of the shareholders. There is a vast deal of delusion in all this, and intending travellers, who postpone their Spanish tour until they can steam through the country, will be long before they cross the Pyrenees. I apprehend that there is not much occasion to warn English capitalists against embarking their cash in Spanish enterprises, whether guaranteed by the government, or of a private nature. The very name of Spain stinks in the nostrils of the London Exchange; and, especially as regards railways, there is good reason for its so doing. In no country in Europe are there so many difficulties in the way of establishing those communications. The natural obstacles are enormous, and would render the construction most costly; the population is scanty, for the extent of the country, and not locomotive in its habits; trade is kept down by an absurd tariff, and by constant political crises and convulsions; the capital, which in England, France, and other countries, does so much to feed the railways with both passengers and goods traffic, is here an insignificant town, neither a port nor an *entrepôt*, and where nothing is manufactured. Spaniards who view Madrid through the magnifying medium of their foolish fondness, dream of railways connecting it with France and Portugal, with Cadiz and Barcelona. They do not dream of doing it with their own money—they are too wise for that; but they would gladly take advantage of foreign resources, and to this all their efforts tend, as do all their high-flown and exaggerated predictions of what Spain would become if sufficiently provided with railways. It is presumable that, some day or other, railways *will* be made there, and on an extensive scale; but I believe that no one who knows the country, and is disinterested in the question, will maintain that, for many years to come, any but short lines can be carried out without heavy loss to those who find the cash. To descend to minor difficulties: The introduction of railways on an extensive scale would meet with resolute hostility on the part of large classes of the people. The numerous tribe of carriers and muleteers would oppose them by every means in their power. In England, and other countries, people employed in connection with coaches, diligences, waggons, &c., found occupation on the rail, but the Spaniard is far less convertible in that way. In the first place, he values not time, and despises punctuality. You have but to study yonder muleteer, who is now much what he was in the days of Cervantes, and you will soon find that you have no materials there for a railway guard or a signal-man. See him rolling along, vituperating his mules, his attire a *calanes* sombrero, and a jacket adorned with particoloured flowerpots, his rate of progress what would elsewhere be called lingering by the way, stopping for rest in the heat of the day, and knowing not haste or hurry. His instincts and enjoyments are those of the gypsy or vagabond, just as the sweetest music to his ears is the jingle of the bells of his beasts. Fancy, if you can, that desultory and independent semi-savage donning a uniform, obeying by-laws, observing signals, punctual to a minute, and obedient to the scream of the steam-whistle. It would take a long time to drill him into that. He would be much more likely to turn refractory, and embark in an anti-railway crusade, lifting rails, or placing tree-trunks on the line, and upsetting trains for the sake or chance of pillage, reckless of broken limbs, fractured skulls, scalded children, and screaming females. All these matters, however, are for the consideration of Spaniards, since they will be the chief travellers on the long lines of railway they are so sanguinely projecting. Whenever one of them is opened, it will be very surprising to all who know Spanish ways, if it be not the scene of great irregularity and many accidents. If the Spaniards can get it made with their own money, or by the aid of those splendid combinations known as "*Crédits Mobiliers*,"

vhy, let them do so, and good luck ıttend them; but Englishmen will ıave profited little by their costly :xperience of Spanish bad faith and nsolvency, if they suffer themselves o be inveigled into parting with their ɔank-notes for the furtherance of any uch schemes. Enough, however, of ɔpain. The green glacis and bright iver of Bayonne are before us, and ɔeyond the latter the terminus of the ailway that is to bear us farther ıorth.

Were you ever at Vichy? Probably ıot; for it is not extensively visited ɔy English, or indeed by any but Frenchmen, being rather out of the vay, less known than it deserves to ɔe, and less amusing than it might asily be made. Englishmen, bound or a foreign bathing-place, turn rather to Germany than France; or, if o France, they usually make for the outh. Cheerful Wiesbaden, sunny Ems, dissipated Baden-Baden, and ;ambling Homburg, possess attracions not presented by the quiet vells of the Bourbonnais; and although Vichy is surrounded by a ɔretty country, and at no great disance from the mountains of Auvergne, it cannot compete, as regards cenery, with the Pyrenean watering-ɔlaces. It at present is little resorted o, save by persons who are really ill. To those the strength and efficacy of ts waters, and the salubrity of its air, trongly recommend it. Vichy is not ne of those places to which physiians send imaginary invalids, whose nly real ailment is ennui, or the faigues of a London season, and who ieed little besides amusement and hange of scene. It is a *bonâ fide* ɔlace of cure, to which, as to a hyɔropathic establishment, few persons vould think of going save for health's ake. Judging from my own obserations during twenty days passed here on my way from Spain to Paris, should think that at least five out of ix of the visitors go really by reason of bad health, and most of the others nerely to accompany sick relatives. There are eight principal springs, of very various temperature and qualities, and which are considered efficacious in a great variety of maladies. Persons suffering from gout, and its kindred diseases, and from affections of the liver and spleen, appeared to me to constitute the larger proportion of the patients at Vichy, in the latter part of the season of 1857; but there are many other complaints for which those waters are recommended. Their principal ingredient is bi-carbonate of soda, to which the greatest portion of their virtue must doubtless be attributed. No waters in Europe contain so much of it. Those of Ems, which in Germany are sometimes compared with those of Vichy, have less than half as much. With the bicarbonate are combined iron, iodine, arsenic, and other things; and although some of these are in very small quantities, it is an ascertained medical fact that medicaments, mingled in nature's laboratory, as they are found in mineral waters, have often an infinitely greater effect than the same quantities when compounded by the pestle of the apothecary. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the Vichy waters are not of that mild and gentle kind, of little power for good or evil, which, combined with a pure air and healthy soil, have sufficed to give a high sanitary reputation to various watering-places both in England and on the Continent. They are not to be trifled with, and should be taken with strict regard to medical directions. The strongest spring rises close to the bank of the river Allier, at a short walk from the town, and is known as that of the Célestins, from the old convent of that order, of which a fragment still exists adjacent to the well, where is also to be seen a remnant of the old town-wall, built by Louis XI., Duke of Bourbon, a great patron of Vichy, and who made of it a fortified place. The water of the Célestins is brisk and full of gas, saline in flavour, but not unpleasant. Five or six half-pints a-day are a pretty strong dose. It is the most frequented of all the fountains, and from early morning till dinner-time one is sure to find there a large attendance of gentlemen with list shoes and chalky knuckles, attired in all the fantastical varieties of costume lawful at bathing-places, and beguiling the intervals between the tumblers by the assistance of a billiard-table and an *al-fresco* reading-room.

Vichy is a place of great antiquity; and although its early history is obscure, its chronicle may be pretty distinctly traced from the 13th century downwards. Antiquaries might perhaps compile it to a much remoter date, by the aid of the numerous coins, statuettes, pots, pillars, and baths, that have been and still are dug up there. That it was greatly frequented by the Romans there seems to be no doubt, but the buildings they constructed were destroyed by the northern barbarians. Towards the end of the 14th century the town was so considerable as to be divided into four quarters, one of which was known as that of the Jews, and was situated between modern Vichy and the pretty village of Cusset, said to derive its name from the Celtic word *cuzey*, hidden—the origin, perhaps, of the English *cosy*. In the frequently-recurring intestine wars of the 15th and 16th centuries, Vichy had its share of disaster and suffering. It was a strong place in 1440, when it was besieged by Charles VII. It opened its gates at the first summons, and the inhabitants sent their magistrates to the king to entreat that they might not be massacred or plundered—a boon, says an historian of the time, which that sovereign graciously conceded to them, annexing to it, however, the condition that the provisions in the town should be divided amongst his soldiers, and that eight hundred of them should remain there in garrison; which, says the same writer, "came to pretty much the same thing." The unlucky convent of the Célestins was repeatedly pillaged, and occasionally destroyed. In 1576 the Huguenots played havoc with it, but gifts from pious persons and succours from Henry III. of France raised it again from its ruins. It was most unluckily situated, for it was a prominent point for both attack and defence; but, on the other hand, it enjoyed great favour with many powerful persons, and its privileges were numerous. By successive exemptions, it came at last to pay no taxes at all, and farmers who brought their corn to be ground at the convent mill were exempted from tolls. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. in turn confirmed its privileges, but under Louis XV., only six monks remaining, it was suppressed, and the Bishop of Clermont took possession of its estates, paying an annuity to each of the six survivors, the last of whom died at Vichy in 1802. During the Revolution the convent was demolished, and portions of its materials may still be traced in the walls of some of the Vichy hotels.

Modern Vichy is divided into two parts — Vichy the Town and Vichy the Baths. The former is the ancient portion; its streets are narrow, steep, and ill-paved. The old houses, however, are falling into decay, and being replaced by others of a better sort. The apartments are still shown which were inhabited by Madame de Sévigné, who took the waters there in 1676, and whose letters contain a glowing description of the attractions of the place. The eloquent Fléchier was there about the same time, and he too has left in his works a panegyric of the surrounding scenery and of the salubrity of the site. The country is certainly pretty, but persons desirous of strictly attending to medical orders have little time for long excursions. Water-drinking twice a-day, a bath, and meals at ten and five, leave only the evening for rambling. The duration of the cure ranges generally between twenty and forty days, and persons who take the waters for the longer period are often ordered to suspend drinking them for a few days in the middle of the time. That interval may be well employed in a visit to the mountains of Auvergne. Nearer at hand however, are many pretty excursions, some of which may be made in three or four hours, and most of them in half a day — on foot, in carriages, or on donkeys, which animals are in great request at Vichy. The Green Mountain and the *Allée des Dames* are close at hand, the Slate Quarry and the Goat's Leap, and the Château of Randan (formerly the property of Madame Adelaide, and bequeathed by her to the Duke of Montpensier, but now belonging to the Duke of Galiera) are at a greater distance. The park of Randan is remarkably beautiful. The Château d'Effiat is about twelve miles from Vichy. It derives its name from Marshal d'Ef-

lat, the ambassador who negotiated he marriage of Henrietta of France vith Charles I. of England, and the ather of the unfortunate Cinq-Mars, Richelieu's victim. Subsequently it belonged for a time to the famous Law, and was sold by his creditors when his speculative bubble burst.

Vichy les Bains, the new town, is pen and pleasant, with gardens in ront of its houses, which are chiefly otels and boarding-houses. It was ately a very cheap watering place, ut prices are rising as it annually ecomes more frequented. The virues of its waters and the facility of ccess from Paris suffice to procure numerous visitors; but a moderate utlay of money might render it nuch more attractive. The pump-oom, or *Etablissement*, is a tolerably andsome building; the bathing ac-ommodation is excellent, and, in a arge rotunda, balls, concerts, and heatrical performances (the latter of very poor description), are given luring the season. Vichy, however, s upon the whole dull, and the life nonotonous. The introduction of good bands, to play in the open air, as at the German watering-places, would greatly enliven it. In front of the pump-room is a large garden, called the Park, where people sit in he day, and promenade of an even-ng, under the shadow of some rather neagre lime-trees. One of the char-acteristics of the place is the number of military men who resort to it, the waters being found efficacious in various diseases that result from the exposure and hardships of campaign-ng. The French Government has established there a commodious and well-organised military hospital, where ninety officers and sixty soldiers are accommodated, every officer having a room to himself. Africa sends numerous patients to this establishment, where, by the sole agency of the waters, judiciously applied by an experienced military physician, many remarkable cures have been effected in cases that ap-peared all but hopeless.

If Vichy be not a particularly lively or amusing place of sojourn, persons who are really ill find compensation in the tonic effects of the waters, and in the symptoms of improved health which, in the majority of cases, quickly follow upon their use. These waters are what the French doctors call *remontantes*, an expres-sive word which well describes their effects, for they raise the spirits, sharpen the appetite, and seem to give a general fillip to the system. On the principle of prevention being better than cure, gentlemen who have been going through an exten-sive course of dining-out, accom-panied by a liberal allowance of port and burgundy, and topping off occa-sionally with a hot supper and cor-rective tumblers of toddy, might em-ploy three weeks of summer advan-tageously at Vichy, and perhaps avert an attack of gout by restricting their diet for that period to its whole-some *tables d'hôte*, and their beverage to the sparkling spring of the Céles-tins. By that time, however, they would doubtless cry Enough! and rejoice in a change from the tranquil little bathing-place on the banks of the Allier and the Sichon to the life and bustle of Paris;—Paris, pleasant even in August, when at the emptiest and dullest; when the court is absent, and the cream of its population scattered abroad; when the theatres are at their very worst, the cafés steaming hot; when Mabille, always wicked, is almost wearisome; and the Pré Catalan, more decorous, but also duller, shows scarcely a sprinkling of visitors—its Spanish and Chinese dancers capering to empty benches in their pretty flower-embowered theatres. Never, probably, was the desertion from the boulevards more general than at the close of the sultry summer of 1857. The necessity of bracing the fibre by sea or mountain air was so universally felt by the Parisians, that the great artery of the capital was abandoned to the toiling multitude, to stray foreigners or birds of passage, and to those indefatigable bulls and bears that devour each other, all the year round, at the entrance to the opera passages. The great chief of the State—he who may say, as truly as the fourteenth Louis, *l'Etat c'est moi*, was playing at soldiers on the chalky flats of Cha-lons; his ministers were scattered abroad, as were half the official people of Paris; persons whose occu-

pations forbade long absences, had settled themselves in the environs, and slunk in and out of town as though ashamed to be seen there; even foreigners hurried through as if impelled by a foolish adherence to fashion to ignore the fact that Paris, at its dullest, is still the pleasantest place in which a stranger can pass a fortnight; here and there one met an adventurous Briton, a stray Spanish grandee or Moldavian boyard; but the Café de Paris is no more, and the old rendezvous of foreigners, who held their after-dinner meeting in its front, is now at an end.

From London to Turin is now as easy a journey as was, twenty years ago, that from London to Paris. The expense is of course greater, but the time employed is scarcely more than was required, in the days of stage-coaches and diligences, to get from Piccadilly to the Boulevards. And this notwithstanding many changes of vehicle, some of which will soon be got rid of. After steaming nearly through France, one takes to the water along a very crooked and narrow canal, where the boat is apt to get aground, and is preserved from so doing only by the desperate exertions of squads of men and boys, who run along the banks, holding ropes attached to the small steamer, which they twist round pegs sunk in the ground, and, hauling upon them, keep her in the deepest water, and get her round the sharp bends. The tugging and concomitant shouting are of course considerable, and the progress slow; but the passengers —if, as is the best plan, they have left Paris by the mail train the night before—are generally too busy discussing a bad breakfast in the wretched cabin, to heed much that goes on above and around them. Disentangled from the windings of the canal, the boat enters the picturesque little lake of Bourget, and quickly steams across it. All this water-passage will soon be done away with by a railway now in course of construction. On landing, you proceed by rail to St. Jean de Maurienne; then come a dozen hours' diligence across the Mont Cenis, and finally, a short railway takes you from Susa to Turin.

This city does not very strongly impress new-comers by its aspect. If you enter it from Milan or Genoa, you are chiefly struck by its modern appearance. Of ancient origin, it is of recent and rapid growth. It was not until towards the latter half of the sixteenth century that it became the capital of Piedmont, and at the close of that century it had not 12,000 inhabitants. Bartolotti remarks that it resembles a city built in the sixteenth century, increased and embellished in the seventeenth, renewed and greatly enlarged in the eighteenth. I may add that it has nearly doubled in size in the nineteenth, at least in population, for the census of 1799 gives little more than 80,000 inhabitants. Under Victor Emanuel I., Charles Felix, and the late King Charles Albert, vast additions of handsome squares and streets were made to Turin. With the exception of a few old streets, narrow and irregular, composed of houses of various heights, with wooden balconies and close courts,—relics of Turin as it was in A. D. 1500—and of the Via di Po, which may be termed the Bond Street of Turin, and which permits itself a slight obliquity, all the streets in the chief city of Sardinia are parallel, or at right angles to each other, so that a map of the town much resembles a chess-board. In this respect Turin is like Mannheim on the Rhine. The houses are solidly constructed, but much too airy for a climate like this, where at least five months of the year are cold and wet. The wood of the internal fittings is frequently ill-seasoned; it quickly warps, and through doors and windows countless zephyrs whistle and flutter, bearing colds and rheumatism on their wings. And even in many of the best and newest houses an abominable practice still prevails of having on every landing-place a large doorway opening on an interior balcony, and closed, not by solid panels, or even by glass, but simply by a gate of iron bars. Add to this that the street doors are open all day, and you will easily imagine that it is not easy to warm such houses by the wood fires which alone are obtainable in Turin, and that recourse must be had to stoves, and

o portable receptacles for hot em-
ers. The mode of dwelling is simi-
ar to that in Paris; people live
ipon floors, or upon half or a third
f a floor, some of the houses being
ery large. This involves the ne-
essity of a porter, which all the
iouses of a decent class possess;
ut between the Parisan *concierge*
nd the Piedmontese *portinajo* the
ifference is indeed wide. The former
s a type immortalised by innumerable
ovelists and caricaturists—his vices
re many, his virtues few; he is
reedy, venial, generally lazy, often
nsolent, a spy and a scandal-monger,
ut he is usually intelligent and
uick-witted. His brother in Turin
ay be more virtuous, but he is also
vast deal stupider; and as he rarely
peaks or comprehends anything but
n abominable dialect, compounded
f Italian and Provençal, with a mix-
ure of words stolen from the French
r derived from Spanish and vari-
us other tongues, he is of little
esource to the foreigner. His defi-
iency in this respect is not to be
ondered at, since in Piedmont even
he highest classes are not ashamed
o converse habitually in this inhar-
nonious patois. Indeed, Italian is
ery little known in this country,
nd Piedmontese and bad French
re the usual mediums of conversa-
ion.

The stranger in Turin is generally
truck by its quietness, which, con-
idering its size, is certainly remark-
ble. Its inhabitants display little
f that vivacity for which southerns
re generally noted. They are rather
hlegmatic, and neither boisterous
or loquacious. An equal number
f Frenchmen would make far more
oise. Then, unlike Milan, where
rivate carriages are said to be more
umerous in proportion to its popu-
ation than at Paris, the traffic of
ehicles is not great; and as most
f the principal streets are provided
with strips of flags to receive the
wheels, and as the pace is usually
nything but rapid, little noise is
ccasioned. From the position of
he principal hotels, the theatres, and
he best shops, and following the
crowd, Po Street and Castle Square
(into which it debouches) are the
beat strangers are most likely to
take, and from them they first derive
their impressions of the town. Both
street and square are lined with
massive arcades of a plain and
heavy style of architecture, and
under these—*sotto i portici*—is the
favourite promenade of the Turinese.
Ladies go there to shop, and men to
stroll. The effect of this part of the
town would be decidedly handsome,
if the porticoes were kept unencum-
bered. But, ground being valuable
there, the larger half of these have
been suffered to be filled up with
mean wooden buildings serving as
shops, and occupied by milliners,
pipe-makers, engravers, and small
tradesmen of different descriptions.
This greatly darkens the arcades,
which are closed, to a person view-
ing them from the centre of the
square, by the rear of these shabby
huts. In like manner, in the Via di
Po, flower and fruit sellers, dealers
in old books and engravings, in
matches, nails, provisions, and small
wares of all kinds, are allowed to
establish their stalls on the exterior
edge of the flags, under the curve of
the arches, and even on both sides
within, encroaching on the footway.
The arcades being thus considerably
blocked up, persons driving down
the street are hardly aware of the
full extent of the movement on either
side of them. Except in the morn-
ing, when comparatively few people
are abroad, and most of them are
proceeding rapidly to business, no-
body seems to walk for exercise in
Turin. It is one eternal saunter
under the porticoes, which are ap-
parently considered to be, like a
Spaniard's cloak, good to exclude
cold in winter and heat in summer.
On Sundays and holidays, and in fine
weather, the population in some de-
gree emancipates itself from their
shelter, and finds its way into the
open streets, into the squares, some
of which are large and handsome,
and also to the exterior boulevard, or
alley planted with trees, which ex-
tends nearly all round Turin, except
on the side where it is bordered by
the Po.

The police and municipal super-
intendence of Turin are, as you will
perhaps have already inferred, ex-
tremely deficient. Certainly in no

other capital would the principal streets and squares (for the same system is tolerated in the very handsome Piazza di San Carlo, in the centre of which stands Marochetti's celebrated equestrian statue of Emanuel Philibert) be suffered to be defaced by booths and apple-stalls, and crowded with rubbishing old books and trays of stale pamphlets. Then the bill-sticking is unlimited; columns, gateways, houses, and even public buildings, are pasted over with play-bills, advertisements of all kinds, sheets of announcements (small newspapers) published by house-agents and others, and with countless dirty little manuscripts wafered to the wall by persons who have lodgings to let. As it seems nobody's business to tear these down, they accumulate, and often remain long after they have become illegible from damp and dirt. Then the streets, although generally well paved, are very ill kept, and snow and mud are but rarely and imperfectly removed. And the beggars, although not in such crowds as at Madrid, are numerous, and as very few porters consider it their duty to keep them out of the houses, and many of the porters' lodges are not at the entrance at all, but at the bottom of a court, or in some out-of-the-way place, mendicants, monks, match-sellers, and vagabonds, and impostors of all kinds, march boldly up the stairs, and ring at the doors of the apartments. In all these respects, then, Turin is infinitely inferior to Milan, which is a clean, well-kept, and well-ordered city.

The lover of antiquities will find little to gratify him in the Piedmontese capital, concerning whose buildings and externals, however, I think I have said enough, since, as regards all such things, is there not much written in the Red Book of Murray? I shall dwell no more upon them, neither do they possess any striking attraction. The chief interest of this capital is moral, and not material, and is due to its being that of the only Italian country which has as yet succeeded in obtaining and retaining a constitutional government. England cannot but watch with interest the progress and fate of these five millions of people, who, surrounded by despotisms, can justly boast of real freedom. Lord Palmerston has held up Piedmont as a shining example of the success of free institutions, and, on a broad view of the case, it cannot be said that he was in the wrong. The Piedmontese have, as I believe, a strong instinctive love of liberty, and their public men possess, in a remarkable degree, the virtues of honesty, patriotism, and disinterestedness. The warfare of political parties is usually carried on with a fairness, an openness, and an abstinence from intrigue, most creditable to all concerned. After such high praise as this, I may be permitted to say that the ignorance of a vast proportion of the Piedmontese is very great, that education is extremely behind-hand in this country, and that I think the nation is deficient in that intelligence and vigour of thought which would enable it to improve on the condition it has attained. We must bear in mind, however, that ten years only have elapsed since its emancipation, and that, during the whole of that time, the Constitutionalists have had to resist the persevering efforts of a numerous and powerful party, including nearly the whole of the enormous body of churchmen, which has been continually striving to impel the country on a backward path. In this it would not improbably have succeeded, but for the honesty of the King, and the talents, firmness, exertions, and true patriotism of a few distinguished men. At the head of these—and, it must be added, far ahead of any of them in ability—stands the present prime-minister, Count Camillo Cavour, who would rank in any country as a true statesman, and who is of inestimable value to Piedmont. An aristocrat by birth and connection, he has braved the prejudices of his class to place himself at the head of the liberal movement in his country, to guide and to control it. A man of extraordinary energy and application, he has sacrificed all pleasures to the severest labour, or rather he has made of labour the sole pleasure of his life. He has been well described by Antonio Gallenga as "the massy-headed hundred-handed, sleepless, indefati-

gable financier." But perhaps his most striking quality—at least the one that would most win upon Englishmen—is his strong practical good sense. This, combined with the skill as a debater acquired during ten years of parliamentary life, makes him a formidable adversary in the Chamber. He knows how at once to strip a subject of false colours and pretensions, and quickly seizes, often with telling irony and humour, upon the weak points of his opponents' speeches. All departments of government find him equally apt and ready. Finance, foreign affairs, the home department, have been or are directed by him with the same vigour and judgment. But a very few weeks have elasped since he assumed the reins of the last-named department, which had got very slack in the hands of his well-meaning but incompetent predecessor, and already new life seems to pervade the administration.

The merit, talents, and good intentions of Cavour, are recognised here even by those who differ most from him in politics. The ultra-liberals may think him lukewarm, the absolutists may denounce him as an anarchist, but I never heard of either extreme denying the ability and honesty of the man who, at the head of the moderate party—the most powerful now in Piedmont—is in reality the truest friend the liberties of his country have. He seeks to advance steadily, but without precipitation, that improvement and reform which he would endanger by a less prudent and more hasty course. Sardinia has already obtained a large measure of liberty; there still are changes that need to be made, but it would be perilous to hurry them. Cavour has to consider not only the prejudices of the people—in great part uneducated—and the opposition of a large and strong retrograde party, but also the position of this little country with respect to one powerful and decidedly hostile government, and to another, still more powerful, which, although at present friendly, is jealous of liberty wherever it shows itself. With one crying evil there is great difficulty in dealing, and that is the overgrown wealth and influence of the priests. I shall not trouble you with statistics; it may suffice to say that, before 1848, no country was so priest-ridden as this, and that still, although something has been done to reduce it, the power of the church is here enormous—as are also its revenues and the number of its members. In Turin one cannot step from his house into the street without encountering some sleek and stalwart friar, striding along in his coarse brown robe, and long processions of religious orders and of priests are of continual occurrence. The country literally swarms with these drones of society. For some years past there has been a strong agitation in favour of the confiscation of church property, the clergy to receive salaries from the government. The idea has met great opposition, and no minister has as yet been able to venture upon its realisation. Something was done in 1854 to equalise, to a limited extent, the distribution of the church revenues; but it was a very small measure, not a tithe of what was wanted, and yet the violence with which it was combated, and the difficulty with which it was carried, showed that, for the time being, it was scarcely possible to go farther. It is not yet three years since the law known as the Convent Bill was presented to the Sardinian Parliament; and the clamour and struggle to which it gave rise attracted sufficient attention throughout Europe for the circumstances still to be fresh in most people's memory. The native clergy intrigued and conspired, Rome thundered and protested; every possible influence was brought to bear upon the King; and, as it for a moment seemed, not without success. The Cavour cabinet resigned; but it was quickly recalled, and the bill voted by the Chambers received the royal sanction. The contest was so animated, the agitation so great, that some alarm was felt, and probably, in many other countries, disturbances would have occurred; but the Piedmontese are a peaceable and cool-tempered race, and everything passed over quietly.

The feelings of sympathy and satisfaction with which Englishmen, as stanch and consistent lovers of

liberty, have witnessed its attainment by this country, naturally dispose them to take the brightest view of the character of the Sardinian people, to dwell with pleasure upon their virtues, and to pass lightly over their faults. The same remark applies to the English estimate of the present King of Sardinia, whose personal gallantry in the field, displayed in the war with Austria, and his leal and consistent conduct towards his subjects, have won him golden opinions and almost unlimited praise. He is unquestionably an honest and well-meaning man, who feels, as I believe, a far greater pride and pleasure in being the constitutional monarch of a free people, than he would do in being as absolute as a Russian czar. Moreover, in his peculiar position, as the only constitutional Italian sovereign, there is scope for ambition. At the present moment the fetters of Austrian Italy seem more firmly riveted than ever; but no one can tell what changes the next twenty years may produce. A European war might lead to the emancipation of Lombardo-Venetia, and in that case who but Victor Emanuel would be called to reign over the kingdom of constitutional Italy? He is but thirty-eight years of age, and it is impossible to say that he may not be reserved to assist in great events, and fulfil a high destiny. His detestation of Austria is well known, and contributes to the popularity he enjoys amongst his subjects—a loyal race, long and deeply attached to the house of Savoy. I believe that nothing in the world would give him such pleasure, would render him so completely happy, as to find himself in a position to lead across the Ticino such an army as could contend, with a fair chance of success, against the Austrian legions. With that army at his back, and with the chivalrous and noble-hearted La Marmora, who looks like a Paladin of old, by his side, he would fear no foe, and feel confident of victory. His taste is for action rather than for council; he prefers the field to the cabinet. His mode of life proves this: he detests court forms and ceremonies, and passes the greater part of his time in hunting and shooting. Nothing afflicts him more than the arrival here of great personages, to whom he is obliged to give state receptions and grand entertainments. His tastes are not intellectual, and his private life might occasion scandal in England; but a moral sovereign would be out of place in Piedmont: and his subjects smile indulgently at his amours, which are of no very elevated description. He is, in fact, very much what he looks—a frank straightforward man, hating humbug, somewhat of a sensualist, with little talent, but an honest heart. He has been seen in England, and his portrait is familiar to most people—his square and rather heavy figure, his broad chest and bull-neck, his enormous mustache, bluff features, and head very much thrown back. He looks best in uniform, and on horseback; on foot his appearance is not very majestic. Whatever his defects, however, his subjects like him well, and certainly would be sorry to change him for another. Honesty of purpose, and a sincere attachment to liberty, and respect for a plighted word, are at least as important qualities in a king, as brilliant talents and a fascinating exterior. And if his own capacity be but limited, the King of Sardinia is doubly fortunate in possessing so able a counsellor as Cavour, and in having the good sense to be guided by his advice.

If I here bring my letter to a close, it is rather for fear of its extending to an unreasonable length, than because there does not still remain much to be said concerning Piedmont, which would be interesting, and probably new, to most English readers. Should you therefore deem this desultory epistle from a rambler worth the printer's trouble, on a future day further tidings from Turin may possibly be addressed to you by your faithful

VEDETTE.

TURIN, *March* 1858.

## RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW.

MR. CARLYLE has popularised a saying of Goethe's, to the effect that the life of the most insignificant man, faithfully written, will prove interesting to the highest man; that the history of the blind wretch who sits by the wayside, rolling his sightless eyeballs in the sunshine, blessing you with great volubility if you drop a penny in his hat, cursing you with equal volubility, and with far more sincerity, if you *don't*, will, if fairly related, have something in it to stir the high heart of a Queen. So far as we are aware, no one has ventured to impugn this thesis. The golden shield has been hung up, nor yet has it rung to the challenge of a hostile lance. On the same wall we hasten to hang up our pinchbeck one. Our thesis is as follows: the history of the dirtiest and most insignificant town would, if worthily set forth, have some points of human interest. Yea, even the fraction of a town: the story of the Goosedubs, intelligently told, has that in it which might attract the notice of London, or of Edinburgh herself, "throned on crags." What is the popular idea of Glasgow, for instance? Catechise nine-tenths of the inhabitants of these islands on the subject, and you will expiscate something like the following: "Glasgow—stated by the natives to be the second city of the empire—is covered the whole year round with smoke, through which showers are sometimes known to penetrate, sunbeams never. It is celebrated for all kinds of manufactures; is fervent in business six days of the week, spending the seventh in hearing sermon and drinking toddy. Its population consists of a great variety of classes. The 'Operative,' quiet and orderly enough whilst plentifully supplied with provisions, becomes Chartist when hungry, and finds great satisfaction in crowding the City Hall to listen to orators, chiefly natives of the sister isle, declaiming against a 'bloated aristocracy.' The 'Merchant Prince,' known to all ends of the earth, is subject sometimes to strange vagaries: at one moment he is glittering away cheerily in the commercial heaven; the next he has disappeared like the lost Pleaid, swallowed up of night for ever. The history of Glasgow may be summed up in one word—Cotton; its deity is gold; its river, be-sung by poets, a sewer; its environs, dust and ashes; the *gamin* of its wynds and closes is less tinctured with education than a Bosjesman, and has never seen a green field, nor heard a lark sing, save perhaps in a cage outside a window in the sixth story, where a consumptive seamstress is rehearsing Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' the 'swallows with their sunny backs' omitted." We beg to inform the ignorant nine-tenths of these islands, that, so far as Glasgow is concerned, they labour under a grievous misapprehension. It is not in itself an ugly city, and it has many historical associations. Few cities are surrounded with such pretty scenery. Truth must prevail. Glasgow is justified of her children. Dr. Strang, in his *Clubs of Glasgow*, brings the old jolly times of the City before us in their habits as they lived; and Mr. M'Donald, in his *Rambles round Glasgow* and *Days at the Coast*, has, stick in hand, visited every spot of interest in the neighbourhood for miles, knows every ruin and the legend which hallows it, has lingered at sunset in every village churchyard, and is familiar with the half-obliterated inscriptions; can tell where some unknown poet has lived and died, and, if you choose, will repeat you a snatch of his stanzas, and has the whole martyrology of the district at his finger-ends. Glasgow has been fortunate in her sons; her reproach has been taken away; and now, like a dusted jewel, "she shines well where she stands."

The history of the city, from the period of St. Mungo to the commercial crisis and fall of the Western Bank, presents many points of interest. Looking back some thirteen centuries into the grey morning-light of time, we see St. Mungo, led by an

angel, establishing himself on the banks of the Molendinar, and erecting a rude chapel or oratory. There, for many summers and winters, he prayed his prayers, sung his *aves*, and wrought his miracles. The fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and many pilgrims came to converse with, and be counselled by, the holy man. In process of time—the prayers of the saint proving efficacious, and the Clyde, flowing through the lower grounds at a little distance, being famous for salmon—people began to gather there, and a score or so of wooden huts was the beginning of the present city. In 1197 the Cathedral was consecrated by a certain Bishop Joceline, and from thence, on to the Reformation, its affairs continued in a pretty prosperous condition; its revenue, taking into consideration the poverty of the country and the thinness of the population, was considerable; and its bishops were frequently men of ambition, and of splendid tastes. Its interior was enriched by many precious relics. On days of high festival, the Lord Bishop and his officials, clad in costly vestments, entered by the great western door; and as the procession swept onward to the altar, incense fumed from swinging censers, the voices of the choir arose in rich and solemn chanting, the great organ burst on the ear with its multitudinous thunder, and rude human hearts were bowed to the ground with contrition, or rose on surges of sound to heaven in ecstasy. Glasgow, too, is closely connected with Wallace. The Bell o' the Brae saw the flash of his terrible sword, as the Southrons fled before him. At the Kirk of Rutherglen, Sir John Monteith and Sir Aymer de Vallance met to plan the capture of the hero; and at Rob Royston the deed of shame was consummated. Monteith, with sixty followers, had surrounded the house in which Wallace lay. Traitors were already within. His weapons were stolen; Kierly his servant was slain. According to Blind Harry, at the touch of a hand Wallace sprang up, a lion at bay. He seized an oaken stool, and at a blow broke one rascal's back, splashed the wall with the blood and brains of a second; when the whole pack threw themselves upon him, brought him down, and secured him. He was conveyed to Dumbarton, then held by the English, and from thence was delivered into the hands of Edward. The battle of Langside was fought in the vicinity of the city. Moray, lying in Glasgow, intercepted Mary on her march from Hamilton to Dumbarton, and gave battle. Every one knows the issue. The queen fled with a wild rein toward England and a scaffold. Moray returned to Glasgow by the village of Gorbals, his troops, it is said, wiping their bloody swords on the manes of their horses as they rode through, and went thence to meet his assassin in Linlithgow town. During the heat and frenzy of the Reformation, nearly all our ecclesiastical houses went to the ground, or came out of the fierce trial with interiors pillaged, altars desecrated, and the statues of apostles and saints broken or defaced. Glasgow Cathedral was assailed like the rest; already the work of destruction had begun, when the craftsmen of the city came to the rescue. Their exertions on that occasion preserved the noble building for us. They were proud of it then, they are proud of it to-day. During the Persecution, the country to the west of Glasgow was overrun with dragoons, and many a simple Covenanter had but short shrift; seized, tried, condemned, shot, in heaven, within the hour. The rambler is sure to encounter, not only in village churchyards, but by the wayside, or in the hearts of solitary moors, unvisited but by the sunbeam and the curlew's cry, rude martyr-stones, their sculpture and letters covered with lichen, telling the names of the sufferers and the manner of their deaths with difficulty, and intimating that

> "This stone shall witness be
> 'Twixt Presbyterie and Prelacie."

The next striking event in the history of the city is the visit of Prince Charles. Enter on the Christmas week of 1745–46 the wild footsore Highland host, on their flight from Derby. How the sleek citizens shrink from the worn hairy faces and wild eyes in which the lights of plunder

›urn! "The Prince, the Prince, vhich is the Prince?" "That's he, ›onder, wi' the lang yellow hair." Onward rides, pale and dejected, the hrone-haunted man. He looks up is he catches a fair face on the street, ınd you see he heirs the Stuart ›ye and Stuart smile. He, like his ıthers, will provoke the bitterest ıatred, and be served with the wild-st devotion. Men will gladly throw ›way their lives for him. The blood ›f nobles will redden scaffolds for ıim. Shepherds and herdsmen will lare death to shelter him, and beau-iful women will bend over his sleep, vrapped in clansman's plaid, on bed of ıeather or bracken, to clip but one hred of his yellow hair, and be there-›y requitted for all that they and heirs have suffered in his behalf. With all his beauty and misfortunes, ıis appearance in Glasgow created ittle enthusiasm. He scarcely gained recruit—only a few ladies donned vhite breast-knots and ribbons. He evied a heavy contribution on the nhabitants. A Prince at the head ›f an army sorely in want of brogues, ınd who insisted on being provided vith shoe-leather, without exchange ›f cash, was hardly calculated to ex-:ite the admiration of prudent Glas-;ow burgesses. He did not remain ong. The Green beheld for one day .he far-stretching files and splendour ›f the Highland war; on the next, n unpaid shoe-leather, he marched ›o his doom. Victory, like a stormy ınbeam, burned for a moment on ıis arms at Falkirk, and then all was :losed in blood and thunder on Cul-oden Moor.

It is about this period that Dr Strang's book on the *Clubs* begins. n these old hospitable hard-drink-ng days, Glasgow seems to have ›een pre-eminently a city of clubs. Every street had its tavern, and every avern its club. There were morn-ng clubs, noonday clubs, even-ng clubs, and all-day clubs, which, ike the sacred fire, never went ›ut. The club was a sanctuary vherein nestled friendship and en-oyment. The member left his ordi-ıary life outside the door, and picked t up when he went away. Within ts circle all the ills that flesh is heir ›o were redressed, and the debtor grew unconscious of the creditor's eye. At the sight of the merry boon-companions, care packed up his bundles and decamped; or, if he dared remain, he was immediately laid hold of, plunged into the punch-bowl, and there was an end of him, for that night at least. Unhappily, these clubs are all dead, "gone to their deathbed;" but as their ghosts troop past in Dr Strang's pages, the sense is delicately taken with an odour of rum-punch. Shortly after the Pretender's visit to the city, the Anderston Club—so called from its meetings held at that little village—flourished, cracked its jokes, and drank its punch on Saturday afternoons. Perhaps no club connected with the city, before or since, could boast a membership so distinguished. It contained nearly all the University professors. Dr Moore, Professor of Greek; Professor Ross, who faithfully instilled the humanities into the Glasgow youth; Drs. Cullen and Hamilton, medical teachers of eminence; Adam Smith; the brothers Foulis, under whose auspices the first Fine Art Academy was established in Scotland, and from whose printing-press the Greek and Roman classics were issued with a correctness of text and beauty of typography which had then no parallel in the kingdom—were regular and zealous members. But the heart and soul of the Anderston club seems to have been Dr. Simson, Professor of Mathematics. His heart vibrated to the little hostlery of Anderston like the needle to the pole. He left the University when the college clock struck one, and appeared at Anderston punctual to a moment. He could have found the way with his eyes shut. The following story is related of the Professor by Dr. Strang. At the club—

"The mathematician ever made it a rule to throw algebra and arithmetic 'to the dogs,' save in so far as to discover the just *quadratic equation* and *simple division* of a bowl of punch. One thing alone in the club he brought his mathematics to bear upon, and that was his glass. This had been constructed on the truest principles of geometry for emptying itself easily, the stalk requiring to form but a very acute angle with the open lips ere its whole contents had dropped

into the œsophagus. One fatal day, however, Girzy, the black-eyed and dimple-cheeked servant of the hostlerie, in making arrangements for the meeting of the club, allowed this favourite piece of crystal, as many black and blue-eyed girls have done before and since, to slip from her fingers and be broken. She knew the Professor's partiality for his favourite beaker, and thought of getting another; but the day was too far spent, and the Gallowgate, then the receptacle of such luxuries, was too far distant to procure one for that day's meeting of the fraternity. Had Verreville, the city of glass, been then where it has since stood, the mathematician's placid temper might not have been ruffled, nor might Girzy have found herself in so disagreeable a dilemma. The club met, the hen-broth smoked in every platter, the few standard dishes disappeared, the *medoc* was sipped, and was then succeeded, as usual, by a goodly-sized punch-bowl. The enticing and delicious compound was mixed, tasted, and pronounced nectar. The Professor, dreaming for a moment of some logarithm of Napier or problem of Euclid, pushed forward to the fount unconsciously the glass which stood before him, drew it back a brimmer, and carried it to his lips: but lo! the increased angle at which the Professor was obliged to raise his arm, raised him from his momentary reverie, and, pulling the drinking-cup from his lips as if it contained the deadliest henbane, exclaimed, 'What is this, Girzy, you have given me? I cannot drink out of this glass. Give me my own, you little minx. You might now well know that *this* is not mine.'—'Weel-a-wat it is a' I hae for't, Maister Simson,' answered Girzy, blushing. 'Hush, hush,' rejoined the mathematician, 'say not so. I know it is not *my* glass, for the outer edge of this touches my nose, and *mine* never did so.' The girl confessed the accident, and the Professor, though for some minutes sadly out of humour, was at length appeased, and swallowed his *sherbet* at the risk of injuring his proboscis."

Dr Strang informs us that the eccentric mathematician, in his progress from the University to Anderston, was in the habit of counting his steps, and that he could tell the distance to a fraction of an inch. He has omitted to say whether the steps were counted on the return, and if the numbers corresponded.

Along with the notices of the club subsequent to the one we have mentioned, Dr Strang gives his reader a tolerably vivid notion of how it went with Glasgow in these years. We have a peep of the Trongate during the lucrative tobacco trade, when Glasgow had her head not a little turned by her commercial prosperity. There are rich citizens now in the streets. Behold Mr Glassford picking his steps daintily along the crown o' the causeway, with scarlet cloak, flowing wig, cocked hat, and gold-headed cane. He has money in his purse, and he knows it too. All men warm themselves in the light of his countenance. If he kicks you, you are honoured. Is it not with a golden foot? How the loud voice drops, how the obsequious knee bends before him! He told Tobias Smollet yesterday, that he had five-and-twenty ships trading for him on the sea, and that half-a-million passed through his hands every year. Pass on a little farther, and behold Captain Paton leisurely sunning himself in the ample pavement in front of the Tontine. Let us step up to him. He will ask us to dinner, and mix us a bowl of famous punch flavoured with his own limes,

"In Trinidad that grow."

For hospitality was then, as now, a characteristic of the city. The suppers were of the most substantial description. A couple of turkeys, a huge round of beef, and a bowl—a very Caspian sea of punch—seething to its silver brim, and dashed with delicate slices of lime or lemon—formed the principal ingredients. Good-fellowship was the order of the day. In the morning and forenoon the merchants congregated in the Tontine Reading-room for news and gossip, and at night the punch-bowl was produced, emptied, replenished, and emptied again, while the toasts—"Down with the Convention," "The Pilot that weathered the Storm"—were drunk with enthusiasm in some cosy tavern in the then aristocratic Princes street. At a later period, during the disturbed years which preceded the Reform Bill, we see the moneyed classes—"soor-milk jockeys" they were profanely nick-named by the mob—eagerly enrolling themselves in yeomanry corps; on field-day shining resplendent in laced

acket and shako, or clanking through the streets with spur and sabre. As we approach our own times, the clubs pale their ineffectual fires — they shrink from planets to Wills-o'-the-wisp; at last

"They fade away,
And die into the light of common day."

Glasgow is now, as far as history is concerned, a clubless city.

During the commercial distress of 1848–49, and the agitation consequent on the flight of Louis Philippe and the establishment of the French Republic, Glasgow had the bad eminence of going farther in acts of riot and lawlessness than any other city in the empire. As was before remarked, the "Glasgow operative" is, when trade is good and wages high, the quietest and most inoffensive of creatures. He cares comparatively little for the affairs of the nation; he is industrious and contented. Every year he holds his saturnalias —one on New Year's Day the other at the Fair (occurring in July); and his excesses at these points keep him poor during the intervals. During periods of commercial depression, however, when wages are low and he works three-quarter time, he has a fine nose to scent political iniquities. He begins to suspect that all is not right with the British Constitution. These unhappy times, too, are productive of impudent demagogues, whose power of lung and floods of lashy rhetoric work incredible mischief. To these he seriously inclines his ear. He is hungry and excited. He is more anxious to reform Parliament than to reform himself. He cries out about the tyranny of class legislation, forgetting the far deeper tyranny of the dram-shop and the pawn-shop. He thinks there should be a division of property. Nay, it is known that some have, in times like these, marked out the very houses they are to possess when the goods of the world are segregated, and appropriated anew. What a dark sea of ignorance and blind wrath is ever weltering beneath the fair fabric of English prosperity! This dangerous state of feeling had been reached in the year we speak of. Hungry tumultuous meetings were held in the Green. The ignorant excited people were maddened by the fierce harangues of reckless orators—fellows who were perfectly willing to burn the house of the nation about the ears of all of us, provided *their* private pig could be roasted thereby. "The rich have food," said they, "you have none; you cannot die of hunger: take food by the strong hand wherever you can get it." The advice was acted upon. The black human sea poured along London Street, and then split —one wave rushed up High Street, another along Trongate, each wasting as it went. The present writer, then a mere lad, was in the streets at the time. The whole thing, going on before his eyes, seemed strange, incredible, too monstrous to be real — a hideous dream, which you fought with and strove to throw away. For an hour or so all order was lost. All that had been gained by a thousand years of strife and effort — all that we had wrested from nature—all the civilities and amenities of life — seemed drowned at once in a wild sea of scoundrelism. The world was turned topsy-turvy. Impossibility became matter of fact. Madness ruled the hour. Gun-shops were broken open, and wretched-looking men, who hardly knew the muzzle from the stock, were running about with rifles over their shoulders. In Buchanan Street a meal-cart was stopped, overturned, the sacks ripped with knives, and women were seen hurrying home to their famishing broods with aprons full; some of the more greedy with a cheese under each arm. In Queen Street a pastry-cook's was attacked, the windows broken, and the delicacies they contained hastily devoured. We remember a large glass-case filled with coloured lozenges arranged in diamond patterns, standing for a while serene amid universal ruin. A scoundrel smashed it with his stick; down rushed the deluge of lozenges, and a dozen rioters were immediately sprawling over one another on the ground, in their eagerness to secure a share of the spoil. By this time the alarm was universal. Shops were shutting in all directions, some of the more ingenious traders, it is said, pasting "A Shop to Let"

upon their premises, that they might thereby escape the rage or the cupidity of the rioters. At last, weary with spoliation, the mob, armed with guns, pistols, and what other weapons they had secured, came marching along Trongate, a tall begrimed collier, with a rifle over his shoulder, in front. This worthy, more than two-thirds tipsy, kept shouting at intervals "Vive la Republic! We'll ha'e Vive la Republic, an' naething *but* Vive la Republic!" To which intelligent political principle his followers responded with vociferous cheers. At last they reached the Cross. Here a barricade was in process of erection. Carts were stopped and thrown down, and London Street behind was crowded with men, many of them provided with muskets. On a sudden the cry arose, "The sodjers! the sodjers!" terrible to the heart of a British mob. Hoofs were heard clattering along Trongate, and the next moment an officer of Carabineers leaped his horse over the barricade, followed by his men, perhaps a dozen in all. The effect was instantaneous. The crowd cleared away like the flying shadow of a cloud. In five minutes not a rioter was to be seen. When the evening fell, the Trongate wore an unwonted appearance. Troops stacked their bayonets, lighted their fires, and bivouacked under the piazzas of the Tontine. Sentinels paced up and down the pavement, and dragoons patrolled the streets. Next day the disturbance came to a crisis. A riot occurred in Calton or Bridgeton. The Pensioners were sent to quell it there. While marching down one of the principal streets, they were assailed by volleys of stones, the crowds meanwhile falling sullenly back from the bayonet-points. The order was given to fire; and the veterans, whose patience was completely exhausted, sent their shot right into the mass of people. Several were wounded, and one or more killed. When the Pensioners were gone, a corpse was placed on boards, carried through the streets shoulder-high by persons who hoped by that means to madden and rouse the citizens; a uge crowd attending, every window ammed with heads, as the ghastly procession passed. As they approached the centre of the city, a file of soldiers was drawn across the street up which they were marching. When the crowd fell back, the bearers of the dead were confronted by the ominous glitter of steel. The procession paused, stopped, wavered, and finally beat a retreat—and thus the Riots closed. That evening we went to look at the spot where the unhappy collision had taken place. Groups of workmen were standing about, talking in tones of excitement. The wall of one of the houses was chipped with bullets, and the gutter, into which a man had reeled, smashed by the death-shot, had yet a ruddy stain. Next day tranquillity was in a great measure restored. Masses of special constables had by this time been organised, and marched through the city in force. Although they did not come in contact with the rioters, the bravery they displayed in cudgelling what unfortunate females and *keelies* of tender years fell into their hands, gave one a lively idea of the prowess they would have exhibited had they met foes worthy of the batons they bore.

Glasgow, as most of our readers are aware, is situated on both sides of the Clyde, some twenty miles or so above its junction with the sea. Its rapidity of growth is perhaps without a parallel in the kingdom. There are persons yet alive, we believe, who remember when the river, now laden with shipping, was a clear angler's stream, in whose gravelly pools the trout played, and up whose rapids the salmon from the sea flashed like a sunbeam; and when the banks, now lined with warehouses, and covered with merchandise of every description, really merited the name of the Broomy Law. Science and industry have wrought wonders here. The stream which a century ago hardly allowed the passage of a herring-boat or a coal gabbert, bears on its breast to-day ships from every clime, and mighty ocean-steamers which have wrestled with the hurricanes of the Atlantic. Before reaching Glasgow, the Clyde traverses one of the richest portions of Scotland, for in summer Clydesdale is one continued orchard

As you come down the stream, you have, away to the right, the rich mineral districts of Gartsherrie and Monkland—not a particularly captivating region, we admit. Everything there is grimed with coal-dust. Spring herself comes with a sooty face. The soil seems calcined. You cannot see that part of the world to advantage by day. Just wait half-a-dozen hours, and it will astonish you. With the night these innumerable furnaces and iron-works rush out into vaster volume and wilder colour, and for miles the country will be illuminated, restless with mighty lights and shades. It is the Scottish Staffordshire. On the other hand, away to the south-west stretch the dark and sterile moors of the Covenant, with wild moss haggs, treacherous marshes bright as emerald, and dark mossy lochs, where the shy water-hen breeds—a wild land of plovers and curlews, in whose recesses, and in the heart of whose mists, the hunted people lay, while the men of blood were hovering near; life and death depending on the cry and flutter of a desert bird, or the flash of a sunbeam along the stretches of the moor. In the middle of that melancholy waste stands the farmhouse of Lochgoin, intimately connected with the history of the Covenanters. To this dwelling came Cameron and Peden, and found shelter; here lies the notched sword of Captain John Paton, and along with it the drum that was beaten at Drumclog by the hill-folk, and the banner that waved above their heads that day. And here too was written the *Scots Worthies*, a book valued by the austerer part of the Scotch peasantry as next in sacredness to the Bible. Nay, it has other charms, this desolate country: over there by Mearns, Christopher North spent his glorious boyhood; in this region, too, Pollok was born, and fed his high and gloomy spirit on congenial scenes. Approaching the city, immediately to the left, are the Cathkin Braes; and, close to the village of Cathcart, past which the Cart runs murmuring in its rocky bed, is the hill on which Mary stood and saw Moray shiver her army like a potsherd. Below Glasgow, and westward, stretches the great valley of the Clyde. On the left, the ancient burgh of Renfrew; farther back, Paisley and Johnstone covered with smoke; above all, Gleniffer Braes fair in the sunlight.

"Towering ower the Newton wuds,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white cluds."

Afar, Neilston Pad, rising its flat summit to the sky like a table spread for a feast of giants. On the right are the Kilpatrick Hills, terminating in the abrupt peak of Dumbuck, and beyond, the rock of Dumbarton, the ancient fortress, the rock of Ossian's song. It rises before us out of another world and state of things, with years of lamentation and battle wailing around it like the sea-mews. By this time the river has widened to an estuary. Port-Glasgow, with its deserted piers, and Greenock populous with ships, lie on the left; Mid channel frowns Roseneath, gloomy with its woods; on the farther shore, Helensburgh glitters like a silver thread; in front, a savage battlement of hills. You pass the point of Gourock, and are in the Highlands. From the opposite coast Loch Long stretches up into that dark world of mountains. Yonder is the Holy Loch, smallest and loveliest of them all. A league of sea is glittering between us and Dunoon. The mighty city, twenty miles away, loud with traffic, dingy with smoke, is the working Glasgow; here, nestling at the foot of mountains, stretching along the sunny crescents of bays, clothing beaked promontories with romantic villas, is another Glasgow keeping holiday the summer long. These villages are the pure wheat; the great city—with its strife and toil, its harass and heart-break—the chaff and husks from which it is winnowed. The city is the soil, this region its bright consummate flower. The merchant leaves behind him in the roar and vapour his manifold vexations, and appears here with his best face and his happiest smile. Here no bills intrude. The fluctuations of stock are unknown. Commercial anxieties live not. In their places are donkey rides, merry pic-nics, and boating parties at sunset on the splendid sea. Here are the "comforts of the Saut

market" in the midst of legendary hills. When the tempest is brewing up among the mountains, and night comes down a deluge of wind and rain; when the sea-bird is driven athwart the gloom, like a flake of foam severed from the wave, and the crimson eye of the Cloch glares at intervals across the firth, you can draw the curtains, stir the fire, and beguile the hours with the serious wisdom of Titmarsh, if a bachelor; if a family man, "The Battle of Prague," or the overture to "Don Giovanni," zealously thumped by filial hands, will drown the storm without. Hugging still the left shore, we have Largs before us, where long ago Haco and his wild-haired berserkers found dishonourable graves. On the other side is Bute, fairest, most melancholy of the islands of the Clyde. From its sheltered position it is blessed with an atmosphere soft as that of Italy, and is one huge hospital now. You turn out in the dog-days, your head surmounted with a straw-hat ample enough to throw a shadow round you, your nether man encased in linen ducks, and meet invalids everywhere sitting in the sunniest spots, or wandering feebly about, wrapt in greatcoats, their chalk faces shawled to the nose. You are half-broiled, they shiver as if in an icy wind. Their bent figures take the splendour out of the sea, and the glory out of the sunshine. They fill the summer day as with the earthly horror of a new-made grave. You feel that they hang on life feebly, and will drop with the yellow leaf. Beyond Bute are the Cumbraes, twin sisters born in one fiery hour; and afar, Arran with his precipices, purple-frowning on the level sea. Now it is over all this stretch of country that Mr. M'Donald has rambled: from the far summit of Dychmont, where of old flamed the altar-fires of the Druids, on yonder to the crest of Goatfell. It is all to him familiar ground. He is a rambler after our own heart. More delightful books of their kind than these of his do not exist. He is an antiquarian, and full of old-world lore. He is a bit of a naturalist in his way, and gives you the Latin name of every butterfly that flutters past. On the unlikeliest road he will discover you a dozen nests within the hour; he will point out to you the especial dells and dingles where his favourite wild-flowers blow in greatest perfection; and he considers it no sin to make a *detour* of a mile to some familiar spot, where he knows, from long experience, he will surprise the golden ball of the lucken-gowan hanging over her stream, sound asleep. But there must be no plucking—*that*, in his eyes, is a crime equal to murder. He is a poet, and many a song he chants you as he walks along; and not unfrequently he paints you, with his rough vigorous touches, a picture like the following:—

"But whence come those jocund voices — those loud-ringing bursts of laughter? From the gladsome harvest-field, from amid the fast-falling grain. See, here are the reapers, a merry motley crew of many-coloured garb, with the waving gold before them, and thick-strewn stooks in lengthened rows behind. Old age and youth are striving here together side-by-side. That ancient matron with the flannel mutch would scorn to lag behind the blooming buff-capped kimmer on the next rig; yon grey-haired carle, observe, is in advance of the swankie chiel who calls him neighbour. 'There is life in the old dog yet.' Cupid, with a reaping-hook, instead of his customary bow, is also there. How slyly that swain with the blue plush vest is shearing his way into the affections of the sonsy quean behind him! The fellow is actually doing half her work, although sorely tantalised for his gallantry by that wicked wag of an Irishman, whose rude jest brings the burning blush to the cheek of the conscious maiden, and sets the field in a roar."

He is a lover of character, and if a "queer fish" resides in any of the villages or clachans on his line of road, he is sure to know him. He is no teetotaller; indeed, he rather scorns that respectable class of the community, and never starts without a pocket-pistol. He stoops to drink at every well, and never fails to christen it before he drinks. He commemorates some ninety drams in his *Rambles*, which is about one to every three pages. He frequently gets boisterous in the wilderness

l loves to startle the echoes. He comes patriotic at the "Whangie."

"It is a scene, in brief, to brood over her than to describe; so, pulling forth r 'pocket-pistol' (we always carry ns), and borrowing the necessary dilu- n from the bonny wee well at our feet, us, with all the honours and upstand- g, devote one lipping cup to the

'Land of the mountain and the flood.'

"What a stramash that hearty hurrah as kicked up among the peese-weeps nd plovers! There they go in myriads, wheep-wheeping, as if they had never eard a cheer at the Whangie Well in he whole course of their lives."

When next we grasp our pilgrim-staff to ramble in the West, may *He* be of our company,

"Poet, philosopher, and guide, and friend."

In his Preface to the *Rambles*, Mr. M'Donald writes:—

"The district of which Glasgow is the centre, while it possesses many scenes of richest Lowland beauty, and presents many glimpses of the stern and wild in Highland landscape, is peculiarly fertile in reminiscences of a historical nature. In the latter respect, indeed, it is excelled by few localities in Scotland—a circumstance of which many of our citizens seem to have been hitherto almost unconscious. There is a story told of a gentleman who, having boasted that he had travelled far to see a celebrated landscape on the Continent, was put to the blush by being compelled to own that he had never visited a scene of superior loveliness than one situated on his own estate, and near which he had spent the greater part of his life. The error of this individual is one of which too many are guilty."

These words have our hearty approval. We are prone, in other and more important matters than scenery, to seek our enjoyments at a distance. We would gather that happiness from the far-off stars, which, had we the eyes to see, is all the while lying at our feet. You go to look at a celebrated scene. People have returned from it in raptures. You have heard them describe it, you have read about it, and you naturally expect something very fine indeed. When you arrive, the chances are that its beauties are carefully stowed away in a thick mist, or you are drenched to the skin, or you find the hotels full, and are forced to sleep in an outhouse, or on the heather beneath the soft-burning planets, and go home with a rheumatism which embitters your existence to your dying day. Or, if you are lucky enough to find the weather cloudless and the day fine, you are doomed to cruel disappointment. Is *that* what you have heard and read so much about? That pitiful drivelling cascade! Why, you were led to expect the wavy grace of the "Grey Mare's Tail" combined with the flash and thunder of Niagara. That a mountain, forsooth! It isn't so much bigger than Ben Lomond, after all! You feel swindled and taken in. You commend the waterfall to the fiend. You snap your fingers in the face of the mountain. "You're a humbug, sir. You're an impostor, sir. I—I'll write to the *Times*, and expose you, sir." On the other hand, the townsman, at the close of a useful and busy day, walks out into the country. The road is pretty; he has never been on it before; he is insensibly charmed along. He reaches a little village or clachan, its half-dozen thatched houses set down amid blossoming apple-trees; the smoke from all the chimneys, telling of the preparation of the evening meal, floating up into the rose of sunset. A labourer is standing at the door, with a child in his arms; the unharnessed horses are drinking at the trough; and the village boys and girls are busy at their sunset games; two companies, linked arm in arm, are alternately advancing and receding, singing all the while with their sweet shrill voices—

"The Campsie duke's a-riding, a-riding, a-riding."

There are a thousand such scenes in Scotland, and why does it yield more pleasure than the celebrated one that you have gone a hundred miles to see, besides spending no end of money on the way? Simply because you have approached it with a pure healthy mind, undebauched by rumour or praise. It has in it the element of unexpectedness, which indeed is the condition of all delight

for pleasure must surprise if it is to be worthy of the name. The pleasure that is expected and looked for never comes; or if it does, it is not its glorious self, only its vapid ghost. Besides, you have found out the scene, and have thereby a deeper interest in it. This same law pervades everything. You hear of Coleridge's wonderful conversation "creating a soul beneath the ribs of death," and in an evil hour make your appearance at Highgate. The mild-beaming silvery-haired sage, who conceived listening to be the whole duty of man, talks away about everything for the space of three mortal hours — by you happily unheard. For after the first twenty minutes you are conscious of a hazy kind of light before your eyes, a soothing sound is murmuring in your ears, a delicious numbness is creeping over all your faculties, and by the end of the first-half hour you are snoring away as comfortably as if you were laid by the side of your lawful spouse. You are disappointed, of course; of the musical wisdom which has been flowing in plenteous streams around, you have not tasted one drop; and you never again hear a man praised for power or brilliancy of conversation without an inward shudder. The next day you take your place on the coach, and are fortunate enough to secure your favourite seat beside the driver. Outside of you is a hard-featured man, wrapt in a huge blue pilot-coat. You have no idea to what class of society he may belong. It is plain he is not a gentleman, in the superfine sense of that term. He has a very remarkable gift of silence. When you have smoked your cigar out, you hazard a remark about the weather. He responds. You try his mind as an angler tries a stream, to see if anything will rise. One thing draws on another, till after an hour's conversation, which has flown over like a minute, you find you have really learned something. The unknown individual in the pilot coat, who has strangely come out of space upon you, and as strangely returns into space again, has looked upon the world, and has formed his own notions and theories of what goes on there. On him life has pressed as well as on you; joy at divers times has kindled up his hard grim features; sorrow and pain have clouded them. There is something in the man; you are sorry when he is dropped on the road, and say 'Good-by' with more than usual feeling. Why is all this? The man in the pilot-coat does not talk so eloquently as S.T.C., but he instructs and pleases you—and just because you went to hear the celebrated Talker, as you go to see the Irish Giant or the Performing Pig, you are disappointed, as you deserved to be. The man in the pilot-coat has come upon you naturally, unexpectedly. At its own sweet will "the cloud turned forth its silver lining on the night." Citizens of large towns, the scenery in your immediate vicinity may not be at all celebrated. It has not the reputation of the Tyrol or the Rhine; but, like the man in the pilot-coat, it is worth knowing and exploring. Get an affection for it, for, like everything else,

> "You must love it ere to you
> It shall seem worthy of your love."

If it has ruins, get up what historical or traditionary events it may be associated with. If villages are scattered about, visit them. If it has streams, ramble along their banks, and you will be surprised how much you will be gainers. Happiness may be extracted from the homeliest objects strewn around you. Depend upon it, the theory on which our loud tumultuary modern life is based—that we can go to Pleasure, that if we frequent her haunts we will be sure to meet her—is a heresy and a falsehood. She will not be constrained. She obeys not the call of the selfish and greedy. To those she loves most her visits seem accidents. Depend upon it, she is as frequently found on homely roads, and among rustic villages and farms, as among the glaciers of Chamouni or the rainbows of Niagara?

In one of his earliest rambles Mr. M'Donald follows the river for some miles above the city. The beauty of the Clyde below Glasgow, is well known to the civilised world. Even the *roué* of landscape, to whom the Rhine is weariness and the Alps

ommonplace, has felt his heart leap ithin him while gazing on that nagnificent estuary. But it is not nly in her maturity that the Clyde s fair. Beauty attends her from ier birth on the grassy side of Rodger Law until she is wed with ocean—Bute and the twin Cumbraes ridesmaids of the stream, Arran groomsman of the main. With Mr. M'Donald's book in our pocket, to be our companion at intervals, for we require no guide, having years ago learned every curve and bend of the river—we start along its banks toward Carmyle and Kenmuir wood. We pass Dalmarnock Bridge, and leave the city with its windowed factories, and droning wheels, and everlasting canopy of smoke behind. The stream comes glittering down between green banks that rise so high on the left that farther vision in that quarter is intercepted. On the right there are villages and farms on the lower ground, afar the Cathkin Braes, the moving shadows of the clouds mottling their sunny slopes; and straight ahead, and closing the view, the spire of Cambuslang Church distinctly etched upon the pallid azure of the sky. We are but two miles from the city, yet everything around us is bright and green. The butterfly flutters past; the dragon-fly darts hither and thither. See, he poises himself on his winnowing wings about half a yard from our nose, which he curiously inspects; that done, off darts the winged tenpenny nail, his rings gleaming like steel as he goes. There are troops of swallows about. Watch one. Now he is high in air —now he skims the Clyde. You can hear his sharp querulous twitter as he jerks and turns. Nay—it is said that the kingfisher himself has been seen gleaming along these sandy banks, illuminating them like a meteor. At some little distance we see a white house pleasantly situated among trees. It is Dalbeth Convent. As we pass one of the frequent bells summoning the inmates to devotion is stirring the sunny Presbyterian air. A little on this side of the convent a rapid brook comes rushing to the Clyde, crossed by a rude bridge of planks, which have been worn by the feet of three generations at the very least. The brook, which is rather huffy and boisterous in its way, particularly after rain, had, a few days before, demolished and broken up said wooden planks, and carried one of them off. Arriving, we find a woman and a boy anxious to cross, yet afraid to venture. We proffer our services, of course; and after some little trouble, land both in safety on the farther bank. The woman is plainly, yet neatly dressed, and may be about forty-five years of age, or thereby. The boy is about eleven, has long yellow hair, and looks thin and slender for his years. With them they have something wrapt up in cloth, which, as it is lifted across, seems to our touch to be poles of equal length; for what purpose they may be employed we cannot divine. The woman thanked us for our little service in a tone which smacked of the southern counties of England. We bade them "good-bye," and went on puzzling ourselves a good deal as to what kind of people they are, what their business may be in these parts; but can make nothing of it. However, it doesn't matter much, for we have passed the iron-works now, and the river banks are beautiful: they are wooded on either side, and at a turn the river flows straight down upon you for a mile, with dusty meal-mills on one side, a dilapidated wheel-house on the other, a crescent fall right across its course, over which the water tumbles in indolent foam—a sight which a man who has no pressing engagements, and is fond of exercise, may walk fifty miles to see, and be amply rewarded for his pains. Just within the din of that shallow fall lies the village of Carmyle, an old, quiet, sleepy place, where nothing *has* happened for the last fifty years, and where nothing *will* happen for fifty years to come. Ivy has been the busiest thing here; it has crept up the walls of the houses, and in some instances fairly "put out the light" of the windows. The thatched roofs are covered with emerald moss. The plum-tree which blossomed a month ago, blossomed just the same in the spring that saw the birth of the Oldest Inhabitant. Glasgow

has been growing rapidly as the rain-cloud which blackens half a province with its shadow. For half a century not one stone has been placed upon another here. It is the centre of the world. All else is change; this alone is stable. There is a repose deeper than sleep in this little antiquated village—ivy muffled, emerald-mossed—lullabied for ever by the fall of waters. The meal-mills, dusty and white as the clothes of the miller himself, whirr industriously: the waters of the lade come boiling out from beneath the wheel, and reach the Clyde by a channel dug by the hand of man long ago, but, like a work of nature's now, covered with whin as it is. Look down through the clear amber of the current, on which balls of foam are floating, and you see the "long green gleet of the slippery stones, streaming like the tangles of a Nereid's hair." Woe betide the luckless village urchin that dares to wade therein. There is a sudden splash and roar. When he gets out, he is laid, with shrill objurgations, across the maternal knee, and his fright and wet clothes are avenged by sound whacks, administered by the broad maternal hand. Leaving the village, we proceed onward. The banks come closer — the stream is shallower, and whirls in eddy and circle over a rocky bed. There is now a woodland loneliness about the Clyde, enhanced by the solitary angler standing up to his middle in the water, and waiting patiently for the bite that never comes; or by the water-ousel flitting from stone to stone. In a quarter of an hour we reach Kenmuir Bank, a place which our rambler has frequently visited, and sincerely loves. The bank rises some seventy feet or so, filled with trees, their trunks rising bare for a space, and then spreading out with branch and foliage into a matted shade, "not pierceable by power of any star;" permitting only the passage of a few flakes of sunshine at noon, resembling, in the green twilight of the wood, a flock of golden butterflies alighted and asleep. Within it is jungle—you wade to the knees in brushwood and bracken. The trunks are clothed with ivy, and snakes of ivy stretch from tree to tree; some green with life, some tarnished with decay. It is a wild place, and looks as if neither foot nor hand of man had approached it. There is a well here, of which, on consulting our pocket companion, we find the following mention made:—

"At the foot of the bank, near its upper extremity, there is a fine spring, which is known by the name of the 'Marriage Well,' from a couple of curiously-united trees which rise from its side, and fling their shadows over its breast. To this spot, in other days, came wedding-parties on the day after marriage to drink of the crystal water, and in a cup of the mountain dew to pledge long life and happiness to the loving pair, whom, on the previous day, old Hymen had made one in the bands which death alone can sever."

Seated by this well, we have the full feeling of solitude. An angler wades out into mid-channel; a bird darts out of a thicket, and slides away on noiseless wing; the shallow wash and murmur of the Clyde flows through a silence deep as that of an American wilderness; and yet by to-morrow, the water which mirrors as it passes the beauty of the luckengowan hanging over the stream asleep, will have received the pollutions of a hundred sewers, and be bobbing up and down among the crowding vessels at the Broomielaw. Returning by the top of Kenmuir Bank, we gaze westward. Out of a world of smoke the stalk of St. Rollox rises like a banner-staff, its vapoury streamer floating on the wind; and afar, through the gap between the Campsie and Kilpatrick hills, Ben Lomond himself, with a streak of snow upon his shoulder. Could we but linger here for a couple of hours, we would of a verity behold a sight — the sun setting in yonder lurid ocean of smoke. The wreaths of vapour which seem so commonplace and vulgar now, so suggestive of trade and swollen purses and rude manners, would then become a glory such as never shepherd beheld at sunrise on his pastoral hills. Beneath a roof of scarlet flame you would see the rolling edges of the smoke change into a brassy brightness, as if with intense heat: the dense mass and volume of it dark as midnight, or glowing

with the solemn purple of the thunder, while right in the centre of all his, where he has burned a clear way or himself, the broad fluctuating Orb, ›aining the eye with his concen-rated splendours, sinking gradually lown, a black spire cutting his disc n two. But we cannot wait for it, ınd the apparition will be unbeheld ›ut by the rustic stalking across the ield in company with his prodigi-›us shadow, who, turning his face :o the flame, conceives it the most ›rdinary thing in the world. On ›ur return we keep the upper road, ınd in a short time are again at the village of Carmyles: we have no intention of tracing the river-banks a second time, and so turn up the narrow street. But what is to do? The children are gathered in a circle, and the wives are standing in the cottage doors. There is a performance going on. The tambourine is sounding, and a tiny acrobat, with a fillet round his brow, tights covered with tinsel lozenges, and flesh-coloured shoes, is striding about on a pair of long stilts, to the no small amazement and delight of the juveniles. He turns his head, and—why, it is the little boy I assisted across the brook at Dalbeth three hours ago, and of course that's the old lady who is thumping and jingling the tambourine, and gathering in the half-pennies. God bless her jolly old face! who would have thought of meeting her here? As we pass we drop a sixpence, and mutter something about "entertaining angels unawares;" she smiles and curtsies, thumbs her tambourine, and rattles the little bells of it with greater vigour than ever. The road to Glasgow is now comparatively uninteresting: the trees wear a dingy colour at mid-day; we pass farmhouses with sooty stacks standing in the yards; a coaly, dusty district, which has its characteristics, worth noting, and not without beauty and interest. As the twilight falls dewily on far-off lea and mountain, folding up gowan and buttercup, putting the linnet to sleep beside his nest of young in the bunch of broom, here the circle of the horizon becomes like red-hot steel, the furnaces of the Clyde ironworks lift up their mighty towers of flame, throwing

> "Large and angry lustres o'er the sky,
> And shifting lights across the long black roads;"

and so, through chase of light and shade, through glimmer of glare and gloom, we find our way into Glasgow.

The tourist who travels by train from Glasgow to Greenock must pass the town of Paisley. If he glances out of the carriage-window, he will see beneath him a third-rate Scotch town, through which flows the foulest and shallowest of rivers.

The principal building in the town, and the one which first attracts the eye of a stranger, is the jail, then follow the church spires as they come into view. Unfortunately the train passes not through Paisley, but over it; and from his "coign of vantage" the tourist beholds much that is unknown to the passenger in the streets. All the back-greens, piggeries, filthy courts, and other unmentionable abominations of the place, are revealed to him for a moment as the Express flashes darkly across the railway bridge. For seeing a Scotch town, a bird's-eye view is plainly the worst point of view. In all likelihood, the tourist, as he passes, will think Paisley the ugliest town he has ever seen, and feel inwardly grateful that his lot has not been cast there. Should he be a political economist, a regenerator of the people, or even a close reader of newspapers, he may look at it with some little interest, remembering that bad trade is chronic there, that the unemployed are always within its walls, and that the soup-kitchen is a standing institution, and conclude that the place is as ugly as it is wretched, and as prosaic as it is ugly. Not so, however. Paisley is a remarkable place—one of the most remarkable in Scotland. Ugly as it may be, it is a favourite seat of the Muses. Apollo, clad in hodden grey, has walked about these narrow streets, and driven the shuttle industriously at the loom. At this moment—and the same might have been said of any moment since the century came in fifty-eight years ago

—there are more poets living and breathing in this little town than in the whole of England, from the south bank of the Tweed on to Cornwall, stretching toward the setting sun. Whether this may arise from the poverty of the place, on the principle that the sweetness of the nightingale's song is connected in some way with the thorn against which she leans her breast, we cannot venture an opinion. Doubtless it has its effect. Proceed from what cause it may, Paisley has been for the last fifty years and more a huge aviary of singing-birds. To said aviary the present writer had once the honour to be introduced. Some years ago, when dwelling on the outskirts of that town, in no mood to discover the soul of goodness which we are taught to believe resides in things evil, he received a billet, intimating that the L.C.A. were to meet on the evening of the 26th Jan. 18—, in honour of the immortal Robert Burns, and inviting him to attend. *N.B.*—Supper and drink, 1s. 6.' Being a good deal puzzled as to the mystic characters L.C.A., he made inquiries, and was informed that it represented "The Literary and Convivial Association," which met every Saturday evening for the cultivation of the minds of the members—a soil, it may be added, which had for some years been plentifully irrigated with toddy—with correspondent effects. To this cheap feast of the gods, on the evening in question, he directed his steps, and beheld the assembled poets; there could scarcely have been less than eighty of them present. Strange! Each of these conceited himself of finer clay than his fellow-mortals; each of these had composed verses; some few had even published small volumes, or pamphlets, by subscription, and drunk the profits; each of these had his circle of admirers and flatterers, his small public, and shred of reputation: each of these hated and envied his neighbour, and not unfrequently two bards would quarrel in their cups as to which of them was possessor of the greater amount of fame. At that time the erection of a monument to Thom of Inverury had been talked about, *apropos* of which one of the bards remarked. "Ou ay, jist like them! They'll gie us monuments when we're deid; I wush they'd think mair o' us whan we're leevin." In that room, amid that motley company, one could see the great literary world unconsciously burlesqued and travestied; shadowed forth there, the emptiness and noise of it, the blatant vanity of many of its members. The eighty poets presented food for meditation. Well, it is from this town, where the Muse and the soup-kitchen flourish side-by-side, that we purpose taking a walk: for behind Paisley smoke lie Gleniffer Braes, the scene of Tannahill's songs. We can think of Burns apart from Ayrshire, Wordsworth apart from the Cumberland Lakes, but hardly of Tannahill apart from the "Braes of Gleniffer." To them he is intimate as the wild violet that blows on their grassy sides. The district, too, is of but little extent; in a walk of three hours you can see every point mentioned by the poet. You visit his birthplace in the narrow straggling street, where the sound of the shuttle is heard at every window. You pass up to the green hills which he loved, and visited so often, and which look all the greener for his pathetic songs; and you return by the Canal, where when the spirit, "finely touched to fine issues," was disordered and unstrung, he sought repose. Birth, life, and death lie close together; the matter of the moral is closely packed—a whole tragedy sleeping with its unshed tears in the compass of an epigram.

Leaving the rambling suburbs of Paisley, we pass into a rough and undulating country, with masses of grey crag interspersed with whinny knolls, where, in the evenings, the linnet sings; with narrow sandy roads wandering through it hither and thither, passing now a clump of gloomy firs, now a house where some wealthier townsman resides, now a pleasant cornfield. A pretty bit of country enough, with larks singing above it from dawn to sunset, and where, in the gloaming, the wanderer not unfrequently can see the limping hare. A little farther on we come to the ruins of Stanley Castle. Most of our readers know the song—

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Glenliffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw."

The castle, in the days of the poet, before the wildness of the country had been tamed by the plough, must have lent a singular charm to the landscape. It stands at the base of the hills which rise above it, with belt of wood, rocky chasm, white streak of waterfall—higher up, into heath and silence, silence deep as the heaven that overhangs it; where nothing moves save the vast cloud-shadows, where nothing is heard save the cry of the moorland bird. Tannahill was familiar with the castle in its every aspect; when the lingering sunfire burned on the lichened walls, when moonlight steeped it in silver and silence, and when it rose up before him shadowy and vast through the marshy mists. He had his loom to attend to during the day, and he knew the place best in its evening aspects. Twilight, with its quietude and stillness, seemed to have peculiar charms for his sensitive nature; many of his happiest lines are descriptive of its phenomena. But the glory has in a great measure departed from Stanley Tower. The place has been turned into a reservoir by the Paisley Water Company; the ruin stands at one corner, and is frequently surrounded by it. The intrusion of water has spoiled the scene. The tower is hoary and broken; the lake looks a thing of yesterday; here are traces of quite modern masonry about. The lake's shallow extent, its glitter and brightness, are impertinences. Only during times of severe frost, when its surface is iced over, when the sun is sinking in the purple vapors like a ball of red sullen fire—when the skaters are skimming about like swallows, and the curlers are boisterous, for the game has been long and severe, and the decisive stone is roaring up the rink, does the landscape regain some kind of keeping and homogeneousness. There is no season like Winter for improving a country; he tones it down to one colour; he breathes over its waters, and in the course of a single night they are gleaming floors on which he can sport and take delight; he powders his black forest-boughs with the pearlins of his frosts, and the rude fissures which Spring tries in vain to hide with her flowers, and Autumn with his fallen leaves, he fills up at once with a snow-wreath. But we must be getting forward, up that winding road, our progress marked by grey crag, tuft of heather, bunch of mountain violets, the country beneath us stretching out farther and farther every step we take. Lo! a strip of vivid emerald steals down the grey of the hill, and there by the wayside is an ample well, the "netted sunbeam" dancing on it as we pass. Sitting down here, we pull out the *Rambles*, which we have carried all the way in our pocket, and find that Mr. M'Donald has dipped his beard in the water, and that, rising up, he has left his benison upon it in song—

"The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a laigh sang a'-to pleasure itsel',
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play,
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers while its ripples they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloaming sae grey,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,
An' the lark weets its whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom nae fair."

Those who know Tannahill's "Gloomy Winter's noo awa," must admire its curious felicity of touch and colour. Turn round; you are

in the very scene of the song. In front is "Gleniffer's dewy dell," to the east "Glenkilloch's sunny brae," afar the woods of Newton, over which at this moment the "Laverocks fan the snaw-white cluds;" below, the "burnie" leaps in sparkle and foam over many a rocky shelf, but its course is swallowed in that gorge of gloomy firs, and you can only hear the music of its joy. Is it not a fair sight? But which the fairer, the landscape before your eyes, or the landscape sleeping in the light of song? You cannot tell, for they are one and the same. The touch of the poet was so loving and so true. His genius was like the light of early spring, clear from speck and stain of vapour, but with tremulousness and uncertainty in it; happy, but with grief lying quite close to its happiness; smiling, though the tears are hardly dry upon the cheeks that in a moment may be wet again.

But why go farther to-day? The Peeseweep Inn, where the Rambler baits, is yet afar on the heath. Kilbarchan, queerest of villages, is basking its straggling length on the hillside in the sun, peopled by botanical and bird-nesting weavers, who are great politicians and read newspapers six months after date; its cross adorned by the statue of Habbie Simpson, "with his pipes across the wrong shoulder." Westward is Elderslie, where Wallace was born, and there, too, till within the last three years, stood the oak among whose branches, as tradition tells, the hero, when hard pressed by the Southrons, found shelter with all his men. Many a pilgrim came from afar to behold the sylvan giant. Before its fall it was sorely mutilated by time and tourists. Of its timber were many snuff-boxes made. Surviving the tempests of centuries, it continued to flourish green atop, although its heart was hollow as a ruined tower. At last a gale, which heaped our coasts with shipwreck, struck it down, with many of its meaner brethren. "To this complexion must we come at last." At our feet lies Paisley. Seven miles off, Glasgow peers, with church-spire and factory-stalk, through a smoky cloud; the country between grey with distance and specked here and there with the white vapours of the trains. How silent the vast expanse! Not a sound touches our ear upon the height. We will not walk farther to-day. Gleniffer Braes are clear in summer light, beautiful as when the poet walked across them. Enough their beauty and his memory. We are in no mood even to look at the unsightly place by the canal, which was sought, when to the poor disordered brain the world was black and fellow-men ravening wolves. That was in the poet's madness and despair. Here he walked, happy in his genius; for he too was of the immortals—not a man to wonder at and bow the knee to, but one to appreciate and love; for the twitter of the wren is music as well as the burst of the skylark from brown furrow or dewy braird; the sighing of a reed shaken by the wind, as well as the roaring of a league of pines. Nature accepts them all, so should we.

Of the "*Days at the Coast*" what can we say? Does not the whole mountain-land repose in our memory, sunny with light or dark with thunder? We shut our eyes, and see a thousand pictures; white villages, with trees, and troops of children, and glad waves dancing on the yellow sand; moors waste and wild, where sound is strange; Lomond and Awe bedropt with woody isles, each floating on its shadow; Loch Crinan undulating red in sunset; Sound of Mull, with grey castles and memories of a thousand years; the Minch, with Skye and the hills of Cuchullin rising pale in front; on the left, Coll and Tiree drowning in the glittering haze. But why continue? Winter is here with his showers of sleet and snow, and the keen east wind from the sea. Months must pass ere autumn makes deserts of our cities; autumn, when the moors are purple, and when night is an emerald twilight, lingering for an hour among the stars; when you quaff three caulkers of Glenlivet before breakfast, and thereafter breast the steep of the hill like a deer-hound, and when, at the crack of

your rifle, he leaps into air, and then falls mighty in the wilderness—a Royal Stag of Ten!

But autumn is yet far away. Meanwhile let us take what the gods provide. Edinburgh is complete in its stony beauty, whether beneath the autumn sun, or white and silent with winter snow. We have just come in: surely, it never looked so fair before. What a poem is that Princes Street! The puppets of the busy and many-coloured hour move about on its pavement — their interest how slight, their pursuits how trivial— while, there, across the ravine, Time has piled up the Old Town ridge on ridge, grey as a rocky coast washed and worn with the foam of centuries; peaked and jagged by picturesque gable and roof; windowed from basement to cope, the whole surmounted by St. Giles's airy crown. The New is there looking at the Old. Two Times are brought face to face, yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the sombre blue and the frosty stars, that undistinguishable mass or bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley, it would be sublime—finer still, to place one-self a little beyond the Burns Monument, and look toward the Castle. It is more astonishing than an Eastern dream. A city rises up before you, painted by Fire on Night. High in air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station beneath; a solitary crimson one is at rest. That ridged and chimneyed mass of blackness with splendour bursting out at every pore, is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself, while on the other side the modern Princes Street is blazing through all its length. During the day the Castle looks down upon the street as if out of another world, stern, with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slope of grass. The rock is dingy enough in colour, but after a shower, its lichens laugh out green in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow of the Castle at noon over the gardens at its feet, where the children play! How grand when giant bulk and towery crown blacken against the sunset! Fair, too, the New Town, sloping to the sea. From George Street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of cold stately architecture, to the white gleaming villas and woods that fill the lower ground, and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth, with its smoking steamer, or its creeping sail; beyond, to the Lomonds of Fife, soft, blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen clear light of spring, dark purple in the summer-heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze; and higher still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination away into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education in itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. It is perennial like a play of Shakespeare. Nothing can stale its infinite variety.

The lights have gone out on height and valley. A star is burning yet on the Castle's crest. It too disappears. Sleep falls like a mantle on the world. To bed, to bed, to bed.

## MR. JOHN COMPANY TO MR. JOHN BULL ON THE RIVAL INDIA BILLS

LEADENHALL STREET, *March* 1858.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You have been in trouble since last I wrote to you. "The greatest plague of life" has been afflicting you. You have had a turn-out of your old servants, and you have set up a new establishment in their place. I can feel for you, John. The new servants may be better, or they may be worse than the old; but these sudden and most unexpected changes must be very distressing to a good easy soul like yourself. They unsettle and disturb you. You are accustomed to be driven, and to be ministered to, in a particular manner; and it takes time to get used to the ways of your new servants. Thank goodness, John, I have been spared this vexation. A gust of Parliamentary caprice has ever passed harmlessly over me. It has never been my lot to wake up some fine morning, and to find myself suddenly called upon to attend the inauguration of a new policy. I have gone about my business in my own way, whether Whig or Tory has sat in Downing Street. And I believe that if I had not done so, I should have had, long before this, no business at all. I could not have carried on, if I had been continually at the mercy of a Parliamentary majority.

I wish you to see the advantage of this, John, and to ponder it diligently, at a time when you are in a fit frame of mind, owing to recent circumstances, to take its importance into account. Up to this time, the intelligence of a change of Ministry in England has little affected the public mind in India. The only question much asked on such occasions is, whether the Governor-General is likely to be recalled? And this question is rather a personal than a political question, instigated by private curiosity, or perhaps, private interest, rather than by any feeling of its public importance. I don't forget, John, that a change of Ministry necessarily involves a change at the Board of Control, and that a new President may, if he pushes his powers to the extreme point permitted by the Law, inaugurate a new policy. But I need scarcely tell you that practically this has not been the case. President has succeeded President, in that pleasant retired villa on the banks of the Thames, which you call (*lucus a non lucendo*) Cannon Row, because you seldom have a great gun in it; and yet there has been no perceptible change of policy. Indeed, you have generally recognised the propriety of leaving it to me to shape this policy—recognised it, I say, in a manner not to be mistaken, by placing in the President's chair men with little or no experience of the work of Indian government. Why have you done this, John, or why have you permitted it to be done? Simply, because you have recognised the truth, that the government of India is the government of the East India Company, and that too much interference with it is neither necessary nor desirable. Hence, I say, whatever constitutional powers may have been vested in the Board of Control, a change of Ministry has, practically, little affected the policy of Indian government; and has, therefore, never had the effect of unsettling the public mind in any part of India. Men may have looked for some personal advantage to themselves as the result of such a change, but even this has very rarely happened; for, as I explained to you in a former letter, John, the middle classes, from whom my servants in India are mainly chosen, have little connection with the aristocracy, from whom you are wont to choose yours. But even less than these personal emotions are the political feelings excited in India by the announcement of a change of Ministers at home. Everything goes on the same as if nothing had happened. There may be a new Cabinet, but there is the old Court of

Directors; and whatever has hitherto been the constitutional power of the Crown, practically the administration of India has been in my hands; and I am bound to say that, as far as matters of internal policy have been concerned, your servants have discreetly left me very much to myself.

The truth is, John, that your servants have never had an Indian policy. So much the better. They have never cared to have one; because they have said to themselves, "We can leave this to John Company. It is his business, not ours." Whig and Tory—both the same—both "left it to John Company." There were matters of foreign policy which were not left—so much the worse—to me. But these matters were not meddled with by your servants, John, because they were Indian questions, but because they bore directly or indirectly upon European politics. And then, what was done was the result of circumstances—the policy of expediency—not of any definite principles belonging to one party or to another. What the Whigs did, the Tories might have done, or *vice versâ*. It might have fallen to the lot of Sir Robert Peel to defend the war in Affghanistan, and so that of Lord Palmerston to apologise for the conquest of Scinde—to neither of which was I either an active or a consenting party. Mistakes, doubtless, have been committed both by your Ministers at home and by their representatives in India; but I have not been able to trace these errors, John, to the influence of party. I have not observed any yielding to pressure from without—any operative desire to conciliate a powerful section of the House of Commons, or any influential classes of the community. In matters of foreign policy there may have been a display of rashness and recklessness, or some manifestations of the activity of personal ambition. But these are exceptional cases, by which no precedent is established; they are in no degree shaped or regulated by party—Whig and Tory (I stick to the old-fashioned words, John) being alike subject to such caprices. Neither party can be said to be of the War or the Peace party—the interference or the non-interference party. Everything has been the result hitherto of accidental circumstance, or of personal predilection, as far as the action of English politicians (whether Cabinet Ministers or Governors-General) has been brought to bear upon our Indian politics. Our great English factions have never identified themselves with any definite Indian policy; and hence it is that our Indian Empire has escaped dangers which otherwise might have brought it to destruction.

I have been writing here, John, mainly of external politics, with which, as I have said, your servants at home have sometimes indiscreetly interfered. In such cases your servants have generally contrived to mystify you and to keep you in ignorance of what they were doing, on the plea of State necessity, which, in your good-nature you are commonly willing to accept, until the interest has passed away, and you have not cared to inquire into the matter. Even here, John, I believe that, although I have really had as little to do with the matter as with the last attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon, my existence has not been without its uses in preserving India from becoming the battle-field of party. For even here, people, in their ignorance, have declared that it has been John Company's concern—perhaps "John Company's iniquity." But in matters of internal policy with which I have been properly identified in the public mind, how much more serviceable have I been! If everything done and everything left undone in India had been chargeable directly to the Minister of the day, what party conflicts there would have been—what compromises—what concessions—what yieldings to external pressure! Take, for example, the case of the Manchester party, who think that India was given to us wholly and solely for the purpose of growing cheap cotton, and of consuming manufactured goods. Heaven knows, I have no objection to the growth of cotton in India; and none whatever to the importation of manufactured goods, except so far as it affects the manufactures of India,

and the principle which I am not ashamed to profess, of governing "India for the Indians"—a principle grossly violated by the absolute want of reciprocity in respect of the duties levied in each country on the manufactured goods of the other. I have no objection to help the Manchester men, as far as I can, without injustice to my own people; but I know that I do not satisfy them. I know that my obstructive policy is a common object of attack. It is said that I impede private enterprise; and honourable gentlemen get up in their place in Parliament, and abuse me for my selfishness and exclusiveness, my want of public spirit, my avarice and rapacity, and everything else that is bad. It is not treated as the immediate concern of your Ministers, John. No pressure from without is brought to bear upon them. No hostile combinations affecting the stability of a government arise out of such a question, because it is believed that the business is altogether John Company's affair. When a stir is made by some interested person, the Minister generally says, in effect, that he will talk to me about it; and he has no doubt that whatever is wanted will be done. But he has no Indian policy. His opponents have no Indian policy. So one Government goes out, and another comes in; and I, John Company, go about my work just as if nothing had happened. The despatches, commenced when the Whigs are in Downing Street, are finished when the Tories have supplanted them, just as if no change had taken place. And it is the knowledge of this, John—the knowledge that there is a permanent governing body between India and the Minister of the day—a governing body with a settled policy—which prevents that disturbance of the public mind in India which otherwise would assuredly follow every announcement of a change of Ministry at home.

But although I have said, John, that your Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, have seldom or never had anything that can be called a definite Indian policy (for, indeed, they have seldom known anything about India at all), individual men have expressed in Parliament strong opinions on individual questions, and those men have under the operation of the "whirligig of time," come to be Ministers of State. You know, John, that I am no party man; I am neither a Whig nor a Tory; I have no prejudices and predilections in favour of one Ministry or of another; and therefore, when I draw my illustrations, as they occur to me, from one party or from the other, I do so with no sort of idea of damaging that party in public estimation. It is with no feeling, therefore, against my Lord Derby's Administration, that I now call your attention to a little fact in connection with the recent change in your Ministerial establishment. More than two years ago, I, John Company, in conjunction with those who were then your servants, directed the Governor-General of India to declare Oude to be a province of the British Indian Empire. If you have any doubt, John, as to whether our interference was righteous or unrighteous, I would recommend you to read a book written by one of the best of my old servants, now unhappily no more—the late Sir W. H. Sleeman; a book descriptive of the state of Oude before it passed into our hands. However, I candidly admit, that although there can be no question in any unprejudiced mind regarding the necessity of interference, the manner of interference—that is, whether it should or should not have gone to the extreme length of the "annexation" of the principality—is a fair open question. I quarrel with no man for thinking that we might have acted otherwise than we did on this occasion. I did the best I could, according to the light that was in me. I believed, and I still believe, that I did what was right. However, some very strong opinions to the contrary have been expressed by members of Parliament—opinions going the length of a declaration, that even now our policy should be reversed, and Oude restored to its native rulers. And among these members of Parliament—nay, foremost and loudest of them all, John—are some distinguished members of

your new Ministry—one, a Cabinet Minister; another, one of the chief law-officers in your Lower House; and a third, your Indian Minister and mouth-piece in that House. Now, John, here are three prominent members of your new establishment all pledged to the policy of restoring Oude to its native rulers. As I am writing this paragraph, John, the morning newspapers, which lie on my table, contain a letter written by one of the three—the Cabinet Minister—in which he expresses his "regret that Parliament has been deprived of the opportunity of condemning the original act of annexation;" and adds, "but I trust the approaching (*i. e.* the present) session will not pass without an investigation into the causes and effects of that gross crime; and I now beg leave to conclude our correspondence, on my part at least, by expressing my perfect agreement with you, that on the restoration of Oude to its King lies the best chance of safety to our Indian Empire." Of course, John, this was written when our aristocratic namesake was a member of your Opposition, and seemingly as far off from a seat in the Cabinet as I am from the Popedom of Rome; and I know that the lips of honest men may be sealed and their tongues tied by office. But it is not so certain that the natives of India understand that a change of position in such cases is necessarily followed by a change of conduct. And in the present state of affairs, as your Ministers, John, are continually telling you and your fellow-subjects in India that I am moribund, I am by no means sure that the knowledge of the fact that there are three members of the Ministry pledged to the restoration of Oude—one of whom has declared the annexation of the country to be criminal, another of whom (the first law-officer of the Commons) has pronounced it to be illegal, whilst the third, who, only a few nights ago, denounced the illegality and the criminality of the whole proceeding, is now actually one of the Ministers for India—I am not at all sure, I say, that the natives of India, both in this country and in the East, will not think that, as my influence is now said to be gone for ever, these new councils will prevail, and that Oude will be restored to its native rulers. Instead of this belief restoring tranquillity to Oude, I need hardly tell you, John, that it would tend to protract the struggle. I should not be surprised if already advice had been transmitted to India somewhat to this effect: "Lord Palmerston's Government, which sanctioned the annexation of Oude, has been extinguished. The Company has received its death-blow. Our enemies in England are prostrate; our friends are in high place. Hold out a little longer, and the game is yours. All over England the *punchayuts* are declaring in our favour. Petitions on our side are pouring in from all parts. The people of England are tired of the war; they have no more money, and they have no more soldiers. The hot weather is coming on—hold out till it has come; and your friends in the new Government will arrange matters so that we shall get back the kingdom to ourselves." If these, my dear John, are not the words of letters actually written to India, they are, you may be sure, the verbal expression of feelings which, ever since the recent change in your establishment, and the announcement that my death-warrant has been signed, have been rampant in many breasts. The same thing, John, *mutatis mutandis*, will happen whenever there is a change in your establishment. What can be more reasonable, John, than such inferences — such conclusions? And the time will come, too, if I am put out of the way, when such conclusions will be practically confirmed. The natives of India have already learned, John, how to rap at the door of the House of Commons. You have been surprised lately, John, at the appearance of your streets in summer weather—at the number of *puggrees* and *paijammahs* (or, as I should translate for your benefit, turbans and loose trousers) which are to be seen flaunting about your metropolis. But what you have seen will be nothing to what you will see, my poor dear John, when you have consented that India shall be governed by a Parliamentary majority. As soon as ever

there is a change of Ministry, and men who, in opposition, have declared themselves favourable to certain claims (not because they have any notion of the justice of these claims, but because they desire to embarrass their opponents in the Government), become part and parcel of the new Administration, every native prince or chief who has yielded to the delusion that opinions expressed in opposition will be clung to in power, will send his *wakeels* to England. I am proud to say, John, that the character for good faith established by my servants in India is such, that what an Englishman publicly declares, is commonly believed to be an utterance of genuine sincerity. It will take long to teach them that there are certain words to be believed only in a Parliamentary sense; and when they have learned the lesson, what will be the result? Why, a general belief that Parliament is only another name for—what I will not utter.

I have said, John, that the natives of India have already learnt how to rap at the door of the House of Commons—nay, how to go at it, as we used to say at school, "*plenum sed*, or full Butt." There has recently been, as you are aware, an edifying inquiry in one of your Parliamentary committee-rooms; and there has recently been laid on the table of the House of Commons some still more edifying correspondence. I must say a few words to you about this case, before I pass on to the real subject of the present letter—a few words about the case of Ali Morad of Khyrpore. This man came home to endeavour to obtain a reversal of an unfavourable decision pronounced against him, after a full and impartial inquiry, by the authorities in India. He appealed to me, John; but in vain. I confess I was obdurate. I had the worst possible opinion of the man. I was convinced that the sentence which had been passed against him was just, and that the punishment which had been inflicted upon him was not in excess of his offence. But the Ameer, instructed, doubtless, by others who had been rapping at the door of Parliament before him, determined to put on the Parliamentary screw. With this object, he obtained the services of an Irish member, a barrister by profession; and this Irish member did not—as the Parliamentary committee which sate upon his case had determined—receive a pecuniary consideration for advocating in Parliament the case of Ali Morad, or for otherwise exerting his influence as a member of the House of Commons. But frequent visits appear to have been made to the office of your Indian servants, John; and frequent hints of the inconvenience of a Parliamentary discussion of the case were uttered in quarters where they were likely to take effect. Now, John, that quarter, you may be sure, was not Leadenhall Street. I am not at all afraid of Parliamentary discussion. I know my business. If there is a disposition to drag such a case as this before the House of Commons, I do not shrink from the publicity. I know what I have done, and why I have done it. I can justify my conduct; I can explain all the circumstances of the case. I am not afraid of an Irish member. I do not quail before the whole Brass Band of his holiness the Pope. Why should I reverse my decisions because interested persons are in league with ignorant persons, and both are eager for concessions, which must be carried out in my name? You may call me obstinate, if you will; and so I am—when I feel in my inmost heart that I am right. I am not to be bullied; I am not to be coaxed. But when you come down upon me, John, with the strong hand of the Constitution, I am compelled to submit. But before I submit, John, I make a fight of it: and you have now the history of some of these fights, on the table of the House of Commons.

I invite your especial attention to this case of Ali Morad. Take it home with you, John, and study it in the Easter holidays. It will beguile your time, pleasantly and instructively, on a wet day. You will see there how Ali Morad asked me to give him back the territories he had forfeited, and how I peremptorily refused. You will next see how that part of your establishment, known as the Board of Control, which has

the power to alter my letters and despatches, instead of telling Ali Morad that the decision in his case was final and unalterable, told him to go back to India, like a good boy, and establish, by his good conduct, a claim to a more favourable consideration of his case at some future period. Against this alteration I remonstrated. I knew that it would be regarded by the Ameer as a concession, and that, at all events, others would tell him that the letter indicated an intention on my part to restore his territories, if he should behave well on his return to India. I knew that I had not the most remote intention of restoring to him, if I could possibly help it, a single inch of the forfeited land; and I was unwilling to excite any expectations which I had not the remotest intention of fulfilling. I stuck, therefore, to my text. If Ali Morad should render me any service calling for reward, his case, like the cases of other princes and chiefs, might be taken into consideration, simply on its own merits; but not with reference to any former decision passed in accordance with my estimate of an act of which nothing can ever make me think otherwise than I do. I remonstrated, therefore, but I remonstrated in vain. The letter went to Ali Morad, as altered by the Board of Control, and next day Ali Morad wrote to me—or a letter was written for him—saying that he understood the words of my letter to mean that I purposed to direct my servants in India to restore his territory to him. I answered that my letter meant nothing of the kind; but the Board, knowing better what it did mean, altered my second letter also; and as the Board finally determines, so the document passes into the hands of the recipient. Now, what I want you to know, John, is, that I did not (as I have seen it stated) yield at last, rather than have the case brought into Parliament. I went to the utmost point that the law allows, short of going to prison under a writ of *mandamus*. I remonstrated; and, having remonstrated in vain, protested; and these remonstrances and protests are now before the country. Parliament has its uses. There are more ways than one of making the fear of Parliament an operative principle; and I never forget that, having the power of record, I can call Parliament to my aid, when it has been attempted to convert it to my injury. Now, John, bear in mind that this publicity is your safeguard. If my Court of Directors is to be superseded by a Council of India, be sure that you insist upon it that, when that Council differs from the minister of the day, it shall have the power of recording its grounds of difference, and that it shall be competent for any member of Parliament to move for the production of the remonstrances and protests of the Council, or individual members of the Council. This power of record vested in me, John, now enables you to understand the story of Ali Morad's visit to England, and of my little difference with the Board of Control. Reading it in connection with the evidence adduced before the Butt Committee (which is "as good as a play"), you will learn more about the working of the Double Government, and get a clearer insight into what will be the working of the Single Government, if sufficient checks are not imposed upon it, than from many an elaborate treatise written for the express purpose of showing you how India is governed.

Another pleasant *historiette* will also be before you, John, in time for your Easter reading. It is the charming little tale of that distinguished "Moslem noble," Meer Jaffier Ali Khan, of Surat, and his recent visit to England. You have not before you, I am sorry to say, the evidence taken by a * * * Committee; so that the whole story may not be quite so intelligible as the other. But there will be a good deal in it, nevertheless, not quite a mystery to you, John, who had been wont to see, for so long a time, the sleek "Moslem," in his double-roofed carriage, whirling through your great thoroughfares, from east to west and from west to east, ever and anon condescending to visit the murky regions of Leadenhall, but more frequently disporting himself in the aristocratic neighbourhoods of Westminster and Belgravia. For a time he excited quite a *furore* in Parliamentary circles; and I know

not what your faithful Commons would not have done at his bidding, to throw the whole government of India into confusion, if the House of Peers had not stepped in wisely to avert the evil. Of course, it was all fair and above-board; and nothing but an abstract love of justice influenced those who were most eager to promote the claims of the "Moslem noble." His Secretary (who, by the way, has a little case of his own, which has also been brought out for your Easter reading) has emphatically declared that it was not a matter of shawls or of other valuables. Who could think of such a thing? "Brutus is an honourable man." Your faithful Commons, John, are "all honourable men." I only ask you, as another illustration of the advantages of putting me out of the way, to read the Jaffier Ali correspondence after you have read the Ali Morad papers; and then to consider whether some little inconvenience may not result, some day, from giving up India wholly to the tender mercies of the Minister of the day and a Parliamentary majority.

I don't deal in scandal, John; and I am willing enough to dismiss this unsavoury topic. I have told you that Brutus is an honourable man. So are they all—all honourable men. But admitting this, at least for the sake of argument, it is still no small evil that sinister reports—I need not explain to you of what character—should continually be floating about the social atmosphere. If the *incorrupta fides* really exist, it is a pity that the princes and chiefs of India should not feel, in their inmost hearts, that they have as good a chance of obtaining justice from the English Parliament by suing *in formâ pauperis*, as in any other way. But my fear is, John, that if they do not altogether feel this now, they will not feel it at all if I cease to exist. You admit, John, that, lumbering obstructive though I be, none of the sinister rumours to which I have referred ever affect my character. It is never said that shawls, with or without bank-notes pinned into their corners, are left in my Directors' rooms, or that any one of my Directors' wives is ever seen sporting Moslem jewels in public. Not a whisper, John, has ever been raised against the honesty of one of my servants in Leadenhall Street. If they obstruct business of one kind, you may be sure that they obstruct business of another. It is, doubtless, a difficulty in these little matters, that the business must be done through me. I may be overruled, or I may be coerced—but, practically, I *am a difficulty;* and I repeat this, John, because I desire, above all things, that, if I am to cease to exist, you should be careful to raise up some other standing difficulty of the same kind. I have told you already that you cannot erect one by any means the same in *degree*, as I have always been; but you may have one somewhat of the same *kind*. You must have a body, John, between India and Parliament, neither ignorant nor accessible. You must have knowledge; for ignorance, as you will gather from the papers I am speaking of, makes unjust and inexpedient concessions rather than expose itself, and does other things of which I need not now speak; and you must have independence . . . . . or Heaven knows what will become of your Indian Empire before the world is five years older than it is now.

But how are these essential qualities to be obtained, John, in your new Indian Government? Before you read this, you will have two schemes for the future management of your Indian affairs before you, and you may choose between them. You have had Lord Palmerston's Bill for at least a month in your hands; and I dare say that you have not cared to read it. No sooner had he laid it on the table, than he was expelled from office. I dare say, therefore, that you have regarded it as so much waste paper—valueless as yesterday's play-bill, or a betting-book of a race that has been run. But it is not altogether a thing stale and unprofitable, for something may be learned from it, if only in the way of warning; and it is by no means certain that a great battle will not be fought upon the respective merits of these two bills. Palmerston, as you know, John, has not tossed his scheme into the waste-paper basket. He thinks, or pro-

esses to think, that it is a very good scheme as it is, and that the men who have supplanted him will not produce a better. Now, I can tell you at least this much, John, that it would be almost impossible to produce a *worse*. Be upon your guard, my dear friend. There is likely to be a great fight for office; and the future government of India, once again after a lapse of three-quarters of a century, is to be the battle-field of party. Do you honestly believe, John, that both of these two great factions are thinking at this moment of the best mode of governing the Anglo-Indian Empire? You are famous for your credulity, but I do not believe that it has ever reached to such a pitch as that. In truth, my dear friend, we see in this threatened battle of the bills a beginning of the party-strife, which all who have pondered deeply over the constitution of our Indian government have ever declared to be the most perilous of all perils that can assail an empire so constituted. Well might one of the wisest of my servants, ever keenly alive as he was to the existence of other dangers (and among them a mutinous Sepoy army)—well might that wise ruler of three great dependencies of the British crown exclaim, that if India is ever lost to us, it will be lost in the House of Commons.

Look to this, John—look to it diligently, earnestly, resolutely. Do not think for a moment that it is a small matter. Seldom, perhaps never, has a greater claimed all your most serious thoughts. Do nothing to encourage this contest, but call for calm deliberation, for dispassionate inquiry. Insist upon it that your representatives shall not legislate for the future government of the Anglo-Indian Empire in ignorance and in haste. Why, John, it is not long since the most eminent of your present servants emphatically pronounced against this precipitate legislation. And what do they say now? Not that, being in power, they will do what they recommended when out of power, but that they will do the very thing which a few weeks ago they condemned. And what is the argument adduced in favour of this apparent inconsistency? Why, that they were outvoted. Because Lord Palmerston brought in a bill for my destruction, with the consent of the House, they must do the same thing. If it was not right for Palmerston to slay me in the present conjuncture, is it right for Derby to give me the death-blow? I shall be told, perhaps, that that vote of the House of Commons really gave me my death-blow, and that it is impossible that I should survive it. Give me a chance, John, and you'll see how much blood the old fellow has in him still. The leader of the House of Commons, addressing his constituents, was pleased to call me a corpse. I could show the right honourable gentleman how much vitality I have in me. I assure you that I do not feel at all the worse for that vote of the House of Commons. Nothing that others do to me can disgrace me. I can only disgrace myself. A large number of gentlemen, I know, voted in favour of the principle that it is expedient to demolish me without loss of time. I should have liked to put the greater number of those gentlemen through their A B C of Indian government. I'll answer for it, that not one in ten is up in his Indian "primer." Do you think then, John, that I feel any shame because men ignorant of the very rudiments of the subject on which they are called upon to legislate, declare themselves opposed to my continued existence? The shame attaches to them, John, not to me; and the shame will attach to you as a perpetual settlement, if you suffer so mighty a question as this to be disposed of in the flush of presumptuous ignorance, and in the passionate excitement of party strife.

But you will tell me, perhaps, John, that it is not what I think of myself, but what others think of me. You will say, echoing the opinions of some of your head-servants, that my prestige is gone altogether—that after such a sentence has been pronounced against me by the House of Commons, I can no longer enjoy the respect either of the people of England or the people of India. I emphatically deny this, John. It is not unknown in England—it is not un-

known in India—that less than a year ago the House of Commons cared as little for India as it knew. It is not forgotten in England, it is not forgotten in India, that even up to last midsummer, John, it was difficult to get forty members to sit out a debate on the most important Indian subjects. I have seen, with grief and vexation, the empty benches in that beautiful debating-hall of yours, when the affairs of my countless millions of people have been feebly discussed, more as a painful necessity, to keep up appearances, than for anything else. Although I have never wished that Indian affairs should become objects of party strife, I have wished to see them excite the interest of the House, and to hear them discussed on broad principles, and in a spirit of calm judicial inquiry. But your House of Commons, I repeat, which now believes itself to be competent to decide off-hand on the most difficult of all questions—the best form of Government for our anomalous Indian Empire—has only within the last eight or nine months given a thought to India at all, except upon great exceptional occasions, when something more than India was on the cards. You may think, John, that this is not known, and discussed, and deplored in India; but I assure you that the knowledge of it is such, that however bad an opinion any one may have of me, he has a worse opinion of your House of Commons. In India, John, that boasted institution of yours is often spoken of in language which I will not pain you by repeating. Has it done anything to revive the confidence of those who wish well to India and her people? The effect of a judgment such as this, upon popular opinion, depends upon the character of the judge. Now, I protest against any assumption that my prestige is destroyed by the adverse judgment of a judge utterly incompetent, in the present state of its knowledge, to pronounce a well-considered opinion upon a subject of such magnitude as the future government of India.

But supposing that it were a competent tribunal, what then? The House of Commons declares against and I survive. What is the inference, John? That I hold my own in spite of the House of Commons; and is this a sign of feebleness or of strength? Of all things in the world the most uncertain, the most fluctuating, the most unreliable, is a Parliamentary majority. Who ever dreampt of that Parliamentary majority which sent Lord Palmerston into private life? Is the Palmerstonian party moribund—is it a corpse—is it never to show its face again, because a Parliamentary majority has decided against it? I dare say the party feels itself as brisk as ever, and would be very slow to admit that its prestige is gone. And what does Lord Derby think of Parliamentary majorities? His opinions are on record. Did he not write to one of my old servants, whom he had persuaded to take a place under him, well knowing that your service, John, does not yield such good men as mine—did he not write, I say, to my old servant, Charles Metcalfe, that he must go on, in spite of Parliamentary majorities?—did he not say that "hardly a session passes in which the Government, if not actually defeated by a vote in the House, is not compelled to avoid defeat by suffering measures to drop which have been introduced by them as a Government?" "I will only mention," he goes on to say in this letter—and an admirable one it is—"one instance *among a hundred similar* which might be adduced." And he then adduces his instance, and writes more in the same strain. Am I, then, to be snuffed out by a Parliamentary majority? Not a bit of it! I should do my business—nay, I am doing it quite as well, in spite of that adverse vote. I assure you that I feel quite vigorous under it. They who know anything about the constitution of the House of Commons know the value of such a vote; and those who don't, would, if I were to survive it, John, only jump to the conclusion that I have stamina enough to sustain unhurt even the assaults of that great legislative body. You are saying now that our Indian Empire will be stronger after the great Sepoy mutiny than before, because we shall have shown our ability to hold our own in spite

of the native army. Every great storm, bravely weathered, shows of what good stuff our timbers are made. Why am I, John, to be a solitary exception to the rule?

But I will go a little further still, John, and say that, assuming all this talk about the injury done to my character and my prestige by the adverse vote of the House of Commons to be so much undeniable truth —assuming, that for a time, my credit is shaken—that I am, as you say, 'under a cloud:" well, what then? Say it is an evil—say it is a great evil; but do you think it is an evil, the magnitude of which can be compared with that of inflicting permanently upon India a radically bad Government? When I use the word 'permanently," John, I feel that it is a wrong one; for you may rely upon it that there will be no permanence in our Indian Empire if you now suffer yourselves to be betrayed into a fatal error. I could recover my prestige if it were to be lost for a while; but I doubt whether, if you make a false step now, you will ever recover yourself. The question for you to consider is, not how far a certain vote may have affected my character, but what is the form of government best calculated to render our Indian Empire permanent and prosperous. This, as I have told you before—but as I cannot tell you too often—is a very great and a very difficult question, not to be settled off-hand by a party of men, whether Whig or Tory, the majority of whom have never given a month's—perhaps not a week's—serious consideration to the subject of Indian Government throughout the whole course of their lives. Again, therefore, I say to you, John, tell your servants to *pause*. I shall not let matters get worse whilst you are calmly and dispassionately making up your mind whether the immolation of John Company will confer a blessing or inflict a curse upon the country which he has so long governed.

But if they will not pause, John—if they insist upon going on with the project of my immediate subversion —take care that they substitute something in the place of my government not chuck-full of all the evils which I have indicated in my former letters—take heed that they do not give up India wholly to the direct government of the Crown; that is, as I have often told you, to the government of a Parliamentary majority. There is, at all events, one comfort, John, in the reflection that nothing can be much worse than the Bill which Lord Palmerston has presented to Parliament. If, as now appears likely, there is to be, after Easter, a great battle of the Bills—if the Palmerstonian clauses are to be arrayed against those of the Derbyite leader—I hope that you will understand by this time that the great blot of Lord Palmerston's Bill is, that it proposes to confer too much power upon the Crown — that it contemplates the existence of no substantive and permanent body, that can really be called anything better than a sham, between India and the Minister of the day. It proposes to constitute a Council of eight members. The Bill is before you, John; take it up and read the precise words of the draft—"For the purposes of the Government of India, under this Act, a Council shall be established, to consist of a President and eight other members, and to be styled 'The President and Council for the Affairs of India:' and it shall be lawful for Her Majesty, from time to time, by warrant under her royal sign-manual, to appoint a person to be, during Her Majesty's pleasure, President of the Council for the Affairs of India; and, by like warrants, to appoint eight other persons to be ordinary members of such Council." The entire power of nomination is invested in the Crown. The elective principle is cast out altogether. The Council is too small for the work of government, and too weak for independence. Now, any Bill which proposes to enlarge the number of the Council, and to appoint the whole, or a part of the councillors by election, must be an improvement on the Palmerstonian Bill; because it will impart to the Council, at the same time, greater practical utility and greater independence. Now, John, all kinds of attempts will be made to reason you out of this. You will be told, in a variety of different ways, that inas-

much as that a Council of eighteen, a portion of which is elected, will nearly resemble the constitution of the present Court of Directors, the proposed reform will be insufficient; in point of fact, that it will be a mere change of names. But don't be led astray by this. Such a change, John, will be much more than a change of names. It will, indeed, be in consonance with the expressed views of Lord Palmerston's Ministry. It was not alleged, John, that I am inefficient; it was not alleged that I am corrupt. I received many pleasant compliments from unexpected quarters. It was merely said that the Double Government is an evil, because it engenders delays; in fact, that the whole system is too cumbrous and complex. According to their argument, John, a Bill which proposes to disembarrass the existing system of all these incumbrances and complications—in other words, to cast out what was said to be an evil, whilst retaining what was admitted to be good (namely, the knowledge and independence of the present Court of Directors)—is the very thing required in the present conjuncture. Now, John, I do not say that any Council sitting *with* the President, and under his immediate personal control, can ever be so independent as a Court of Directors sitting at the other end of the town; but, according to the declared wishes on the one side, and admissions on the other, of the late Government, a Council of eighteen, partly elected, is more in accordance with their views than a Council of eight entirely nominated by the Crown. But rely upon it, John, that they are not thinking of India—they are not thinking of good government—they are simply thinking of their party and themselves—thinking how to embarrass a Ministry that has brought forth a far better measure than the original Palmerstonian conception.

I stick to the elective principle. If I am to be destroyed as a governing body, I shall lie peaceably in my grave, only under the knowledge that the new Council is partly an elected Council. I have no objection to a certain number of Crown nominees, as a little leaven in the entire lump; but the nomination of the whole, John, by the Minister of the day, is intolerable. When the East India Company is destroyed, there may be some difficulty in establishing another constituency, or another electing body, not properly to be called a constituency. It was Lord Ellenborough's idea, out of office, to add to the present Court of Proprietors a body of retired Indian servants, with knowledge, and for the most part, with independence, and all more or less with "a stake in the country." I am not so bigoted to the existing system as to consider that there is anything very preposterous in such a scheme. I believe that the defects of the existing constituency are very much overrated. The proprietors of India stock, whether men or women, have at least as much intelligence and independence as those who vote for the members of your Parliaments. I know that it has been often said, that the best men are deterred from thinking of the direction by the horrors of the canvass. But how many have been frightened away from Parliament by the thoughts of this canvass? You often tell me of the Elphinstones and the Metcalfes who would not enter the direction through such a road. Would they enter Parliament by the same road? Metcalfe, eager as he was to become a member of the House of Commons, shrunk from the canvass; and yet, John, I do not think that any one will have the hardihood to tell you that, therefore, your members of Parliament ought to be nominated by the Crown.

Far less intolerable than the idea of giving the entire nomination of India to the Crown, is the compromise of erecting the Privy Council into an electing body. The Privy Council consists, I believe, of some two hundred members, pretty equally divided among the great political parties of the country. Of course, there are objections to such a scheme—of course, there are difficulties. There are objections to every scheme—difficulties in the way of its practical realisation; but what we have to think of, John, is the choice of difficulties. All legislation more or less involves a choice of difficulties. All

egislation is virtually a compromise. cannot say that I much like the Privy Council scheme; but it gives it least some promise of a partially ndependent Council. And in the bsence of a thoroughly independent ody such as the present Court of Directors (and with all its faults, John, you will never have so inde- endent a governing body again), it will be something to know that there s a Council containing *some* inde- endent members.

In whatever manner the Council nay be constituted, John, they will of course have the power to record heir opinions when they happen to liffer from the President. The Pal- nerstonian Bill contemplates this. But the power will always be a mere ham, if the Council consists wholly of the nominees of the Crown. "Any ordinary member of Council," says he Palmerstonian Bill, "may require hat his opinion, and any reasons for he same that he may have stated at he Board, be entered in the minutes of the proceedings." And, of course, any member of Parliament may call for the productions of these records. I hold this, John, as I have said in he early part of this letter, and as I have shown by illustrative cases, to be an invaluable aid to good govern- ment. But if the members of Council are the dependents of the Minister, he power of record, for all practical purposes of control, is a delusion and a sham. The Minister will in effect be an autocrat. The Council will soon fall into contempt, and, as the Pal- nerstonian journals acknowledge, "into desuetude." The cry will be raised that the Council is of no use; and so the vessel of your Indian go- vernment will drift into a pure des- potism.

Now, John, as I have told you again and again, I am not a party man—I never was a party man; I have nothing to do with Whig or Tory. If, therefore, I tell you that one Bill is better than another, you may be sure that I thoroughly believe that it is so. I repeat to you, ear- nestly and emphatically, that a Bill, which proposes to establish in my place an administrative agency, con- sisting of a President and eighteen Councillors, one half nominated by the Crown, the other half elected by a constituency, is a far better Bill than one which contemplates the erection of a governing Board com- posed of a President and eight Coun- cillors, the whole nominated by the Crown. It is a better Bill, because it ensures the possession by the Council of a larger amount of knowledge, and a larger amount of independence. If knowledge and independence be good things, the more we have of these good things the better. You will tell me, per- haps, John, that, according to this, a council of thirty would be better than a council of twenty, and a coun- cil of sixty better than either. Well, you may enjoy your *reductio ad ab- surdum;* I do not grudge you the benefit of it. Practically, the matter is simply this—India is a very large subject. A man who has passed all his life in Bengal may know little or nothing about Bombay; and a very experienced military officer may be as ignorant of revenue and judicial matters as if he had lived all his life in St. James's Street. The experience which is required in an Indian council is varied local and departmental experience. We require military experience; judicial experience; political, or, as you would call it, diplomatic ex- perience; fiscal experience; commer- cial experience; and these, not re- lating to one only, but to all the seve- ral Presidencies of India. Nay, indeed, we require even more than this; you sneer sometimes at my bankers and ship-captains (with what marvellous inconsistency, you dear old shopkeeper, it is impossible to declare), and yet your new Indian Government, let me tell you, John, will find it difficult to get on without bankers and ship-captains. Why was the whole business of the embarka- tion of your troops for India so well managed—why was I enabled to send out, in the course of a few months, that gigantic relieving army, in a manner which is the admiration and envy of all your departments, John? Because I had a ship-captain in my Court of Directors. Did any of your servants, John, ever do anything of the kind half as well as that com- mittee of bankers and ship-captains

which had the management of this stupendous embarkation? Generals, and judges, and political agents might have broken down in such a matter as this. But I had a particular committee qualified for this particular work. If my Court of Directors had consisted only of eight members, I could not have had that Committee—I could not have had any Committees at all.

Lord Palmerston's India Bill seems to contemplate the division of the Council into so many heads of departments. "The President and Council shall, from time to time, make such arrangement and distribution of the business of these establishments as to them may seem proper, and may, if they think fit, place any separate department thereof under the special charge of one or more of the ordinary Members of Council, who shall from time to time report in relation thereto to the Board." "One or more." It could hardly be "more," John; for my business divides itself into no less than eight departments — Military — Marine — Political —Public (or General)—Judicial—Revenue — Public Works — and Financial. A Council of eight, therefore, could be little more than a number of departmental under-secretaries or chief clerks; and on the occurrence of a vacancy you would be compelled to look about for a man with the same description of knowledge and experience as his predecessor, or the Council, in respect of practical utility, will be left incomplete. I do not say that all the required experience is likely to be found even in a Council of eighteen; but it at least admits of the establishment of committees similar to those over which I now distribute my Directors. And I need not tell you John, that there is far more likelihood of the "report" of a committee, than a report of an individual, influencing the opinions and shaking the decisions of the President who controls the Board.

I stand up, therefore, John, resolutely for the Council of eighteen, on the ground that the business of Indian government can not be effectually done by a similar number of Councillors. And I stand up for the principle of election, upon the ground that without it there can be little or no independent action in the Council. I could have wished that twelve, or two-thirds of the committees, were representative members; but after Lord Palmerston's attempt to sweep the entire right of nomination into the hands of the Minister of the day, I suppose I ought to be content. At all events, the change is a relief to me; I breathe more easily under it.

I am of opinion, on the whole, that the elected members of the new Council ought to be permitted to sit in Parliament. Just see how the matter stands. If nine nominated members, named in the Bill, men of Indian experience, and of high character and ability; and nine others, elected by a constituency which, in all probability, will return men of similar qualifications, are excluded from Parliament, you shut out from the House eighteen men, who, if not of all others presumedly the *best* qualified to speak on Indian subjects (for it must be remembered that there are some men of great Indian experience who will not abandon Parliament for a seat in the Council), are at least eminently qualified to take a distinguished part in all Indian debates. This is one evil. Another is, that whilst the Council deprives Parliament of men who might advantageously be there, Parliament will return the compliment by depriving the Council of men who might be its greatest ornaments. It appears to me, moreover, to be expedient that some members of the Council should sit in the House to explain, and, if necessary, to defend their acts. These, John, are patent objections; but there is something to be said on the other side. There are difficulties which will, doubtless, occur to you, in the way of any other arrangement. It seems to have been generally admitted that the nominated members of the Council ought not to sit in Parliament. But I am not sure that this admission has not been made, in most cases, in contemplation of the proposal that the Crown should nominate all the members. The case, however, is materially affected by an

arrangement, under which only half of the Council is so nominated. If the elected members, as now, were to outnumber the nominated members, there would be little or no objection to the whole of them sitting in Parliament. But, under the half-and-half system, it may still be expedient to exclude from Parliament the nominees of the Crown. If, then, the nominated members are excluded from a seat in the great assembly of the nation, can the elected members be admitted to a privilege not enjoyed by their associates in office? Would not such an invidious arrangement lower the character of the Crown nominees? I confess, John, that I think it very probably would; so I admit that there is a difficulty in the way of admitting only elected Directors to Parliament; and that, therefore, it might (mind I don't say it would) be expedient to leave the whole free to follow their own inclinations. If I had my own way, I would cut the Gordian knot, by nominating only six members, and letting the whole eighteen sit in Parliament, if they can get seats. But as I have little hope of effecting this, John, I must leave it to you to consider the choice of evils, into which, as I have already said, nearly all legislation resolves itself. What the Council will gain in knowledge, it may lose, perhaps, in independence; or what it will gain in independence, it will most probably lose in knowledge. The loss to the Council of the knowledge, of the high character and ability, which follows the exclusion of members of Parliament from the Council, is something, however, far more certain than the loss of independence entailed by the admission of Councillors to Parliament. I know, John, that the most perfect independence is quite compatible with the combined office of member of Parliament and nominated Director; but now, John, we live at the other end of the town, and there are many other circumstances which will cease to operate for good when I am laid in the earth. I do not think that any argument can be deduced from the honourable fact which I have mentioned; so I leave you to consider the choice of difficulties on which you are necessarily thrown, by the determination of your servants to overthrow the existing order of things.

Before I have an opportunity of addressing you again, John, perhaps I shall be virtually defunct. But bear in mind what I have told you. Fight manfully for an independent Council. Do not suffer India to be given up, bound hand and foot, to a Parliamentary majority, swollen by the Pope's Brass Band. Depend upon it that you will rue the day when you suffer all the corrupt influences, to which I have already alluded, to be brought to bear upon the government of our Indian possessions. Depend upon it, John, that there was never yet before you a question of such magnitude as this—never a question which called for more solemn and dispassionate inquiry—never one, by the ignorant and hasty solution of which you have been more certain to jeopardise the prosperity of the nation. Take time, then—take heed—take thought, or some day you will wring your hands in despair, and bewail your marvellous folly.

I am, my dear John,
Very faithfully yours,
JOHN COMPANY.

## THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

After a lapse of five years the Conservatives have returned to power. The country already has cause to rejoice at the change. The premature fall of the Derby Administration in 1852—a fall occasioned by as factious a coalition as the halls of St. Stephen's ever witnessed—cut short the masterly policy by which that Ministry were consolidating our position abroad, and the important measures of reform which they were introducing into the legal and administrative systems at home. The legal reforms effected in those memorable ten months of Conservative rule, throw into the shade all that has been accomplished by the Liberal Administrations which followed. And, looking at what has occurred, many of the more honest Liberals are ready to adopt the confession of Mr. Cobden, that he never regretted any vote so much as the one by which he joined in overthrowing the Derby Administration of 1852. In truth, since that time, the Government has been living more and more upon shams, and the country has been put upon the same poor diet. The Whigs, of late, have been doing nothing in the way of domestic improvement or reform, although there are many very useful measures which might have been quietly introduced and carried, had there been the head to conceive or the energy to execute them. Indeed, it is not in quiet business-like legislation that the Whigs excel. Of late they have been doing nothing at all in this line; and, in lieu thereof, they have been playing their favourite game of kite-flying, and kept a succession of windbags labelled "Reform" flaunting in the air over the heads of the gaping multitudes! But credulity cannot last for ever; the faith even of the Liberals in the honesty and ability of their chiefs has wellnigh sunk to zero. And with that eclipse of faith has come a calmer scrutiny of what has actually been done; and the question has arisen, If we take away from the Whig chiefs their shams and promises, what have we left? The change of ministry will inaugurate a more effective regime. The Conservative statesmen who did so much during their former brief tenure of office, will work with the same zeal now, aided by five years' additional experience of public affairs. And this much at least we can promise the country, that instead of the *roi fainéans* who have ruled in Downing Street of late, each man of the new Ministry will energetically investigate and conduct the business of his own department, and not make the fact of one single department being busy an excuse for all the others standing still.

Unlike the two chiefs of the Liberal party, the Earl of Derby bears a name never associated with finesse. What he promises, he will do. He did not seek office,—he even sought to avoid it. *It came to him.* The Liberals had fairly broken down. Their chiefs had become discredited, and the party so disorganised and at strife within itself, that nothing but a return of the Conservatives to office could suffice to carry on the government. When first honoured with her Majesty's command to form a Ministry, the Earl of Derby frankly described the state of parties in the Legislature, and begged his Sovereign to take another day to consider the matter. In that interval every project of forming an Administration from the ranks of the Liberals was seen to be hopeless; and next day her Majesty informed the noble chief of the Conservatives that further consideration had only strengthened her conviction of the propriety of intrusting to him the task of carrying on the government. That task he has undertaken, and he will execute it with earnestness and vigour. Indeed, in regard to the vital matter of the national defences, the Premier entered instantaneously upon the duties of his high office—rightly thinking that, owing to the unfortunate misunderstanding with France, so liable to be aggravated by any caprice of public opinion on either side, the present was not a juncture for the indulgence of over-confidence.

and that, before entering on the game of negotiation, he must ascertain how the country could fight. With similar alacrity, the action of General Peel in the War Office, in redressing the arrears of his predecessor, became visible even in the provinces; while Lord Malmesbury inaugurated his return to the Foreign Office by immediate measures on behalf of the long-neglected Englishmen then on trial for their life in the unscrupulous law-courts of the tyrannical King of Naples. A good understanding was immediately formed with Austria. And at the same time so diligent and successful were the negotiations of the new Ministry with the French Government, that, on the reassembling of Parliament, Mr. Disraeli was able to announce the gratifying fact that every trace of misunderstanding was effaced. The subsequent announcements in Parliament of their general policy, and of the new measures to be introduced, have been such, we think, as may well assure the country that the regime of the new Administration is to be one of judicious and energetic work, which will contrast most favourably with the hesitating and half-hearted policy of their predecessors.

Unquestionably the fall of Lord Palmerston was a remarkable event. It was unexpected by all parties, and not particularly desired by any. The Premier, whom not a year ago a General Election placed at the head of an overwhelming majority—and with whom, since then, no one had ever dreamt of measuring strength—went down suddenly, "in sunny hour," when no one thought of danger. It was like the withering of the gourd. The mortality came from within. Lord Palmerston's great reputation collapsed suddenly; and it was from the Liberals that the motion came which led to his defeat and fall. In the vote which overthrew him, there was certainly no concert. It is beyond question that the defeat of the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill arose neither from factious motives, nor as the result of any pre-arranged coalition against the Government. The amendment was moved by Mr. Milner Gibson, a member of the Manchester party,—a gentleman whose antecedents certainly did not peculiarly fit him for undertaking the championship of British liberty, and for whom the Conservative party entertain neither personal nor political sympathy. The Opposition, too, had no "whip;" and as further evidence of the conscientious and unsectarian character of the vote, the Liberal and Conservative parties were both fractured, and portions of each went into the same division-lobby. In the face of such facts, we will not question that there was room enough for an honest division of opinion; but it would have been an unfortunate thing for the national prestige if the course adopted by Lord Palmerston had been sanctioned by Parliament.

The Refugee question is one of exceeding delicacy, and we are sorry to think that, though the difficulty is over for the present, we have not yet seen the last of it. Taking this view, we think it becomes all parties in this country to consider the matter dispassionately, and bearing in mind that the dignity of a nation may be even more lowered in the eyes of the world by shortcomings in duty on its own part, than by any attempted infringement from without. The right of asylum—the right of protecting political exiles—is one which England will never abandon; but it never has been hitherto, and we trust it never will be, her desire to let her shores be made an asylum for the preparation of crimes, or of hostile designs against the Governments of nations with whom we are at peace. While maintaining the right of asylum, it becomes us to guard against any abuses of it, and not to forget what we should think if our position were reversed, and other nations were to act towards us as we now do towards them. Nations, as much as individuals, are bound to respect the golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by. And we are quite persuaded that if England wishes to maintain the right of sheltering exiles and refugees, she must take better care than she has done of late not to allow her hospitality to be abused. She need never strain her laws, but she must enforce them. We rejoice to believe that the

majority of the exiles who find shelter on our shores, thankful for the asylum, only seek to live amongst us quietly, gaining a livelihood as they best may. No foreign Government makes any demand upon us to give up or drive away such refugees, nor should we accede to it if such demand were made. But sad experience shows that there are also refugees of a very different type, and who have no claim to our toleration, unless we choose to give to aliens an immunity from law which we do not permit to our own people. This culpable or criminal portion of the refugees is divisible into two classes. First, there are those who, under cover of our protection, continue their work of political conspiracy, by issuing revolutionary proclamations from our shores, and, in defiance of our alliances, carrying on treasonable correspondence with accomplices abroad, —thus converting our shores into a "coign of vantage" from which to push forward their covert attacks upon the tranquillity of other countries. If we be at peace with the States against which these refugees direct their intrigues, it is quite clear that the concoction of such hostile machinations cannot be permitted: it is an offence which, by the law of nations, the menaced States have a right to insist that we shall put an end to, and the unchecked existence of which would constitute a *casus belli*. The other class of refugees who abuse our hospitality are of a much worse character. They are those—of late years become numerous—who spend their time here in preaching the doctrine of assassination, and in the concoction of murders to be perpetrated abroad, and who continue safe upon our shores up to the very moment when they choose to execute their criminal designs. The leaders of these men have publicly proclaimed that the killing of all kings and emperors is a duty; but it is especially against our ally, the Emperor of the French, that they have directed their vile denouncements and murderous attempts. If England wish to retain her own self-respect, and maintain the dignified position she has hitherto held amongst the nations of Europe, such a state of things cannot be permitted to continue. In addition to a transgression of the Moral Law such as would subject them to death in any civilised State whatsoever, the refugees who have of late been compassing the death of the French Emperor are chargeable also with aiming a most direful blow at the whole internal tranquillity of France. Actually to declare war against France would do her infinitely less injury than suddenly to cut off the man who, raised to and supported on the throne by the national voice, alone keeps in check the tides of hostile passion which threaten that country with the most dreadful anarchy. To assassinate Napoleon III. is not only to kill an individual, but to commit a terrible wrong against a whole nation. It is too true, that, in many cases, as in that of Orsini, our Government may have no warning either of vicious character or of criminal intention on the part of these conspirators; but this ought to make us only more scrupulous to take action against all offences that are overtly made.

A feeling of resentment at England as the harbourer of assassins has of late become prevalent among the French, and the atrocious attempt of the 14th January, elicited that feeling in very unmistakable language. That attempt, like Pianori's, was the work of Italians, who planned it, and prepared the deadly missiles for it, in England. It was in all respects a foreign machination; and the whole French army, and the greater part of the French people, rose to resent it. Need we be surprised that they did so? Be assured the British people, in like circumstances, would have done just the same. No greater or more odious wrong can be done to any nation than that foreign assassins again and again should come from a foreign country to assassinate the ruler of their choice. On such provocation, however unintentional on our part, France would have sprung to war with us in a moment, had she not been curbed by the Emperor. All classes in this country deeply lamented the atrocious attempt upon the life of the French Emperor, but

the French nation complained that our professions, however sincere, were not borne out by our acts. We exclaim against Napoleon III. for withholding a popular constitution from our neighbours; but had there been in France a Parliament like our own, reflecting every susceptibility of public opinion, we do not believe that any considerations of prudence would have been sufficient to prevent an open rupture with this country. Let any one recollect the temper of the French Chambers in 1850, when, on the announcement that the French Ambassador at London had been recalled, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's ultimatum to Greece, a fervour of excited delight pervaded the assembly, and the chiefs of *all* parties hastened to the Elysée to congratulate the President. One word from Louis Napoleon, and the two nations would then have gone to war, and Russia would have walked over Europe. Two months ago the fervour in France against us was still greater, and again a word from Napoleon would have set the two nations at war. But again the word was not spoken, and the Emperor's policy was strenuously directed to the maintenance of peace. We are sorry to observe, from the recent dispute, that the British public, which arrogates to itself the right of speaking ill of our neighbours without allowing itself to be challenged for so doing, becomes extremely susceptible when a foreign nation speaks ill of it. We put it to any candid man amongst us to say whether, if a gang of assassins, domiciled in France, were ever and anon coming over to attempt the life of our own beloved Sovereign, the expressions of wrath and indignation from the British press and public would not be quite as little guarded as those of the French regiments. We believe they would be ten times more furious and defiant. In truth, the offence taken in this country at the menaces of two or three French colonels was not a little ridiculous, and certainly was not justified by any punctilious regard which our own writers and speakers have shown towards either the French nation or their ruler. A few years ago, did not almost the whole British press, for months together, unite in denunciations of Louis Napoleon as blockhead, madman, tyrant, and villain, in one? And did not Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood, when members of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, give a Ministerial sanction to such vituperations, by echoing them on the hustings? Very justly, therefore, as well as humorously, was it observed, that "if the French Emperor and nation could endure with equanimity the insults heaped upon them by English Cabinet Ministers, the people of England might surely afford to pocket the insults of the French colonels!"

The attempted destruction of their Emperor and Empress by foreign assassins, and the wounds or deaths to a hundred and fifty of their fellow-subjects, which accompanied it, having bitterly exasperated the French army and people, and having led to a despatch from the French Minister requesting that the British Government should consider whether something could not be done to check the acknowledged evil,—what did Lord Palmerston do? Without making any reply to Count Walewski's despatch, he brought forward the Conspiracy Bill. Considered by itself, that bill was harmless. But then it so happened that the intrinsic qualities of the bill were thrown into the shade by the extrinsic character which attached to it. It was not simply as a good measure that it was introduced, but as a peace-offering to the French Government and people. At first sight this seems to furnish only an additional reason why the bill should have been passed. But there was a serious consideration behind. It was damaging to a nation's prestige to legislate at the dictation of a foreign Power; and if the passing of the bill were the only reply made to the French despatch, would it not have seemed that England was legislating at the dictation of France? We are very far from homologating all the charges hurled in the course of the debates against the late Government; and that a grave and most inexcusable misconstruction was put by some

members upon Count Walewski's despatch, seems to us beyond dispute, and was acknowledged by Lord Malmesbury in his admirable and statesmanlike reply to the French Government. But to legislate without replying to that despatch, what did such a course imply? The terms in which Count Walewski alluded to the crimes of the refugees, and the immunity which they confessedly enjoyed, were almost tantamount to a charge that the spirit of English legislation is such as designedly to screen the offenders from punishment; and to proceed at once to legislation without setting the French Government right on this point, was voluntarily to underlie the charge, and to appear in the face of Europe as remedying a shameful defect in our institutions which hitherto we had refused either to acknowledge or amend. All the Courts of Europe know the invariable reply which the British Government has returned on former occasions to complaints in regard to the refugees. In 1803, in answer to the French Government, a deliberate assertion of the law was made by the British Cabinet of that day, to the effect, "that this country shall be a safe asylum for foreigners of all descriptions; but that, if they commit any offence against the laws of this country,—*if they incite to the assassination of a foreign sovereign, or the chief magistrate of a foreign State,—or if they impair our friendly relations with foreign States by their revilings and their libels*, they shall then be liable to punishment according to the well-known and established laws of England." Such, in Lord John Russell's words, was the declaration made by this country in 1803, and again in 1851 when he himself was Premier. In accordance with this declaration, Peltier, a French refugee, was tried in 1802 for uttering libels against the first Napoleon, and found guilty. And in 1832, when the Government of Louis Philippe represented to our Government that the exiled Bourbons, then in this country, were plotting rebellion, and assisting their partisans in France, the Whig Ministry at once intimated to the exiles that they must either give up all correspondence with their old adherents, or quit the British territory,—upon which they unhesitatingly adopted the former alternative. Why, then, did not Lord Palmerston now repeat the declaration made in 1803 and 1851? Simply because he knew that, for some years past, and during his own Premiership, the British Government had not been acting up to that declaration. There never was a time when an honest enforcement of our laws was so much called for by the conduct of refugees as during the last five or six years; yet not one single attempt was made to put our laws in force against them. Lord John Russell, who set himself most clamorously to oppose even the first reading of the Conspiracy Bill, asserted that the answer of our Government to that of France should have been, "Show us that these men have been preaching the doctrine of assassination, and we will bring them before our courts of justice without the loss of an hour. Make out that it was advocated by them in any of their clubs, and they will no doubt be convicted as Peltier was convicted." Where has his Lordship been for the last five years that he can give utterance to language so entirely at variance with the facts? Has his memorable career in the Foreign Office under Lord Aberdeen, and his not less memorable embassy-extraordinary to Vienna in 1855, turned his eyes so entirely to Continental affairs as to shut from his knowledge all that has been going on at home? If all the refugees that have advocated the right of assassination in the clubs, or published "revilings and libels" against our allies, were to be "brought before our courts of justice without the loss of an hour," our magistrates would soon have their hands full of them. With all deference to his Lordship, there is no question at all as to dozens of the refugees having acted in the manner which he denounces; and only his Lordship's ignorance, it appears, has prevented him being the most thoroughgoing of their prosecutors. The question rather is, Whether it be really expedient and worth while to prosecute every refugee who chooses to harangue the members of his club in support of regicide? Probably the

British public is not an unimpeachable judge of such a question. The matter does not come home to us, as it does to our neighbours the French, who are the parties wronged. We have no fear of any one attempting the life of our own Queen, and we look upon the orations of these foreigners in support of assassination as idle froth, and with the same disregard as we would bestow upon the discussion of the question in some of the debating clubs of our young collegians. It may be we are wrong in so doing: certainly it is beyond question that these foreigners seek to act upon their professions; eight assassins have proceeded from our shores within the last six years; and to our ally France—indeed to all Europe—their designs are fraught with the most serious consequences. But in whatever light the public may choose to regard such club-discussions, we conceive that there is one form of "preaching the doctrine of assassination" which no Government is entitled to overlook. We allude to such publications as that lately issued in London by Felix Pyat, and some of his *confrères*, in which they defend in most passionate terms the attempted assassination on the 14th January, and deplore that they had not the honour of taking part in it. What was Peltier's offence compared to this? If possible, a still more notable instance of such "preaching of assassination" was exhibited by the notorious Jersey Manifesto, issued in October 1855, wherein a triumvirate of refugees proclaimed the assassination of all crowned heads to be one of the imperative duties of their party. "To kill kings and emperors," they said, "is an honour and a duty." And as if in direct challenge to our Government, this doctrine, together with demoniacal denunciations of Napoleon III., was audaciously published as a "Letter to the Queen of England!" At that time, and in connection with that infamous Letter, we directed attention to the general question of the Refugees, and warned the Government of the gravity which that question would certainly assume if the national hospitality were allowed to be so wickedly abused. This country, we said, "cannot allow London to be made a focus for the concoction of conspiracies which may throw our allies into disorder. Pianori came from London—Pianori was equipped for his bloody task by these same refugees in the English metropolis. Had Napoleon III. fallen by his hand, would not France, blinded with wrath for the death of her Emperor, have bitterly charged England with nourishing and sending forth the assassin? After the warnings, both in words and in act, which this country has now had, it cannot longer plead ignorance. It must either take the needful measures against these men of blood who shelter themselves on our shores, or else abide the stern consequences."* We beg to repeat the same warning now. Has not the outburst of feeling in the French army and people, produced by the attempt of the 14th January, proved the reality of the danger we foresaw in 1855,—and does it not sufficiently indicate what would have happened if the French Emperor had fallen a victim to the atrocious attempt upon his life? Let Napoleon III. perish by the hand of one of those foreign desperadoes whom we shelter, and to whom, it is undeniable, we have of late been permitting a license forbidden to our own subjects, and the Anglo-French alliance will be sundered in a moment. It is only too true that so deplorable an event may happen wholly in despite of our precautions—God forbid that it should happen in any way;—but how shall we answer to our faithful ally, and to the community of nations for such a catastrophe, unless we have previously

* See the Magazine for November 1855, p. 645-6. We at the same time commented on the proclamation then issued in the names of Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, and Kossuth, calling upon all the Continental nations to rise in insurrection against their Governments—a proclamation which was unquestionably in direct contravention of those "well-known and established laws of England," which forbid to refugees any proceedings which tend to "impair our friendly relations with foreign States."

taken every proper means of precaution against its occurrence? "I fear not for my own life," says the French Emperor; "I speak on behalf of the Alliance." Mr. Disraeli has justly styled the Anglo-French alliance "the key-stone of modern civilisation." Without it Europe would be Russianised, and our own liberties placed in danger. The British nation is desirous to preserve that alliance; but the efforts of the refugees whom we shelter are directed to produce the very opposite result. They wish to sunder that alliance. And every conspiracy they concoct, and every manifesto which they publish, tends more or less directly to further their purpose. Those manifestoes of Felix Pyat and others are not flaunted forth for the mere personal gratification of the shameless men who sign them, but as a means of sowing discord between this country and France. Rupture the Anglo-French alliance, and in the turmoil that would ensue those men hope to carry out (as they doubtless would for a while) their projects of social anarchy and political revolution. They hate England as they hate every established government; but they make use of her. They avail themselves of England's noble asylum, only that they may presume upon her hospitality, and play upon her natural haughtiness of spirit. They chuckle at every fresh display of license which we permit to them, and forthwith proceed to strain our forbearance still further. We are mistaken if the honest spirit of the British public will much longer tolerate the audacious licence of these men. Liberty has nothing to fear at the hands of an English judge and jury. We may need no new laws, but we imperatively require the enforcement of those already existing. A heavy responsibility rests on the British nation; and we shall not be of those who gloss it over, to the detriment of the national credit, and at the risk of gravest mischief in the future.

It would be unfair to call in question the spirit and patriotism of the late Premier, and his reputation is equally established as a parliamentary tactician. What, then, it may well be asked, led him to commit so gross a blunder as not to reply to Count Walewski's Note, and thereby appear to legislate at foreign dictation. The explanation is worthy of attention. Lord Palmerston may have presumed too much on the confidence which the House reposed in him, but it were unreasonable to attribute so grave an error entirely to heedlessness. It were nearer the truth to affirm that, owing to his own omissions of duty in the past, he felt the dispatch to be unanswerable. You cannot answer it (he told the House), for it is all true. Assassination, he confessed, *had* been elevated into a doctrine, and preached openly; and as these things had been done more especially during his own Premiership, he found himself in a dilemma. He could no longer reply, as was done in 1803 and at subsequent times, that "the well-known and established laws of England" were adequate to punish such offences; for the French Government would then have immediately retorted, "Why, then, have they not been put in force?" and as the perpetration of various overt offences by the refugees was indisputable and acknowledged, such a line of tactics threatened to expose the Premier and his colleagues to the gravest charges. Lord Palmerston, therefore, sought to shift the blame from himself to the law, and resolved to quiet the indignation of the French people by having recourse to a sham. The Conspiracy Bill would have been quite inoperative to prevent the practices complained of; and moreover it was uncalled for, save by the personal exigencies of the Premier, and made the British Parliament appear in the eyes of the world as if legislating at the dictation of a foreign power. It was a wrong course, and was properly repudiated by the House of Commons. Let us walk in the old paths—let us do as our fathers did. If the "well-known and established laws of England" sufficed to convict Peltier, and to suppress the intrigues of the Bourbon princes, they must be equally potent now. If refugees "incite to the assassination of a foreign sovereign, or if they impair our friendly relations with foreign states by their revilings and their libels, they are

liable to punishment according to the well-known and established laws of England." Such was the declaration of British law and policy in all former times. All that we have to do is honestly to act upon that declaration now. The refugees whom we protect must not be allowed to commit moral as well as political crime by "inciting to the assassination of a foreign sovereign"; neither can they be permitted to "impair our friendly relations with foreign states by their revilings and their libels." It is British law that shelters them, and to British law they must submit. No man on British soil is superior to the laws, and certainly aliens must not be permitted a license unknown to our own countrymen.

We have referred to this question of the Refugees at some length, because, although the diplomatic difficulty is happily at an end, much irritation still prevails on both sides of the Channel; and because it is to be feared lest some untoward event in the future—some new attempt upon the life of the French Emperor may rupture the alliance, and involve this country in a war from which we could derive no credit, and which would be full of disaster alike to England and France—indeed to all Europe, except perhaps to Russia.

Grave as was the fault committed with respect to the Walewski despatch, it would be a mistake to regard that as the sole cause of the downfall of the late Government. Several other circumstances had occurred to alienate the confidence of the country from Lord Palmerston, and, indeed, to convert the old and generously bestowed confidence of the House into a well-founded and uncontrollable distrust. The obnoxious 'Clarendon regulations' in regard to the passport-system was one of those accessory causes of Lord Palmerston's downfall; but doubtless the most important of them was his conduct in the case of the "Cagliari." The circumstances of that case are easily stated. The "Cagliari" steamer sailed from Genoa in June on one of its usual trips; but hardly had it got to sea, when a number of passengers, who had come on board with concealed arms, seized the captain, put one of their own men at the helm, and compelled the two English engineers on board (Park and Watts) to continue to work the engines. They then steered for Ponza, a Neapolitan station, carefully preventing any signals being made by the crew to the vessels which they passed on their way; and, after releasing a number of prisoners at Ponza, they proceeded to land at Sapri, where the insurgents were quickly met and defeated by the Neapolitan troops. Meanwhile the crew, being left on board the "Cagliari," immediately set sail, with the intent of reporting the affair at Naples; but on their way thither they were met, and carried into port, by two Neapolitan vessels of war. The seizure was made at a distance of six miles from land,—which is beyond the limit within which alone a State may seize a foreign vessel in times of peace, unless that vessel be a pirate, and unprovided with the customary papers. The crew were sent to prison on the charge of being accomplices in the insurrectionary landing at Sapri; and the Neapolitan law-courts condemned the "Cagliari" as a fair prize of war *in contumacio*—the counsel for the owners having thrown up their briefs in consequence of the unfair manner in which they were treated. An important question of international law was raised by these proceedings of the Neapolitan government; namely, as to whether the "Cagliari" was a lawful prize. That the Neapolitan navy had a right to capture the "Cagliari," though beyond the limit of the Neapolitan waters, we may question, but cannot positively demur to; because the fact of the vessel having actually committed an act of war within those waters, seems to put it beyond the pale of the laws of peace, or at least to impart to it a *primâ facie* piratical character. But it is another question whether she could be condemned as a lawful prize, for that could not be determined till the guilt of the crew was established; and, moreover, in the most famous case of this kind—that of the ship which landed the Duchess de Berri and her followers on the French coast—it was decided that even though the crew of the

vessel were lawful captives, the ship itself must be restored to its foreign owners. Founding upon this case, the Sardinian Government demanded from the Neapolitan Government the restoration of the "Cagliari;" but Lord Palmerston's Government, though appealed to by Sardinia, did not back the demand, nor intervene in any way in the affair. The case against the crew again was this: They were found on board a vessel which had just been engaged in a hostile or piratical enterprise,—in other words, a *primâ facie* case existed against them, and only after a judicial investigation, or actual trial, could their innocence be established. The letter of the law, therefore, justified the Neapolitan Government in committing them for trial; but we think there was ground for an urgent protest by our Government against the manner in which the case was delayed and protracted, especially in the utter absence of a feasible case on the part of the prosecution. Of course, interference in such a matter brings one on delicate ground. Every country has a right to conduct its legal proceedings in its own way; and Englishmen cannot contest this point, unless they are willing to let Frenchmen in this country be tried according to French laws, or Russians by Russian laws—in which case we should legalise amongst us a very summary sort of justice, and the punishment of the knout. The case against the crew was of the most flimsy character. The only inferences of guilt which the Neapolitan Government could imagine and adduce against them, was (1) that the "Cagliari," when captured, was on its way back to Ponza to transport more men from thence to join the insurgents—although the vessel had not coal enough to make such a trip; and (2) that the "Cagliari" had not *all* the required papers, though it carried all that are usual in vessels of the kind. Against these most shadowy inferences were to be put the much stronger presumptions on the other side, quite tallying with the statements of the prisoners, which in turn were corroborated by the declarations of the original conspirators—although some of the liberated malefactors from Ponza (men of no character, and justly open to the suspicion of being tampered with) at first made depositions somewhat unfavourable to the innocence of the prisoners. In such circumstances it at least behoved the British Government to show an active interest on behalf of the engineers—all the more so, as, in September, nearly all the crew were set free except Park and Watt. In truth, we entertain no doubt that these two men were detained and put on trial along with the actual insurgents, from no other motive than to retort upon this country, and insult and "snub" our Government through these two unfortunate men. Although this malice was covered and protected by the letter of the law, it ought certainly to have influenced our Government to greater urgency and vigilance, for it was a persecution less likely to be persevered in if the British Government were seen to be thoroughly in earnest in securing fair play for the accused. "As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity, when he could say, '*Civis Romanus sum!*' so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." Such were the famous words of Lord Palmerston on the 24th June, 1850, in defence of his bold demonstration against Greece, on behalf of the goods and chattels of Don Pacifico. But in this far more urgent case of Watt and Park, Lord Palmerston never stirred a finger. He had wished to call into play the broadsides of the British fleet on behalf of the old chairs and crockery of Don Pacifico, but he did not even engage in a paper-war on behalf of the lives and liberties of two innocent British subjects, harshly imprisoned in the dungeons of Naples. And this at the very time he was committing the grave error of seeming to alter our own laws at the demand of the French Government. No wonder that such a policy cost the late Premier the confidence of his party. Nor has Lord Palmerston improved his position by the "explanations" which he proffered after he took his place

on the Opposition benches. He then stated that the cause of his non-intervention was his belief that the "Cagliari" had voluntarily surrendered to the Neapolitan frigates; but that, as it had latterly been acknowledged that the "Cagliari" was compelled to surrender, that altered the case, and justified intervention. Despite this assertion, not the slightest trace was discoverable by his Lordship's successors in office of the least change having taken place in the opinions of the late Crown lawyers as to the legality of the seizure of the "Cagliari." We question whether the compulsory surrender of the vessel suffices to alter the essential law of the case; seeing that not only had a *prima facie* act of war or piracy previously been committed by the ship within the Neapolitan jurisdiction, but also that the captain avowedly designed to carry his vessel into the Neapolitan waters, and even deponed, on his first examination, that he had surrendered voluntarily, and not upon compulsion. But whatever be the law upon this nice point, Lord Palmerston at least knew, or ought to have known, that the Neapolitan Government avowed that the seizure was compulsory, fully six weeks before he quitted office. Yet, up to the last moment of his remaining in power, not a single step did he take to challenge either the acts or the *animus* of the Neapolitan Government. The late Ministry never showed that they were sensible of any hardship or injustice being done; and so the case was protracted for eight months. No sooner, however, did the new Administration take up the case, in a manner which indicated that they were aware of the bad spirit in which the Neapolitan Government was conducting its proceedings, and were resolved to check it by every means fairly available, than the grasp of the despot over our poor countrymen began to relax, and on the 18th of March, one of the prisoners, Watt, was set free. We believe the energy and patriotic philanthropy of the new Administration will speedily bring the whole affair to a satisfactory conclusion; and assuredly the release of these two unfortunate men from a most vile captivity and cruel trial, will be a success most gratifying to the personal feelings of the Conservative Ministers, and will not be unremembered by the British public.

By their judicious conduct, and the success which has attended their efforts both in the Refugee question and in that of the "Cagliari," the new Cabinet made a most favourable debut, and we have no doubt their subsequent policy will be such as steadily to increase their reputation. The public is somewhat chary at present of giving them its confidence, but it will soon perceive that its confidence could not be better placed. The Liberals have had for years such a preponderance of power in the press, that the measures and policy of Liberal Cabinets are never fairly criticised before the eyes of the reading public, while those of the Conservatives are as much depreciated and misrepresented as their rivals' doings are palliated and extolled. But if the nation look calmly at the matter —as we believe it is now not indisposed to do—it will perceive that the consequences of the last five years of Liberal rule have certainly not been such as to make one regret its termination. Not that we regard those evil results as a necessary product of a Liberal *régime*, but as a consequence of the ill-constructed or incapable Cabinets which the Liberals have chosen to set up or follow. It was the Coalition Cabinet of 1853-5 that inflicted upon us and Europe the war with Russia. On this point no candid man can now entertain a doubt. They first led the Czar to believe that they would not oppose his designs upon Turkey, yet afterwards were forced by public opinion to do so; and the result of their "antiquated imbecility" was to entail upon the country a cost of nearly a hundred millions sterling of debt and taxation —while their boasted "administrative capacity" was shown by the loss of an army before Sebastopol from famine and exposure, although the national purse-strings were never so liberally opened. It is strict truth to say that the Persian war was a direct consequence of the war with Russia,—as it was produced partly by the direct instigation of Russia,

and partly by the desire of Persia to possess herself of Herat at a time when England's strength was fully occupied by the struggle in Europe. The British public escaped the expenses of this war, only by the cost being laid upon the Indian Government. But the disasters produced by the policy of the Coalition Cabinet are not yet done. For not only was the Persian war a direct consequence of that with Russia, but—as is now clear from the revelations made at the trial of the King of Delhi, as well as from other corroboratory proofs—the Indian Revolt was in turn greatly induced by the fact of our hostilities with Russia and Persia, by the stories of our disasters in the Crimea and at Kars, and by the withdrawal of troops from India to carry on the war in the Persian Gulf. The three years of Lord Palmerston's rule were in many respects an improvement upon those of the Coalitionists. The war with Russia was prosecuted with admirable spirit,—no exception can be taken to the conduct of the short-lived Persian war,—and it is only fair to say, that though some valuable time was lost in the commencement of the Indian war, this was not attributable to Lord Palmerston personally, and all the subsequent operations of the late Premier in that great emergency were worthy of his high repute for energy and military promptness of action. To this praise Lord Palmerston is fairly entitled; and the votes of the Conservatives, so often recorded in his favour, gave substantial evidence of their candid approval. In domestic legislation, however, the late Cabinet proved itself singularly inefficient, and in this capacity at least it justified the saying of Mr. Bright, "that it was the worst Cabinet he ever remembered." Lord Palmerston is a statesman of rare ability, but he was miserably supported by his colleagues; and though enjoying, we are happy to say, a vigorous old age, still his years were too many to allow of his achieving what perhaps was impossible for the ablest man at the best period of his life. With such a crisis existing in India, we should say that Mr. Vernon Smith was a more than sufficient burden for any Premier to carry; and as some other incapables were in the Cabinet, it was not to be expected that Lord Palmerston could supply all their shortcomings. Some of the Ministerial stud were lazy or good-for-nothing—most of the others, when they took up the running, were always going wrong; and the aged Premier found he had quite enough to do to keep his working colleagues from going wrong, without setting the lazy ones to work also. This made a very inefficient Ministry. In truth, whatever may be thought of the late Administration in other respects, it must figure in history as one singularly destitute of originating talent in all matters relating to domestic legislation.

This brief retrospect of the Liberal Cabinets which overthrew and succeeded Lord Derby's Administration, may well suffice to content one that the series is at length interrupted, and that a new set of statesmen have been called to the helm of affairs. On returning to office, the Conservative Ministers certainly find the affairs of the nation in a very different condition from that in which they left them. Within five short years three wars have come upon the British empire—two of them of a magnitude never but once before encountered in our history. A hundred millions of additional debt or taxation have been thereby imposed upon this country, and probably about thirty millions upon the Government of India. Moreover, when the Conservatives returned to power, they found the Anglo-French alliance, which they were the chief means of originating, and upon which hangs the peace and welfare of Europe, on the eve of a most threatening rupture. And besides all this, within the last six months a terrible commercial crisis—the most disastrous on record—has swept over the United Kingdom, prostrating trade, ruining thousands, and throwing myriads of the working classes out of employment. Both the industry and the capital of the country have thereby experienced a severe blow. Yet, at the same time, when the late Ministry fell, its estimates

showed a deficit of two millions sterling, requiring to be made up by extra taxation upon the incoming year, independent of the heavy falling-off certain to be produced in the revenue by the continued stagnation of trade.

Such are the circumstances in which the Conservatives have returned to power. The new Cabinet, even in the opinion of its opponents, will bear comparison with any of the present generation in point of personal character, homogeneity of composition, and administrative talent. They are all men in the vigour of life, and most of them are remarkable, even amongst British statesmen, for the powers of application and earnest energy of purpose. Ellenborough, Stanley, Disraeli, Pakington, Walpole, Thesiger, and Fitzroy Kelly, are names more associated in public estimation with hard work and high talent than any others in Parliament; while Lord Malmesbury's able management of our foreign affairs in 1852 has not yet been forgotten by candid observers; and Lord Derby unites in himself every requisite for commanding the regard and directing the energies of so great a party. These statesmen so comported themselves when in opposition, that they now return to power without having displayed the slightest approach to factious policy or manœuvres, or having justly irritated a single opponent. "Ever since the day that the late Government was formed," said Mr. Horsman, "the opposition to it has been conducted with a moderation and forbearance to which I remember no parallel in all my Parliamentary experience. I have a strong persuasion," he added, "that if those on this side of the House had then been occupying the Opposition benches, a very different course would have been pursued. When we (the Opposition) occupied those benches before, we had more party divisions in three weeks than the gentlemen now in office ventured on in three years."

We believe the new ministry will obtain what is called a "fair trial." Not that we rely upon the voluntary moderation of the ex-Ministerial chiefs—not that we think them sufficiently magnanimous to copy the example of the Conservatives when in Opposition,—but because the state of parties in the non-Ministerial portion of the House is such as promises to prevent, for the present, any repetition of the disgraceful coalition-tactics of 1852. What brought the Conservatives into power was the simple fact that they were able to take office, and no other party is. The Liberal party at present is split up into three distinct sections, each jealous or mistrustful of the others,—namely, those who follow Lord Palmerston; those who adhere to Lord John Russell; and the Independent or Manchester party. For three years past the Palmerstonians have been in the ascendant; but now that his Lordship has fallen from office, it is hard to say which of the three Liberal sections can muster strongest. We have no doubt that Lord Palmerston's party is already half-dissolved; certainly it no longer exists as the leading section of the House. This is a strange turn of fortune's wheel, but it is only an illustration of the peculiar character of the times. In ordinary times, even those of Lord Palmerston's party who, by voting against him, placed him in a minority on the Conspiracy Bill, would have rallied to the side of their leader as soon as the momentary cause of disagreement was withdrawn; in which case, considering the powerful majority returned to support him at the last Elections, no other person could have formed an Administration with the least chance of success, and the Ministerial crisis could only have ended by his Lordship being recalled to office. It is alleged that, on tendering his resignation, the late Premier had a strong expectation that such would be the result. But Lord Palmerston's party was as abnormal in its character as the times and circumstances which produced it. It included almost all the Whigs, some of the Radicals, and many of the Conservatives, who coalesced in support of Lord Palmerston on the ground either that he was a "safe" man in home politics, or that he was the best upholder of British interests abroad. During the ten months which intervened

betwixt the Elections and his fall, however, it began to appear as if his Lordship's policy in home affairs consisted simply in doing nothing; while, at the same time, the circumstances immediately preceding his fall went far to disenchant his supporters as to his Lordship's supreme regard for the dignity of his country. For ourselves, we do not consider his conduct in regard to the Conspiracy Bill as an intentional desertion of the national honour, but rather as a fatal error induced by previous omissions of duty, and which he ventured to adopt in consequence of a too great confidence in his dictatorial power in the House.

The fall of their distinguished leader from office has loosened the tie which held together the great but heterogeneous Palmerston party. It is one thing to rally round such a man when at the helm of affairs; it is another to adhere to him out of office, and when there are no longer pending any questions for the conduct of which he is specially suited. For half a century of his political life, Lord Palmerston had no following; all at once, when needed, a great party gathered round him; and now again it has begun to dissolve. Lord Palmerston has played too distinguished a part, when Premier, ever to relapse into his old condition of a statesman without a following. But the Palmerston party, as created by the elections of 1857, is already a thing of the past. Its Conservative members have naturally rallied round Lord Derby, and a considerable number of its Liberal members will return to their old allegiance under Lord John Russell. And thus the great Coalition Party of 1855-57 has come to an end, even as the great Coalition Cabinet of 1853–4 did. Had the fall of the Palmerston Ministry been accomplished by the Conservatives, the result would have gone far to consolidate the various sections of the Liberal party. But the chief agent in his fall was Lord John Russell, who signalised his opposition by voting against the very first reading of the Conspiracy Bill,—whereas the Conservatives, anxious to avoid even the semblance of faction on so delicate and important a question, by their votes gave leave to the Government to introduce the Bill. It was also notorious that, throughout the whole course of Lord Palmerston's Administration, Lord John Russell has been ever ready to play the part of mischief-maker. The result has been to widen the breach previously existing between these two chiefs of the Liberal party, and to exasperate in no ordinary degree the Palmerstonians against Lord John Russell. Lord John will never rest so long as Lord Palmerston is above him, while the Irish Viscount will certainly not submit tamely to be displaced from his post of honour. It is at present almost a drawn race between them, and, considering the advanced years of both, the next heat must decide. At present Lord Palmerston holds the vantage. It is six years since that noble Lord asserted his independence and "took up the running" against Lord John, and during the last three years he has completely distanced his rival. Lord John, in fact, has of late years been "nowhere." It was only after an unparalleledly long career in office that Henry Temple rose into notice, and ultimately won the Premiership,—from which, after a reign almost dictatorial, he has just fallen. The "scion of the house of Bedford," on the other hand, emerged suddenly into an amazing popularity, and reached the highest honours earlier than his present rival; but for a good many years his reputation has been steadily sinking. Whatever scintillation of success may yet possibly be in store for Lord John Russell, it is evident that his star has long passed the zenith. Sir Robert Peel latterly eclipsed him even in the estimation of the multitude, and, though not in the Ministry, was more regarded than the Minister himself. Sir Robert's premature death alone saved Lord John from a *coup de grace* at his hand; but no sooner had the great Conservative chief passed from the scene, than Lord Palmerston began to make his influence felt, and, first rebelling against Lord John's views of foreign affairs, finally upset his Cabinet on the Militia question. On the installation of the Coalition Ca-

inet, Lord John was forced to be-ome "the subordinate of a subor-linate;" and though he temporarily ose to be simply a subordinate, it was nly to fall out of office altogether. In ruth, for several years past, the old hief of Reform has found himself ery much in the shade. Supplanted n office by the Conservatives in 1852 —afterwards appropriated by, and iguring insignificantly in, the ill-tarred Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen— ext failing at Vienna, and compelled o relinquish in unusual humiliation is shadowy position in Lord Pal-nerston's Government—the once amous "scion of the House of Bed-ord" has for the last three years found imself entirely out of office, even hough his own party be in power— lmost without a following of his wn—and beholding the Liberal arty and press rallying in support f a statesman, now his successful ival, but formerly a subordinate, whom he ejected from office. Such re the ups and downs of political ife. But the last quality that will e quenched in Lord John Russell s his ambition. To end as he is— ut of office, without popularity, nd without a party—having, so far t least as externals go, lost all that olitical good fortune once so richly howered upon him, would be a deep umiliation. It is the last chapter of man's life that stamps the reputa-ion of the whole. Posterity gene-ally judges by the last scene. If it e a failure, then the inference is not nnatural that former success was ut superficial—due more to fortu-ate circumstances than to the native bility of the man. Lord John Rus-ell does not wish to be so thought of. t will not be for want of bold effort n his part if he end his career in his resent fallen state. *Dum vita est pes.* Parliamentary Reform—the uestion which first raised his Lord-hip to popularity and power—is gain about to be the question of the lay; and very probably he looks orward to it as a means of retrieving is fallen reputation, and of enabling im to close his career in a position worthy of his early fortunes. It is atural that he should endeavour to evive his faded honours by means f the question which formerly made him master of the position. Never-theless it is a truth—not much re-marked, perhaps, but sufficiently pa-tent in its operation—that the same thing, done in the same way, but at a different time, almost never pro-duces the same effect; and that he who tries to revive his popularity by simply copying the conduct which first gave it to him many years be-fore, places his confidence in a broken reed. The traditions of 1832 are quite out of place in 1858; and when the real tug of war does come on the Reform question, we think that the palm of victory will rest with younger men, unblinded by Whig traditions, and who, looking frankly at the facts of the question, resolve to deal with it in a comprehensive manner, and in a perfect spirit of fair play to all classes and interests of the commu-nity.

So stand the divided forces of the Liberals. The Russellites look upon Palmerston as something very like a charlatan and traitor; and the Pal-merstonians regard Lord John as a mischievous meddler and demagogic intriguer. Lord Palmerston's party is that which is least removed from the Conservatives, so far as political principle is concerned; while Lord John Russell is every session drawing nearer to the Radicals, and perhaps hopes to appear once more as Premier, supported by Sir James Graham and Mr. Cobden. The great motive on his Lordship's part for his divergence towards revolutionary democracy is the fact that he has nothing to gain in the other direction, owing to the ground being already occupied by Lord Palmerston. The greater part of the "old Whigs"—who form the most respectable and cautious, but, at the same time, most *cliquish* section of the Liberal party—adhere to Lord Palmerston: and hence Lord John Russell can best look for recruits on the other side, by bidding for the support of the Manchester party, so far as he can do so without entirely alienating the support of the Whigs. The Manchester party, however, are decidedly in a coy mood. The schism between the Russellites and Palmer-stonians has raised this section of the House into importance, and they will not give their alliance without exac

ing its full value. They are in a position to trade upon the exigencies of the two other sections of the Liberal party, especially of the Russellites, who are more likely to acquiesce in their terms. They see in the present dilemma an opportunity of bending one or both of the other Liberal sections to their views; and, till this take place, will help to place neither in power. The Manchester party hate Lord Palmerston above any man in the House, and will be especially loth to support any move made by the ex-Premier to replace himself in power. With an opposition so divided, and public feeling comparatively neutral, there is every prospect of the Conservative Government obtaining a fair trial. The country at present cares little whether the Ministry be Whig or Troy. What it especially desiderates is, that the Ministry be able and energetic in their work; and as the new Cabinet contains immeasurably more ability of every kind than its predecessor, we have no fear that the public will be disappointed by the fruit of their labours.

It will be allowed that the new Cabinet have made a good commencement. They succeeded to office at a time when the temper of the House was exceedingly irritable, and disposed to be unusually exacting. The new Ministers have met this mood with most perfect frankness. Diplomatic documents have been ordered to be printed for the information of the House, and explanations have been made and answers given on all subjects, in a manner which contrasts favourably with the dictatorial spirit of the late Premier, who never gave any explanations which he could withhold, and who rejoiced to snub and "put down" all troublesome interrogators of ministerial policy. And conjoined with this frankness and courtesy to the House, the measures of the new Cabinet in those delicate foreign questions which at present engage so much attention, have been so active and so judicious, that each new reply by Ministers has tended to increase the satisfaction of the House, from the proofs thereby afforded of the singular success which is attending their efforts. In fact, they have cut the ground from under Lord Palmerston in the very quarter where his reputation stood strongest. Alike in the Refugee question, the case of the "Cagliari," and the Passport system, the new Ministry have won very marked triumphs over their predecessors—and that almost instantaneously. Indeed, judging before the event, we should have held that so much success, within so short a time, was impossible; and that so great a change for the better has been already accomplished in each and all of those questions since the fall of Lord Palmerston, is a notable proof of the rare diligence as well as judgment with which the new Ministry have commenced their career. The country will soon be convinced that the Conservative statesmen are bent on doing their work energetically, thoroughly, and well; and that, besides more weighty and ambitious measures, numerous improvements will at the same time be effected in less prominent departments of the public service, which the Liberal Ministers were contented to leave unreformed. Although the pressing questions of the refugees, the "Cagliari," and the passport system, might have sufficed to absorb the attention of a Ministry newly installed, Lord Derby's Government have already proceeded to investigate the condition of the Consular service—a most important branch of our foreign administration, from which hitherto the country has not derived proper value.

We have said that the new Administration will not make the fact of one of its departments being very busy an excuse for all the others standing still. And although foreign politics are still complicated by several questions requiring delicate handling, and more nearly affecting vital interests than may be commonly supposed,—though the India Bill makes another large demand upon the attention of the Government,—and though the Budget, which the new Ministers will not take second-hand, has all to be revised and recast—nevertheless, we believe that the wide field of Law Reform will immediately be entered upon, and with most satisfactory results to the

community. The Transfer of Land —the Bankruptcy Law—and some other portions of our legal system, will be comprehensively dealt with, with the view of improving the law, and lessening the extortionate expense with which such legal processes are at present attended. Lord Chelmsford in the Lords, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly in the Commons, are guarantees that this important work will be ably done; and we are convinced that the Lord Advocate for Scotland, whose pre-eminent legal abilities are acknowledged by all parties in his own country, will prove a worthy compeer for these English lawyers in the comprehensive reforms which they have so much at heart. That veteran and distinguished law-reformer, Lord St. Leonard's, though not in the Cabinet, will continue his important task of remodelling the defective parts of the Statute-book, and his measures will receive every support from the Government.

Lastly comes the great question of Parliamentary Reform. It could not be expected that the new Cabinet should legislate on the subject this session. Indeed it was reckoned extremely doubtful by many even of the Liberals, if the late Premier would not have evaded the question for another year. But as sure as next year comes round, if the Conservatives are then in office, a Reform Bill will be introduced, and proceeded with in earnest. It will not be, like Lord John's bills, a mere toy or decoy to keep dangling before the eyes of the public; it will not be, like his, a measure introduced only to be withdrawn and re-withdrawn. It will be got up in a business-like way, and will be proceeded with in an earnest and business-like manner. Since Parliament has again and again declared that a new Reform Bill ought to be introduced, the country will find that the Conservatives are not the worst hands to which the task can be intrusted. On this subject we need to make no recantation of opinion. What we say in 1858, with our party in office, we said in 1856 when the Conservatives were in opposition. "The maxim of Conservatism," as we then said, "is not that changes shall not be made at all, but that they shall not be made prematurely. . . A Conservative's principles do not debar him from putting forth his hands to modify at times the governmental fabric. On the contrary, Pitt was the first to conceive the project of Parliamentary Reform, at a time when the Whig oligarchs had no relish for the change; and it was only when they found themselves wholly excluded from office that the descendants of the latter, as a means of regaining public favour, took up the project which the outburst of the revolutionary war had caused the great Conservative statesman to postpone. We think the Conservatives erred in 1830, in resisting all Reform; for by so doing they left the country no choice between adopting the crude measures of the Liberals, or declaring that it wished no reform at all. Assuredly Pitt would not have so acted."* And assuredly the Conservatives, if they remain in office, will not so act now. On other points also we have simply to repeat the programme of Conservative policy which we formerly gave: "A Conservative may advocate education as well as a Liberal; indeed, Sir John Pakington is now *facile princeps* in this difficult but important department of statesmanship. A Conservative may advocate legal reform as well as a Liberal, and has done it better. He may support the Protestant character of our institutions as well as a Liberal, and for a long time past has done it better. He may advocate commercial reform, and did so earlier and better than the Liberals. Indeed, what names are to be found among the Liberal Ministers that will match as commercial reformers with those of Pitt, Huskisson, and Peel? In these various departments of legislation, the Conservative walks as boldly on, and has distinguished himself fully more than his Liberal rivals."†

We have no doubt that the great

* "The Political Lull," Dec. 1856, p. 744–5.

† Ibid. p. 744

desire of the Opposition leaders is to get the new Ministry turned out as fast as possible. The ex-Ministerial chiefs, whether of the Palmerston or Russell sect, will be bent upon nipping in the bud the development of their rivals' policy, from a well-founded dread lest the number, comprehensiveness, and ability of the measures of the new Cabinet should quite eclipse the feeble and all but barren sessions of the recent Liberal *régime*. This was the tactics of the Opposition in 1852, and there is much greater motive for them to repeat these tactics now. But *can* they? We do not believe it. We do not apprehend that the ex-Ministerial chiefs will obtain sufficient support from the House to enable them to carry out such factious designs. The Conservatives succeeded to office simply by the failure of their rivals, and after a career in Opposition more free from factious courses than any five sessions of Parliament that the present generation has witnessed. Lord Derby has formed his Ministry entirely on the principle of securing the most efficient men; and in point of talent and administrative skill it may challenge comparison with the very best of its predecessors. Its members are in earnest, fully competent for their work, and bent upon accomplishing it. They *will* accomplish it, if the House give them the opportunity. Difficulties of no ordinary kind they certainly have to encounter; but we confidently believe they will triumph over them, and that the House will support them with that "constitutional" majority to which they are so amply entitled.

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## FOOD AND DRINK.

### PART III.

Man is, with but slight exaggeration, said to be omnivorous; and if he does not eat of all things, he eats so multifariously that our limits would be insufficient to include even a superficial account of all the substances employed by him as Food. We must therefore be content to let attention fall on the principal groups.

*Meats.*—It is superfluous to dwell on the fact that the flesh of most herbivora, both wild and domestic, is both agreeable and nutritious; even the advocates of a purely vegetable diet do not dispute the flavour or the potency of flesh, whatever consequences they may attribute to the eating of it. It contains some of the chief alimentary principles; namely, albumen, fibrine, fat, gelatine, water, salts, and *osmazome*. The last named, is a substance of reddish-brown colour, having the smell and flavour of soup (whence the name—ὀσμη, smell, and ζωμος, soup); it varies in various animals, increasing with their age. It is this osmazome, developed during the culinary process, which gives the characteristic taste to beef, mutton, goat-flesh, and birds. The flesh of young animals is tenderer than that of adults; and tenderness is one quality which favours digestibility. Nevertheless we shall err if, fixing our attention on this one quality, we assume that the flesh of young animals is always more digestible than that of adults; we shall find veal to be less so than beef, and chicken less so than beef. The reason given for the first of these exceptions is, that veal has less of the peculiar aroma developed in cooking; the reason given for the second is, that the texture of chicken is closer than that of beef, and, being closer, is less readily acted on by the gastric juice. Every one knows that veal is not very digestible, and is always shunned by the dyspeptic. On the other hand, in spite of chicken being less digestible than beef, it is more suitable for a delicate stomach, and will be assimilated when beef, or other meat, would not remain in the stomach,—an example which shows us that even the rule of nutritive value being determined in a great measure by digestibility is not absolute; and which further shows how cautious we should be in relying upon general rules in cases so complex.

The age of animals is very important. Thus the flesh of the kid is very agreeable; but as the kid approaches the adult period, there is so pronounced an odour developed from the hircic acid in its fat, that the

flesh becomes uneatable. Whereas the ox or cow, fattened for two years after reaching full growth, have acquired the perfection of their aroma and sapid qualities. The difference between lamb and mutton is very marked, especially in their fat, that of the latter containing more fatty acid, and being to many stomachs quite intolerable. Great also is the difference effected by cooking. When meat is roasted, the outer layer of its albumen is coagulated, and thus a barrier is formed which prevents the exit of all that is fluid; the cellular tissue is converted into gelatine in a form ready for solution; the fat is melted out of the cells. In rapid boiling, a somewhat similar result is seen, except that the albumen becomes less soluble. Slow boiling extracts all the juices in the form of soup, leaving a stringy mass of flesh behind. Baking exerts some unexplained influence on the meat, which renders it both less agreeable and less digestible.

Dr. Beaumont has drawn up tables of the comparative digestibility of various substances, to which succeeding writers have referred, without always perceiving that Dr. Beaumont's observations, being confined to what takes place in the stomach, which is only *one* part of the digestive process, do not throw any light upon what takes place in the intestines—by far the more important part of the process—and can only have a limited value, because they can only apply to those substances which are in any degree influenced by the gastric juice. Bearing this in mind and accepting the following figures as indications only, they will be found useful—

| | Hour. | Min. |
|---|---|---|
| Venison, steak, broiled, requires | 1 | 35 |
| Pig, sucking, roasted, . " | 2 | 30 |
| Lamb, fresh, broiled, . " | 2 | 30 |
| Beef, with salt only, boiled, " | 2 | 45 |
| Beef, fresh, lean, roasted, " | 3 | 0 |
| Beef-steak, roasted, . " | 3 | 0 |
| Pork, recently salted, raw, " | 3 | 0 |
| Pork, recently salted, stewed, " | 3 | 0 |
| Mutton, fresh, boiled, . " | 3 | 0 |
| Pork, recently salted, broiled " | 3 | 15 |
| Pork steak, broiled, . " | 3 | 15 |
| Mutton, fresh, roasted, " | 3 | 15 |
| Beef, fresh, lean, dry, roasted, " | 3 | 30 |
| Beef, with mustard, &c., boiled " | 3 | 30 |
| Beef, with mustard, &c., fried, " | 4 | 0 |
| Veal, fresh, broiled, " | 4 | 0 |
| Beef, old, hard, salted, boiled, " | 4 | 15 |
| Veal, fresh, fried, . . " | 4 | 30 |
| Pork, fat and lean, roasted, " | 5 | 15 |

As may be expected, the flesh of different parts has different qualities; the breast of birds, with its pectoral muscles, which move the wings, is tenderer than that of the legs; but the flesh of the legs, when the birds are young, is more juicy and savoury than that of the wings; and in the woodcock, old or young, the legs are always preferred, while in the partridge it is the wings. The flesh of game is richer in osmazome than that of domestic birds; and when the bird has been kept till it is "high," it has, especially in the back, an aromatic bitter flavour very acceptable to epicures, but very nauseous to unsophisticated palates. The flesh of all water-fowl, especially the goose, is penetrated with fat, which often becomes rancid and "fishy:" this renders the goose so notorious an offender, that he has to be "qualified by a little brandy, euphuistically styled "Latin for goose." Dr. Beaumont found no difference between the digestibility (in the stomach) of roast goose and roast turkey, both requiring two hours and a half; but we must remember that the fats are not digested at all in the stomach, and it is on the fats that the real difference between goose and turkey depends. Turkey, roasted, requires two hours and a half for digestion; fowl, roasted, four hours, and ducks the same.

Besides the meat (muscle) there are the brains, livers, kidneys, and sweetbread of various animals. On account of the fat and oil contained in brain and liver, they are unsuitable for delicate stomachs, especially when fried. Kidneys are very tough, and difficult of digestion. Sweetbread forms a favourite food with convalescents, when plainly dressed; its composition in 100 parts is as follows—

| | |
|---|---|
| Albumen, . . . | 14.00 |
| Osmazome, . . . | 1.65 |
| Gelatine, . . . | 6.00 |
| Animal fat, . . . | 0.30 |
| Margaric acid,* . . | 0.05 |

* Margaric acid is one of the fatty acids, and is produced by the saponification of margarin, a pearly fat found in olive oil, goose grease, and human fat.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fibrine, . . . . . | 8.00 |
| Water, . . . . . | 70.00 |
| | 100.00 |

An excellent food, too much neglected, is Tripe, which is simply the stomachs of ruminant animals. As it contains a large proportion of albumen and fibrine, and requires not more than one hour for its digestion in the stomach, we see the justification of the practice popular in many families, of having Tripe for supper. There is no nightmare in it.

*Horse-flesh.*—A Frenchman was one day blandly remonstrating against the supercilious scorn expressed by Englishmen for the beef of France, which he, for his part, did not find so inferior to that of England. "I have been two times in England," he remarked, "but I nevère find the bif so supérieur to ours. I find it vary conveenient that they bring it you on leetle pieces of stick, for one penny, but I do not find the bif supérieur." On hearing this, the Englishman, red with astonishment, exclaimed, "Good God, sir! you have been eating cat's meat."* It is very true, he *had* been eating cat's meat; but had he not at the same time been eating meat as succulent, savoury, and wholesome as the marbled beef of which the Briton is so proud? Let the resonant shouts of laughter subside a little, and while you are wiping the tears from your eyes, listen to the very serious exposition we shall make of the agreeable and nutritive qualities of horse-flesh. We are not going to press into the service of our argument the immense mass of evidence collected by M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire,† respecting the tribes and nations which habitually dine off horses; nor will we lay much stress on the fact, that in the Jardin des Plantes the carnivora are habitually fed on horse-flesh, which keeps them healthy in spite of many unfavourable conditions. The sceptic might not unreasonably ask whether our digestive power be *quite* as good as that of the lion; and he would remark that the condor is known to devour, with relish, food which Mr. Brown would sturdily refuse. Unhappily no dietetic rules for men can be deduced from condors and lions! We must rely on the experience of human stomachs. Nor is this experience wanting. Without alluding to the rumours which attribute to the Paris restaurateurs a liberal employment of horse-flesh among their *filets de bœuf*, M. St. Hilaire collects an imposing mass of evidence to show that horses have been eaten in abundance, and without suspicion, as without evil consequences. Huzard, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, records, that during the Revolution the population of Paris was fed for six months on horse-flesh. It is true that when the beef was known to be that of horses, some complaints were made; but in spite of the strong prejudices, and the terrors such a discovery raised, no single case of illness was attributable to this food. Larrey, the great army surgeon, declares that on very many occasions during the campaigns, he administered horse-flesh to the soldiers, and what is more, he administered it to the sick in the hospitals. Instead of finding it injurious, he found it powerfully contributed to their convalescence, and drove away a scorbutic epidemic. Other testimony is cited, and M. St. Hilaire feels himself abundantly authorised to declare that horse-flesh is as wholesome and nutritious as ox-flesh.

Is horse-flesh as palatable as it is wholesome? Little will it avail to recount how there are tribes of hippophagists, or how soldiers during a campaign, and citizens during a siege, have freely eaten of the *filet de cheval:* under such extremities an old shoe has not been despised, which is nevertheless not generally considered a toothsome morsel. Feeling the necessity of having this point definitively settled, the advocates of horse-flesh have given banquets, both in Germany and France, at which the comparative merits of horses, cows, and oxen were appreciated. In 1825 the Prefect of Police chose a commission of eminent men to inquire into the quality of the flesh

* *Saturday Review*, 27th April, 1856.

† *Lettres sur les Substances Alimentaires, et particulièrement sur la Viande de Cheval.* 1856.

taken from horses which had died, or had been recently killed, in Paris and its environs. These commissioners all shared the general prejudice; yet in their report they avowed that "we cannot but admit this meat to be very good and very savoury; several members of the commission have eaten it, and could not detect any sensible difference between it and beef." In 1841, horse-flesh was openly adopted at Ochsenhausen (what irony in this name!) and Wurtemberg, at both of which places it continues to be publicly sold, under the surveillance of the police; and five or six horses are weekly brought to market. A large quantity is also sold at the Lake of Constance. In 1842, a banquet, at which a hundred and fifty persons assisted, inaugurated its public use at Königsbaden, near Stuttgard. In 1846 the police of Baden authorised its public sale; and Schaffhausen followed the example. In 1847, Weimar and Detmold witnessed public banquets of the hippophagists, which went off with *éclat;* in Karlsbad and its environs the new beef came into general use; and at Zittau two hundred horses are eaten annually. The innovation gained ground rapidly, and the public sale of horse-flesh is now general in Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Hanover, Switzerland, and Belgium. In 1853, Berlin counted no less than five slaughter-houses, where three hundred and fifty horses were sold. In Vienna, during the same year, there was a riot to prevent one of these banquets; yet, in 1854, such progress had been made in public opinion that thirty-two thousand pounds' weight were sold in a fortnight, and now at least ten thousand of the inhabitants are hippophagists.

These facts are very striking. When we consider, on the one hand, how strong is prejudice, and, on the other, how unreasoning the stomach, we must admit that horse-flesh could only gain acceptance in virtue of its positive excellence. Nor will it suffice to meet these facts with a sarcasm on German beef, in comparison with which horse-flesh may be supposed to hold no dishonourable rank: we have the testimony of men accustomed to the *Café de Paris* and *Phillippe's*, invited expressly to pronounce judgment, and proved, on trial, incapable of distinguishing horse-beef from ox-beef. M. Renault, the director of the great veterinary school at Alfort, had a horse brought to the establishment with an incurable paralysis. It was killed; and three days afterwards, on the 1st December, 1855, eleven guests were invited to dine off it: they were physicians, journalists, veterinary surgeons, and *employés* of the Government. Side by side were dishes prepared by the same cook, in precisely similar manner, consisting of similar parts of the meat from this horse, and from an ox of good quality. The horse-soup was flanked by an ox-soup, the *bouilli* of horse by a *bouilli* of beef, the fillet of roast-beef by a fillet of roast-horse. The guests *unanimously* pronounced in favour of the horse-soup; the *bouilli*, on the contrary, they thought inferior to that of the ox, though superior to ordinary beef, decidedly so to cow-beef. The roast fillet, again, seemed to them very decidedly in favour of the horse. Similar experiments have been subsequently repeated in Paris and the provinces, under varying conditions: the guests have sometimes been informed what they were going to eat; sometimes they have been totally unsuspecting; and sometimes they have been simply told that they were going to eat something quite novel. Yet in every case the result has been the same.

It is on this evidence that M. St. Hilaire calls upon the French people to turn their serious attention to the immense mass of excellent animal food which lies within their reach, and which they annually suffer to waste, merely because of an absurd prejudice. Difficult as it may be to overcome a prejudice, no array of ignorance can prevent the establishment of a truth which is at once easily demonstrable and immediately beneficial. Prejudice may reject horse-flesh, as it long rejected tea and potatoes, the latter of which, Montaigne tells us, excited *l'estonnement et le dégoût*, but has nevertheless become European food. If horses are eaten, why not donkeys? The Greeks ate donkeys, and we must suppose they had their reasons for it. Has any modern stomach been courageous enough to try?

*Fish* is largely eaten by all classes, and is certainly nutritious. Great differences are noticeable in the different kinds. Many have large quantities of oil—as the eel, salmon, herring, pilchard, and sprat; and these are therefore the least digestible. The oil is most abundant in the "thin" parts of salmon, which are consequently preferred by epicures. After spawning, the quality is greatly diminished. In the cod, whiting, haddock, plaice, flounder, and turbot, there is no oil except in their livers, so that these are easily digested, especially if they are not eaten with quantities of lobster or shrimp sauce, agreeable adjuncts very apt to exact large compensation from the delicate in the shape of acidity and flatulence. Frying, of course, renders fish less digestible than boiling or broiling; and those who are delicate should avoid the skin of fried fish. They should also avoid dried, smoked, salted, and pickled fish; crabs, lobsters, prawns and shrimps. The oyster is most digestible when raw, least so when stewed. Dr. Beaumont found the raw oyster took 2 hours 55 minutes to digest, the roasted oyster, 3.15, and the stewed, 3.30. What is called scalloping gives oysters a delicious flavour, but the heat coagulates the albumen and corrugates the fibrine; besides, the effect of heat on the butter in which they are cooked renders it very unfit for the delicate stomach.

Respecting the nutritive quality of fish, opinions are divided. Let us hear old Leeuwenhoek. "It is the opinion of many medical persons," he says, "that various disorders in the human frame are caused by acid in the stomach, which coagulates the juices (!); and some condemn the use of acids, and also of fish, as articles of food. But to these opinions I cannot subscribe, for at a town in my neighbourhood, where the people get their living by fishing, and feed principally on fish, especially when they are on the sea, the men are very robust and healthy, even to a great age: and with respect to myself, I have experienced, that when my habit of body has been indisposed, I have been greatly refreshed by eating fish with sauce composed of a mixture of butter and vinegar, and I never found acid sauces disagree with me. It is also my opinion that a fish diet is more wholesome than flesh, particularly to those persons who do not use much exercise, because fish is more easily comminuted and digested in the stomach and bowels than flesh."* But while fishermen are robust on a fish diet, it is notorious that those accustomed to meat find a certain debility follow the adoption of an exclusively fish-diet —during Lent, for instance; and jockeys, when "wasting" themselves at Newmarket, take fish in lieu of meat. Lehmann cites the analyses of Schlossberger, which show "that the amount of nitrogen in muscular fibre is throughout the animal kingdom essentially similar. The flesh of fish contains the same amount as that of the higher animals; oysters, on the contrary, instead of containing more, as common experience would lead us to conjecture, actually contain less."† There is, however, as we have seen, a remarkable difference between being rich in nitrogen and being good food. One reason why fish is less nutritious than flesh, in spite of the similarity in their composition, is said to be the absence of the osmazome which gives flavour to flesh.

One of the popular notions entertained even by some medical men is, that eating fish increases fertility, and that the fish-eating tribes are unusually prolific. We need not pause to refute the physiological arguments on which this opinion is founded, as the fact asserted, of fish-eating tribes being very prolific, is itself a fiction. Dr. Pereira remarks:—

"There is, I think, sufficient evidence to prove that the ichthyophagous people are not more prolific than others. In Greenland and among the Esquimaux, says Foster, where the natives live chiefly upon fish, seals, and oily animal substances, the women seldom bear children oftener than three or four times: five or six births are reckoned a very extraordinary instance. The Pesserais whom we saw had not above two or three children belonging to each family, though their common food consisted of

* Leeuwenhoek: *Select Works*, i. 154. † Lehmann: *Physiol. Chemie*, iii. 351.

mussels, fish, and seal-flesh. The New-Zealanders absolutely feed on fish, and yet no more than three or four children were found in the most prolific families."*

*Eggs* are very nutritious, especially when poached or lightly boiled; when boiled hard, or fried in butter, they are difficult of digestion; and the same may be said of omelettes, pancakes, and fritters. But here, as indeed in all other cases, only general empirical rules can be laid down—rules which individual experience must rectify or confirm. There are persons who cannot eat the white of egg, there are persons who cannot eat the yolk, and there are others who cannot eat egg in any shape whatever. To some persons of delicate digestion eggs are found very suitable; while to others, whose digestion is generally good, they are hurtful. "In short," says Leeuwenhoek, "we can much better judge for ourselves as to what agrees or disagrees with us, than pretend to advise other people what is good diet, or the contrary."† Experience, enlightened by vigilant good-sense, can alone determine such questions for each person. It is idle to assure a man who finds eggs disagree with him, that "they are really very wholesome;" and not less idle to warn him against eggs, or anything else, which his experience pronounces beneficial. The blissful being who knows not, except by rumour, what is the difference between digestible and indigestible, may smile at Science and our exhortations; the miserable being whose stomach painfully obtrudes itself upon his consciousness by importunities not to be evaded, and by clamours not to be outargued, may gather some guiding light from general rules, and thus by vigilance arrive at positive results for himself.

*Pastry.*—There are two kinds of pie-crust, called "puff" and "short" paste; of these the latter is the most digestible, because the butter is thoroughly mingled with the dough, and is by this means in that state of minute subdivision which, when treating of Fats and Oils, we saw to be necessary for its proper digestion; moreover, the starch is also thus comminuted. In puff pastry this is not the case, and the dough forms itself into thin and solid layers. "All pastry," according to Dr. Paris, "is an abomination. I verily believe that one half of the cases of indigestion which occur after dinner-parties may be traced to this cause." A hard sentence, this, on juveniles and pastry-lovers; but in mitigation one may suggest that the offences of pastry lie less in its own sinful composition than in the fact of its succeeding a chaos of meats, made-dishes, and mingled vintages. The gentleman who was found reeling forlorn and helpless against the railings, on his way home after dining with a friend, hiccuped energetic denunciations against that "knuckle of ham" which had taken the steadiness from his legs, and the singleness from objects; in like manner the tart which is innocent when following a simple joint, may become as guilty as the knuckle of ham at the rear of an elaborate dinner. We are all apt to over-eat ourselves, and then we throw the blame of our imprudence on some article of food not in itself more objectionable than the others.

*Vegetables.*—The immense variety of vegetable food cannot, of course, be even indicated in so rapid a survey as this. A volume might be written on the bread-plants alone. The tropical: rice, plantain, yam, sweet-potato, chayote, arrow-root, cassava, bread-fruit, sago, cocoa-nut, taro, and date; and the extra-tropical: wheat, rye, barley, oats, buck-wheat, and potatoes; with maize, which is common to both regions—these alone support millions of human beings, and are justly named "the staff of life." The tropical plants yield more than the others; wheat yields on an average only five or six fold in northern Europe, and eight or ten fold in southern Europe; but rice yields a hundred-fold. The plantain yields 133 times as much food as wheat on the same area. With a small garden round his hut the peasant can support his family. And how easy is subsistence in the

* Pereira: *On Diet*, p. 282.
† Leeuwenhoek: *Select Works*, i. 158.

Asiatic Archipelago, where sago grows wild in the woods, and a man goes into the forest to cut his bread, as we to cut our firewood. He fells the tree, divides it into several pieces, scrapes the pith out, mixes it with water, strains it, and there is sago-meal ready for use.* The bread countries have been geographically indicated by Schouw as follows :—

"The *bread-line* extends furthest north in Scandinavia, for in Finmark we meet—only within the fiords, it is true—with barley and potatoes up to 70° N. latitude; from here it sinks both to the east and west. It is well known that neither Iceland nor Greenland possess bread-plants, although the south coast of the former lies in 63½°, and that of the latter in 60° N. latitude; and that in the Feroë Islands, although lying between 61½° and 62½°, there exists but an inconsiderable cultivation of barley. On the east side of North America the bread-line sinks still further to the south, for Labrador and Newfoundland have no bread-plants, and the limit can scarcely be put here higher than 50°, consequently much further south than in Denmark, where the plains abound in corn. It extends a little further north on the western coast of North America, which, as is well known, possesses a warmer climate than on the east side. The few data which we find here, render the determination of the north limit rather uncertain; it can scarcely be placed higher than 57°or 58°. Turning from Scandinavia towards the east, we find a depression of the bread-line even in European Russia, here coming by 67° northward of Archangel. The curve is considerable in Asiatic Russia; at Ob the north limit of bread comes to 60°, at Jenesi to 58°, at Lena 57½°, and in Kamtschatka, which has only a slight cultivation of corn in the most southern part, it sinks to 51°—thus so about the same latitude as on the east coast of North America. The bread-line has thus two polar and two equatorial curves, the former corresponding to the western, the latter to the eastern sides of the continent."†

On surveying the list of nations and tribes whose food is principally, or entirely vegetable, we are naturally led to ask what confidence is due to that party in America and England which proclaims Vegetarianism to be the proper creed for civilised man, and vegetable food the healthiest and suitablest in every way. Many years ago I was myself a convert to this doctrine, seduced by the example and enthusiasm of Shelley, and, for the six months in which I rigidly adhered to its precepts, could find no sensible difference except that I was able to study immediately after dinner. It soon became clear, however, that the arguments on which this doctrine rests for support would not withstand physiological scrutiny. It is unnecessary to allude to such fantastic arguments as that of Rousseau, who maintained vegetables to be the proper food, because we have two breasts like the vegetable feeders; an argument as worthless as the counter argument of Helvetius, that flesh is the only proper food, because we have the blind intestine short, like the flesh-feeders. The vegetarian theory is at variance with the plain indications afforded by our structure, and by the indications no less plain afforded by our practice. The structure of our teeth and intestinal canal points to a mixed diet of flesh and vegetable; and although the practice of millions may be to avoid flesh altogether, it is equally the practice of millions to eat it. In hot climates there seems little or no necessity for animal food; in cold climates it is imperatively demanded. In moderate climates, food is partly animal and partly vegetable. Against instinct, so manifested, it is in vain to argue; any theory of food which should run counter to it stands self-condemned. Besides this massive evidence, we have abundant examples in individual cases to show how necessary animal food is for those who have to employ much muscular exertion. The French contractors and manufacturers who were obliged to engage English navvies and workmen, because French workmen had not the requisite strength, at last resolved to try the effect of a more liberal meat diet; and by giving the Frenchman as ample a ration of meat as that eaten by the Englishman, the difference was soon reduced to a mere nothing. It is worth noting that the

* Schouw: *The Earth, Plants, and Man* (Trans.), p. 137. † Ibid., p. 131.

popular idea of one Englishman being equal to three Frenchmen, was found by contractors to be tolerably accurate, one Englishman really doing the work of two and a half men; and M. Payen remarks that the consumption of mutton in England is three times as much as that in France, in proportion to the inhabitants.*

*Tea*, *Coffee*, *Chocolate*, *Wines*, and *Beers*, have been so amply and lucidly treated by Johnson in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, that we need say nothing of them in this place, except to remark that they are all undeniably nourishing, although seemingly incapable of entering into the composition of any tissue, so that their physiological value is still a mystery.

We have thus surveyed the great varieties of Food, and have seen how far Science is from any accurate data respecting the nutritive value of separate substances. It is doubtful whether this last requisite will ever be attained, owing to the complexity of the problem, and the shifting nature of the data. The nutritive value of any substance is necessarily dependent on the relation of that substance to the organism: but that relation cannot be constant, because the organism itself is frequently changing. Moreover, a substance which under ordinary circumstances will be very nutritious, suddenly fails to nourish, because some other substance is present, or some other substance is absent. Whenever the animal is a various feeder, variety in food becomes indispensable. Majendie found that rabbits could not subsist longer than a fortnight if fed on a single article of their ordinary food, such as carrots, or cabbages, or barley; and Ernest Burdach made the following experiment: Taking three rabbits not quite full-grown, but all three from the same litter, and as nearly alike as possible in size, strength, colour, form, and sex; to the one he gave nothing but water and potatoes, which were furnished *ad libitum;* it ate seven ounces on the first day, six on the second, and gradually less and less; its weight, which on the seventh day was 161 *gros*, was reduced by the thirteenth day to 93 *gros*, when it died completely exhausted. The second was fed in the same way with barley; it ate 2½ gros the first day, 14 the third, and so on less and less; in the fourth week it expired. The third rabbit was fed on alternate days with potatoes and barley, and its weight increased till the nineteenth day; and as its weight then remained stationary, in the third week both potatoes and barley were given together, upon which the weight continued to increase, and the animal retained its original vivacity.

It has long been a question what quantity of Food is requisite for the proper sustainment and repair of the organism. Like most other questions of the kind, it can be answered only in an approximative manner, precision being impossible. The differences of individual organisms, and the different conditions of these organisms, must always interfere with any attempt at accurate estimates. The same man must necessarily require more food when in activity than when in repose; in cold climates more than in hot climates; and although we may strike an average which shall be accurate enough as a matter of figures, of what use can an average be in Physiology? The man to be fed is not an average. A hundred men will consume an amount of food which may be accurately divided into a hundred parts; but these figures give us no real clue to the quantity needed by each individual; and rations founded on such estimates must necessarily be imperfect, one man receiving more, another less, than is required. Individual experience can only be valid for the individual. Valentin, from experiments on himself, found that his daily consumption was rather more than six pounds of solid and liquid food; but Cornaro for fifty-eight years took no more than 12 ounces of solid food, and 14 ounces of light wine. Here are two *individual* experiences widely discrepant. It is clear to the physiologist that the very small amount of solid food taken by Cornaro was partly compensated by the nutritive value of the wine, and partly by the fact that his moderate activity caused a less demand than

* Payen: *Des Substances Alimentaires*, p. 8.

s usual among men; but even when lue allowance is made for such elenents, we are brought no nearer to correct estimate, because we have iot yet determined, and perhaps iever shall determine, the relative iutritive value of the different artiles of food; so that those elaborate irrays of *weights*, which many chemsts and physiologists are fond of prolucing as evidence, are vitiated by he initial fallacy of supposing that ital phenomena can be reducible to irithmetical calculation.

We are tempted to pause for a noment to notice one of the most ingular of these misleading applicaions of arithmetic to life. Both hrenologists and their antagonists onstantly invoke the weight of the rains of different men and animals, n the belief that an exact correpondence is necessarily established etween so many ounces of nervous natter, and so much cerebral activity; ut it is demonstrable that size is *not* he measure of power, unless "all ther things are equal," and they never *re* equal, in two different brains. Nervous tissue is not like so much alt or chalk, *definite* in composiion, presenting everywhere precisey the same quantities of water, hosphorus, sulphur, &c.; nor is it verywhere precisely similar in *deelopment*, the proportions and direcions of its fibres differing in different rains, and at different ages of the ame brain. Yet it is on these two ualities, of composition and deelopment, that the functions of the rain will depend for their relative ntensity; and these are not ascerainable by measurement or weight. o weigh the brains of two men, with view of determining what the comarative intellectual power of the two nen really was, is as chimerical as o weigh two men in the scales with view of ascertaining what amount f muscular energy, dexterity, and ndurance each possesses. Indeed, he error never could have gained cceptance for a moment, if a true onception of biological philosophy ad been prevalent, because such a onception would have repudiated he attempt to explain vital or sychological phenomena by the mehods effective only in Physics.

Quitting these estimates, and interrogating experience, we find the most singular and inexplicable differences in the quantities of food which individuals require, and in the quantities which they will consume if permitted. As a general rule, more is eaten in cold climates than in hot climates; but it is by no means clear to us that the reason of this is the one advanced by Liebig when he says, "Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food; the more warmly we are clad, the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by food, is diminished." The relation between cold and food is more complex than that; and when Liebig refers to the gluttony of the Samoyedes, he overlooks the gluttony of the Hottentots, which is quite as remarkable. "If," he says, "we were to go naked like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting and fishing we were exposed to the same degrees of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume half of a calf, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies." This sounds very plausible as long as we confine our attention to Samoyedes, but it is overthrown by the statement, recorded by Barrow in his *Travels in Southern Africa*, that the Hottentots are the greatest gluttons on the face of the earth. Ten Hottentots ate a middling-sized ox in three days; and three Bosjesmans had a sheep given them about five in the evening, which was entirely consumed before noon of the following day. "They continued to eat all night without sleep and without intermission, till they finished the whole animal. After this their lank bellies were distended to such a degree that they looked less like human beings than before." The inhabitants of the Alpine region of Lapland and of Norway

are not remarkable for their voracity, nor are the Icelanders: a sufficient proof that mere temperature is not the sole cause of *excessive* eating, since such excess is observable in hot climates, and not always observable in cold climates.

Although Liebig's statement cannot be accepted, being indeed only one of the conclusions deduced from his theory of respiratory food, there is ample evidence to show that, without referring excessive gluttony to cold, we are justified in referring an increase of appetite to cold; and the increase is perfectly intelligible: more exercise must be taken in cold weather to develop the necessary amount of animal heat, more tissue must be wasted, and consequently more supply is needed for repair, "He who is well fed," says Sir John Ross, "resists cold better than the man who is stinted; while starvation from cold follows but too soon a starvation in food." The same writer thinks, that not only should voyagers to the polar regions take more food than usual, but "it would be very desirable indeed if the men could acquire the taste for Greenland food, since all experience has shown that the large use of oil and fat meats is the true secret of life in these countries, and that the natives cannot subsist without it, becoming diseased, and dying, with a more meagre diet."

The accounts which travellers give of the quantity of food which can be consumed are extraordinary. Sir John Ross estimates that an Esquimaux will eat perhaps twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily. Compare this with Valentin's six pounds, or with Cornaro's twelve ounces of solids, and fourteen ounces of wine! Captain Parry tried, as a matter of curiosity, how much an Esquimaux lad, who was scarcely full-grown, would consume if left to himself. The following articles were weighed before being given. He was twenty hours getting through them, and certainly did not consider the quantity extraordinary:

| | Lb. | Oz. |
|---|---|---|
| Sea-horse flesh, hard frozen, | 4 | 4 |
| ,, ,, boiled, . | 4 | 4 |
| Bread and bread dust, . | 1 | 12 |
| | 10 | 4 |

To this must be added one and a quarter pint of rich gravy-soup, three wine-glasses of raw spirits, one tumbler of strong grog, and one gallon one pint of water. Captain Cochrane, in his *Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary*, relates that the Admiral Saritcheff was informed that one of the Yakuti ate in four-and-twenty hours the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink. To test the truth of this statement, the admiral gave him a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds; and although the glutton had already breakfasted, he sat down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot. Captain Cochrane also states that he has seen three Yakutis devour a reindeer at a meal; and a calf weighing about two hundred pounds is not too much for a meal of five of these gluttons.*

These facts are curious, but of course they throw no light on the question, how much food an individual requires to keep himself alive and active. Nor, indeed, has any method yet been devised which could elucidate that point. We can never feel confident that the quantity taken is not somewhat more, or somewhat less, than would really be advantageous. If a man is active on six pounds daily, he might be perhaps stronger on six and a half; and if six and a half should prove the precise amount which kept his weight unaltered, it would only do so under precisely similar conditions, and we know that on different days he will waste different quantities.

Some caterpillars daily eat double their weight in food; a cow eats 46lb. daily; and a mouse eats eight times as much, in proportion to its own weight, as is eaten by a man. But when such facts are cited, we must bear in mind the enormous differences in the nature of the foods thus weighed, their relative amounts of water, and indigestible material. The same caution is requisite in speaking of man's diet. It has been variously computed. Sanctorius es-

* Pereira: *On Diet*, pp. 16, 17.

timated it at 8 lb., Rye 5 lb. and 7 lb., Horne at 4 lb. 3 oz., and Valentin in his own person at 6 lb. Such estimates were too contradictory to afford any clue. The chemists bethought them of securing the requisite precision by taking the amount of carbonic acid expelled during the twenty-four hours as the standard of the amount of carbon necessary, and the amount of urea expelled in the same period, as the standard of nitrogen necessary. Tables were then drawn up setting forth the separate items of food requisite to supply this waste. But, apart from the profound distrust with which such chemical reasonings should be regarded, there is this separate source of distrust, that each man necessarily wastes different quantities under different conditions; if, therefore, our analysis of food correctly represented the amounts of carbon and nitrogen assimilated (which it does not), we should still have to construct a special table for each individual at each season of the year, and under varying conditions.

The question is really one of importance, when we have to apportion the rations of paupers, prisoners, soldiers, and sailors. Here we are forced to strike an average, although we know that on any average one man will necessarily have more, and another less, than is absolutely requisite; but the impossibility of arranging matters otherwise, unless food be so abundant that it may be left to the discretion of each to eat whatever amount he pleases, forces the adoption of some standard which experience rectifies on the whole. Dr. Pereira has furnished several dietaries adopted for masses of men, and from these the following is taken.

The scale of diet in the Royal Navy is thus given in the Regulations:—

"There shall be allowed to every person the following quantities of provisions:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Bread, | 1 lb. |
| Beer, | 1 gallon. |
| Cocoa, | 1 oz. |
| Sugar, | 1½ oz. |
| Fresh meat, | 1 lb. |
| Vegetables, | ½ lb. |
| Tea, | ¼ oz. |

"When fresh meat and vegetables are not issued, there shall be allowed in lieu thereof—

Salt beef, ½ lb. } alternately { Salt pork, ½ lb.
Flour, ¾ lb. } alternately { Pease, ½ pint.

"And weekly, whether fresh or salt meat be issued,—

| | |
|---|---|
| Oatmeal, | ½ pint. |
| Vinegar, | ½ pint." |

The daily allowance to the common soldier in Great Britain is 1 lb. of bread and ¼ lb. of meat making together 196 oz. of solid food weekly; for this he pays a fixed sum, namely, 6d. daily, whatever may be the market price. He furnishes himself with other provisions.

As to the quantity each man should eat when unrestricted, it is to be determined by himself alone. We all, notoriously, eat too much, and consequently waste much food, even when we do not injure ourselves. Our sensations are the surest guides, yet they do not always tell us with sufficient distinctness when we have had enough: one thing is very clear, that to force the appetite—to continue eating after the stomach has once suggested "enough"—is sure to be injurious; and hospitable hosts, no less than anxious parents, should refrain from pressing food on a reluctant appetite, for it is not kindness, although kindly meant.

In closing here our survey, we must confess that it has exhibited few reliable scientific data. Indeed, to some readers it may have seemed that our efforts have been mainly revolutionary, shaking foundations which promised security, and disturbing the equanimity of scientific speculation. It is a fact that Physiology is at present in too incomplete a condition to answer the chief questions raised respecting Food; and this fact it was desirable to bring into the clear light of evidence; for on all accounts it is infinitely better that we should understand our ignorance, than that we should continue believing in hypotheses which enlighten none of the obscurities gathering round the question. It is in vain that we impatiently turn our eyes away; the darkness never disappears merely because we cease to look at it.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

### CHAPTER VII.

The public man needs but one patron—viz. THE LUCKY MOMENT.

"AT his house in Carlton Gardens, Guy Darrell, Esq., for the season."

Simple insertion in the pompous list of Fashionable Arrivals!—the name of a plain commoner imbedded in the amber which glitters with so many coronets and stars! Yet such is England, with all its veneration for titles, that the eyes of the public passed indifferently over the rest of that chronicle of illustrious "whereabouts," to rest with interest, curiosity, speculation, on the unemblazoned name which but a day before had seemed slipped out of date—obsolete as that of an actor who figures no more in play-bills. Unquestionably the sensation excited was due, in much, to the 'ambiguous voices' which Colonel Morley had disseminated throughout the genial atmosphere of Club-rooms. "Arrived in London for the season!"—he, the orator, once so famous, long so forgotten, who had been out of the London world for the space of more than half a generation. "Why now?—why for the season?"—Quoth the Colonel. "He is still in the prime of life as a public man, and—a CRISIS is at hand!"

But that which gave weight and significance to Alban Morley's hints, was the report in the newspapers of Guy Darrell's visit to his old constituents, and of the short speech he had addressed to them, to which he had so slightly referred in his conversation with Alban. True, the speech *was* short: true, it touched but little on passing topics of political interest—rather alluding, with modesty and terseness, to the contests and victories of a former day. But still, in the few words there was the swell of the old clarion—the wind of the Paladin's horn which woke Fontarabian echoes.

It is astonishing how capricious, how sudden are the changes in value of a public man. All depends upon whether the public want, or believe they want, the man; and that is a question upon which the public do not know their own minds a week before; nor do they always keep in the same mind, when made up, for a week together. If they do not want a man—if he do not hit the taste, nor respond to the exigency of the time—whatever his eloquence, his abilities, his virtues, they push him aside, or cry him down. Is he wanted?—does the mirror of the moment reflect his image?—that mirror is an intense magnifier; his proportions swell—they become gigantic. At that moment the public wanted some man; and the instant the hint was given, "Why not Guy Darrell?" Guy Darrell was seized upon as *the* man wanted. It was one of those times in our Parliamentary history when the public are out of temper with all parties—when recognised leaders have contrived to damage themselves—when a Cabinet is shaking, and the public neither care to destroy nor to keep it;—a time, too, when the country seemed in some danger, and when, mere men of business held unequal to the emergency, whatever name suggested associations of vigour, eloquence, genius, rose to a premium above its market price in times of tranquillity and tape. Without effort of his own—by the mere force of the under-current—Guy Darrell was thrown up from oblivion into note. He could not form a cabinet—certainly not; but he might help to bring a cabinet together, reconcile jarring elements, adjust disputed questions, take in such government some high place, influence its councils, and delight a

ublic weary of the oratory of the ay with the eloquence of a former ace. For the public is ever a *laudator temporis acti*, and whatever the uthors or the orators immediately efore it, were those authors and orators Homers and Ciceros, would still hake a disparaging head, and talk of hese degenerate days, as Homer imself talked ages before Leonidas tood in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or Miltiades routed Asian armaments t Marathon. Guy Darrell belonged o a former race. The fathers of hose young Members rising now nto fame, had quoted to their sons is pithy sentences, his vivid images; nd added, as Fox added when quotng Burke, "but you should have eard and seen the man!"

Heard and seen the man! But here he was again!—come up as rom a grave—come up to the public ust when such a man was wanted. Wanted how?—wanted where? Oh, omehow and somewhere! There he s! make the most of him.

The house in Carlton Gardens is repared, the establishment mounted. Thither flock all the Viponts—nor hey alone; all the chiefs of all parties—nor they alone; all the notabilities of our grand metropolis. Guy Darrell might be startled at his own osition; but he comprehended its ature, and it did not discompose his erves. He knew public life well nough to be aware how much the opular favour is the creature of n accident. By chance he had icked the time; had he thus come o town the season before, he might ave continued obscure; a man like Guy Darrell not being wanted then. Whether with or without design, his earing confirmed and extended the ffect produced by his reappearance. Gracious, but modestly reserved—he poke little, listened beautifully. Many of the questions which agitated all around him had grown up nto importance since his day of action; nor in his retirement had he raced their progressive development, with their changeful effects upon men and parties. But a man who has once gone deeply into practical politics might sleep in the Cave of Trophonius for twenty years, and ind, on waking, very little to learn. Darrell regained the level of the day, and seized upon all the strong points on which men were divided, with the rapidity of a prompt and comprehensive intellect—his judgment perhaps the clearer from the freshness of long repose, and the composure of dispassionate survey. When partisans wrangled as to what should have been done, Darrell was silent; when they asked what should *be* done, out came one of his terse sentences, and a knot was cut. Meanwhile it is true this man, round whom expectations grouped and rumour buzzed, was in neither House of Parliament; but that was rather a delay to his energies than a detriment to his consequence. Important constituencies, anticipating a vacancy, were already on the look-out for him; a smaller constituency, in the interim, Carr Vipont undertook to procure him any day. There was always a Vipont ready to accept something—even the Chiltern Hundreds. But Darrell, not without reason, demurred at reentering the House of Commons after an absence of seventeen years. He had left it with one of those rare reputations which no wise man likes rashly to imperil. The Viponts sighed. He would certainly be more useful in the Commons than the Lords, but still in the Lords he would be of great use. They would want a debating lord, perhaps a lord acquainted with law in the coming CRISIS;—if he preferred the peerage? Darrell demurred still. The man's modesty was insufferable—his style of speaking might not suit that august assembly; and as to law—he could never now be a law lord—he should be but a ci-devant advocate, affecting the part of a judicial amateur.

In short, without declining to reenter public life, seeming, on the contrary, to resume all his interest in it, Darrell contrived with admirable dexterity to elude for the present all overtures pressed upon him, and even to convince his admirers, not only of his wisdom but of his patriotism in that reticence. For certainly he thus managed to exercise a very considerable influence—his advice was more sought, his suggestions more heeded, and his power in re-

conciling certain rival jealousies was perhaps greater than would have been the case if he had actually entered either House of Parliament, and thrown himself exclusively into the ranks, not only of one party, but of one section of a party. Nevertheless, such suspense could not last very long; he must decide at all events before the next session. Once he was seen in the arena of his old triumphs, on the benches devoted to strangers distinguished by the Speaker's order. There, recognised by the older members, eagerly gazed at by the younger, Guy Darrell listened calmly, throughout a long field night, to voices that must have roused from forgotten graves, kindling and glorious memories; voices of those—veterans now—by whose side he had once struggled for some cause which he had then, in the necessary exaggeration of all honest enthusiasm, identified with a nation's lifeblood. Voices too of the old antagonists, over whose routed arguments he had marched triumphant amidst applauses that the next day rang again through England from side to side. Hark, the very man with whom, in the old battle days, he had been the most habitually pitted, is speaking now! His tones are embarrassed—his argument confused. Does he know who listens yonder? Old members think so—smile, whisper each other, and glance significantly where Darrell sits.

Sits, as became him, tranquil, respectful, intent, seemingly, perhaps really, unconscious of the sensation he excites. What an eye for an orator! how like the eye in a portrait; it seems to fix on each other eye that seeks it—steady, fascinating. Yon distant members behind the Speaker's chair, at the far distance, feel the light of that eye travel towards them. How lofty and massive among all those rows of human heads seems that forehead, bending slightly down, with the dark strong line of the weighty eyebrow. But what is passing within that secret mind? Is there mournfulness in the retrospect? is there eagerness to renew the strife? Is that interest in the Hour's debate feigned or real? Impossible for him who gazed upon that face to say. And that eye would have seemed to the gazer to read himself through and through to the heart's core, long ere the gazer could hazard a single guess as to the thoughts beneath that marble forehead—as to the emotions within the heart over which, in old senatorial fashion, the arms were folded with so conventional an ease.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### Darrell and Lionel.

Darrell had received Lionel with some evident embarrassment, which soon yielded to affectionate warmth. He took to the young man whose fortunes he had so improved; he felt that with the improved fortunes the young man's whole being was improved;—assured position, early commune with the best social circles, in which the equality of fashion smoothes away all disparities in rank, had softened in Lionel much of the wayward and morbid irritability of his boyish pride; but the high spirit, the generous love of independence, the scorn of mercenary calculation, were strong as ever; these were in the grain of his nature. In common with all who in youth aspire to be one day noted from "the undistinguishable many," Lionel had formed to himself a certain ideal standard, above the ordinary level of what the world is contented to call honest, or esteem clever. He admitted into his estimate of life the heroic element, not undesirable even in the most practical point of view, for the world is so in the habit of decrying—of disbelieving in high motives and pure emotions—of daguerreotyping itself with all its ugliest wrinkles, stripped of the true bloom that brightens, of the true expression that redeems, those defects which it invites the sun to limn, that we shall never judge human nature aright, if we do not set out in

life with our gaze on its fairest beauties, and our belief in its latent good. In a word, we should begin with the Heroic, if we would learn the Human. But though to himself Lionel thus secretly prescribed a certain superiority of type, to be sedulously aimed at, even if never actually attained, he was wholly without pedantry and arrogance towards his own contemporaries. From this he was saved not only by good-nature, animal spirits, frank hardihood, but by the very affluence of ideas which animated his tongue, coloured his language, and whether to young or old, wise or dull, made his conversation racy and original. He was a delightful companion; and if he had taken much instruction from those older and wiser than himself, he so bathed that instruction in the fresh fountain of his own lively intelligence, so warmed it at his own beating impulsive heart, that he could make an old man's gleanings from experience seem a young man's guesses into truth. Faults he had, of course—chiefly the faults common at his age; amongst them, perhaps the most dangerous were—Firstly, carelessness in money matters; secondly, a distaste for advice in which prudence was visibly predominant. His tastes were not in reality extravagant; but money slipped through his hands, leaving little to show for it; and when his quarterly allowance became due, ample though it was—too ample, perhaps—debts wholly forgotten started up to seize hold of it. And debts, as yet being manageable, were not regarded with a sufficient horror. Paid or put aside as the case might be, they were merely looked upon as bores. Youth is in danger till it learns to look upon them as furies. For advice, he took it with pleasure, when clothed with elegance and art—when it addressed ambition—when it exalted the loftier virtues. But advice, practical and prosy, went in at one ear and out at the other. In fact, with many talents, he had yet no adequate ballast of common sense; and if ever he get enough to steady his bark through life's trying voyage, the necessity of so much dull weight must be forcibly stricken home less to his reason than his imagination or his heart. But if, somehow or other, he get it not, I will not insure his vessel.

I know not if Lionel Haughton had genius; he never assumed that he had; but he had something more like genius than that prototype—RESOLVE—of which he boasted to the artist. He had youth—real youth—youth of mind, youth of heart, youth of soul. Lithe and supple as he moved before you, with the eye to which light or dew sprung at once from a nature vibrating to every lofty, every tender thought, he seemed more than young—the incarnation of youth.

Darrell took to him at once. Amidst all the engagements crowded on the important man, he contrived to see Lionel daily. And what may seem strange, Guy Darrell felt more at home with Lionel Haughton than with any of his own contemporaries—than even with Alban Morley. To the last, indeed, he opened speech with less reserve of certain portions of the past, or of certain projects in the future. But still, even there, he adopted a tone of half-playful, half-mournful satire, which might be in itself disguise. Alban Morley, with all his good qualities, was a man of the world; as a man of the world, Guy Darrell talked to him. But it was only a very small part of Guy Darrell of which the man of the world could say "mine."

To Lionel he let out, as if involuntarily, the more amiable, tender, poetic attributes of his varying, complex, uncomprehended character; not professedly confiding, but not taking pains to conceal. Hearing what worldlings would call "Sentiment" in Lionel, he seemed to glide softly down to Lionel's own years, and talk "sentiment" in return. After all, this skilled lawyer, this noted politician, had a great dash of the boy still in him. Reader, did you ever meet a really clever man who had not?

CHAPTER IX.

Saith a very homely proverb (pardon its vulgarity), "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But a sow's ear is a much finer work of art than a silk purse. And grand, indeed, the mechanician who could make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, or conjure into creatures of flesh and blood the tarcenet and *tulle* of a London drawing-room.

"Mamma," asked Honoria Carr Vipont, "what sort of a person was Mrs. Darrell?"

"She was not in our set, my dear," answered Lady Selina. "The Vipont Crookes are just one of those connections in which, though, of course, one is civil to all connections, one is more or less intimate, according as they take after the Viponts or after the Crookes. Poor woman! she died just before Mr. Darrell entered Parliament, and appeared in society. But I should say she was not an agreeable person. Not nice," added Lady Selina, after a pause, and conveying a world of meaning in that conventional monosyllable.

"I suppose she was very accomplished—very clever?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear. Mr. Darrell was exceedingly young when he married—scarcely of age. She was not the sort of woman to suit him."

"But at least she must have been very much attached to him—very proud of him?"

Lady Selina glanced aside from her work, and observed her daughter's face, which evinced an animation not usual to a young lady of a breeding so lofty, and a mind so well disciplined.

"I don't think," said Lady Selina, "that she was proud of him. She would have been proud of his station, or rather of that to which his fame and fortune would have raised her, had she lived to enjoy it. But for a few years after her marriage they were very poor; and though his rise at the bar was sudden and brilliant, he was long wholly absorbed in his profession, and lived in Bloomsbury. Mrs. Darrell was not proud of *that*. The Crookes are generally fine—give themselves airs—marry into great houses if they can—but we can't naturalise them—they always remain Crookes—useful connections, very! Carr says we have not a more useful—but third-rate, my dear. All the Crookes are bad wives, because they are never satisfied with their own homes, but are always trying to get into great people's homes. Not very long before she died, Mrs. Darrell took her friend and relation, Mrs. Lyndsay, to live with her. I suspect it was not from affection, or any great consideration for Mrs. Lyndsay's circumstances (which were indeed those of actual destitution, till—thanks to Mr. Darrell—she won her lawsuit), but simply because she looked to Mrs. Lyndsay to get her into our set. Mrs. Lyndsay was a great favourite with all of us, charming manners—perfectly correct, too,—thorough Vipont—thorough gentlewoman—but artful! Oh, *so* artful! She humoured poor Mrs. Darrell's absurd vanity; but she took care not to injure herself. Of course, Darrell's wife, and a Vipont—though only a Vipont Crooke—had free passport into the outskirts of good society, the great parties, and so forth. But there it stopped; even I should have been compromised if I had admitted into our set a woman who was bent on compromising herself. Handsome—in a bad style—not the Vipont *tournure;* and not only silly and flirting, but—(we are alone, keep the secret)—decidedly vulgar, my dear."

"You amaze me! How such a man——" Honoria stopped, colouring up to the temples.

"Clever men," said Lady Selina, "as a general rule, do choose the oddest wives! The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in. However, to do Mr. Darrell justice, he has been taken in only once. After Mrs. Darrell's death, Mrs. Lyndsay, I suspect, tried her chance, but failed. Of course, she could not actually stay in the same house with a widower who

vas then young, and who had only o get rid of a wife to whom one was orced to be shy, in order to be re-eived into our set with open arms; nd, in short, to be of the very best *nonds*. Mr. Darrell came into Par-iament immensely rich (a legacy rom an old East Indian, besides his wn professional savings)—took the ouse he has now, close by us. Mrs. yndsay was obliged to retire to a ottage at Fulham. But as she pro-essed to be a second mother to poor Matilda Darrell, she contrived to be ery much at Carlton Gardens; her laughter Caroline was nearly always here, profiting by Matilda's masters; nd I did think that Mrs. Lyndsay would have caught Darrell—but our papa said 'No,' and he was ight, as he always is. Nevertheless, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been an xcellent wife to a public man—so opular—knew the world so well—ever made enemies till she made an nemy of poor dear Montfort; but hat was natural. By the by, I must rite to Caroline. Sweet creature! ut how absurd, shutting herself up s if she were fretting for Montfort! That's so like her mother—heartless —but full of propriety."

Here Carr Vipont and Colonel Morley entered the room. "We have ust left Darrell," said Carr, "he will ine here to-day, to meet our cousin Alban. I have asked *his* cousin, oung Haughton, and * * * *, and * * * *, *your* cousins, Selina—(a mall party of cousins)—so lucky to ind Darrell disengaged."

"I ventured to promise," said the Colonel, addressing Honoria in an nder voice, "that Darrell should ear you play Beethoven."

Honoria.—"Is Mr. Darrell so fond f music, then?"

Colonel Morley.—"One would ot have thought it. He keeps a ecretary at Fawley who plays the lute. There's something very inter-sting about Darrell. I wish you ould hear his ideas on marriage and omestic life—more freshness of eart than in the young men one eets nowadays. It may be preju-lice; but it seems to me that the oung fellows of the present race, if nore sober and staid than we were, re sadly wanting in character and spirit—no warm blood in their veins. But I should not talk thus to a demoiselle who has all those young fellows at her feet."

"Oh," said Lady Selina, overhearing, and with a half-laugh, "Honoria thinks much as you do; she finds the young men so insipid—all like one another—the same set phrases."

"The same stereotyped ideas," added Honoria, moving away with a gesture of calm disdain.

"A very superior mind hers," whispered the Colonel to Carr Vipont. "*She'll* never marry a fool."

Guy Darrell was very pleasant at "the small family dinner-party," Carr was always popular in his manners—the true old House of Commons manner, which was very like that of a gentlemanlike public school. Lady Selina, as has been said before, in her own family circle was natural and genial. Young Carr, there, without his wife, more pretentious than his father—being a Lord of the Admiralty—felt a certain awe of Darrell, and spoke little, which was much to his own credit, and to the general conviviality. The other members of the symposium, besides Lady Selina, Honoria, and a young sister, were but Darrell, Lionel, and Lady Selina's two cousins; elderly peers—one with the garter, the other in the cabinet—jovial men, who had been wild fellows once in the same mess-room, and still joked at each other whenever they met as they met now. Lionel, who remembered Vance's description of Lady Selina, and who had since heard her spoken of in society as a female despot who carried to perfection the arts by which des-pots flourish, with majesty to impose, and caresses to deceive—an Aurung-zebe in petticoats—was sadly at a loss to reconcile such portraiture with the good-humoured, motherly woman who talked to him of her home, her husband, her children, with open fondness and becoming pride, and who, far from being so formidably clever as the world cruelly gave out, seemed to Lionel rather below par in her understanding; strike from her talk its kindliness, and the residue was very like twaddle. After dinner various members of the

Vipont family dropped in—asked impromptu by Carr or by Lady Selina, in hasty three-cornered notes, to take that occasion of renewing their acquaintance with their distinguished connection. By some accident amongst those invited there were but few young single ladies; and by some other accident, those few were all plain. Honoria Vipont was unequivocally the belle of the room. It could not but be observed that Darrell seemed struck with her—talked with her more than with any other lady; and when she went to the piano, and played that great air of Beethoven's, in which music seems to have got into a knot that only fingers the most artful can unravel, Darrell remained in his seat aloof and alone, listening, no doubt, with ravished attention. But just as the air ended, and Honoria turned round to look for him, he was gone.

Lionel did not linger long after him. The gay young man went, thence, to one of those vast crowds which seemed convened for a practical parody of Mr. Bentham's famous proposition—contriving the smallest happiness for the greatest number.

It was a very great house, belonging to a very great person. Colonel Morley had procured an invitation for Lionel, and said, "Go; *you* should be seen there." Colonel Morley had passed the age of growing-into society—no such cares for the morrow could add a cubit to his conventional stature. One amongst a group of other young men by the doorway, Lionel beheld Darrell, who had arrived before him, listening to a very handsome young lady, with an attention quite as earnest as that which had gratified the superior mind of the well-educated Honoria. A very handsome young lady certainly, but not with a superior mind, nor supposed hitherto to have found young gentlemen "insipid." Doubtless she would henceforth do so. A few minutes after, Darrell was listening again—this time to another young lady, generally called "fast." If his attentions to her were not marked, hers to him were. She rattled on to him volubly, laughed, pretty hoyden, at her own sallies, and seemed at least so to fascinate him by her gay spirits that he sat down by her side; and the playful smile on his lips—lips that had learned to be so gravely firm—showed that he could enter still into the mirth of childhood: for surely to the time-worn man the fast young lady must have seemed but a giddy child. Lionel was amused. Could this be the austere recluse whom he had left in the shades of Fawley? Guy Darrell, at his years, with his dignified repute, the object of so many nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles—could *he* descend to be that most frivolous of characters, a male coquet? Was he in earnest—was his vanity duped! Looking, again, Lionel saw in his kinsman's face a sudden return of the sad despondent expression which had moved his own young pity in the solitudes of Fawley. But in a moment the man roused himself—the sad expression was gone. Had the girl's merry laugh again chased it away! But Lionel's attention was now drawn from Darrell himself to the observations murmured round him, of which Darrell was the theme.

"Yes, he is bent on marrying again! I have it from Alban Morley—immense fortune—and so young-looking, any girl might fall in love with such eyes and forehead; besides, what a jointure he could settle; . . . . Do look at that girl, Flora Vyvyan, trying to make a fool of him. She can't appreciate that kind of man, and she would not be caught by his money—does not want it. . . . I wonder she is not afraid of him. He is certainly quizzing her. . . . The men think her pretty—I don't . . . They say he is to return to Parliament, and have a place in the Cabinet. . . . . No! he has no children living—very natural he should marry again. . . . . A nephew!—you are quite mistaken. Young Haughton is no nephew—a very distant connection—could not expect to be the heir. . . . . It was given out though, at Paris. The Duchess thought so, and so did Lady Jane. They'll not be so civil to young Haughton now. . . . . Hush—"

Lionel, wishing to hear no more, glided by, and penetrated farther into the throng. And then, as he pro-

eeded, with those last words on his ar, the consciousness came upon him hat his position had undergone a hange. Difficult to define it; to an rdinary bystander, people would ıave seemed to welcome him cor- lially as ever. The gradations of. espect in polite society are so ex- quisitely delicate, that it seems only ›y a sort of magnetism that one :nows from day to day whether one ıas risen or declined. A man has ost high office, patronage, power, ıever, perhaps, to regain them. Peo- ›le don't turn their backs on him; heir smiles are as gracious, their ıands as flatteringly extended. But hat man would be dull as a rhino- :eros if he did not feel as every one who accosts him feels—that he has lescended in the ladder. So with all :lse. Lose even your fortune, it is ıot the next day in a London draw- ing-room that your friends look as if you were going to ask them for five ›ounds. Wait a year or so for that. But if they have just heard you are :uined, you will *feel* that they have ıeard it, let them bow ever so cour- :eously, smile ever so kindly. Lionel ıt Paris, in the last year or so, had ›een more than fashionable: he had been the fashion—courted, run after, petted, quoted, imitated. That even- ing he felt as an author may feel who has been the rage, and, without fault of his own, is so no more. The rays that had gilt him had gone back to the orb that lent. And they who were most genial still to Lionel Haughton, were those who still most respected thirty-five thousand pounds a-year—in Guy Darrell!

Lionel was angry with himself that he felt galled. But in his wounded pride there was no mercenary regret —only that sort of sickness which comes to youth when the hollowness of worldly life is first made clear to it. From the faces round him there fell that glamour by which the *amour propre* is held captive in large assem- blies, where the *amour propre* is flattered. "Magnificent, intelligent audience," thinks the applauded actor. "Delightful party," murmurs the worshipped beauty. Glamour! glamour! Let the audience yawn while the actor mouths; let the party ne- glect the beauty to adore another, and straightway the "magnificent au- dience" is an "ignorant public," and "the delightful party" a "heartless world."

### CHAPTER X.

Escaped from a London Drawing-Room, flesh once more tingles, and blood flows—Guy Darrell explains to Lionel Haughton why he holds it a duty to be—an old fool.

Lionel Haughton glided through :he disenchanted rooms, and breathed ı long breath of relief when he found himself in the friendless streets.

As he walked slow and thoughtful ›n, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, turned, and saw Darrell.

"Give me your arm, my dear Lionel; I am tired out. What a lovely night! What sweet scorn in the eyes of those stars that we have neglected for yon flaring lights."

LIONEL.—"Is it scorn—is it pity? Is it but serene indifference?"

DARRELL.—"As we ourselves in- terpret; if scorn be present in our own hearts, it will be seen in the disc of Jupiter. Man, egoist though he be, exacts sympathy from all the uni- verse. Joyous, he says to the sun, 'Life-giver, rejoice with me.' Griev- ing, he says to the moon, 'Pensive one, thou sharest my sorrow.' Hope for fame; a star is its promise! Mourn for the dead; a star is the land of reunion! Say to Earth, 'I have done with thee;' to Time, 'Thou hast nought to bestow;' and all Space cries aloud, 'The earth is a speck, thine inheritance infinity. Time melts while thou sighest. The dis- content of a mortal is the instinct that proves thee immortal.' Thus con- struing Nature, Nature is our com- panion, our consoler. Benign as the playmate, she lends herself to our shifting humours. Serious as the teacher, she responds to the steadier inquiries of reason. Mystic and hal- lowed as the priestess, she keeps alive by dim oracles that spiritual yearning within us, in which, from savage to

sage—through all dreams, through all creeds—thrills the sense of a link with Divinity. Never, therefore, while conferring with Nature, is Man wholly alone, nor is she a single companion with uniform shape. Ever new, ever various, she can pass from gay to severe—from fancy to science—quick as thought passes from the dance of a leaf, from the tint of a rainbow, to the theory of motion, the problem of light. But lose Nature—forget or dismiss her—make companions, by hundreds, of men who ignore her, and I will not say with the poet, 'This is solitude.' But in the commune, what stale monotony, what weary sameness!"

Thus Darrell continued to weave together sentence with sentence, the intermediate connection of meaning often so subtle, that when put down on paper it requires effort to discern it. But it was his peculiar gift to make clear when spoken, what in writing would seem obscure. Look, manner, each delicate accent in a voice wonderfully distinct in its unrivalled melody, all so aided the sense of mere words, that it is scarcely extravagant to say he might have talked an unknown language, and a listener would have understood. But, understood or not, those sweet intonations it was such delight to hear, that any one with nerves alive to music would have murmured, "Talk on for ever." And in this gift lay one main secret of the man's strange influence over all who came familiarly into his intercourse; so that if Darrell had ever bestowed confidential intimacy on any one not by some antagonistic idiosyncrasy steeled against its charm, and that intimacy had been withdrawn, a void never to be refilled must have been left in the life thus robbed.

Stopping at his door, as Lionel, rapt by the music, had forgotten the pain of the reverie so bewitchingly broken, Darrell detained the hand held out to him, and said, "No, not yet—I have something to say to you: come in; let me say it now."

Lionel bowed his head, and in surprised conjecture followed his kinsman up the lofty stairs into the same comfortless stately room that has been already described. When the servant closed the door, Darrell sank into a chair. Fixing his eyes upon Lionel with almost parental kindness, and motioning his young cousin to sit by his side, close, he thus began:—

"Lionel, before I was your age I was married—I was a father. I am lonely and childless now. My life has been moulded by a solemn obligation which so few could comprehend, that I scarce know a man living beside yourself to whom I would frankly confide it. Pride of family is a common infirmity—often petulant with the poor, often insolent with the rich; but rarely, perhaps, out of that pride do men construct a positive binding duty, which at all self-sacrifice should influence the practical choice of life. As a child, before my judgment could discern how much of vain superstition may lurk in our reverence for the dead, my whole heart was engaged in a passionate dream, which my waking existence became vowed to realise. My father!—my lip quivers, my eyes moisten as I recall him, even now,—my father! I loved him so intensely!—the love of childhood how fearfully strong it is! All in him was so gentle, yet so sensitive—chivalry without its armour. I was his constant companion: he spoke to me unreservedly, as a poet to his muse. I wept at his sorrows—I chafed at his humiliations. He talked of ancestors as he thought of them; to him they were beings like the old Lares,—not dead in graves, but images ever present on household hearths. Doubtless he exaggerated their worth—as their old importance. Obscure, indeed, in the annals of empire, their deeds and their power, their decline and fall. Not so thought he; they were to his eyes the moon track in the ocean of history—light on the waves over which they had gleamed—all the ocean elsewhere dark! With him thought I; as my father spoke, his child believed. But what to the eyes of the world was this inheritor of a vaunted name!—a threadbare, slighted, rustic pedant—no station in the very province in which mouldered away the last lowly dwelling-place of his line. By lineage high above most nobles,

in position below most yeomen. He had learning, he had genius; but the studies to which they were devoted only served yet more to impoverish his scanty means, and led rather to ridicule than to honour. Not a day but what I saw on his soft features the smart of a fresh sting, the gnawing of a new care. Thus, as a boy, feeling in myself a strength inspired by affection, I came to him, one day as he sate grieving, and kneeling to him, said, 'Father, courage yet a little while; I shall soon be man, and I swear to devote myself as man to revive the old fading race so prized by you; to rebuild the House that, by you so loved, is loftier in my eyes than all the heraldry of kings.' And my father's face brightened, and his voice blest me; and I rose up ambitious!" Darrell paused, heaved a short, quick sigh, and then rapidly continued:—

"I was fortunate at the university. That was a day when chiefs of party looked for recruits amongst young men who had given the proofs, and won the first-fruits, of emulation and assiduity. For statesmanship then was deemed an art which, like that of war, needs early discipline. I had scarcely left college when I was offered a seat in Parliament by the head of the Viponts, an old Lord Montfort. I was dazzled but for one moment—I declined the next. The fallen House of Darrell needed wealth, and Parliamentary success, in its higher honours, often requires wealth —never gives it. It chanced that I had a college acquaintance with a young man named Vipont Crooke. His grandfather, one of the numberless Viponts, had been compelled to add the name of Crooke to his own, on succeeding to the property of some rich uncle, who was one of the numberless Crookes. I went with this college acquaintance to visit the old Lord Montfort, at his villa near London, and thence to the country house of the Vipont Crookes. I staid at the last two or three weeks. While there, I received a letter from the elder Fairthorn, my father's bailiff, entreating me to come immediately to Fawley, hinting at some great calamity. On taking leave of my friend and his family, something in the manner of his sister startled and pained me—an evident confusion, a burst of tears—I know not what. I had never sought to win her affections. I had an ideal of the woman I could love. It did not resemble her. On reaching Fawley, conceive the shock that awaited me. My father was like one heart-stricken. The principal mortgagee was about to foreclose—Fawley about to pass for ever from the race of the Darrells. I saw that the day my father was driven from the old house would be his last on earth. What means to save him?—how raise the pitiful sum—but a few thousands—by which to release from the spoiler's gripe those barren acres which all the lands of the Seymour or the Gower could never replace in my poor father's eyes? My sole income was a college fellowship, adequate to all my wants, but useless for sale or loan. I spent the night in vain consultation with Fairthorn. There seemed not a hope. Next morning came a letter from young Vipont Crooke. It was manly and frank, though somewhat coarse. With the consent of his parents he offered me his sister's hand, and a dowry of £10,000. He hinted, in excuse for his bluntness, that, perhaps from motives of delicacy, if I felt a preference for his sister, I might not deem myself rich enough to propose, and—but it matters not what else he said. You foresee the rest. My father's life could be saved from despair—his beloved home be his shelter to the last. That dowry would more than cover the paltry debt upon the lands. I gave myself not an hour to pause. I hastened back to the house to which fate had led me. But," said Darrell proudly, "do not think I was base enough, even with such excuses, to deceive the young lady. I told her what was true; that I could not profess to her the love painted by romance-writers and poets; but that I loved no other, and that if she deigned to accept my hand, I should studiously consult her happiness, and gratefully confide to her my own. I said also, what was true, that if she married me, ours must be for some years a life of privation and struggle; that even the interest of her fortune must be devoted to my father while he

lived, though every shilling of its capital would be settled on herself and her children. How I blest her when she accepted me, despite my candour!—how earnestly I prayed that I might love, and cherish, and requite her!" Darrell paused, in evident suffering. "And thank Heaven! I have nothing on that score wherewith to reproach myself. And the strength of that memory enabled me to bear and forbear more than otherwise would have been possible to my quick spirit, and my man's heart. My dear father! his death was happy—his home was saved—he never knew at what sacrifice to his son! He was gladdened by the first honours my youth achieved. He was resigned to my choice of a profession, which, though contrary to his antique prejudices, that allowed to the representative of the Darrells no profession but the sword, still promised the wealth which would secure his name from perishing. He was credulous of my future, as if I had uttered, not a vow, but a prediction. He had blessed my union without foreseeing its sorrows. He had embraced my first-born—true, it was a girl, but it was one link onward from ancestors to posterity. And almost his last words were these: 'you *will* restore the race—you *will* revive the name! and my son's children will visit the antiquary's grave, and learn gratitude to him for all that his idle lessons taught to your healthier vigour.' And I answered: 'Father, your line shall not perish from the land; and when I am rich and great, and lordships spread far round the lowly hall that your life ennobled, I will say to your grandchildren, 'Honour ye and your son's sons, while a Darrell yet treads the earth—honour him to whom I owe every thought which nerved me to toil for what you who come after me may enjoy.'

"And so the old man, whose life had been so smileless, died smiling."

By this time Lionel had stolen Darrell's hand into his own,—his heart swelling with childlike tenderness, and the tears rolling down his cheeks.

Darrell gently kissed his young kinsman's forehead, and, extricating himself from Lionel's clasp, paced the room, and spoke on while pacing it.

"I made, then, a promise; it is not kept. No child of mine survives to be taught reverence to my father's grave. My wedded life was not happy: its record needs no words. Of two children born to me, both are gone. My son went first. I had thrown my life's life into him—a boy of energy, of noble promise. 'Twas for him I began to build that baffled fabric—'*Sepulchri immemor.*' For him I bought, acre on acre, all the land within reach of Fawley—lands twelve miles distant. I had meant to fill up the intervening space—to buy out a mushroom Earl, whose woods and corn-fields lie between. I was scheming the purchase—scrawling on the county map—when they brought the news that the boy I had just taken back to school was dead—drowned bathing on a calm summer eve! No, Lionel. I must go on. *That* grief I have wrestled with—conquered. I was widowed then. A daughter still left—the first-born, whom my father had blest on his deathbed. I transferred all my love, all my hopes to her. I had no vain preference for male heirs. Is a race less pure that runs on through the female line? Well, my son's death was merciful compared to——" Again Darrell stopped—again hurried on. "Enough! all is forgiven in the grave! I was then still in the noon of man's life, free to form new ties. Another grief that I cannot tell you: it is not all conquered yet. And by that grief the last verdure of existence was so blighted, that—that—in short, I had no heart for nuptial altars—for the social world. Years went by. Each year I said, 'Next year the wound will be healed; I have time yet.' Now age is near, the grave not far; now, if ever, I must fulfil the promise that cheered my father's deathbed. Nor does that duty comprise all my motives. If I would regain healthful thought, manly action, for my remaining years, I must feel that one haunting memory is exorcised, and for ever laid at rest. It can be so only—whatever my risk of new cares—whatever the folly of the hazard at

my age—be so only by—by——" Once more Darrell paused, fixed his eyes steadily on Lionel, and, opening his arms, cried out, "Forgive me, my noble Lionel, that I am not contented with an heir like you; and do not you mock at the old man who dreams that women may love him yet, and that his own children may inherit his father's home."

Lionel sprang to the breast that opened to him; and if Darrell had planned how best to remove from the young man's mind for ever the possibility of one selfish pang, no craft could have attained his object like that touching confidence before which the disparities between youth and age literally vanished. And, both made equal, both elevated alike, verily I know not which at the moment felt the elder or the younger! Two noble hearts, intermingled in one emotion, are set free from all time save the present; par each with each, they meet as brothers twin-born.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

Vignettes for the next Book of Beauty.

"I quite agree with you, Alban; Honoria Vipont is a very superior young lady."

"I knew you would think so!" cried the Colonel, with more warmth than usual to him.

"Many years since," resumed Darrell, with reflective air, "I read Miss Edgeworth's novels; and in conversing with Miss Honoria Vipont, methinks I confer with one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines—so rational, so prudent, so well-behaved—so free from silly romantic notions—so replete with solid information, moral philosophy and natural history—so sure to regulate her watch and her heart to the precise moment, for the one to strike, and the other to throb—and to marry at last a respectable steady husband, whom she will win with dignity, and would lose with—decorum! A very superior girl indeed."*

"Though your description of Miss Vipont is satirical," said Alban Morley, smiling, in spite of some irritation, "yet I will accept it as a panegyric; for it conveys, unintentionally, a just idea of the qualities that make an intelligent companion and a safe wife. And those are the qualities we must look to, if we marry at our age. We are no longer boys," added the Colonel sententiously.

DARRELL.—"Alas, no! I wish we were. But the truth of your remark is indisputable. Ah, look! Is not that a face which might make an octogenarian forget that he is not a boy? —what regular features!—and what a blush!"

The friends were riding in the park; and as Darrell spoke, he bowed to a young lady, who, with one or two others, passed rapidly by in a barouche. It was that very handsome young lady to whom Lionel had seen him listening so attentively in the great crowd, for which Carr Vipont's family party had been deserted.

"Yes; Lady Adela is one of the loveliest girls in London," said the Colonel, who had also lifted his hat as the barouche whirled by—"and amiable too: I have known her ever since she was born. Her father and I are great friends—an excellent man, but stingy. I had much difficulty in arranging the eldest girl's marriage with Lord Bolton, and am a trustee in the settlements. If you feel a preference for Lady Adela, though I don't think she would suit you so well as Miss Vipont, I will answer for her father's encouragement and her consent. 'Tis no drawback to you, though it is to most of her admirers, when I add, 'There's nothing with her!'

"And nothing in her! which is worse," said Darrell. "Still, it is pleasant to gaze on a beautiful land-

* Darrell speaks—not the author. Darrell is unjust to the more exquisite female character of a Novelist, admirable for strength of sense, correctness of delineation, terseness of narrative, and lucidity of style—nor less admirable for the unexaggerated nobleness of sentiment by which some of her heroines are notably distinguished.

scape, even though the soil be barren."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"That depends upon whether you are merely the artistic spectator of the landscape, or the disappointed proprietor of the soil."

"Admirable!" said Darrell; "you have disposed of Lady Adela. So ho! so ho!" Darrell's horse (his old high-mettled horse, freshly sent to him from Fawley, and in spite of the five years that had added to its age, of spirit made friskier by long repose) here put down its ears—lashed out—and indulged in a bound which would have unseated many a London rider. A young Amazon, followed hard by some two or three young gentlemen and their grooms, shot by, swift and reckless as a hero at Balaklava. But with equal suddenness, as she caught sight of Darrell—whose hand and voice had already soothed the excited nerves of his steed—the Amazon wheeled round and gained his side. Throwing up her veil, she revealed a face so prettily arched—so perversely gay—with eye of radiant hazel, and fair locks half loosened from their formal braid—that it would have beguiled resentment from the most insensible—reconciled to danger the most timid. And yet there was really a grace of humility in the apologies she tendered for her discourtesy and thoughtlessness. As the girl reined her light palfrey by Darrell's side—turning from the young companions who had now joined her, their hackneys in a foam—and devoting to his ear all her lively overflow of happy spirits, not untempered by a certain deference, but still apparently free from dissimulation—Darrell's grand face lighted up—his mellow laugh, unrestrained, though low, echoed her sportive tones;—her youth, her joyousness were irresistibly contagious, Alban Morley watched observant while interchanging talk with her attendant comrades, young men of high *ton*, but who belonged to that *jeunesse dorée*, with which the surface of life patrician is frittered over—young men with few ideas, fewer duties—but with plenty of leisure—plenty of health—plenty of money in their pockets—plenty of debts to their tradesmen—daring at Melton—scheming at Tattersall's—pride to maiden aunts—plague to thrifty fathers—fickle lovers, but solid matches—in brief, fast livers, who get through their youth betimes, and who, for the most part, are middle-aged before they are thirty—tamed by wedlock—sobered by the responsibilities that come with the cares of property and the dignities of rank—undergo abrupt metamorphosis into chairmen of quarter sessions—county members, or decorous peers—their ideas enriched as their duties grow—their opinions, once loose as willows to the wind, stiffening into the palisades of fenced propriety—valuable, busy men, changed as Henry V., when, coming into the cares of state, he said to the Chief Justice, "There is my hand;" and to Sir John Falstaff,

> "I know thee not, old man:
> Fall to thy prayers!"

But, meanwhile the *élite* of this *jeunesse dorée* glittered around Flora Vyvyan: not a regular beauty like Lady Adela—not a fine girl like Miss Vipont, but such a light, faultless figure—such a pretty, radiant face—more womanly for affecting to be manlike—Hebe aping Thalestris. Flora, too, was an heiress—an only child—spoilt, wilful—not at all accomplished—(my belief is that accomplishments are thought great bores by the *jeunesse dorée*) no accomplishment except horsemanship, with a slight knack at billiards, and the capacity to take three whiffs from a Spanish *cigarette*. That last was adorable—four offers had been advanced to her hand on that merit alone.—(N.B. Young ladies do themselves no good with the *jeunesse dorée*, which, in our time, is a lover that rather smokes than "sighs like furnace," by advertising their horror of cigars.) You would suppose that Flora Vyvyan must be coarse—vulgar perhaps; not at all; she was *piquante*—original; and did the oddest things with the air and look of the highest breeding. Fairies cannot be vulgar, no matter what they do; they may take the strangest liberties—pinch the maids—turn the house topsy-turvy, but they are ever the darlings of grace and poetry. Flora Vyvyan was a fairy. Not peculiarly intellectual herself, she

had a veneration for intellect; those fast young men were the last persons likely to fascinate that fast young lady. Women are so perverse; they always prefer the very people you would least suspect—the antitheses to themselves. Yet is it possible that Flora Vyvyan can have carried her brotchets to so extravagant a degree as to have designed the conquest of Guy Darrell—ten years older than her own father? She, too, an heiress—certainly not mercenary; she who had already refused better worldly matches than Darrell himself was—young men, handsome men, with coronets on the margin of their note-paper and the panels of their broughams! The idea seemed preposterous; nevertheless, Alban Morley, a shrewd observer, conceived that idea, and trembled for his friend.

At last the young lady and her satellites shot off, and the Colonel said cautiously, "Miss Vyvyan is—alarming."

DARRELL.—"Alarming! the epithet requires construing."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"The sort of girl who might make a man of our years really and literally—an old fool!"

DARRELL.—"Old fool such a man must be if girls of any sort are permitted to make him a greater fool than he was before. But I think that, with those pretty hands resting on one's arm-chair, or that sunny face shining into one's study windows, one might be a very happy old fool—and that is the most one can expect!"

COLONEL MORLEY (checking an anxious groan).—"I am afraid, my poor friend, you are far gone already. No wonder Honoria Vipont fails to be appreciated. But Lady Selina has a maxim—the truth of which my experience attests—the 'moment it comes to women, the most sensible men are the'——"

"Oldest fools!" put in Darrell. 'If Mark Anthony made such a goose of himself for that painted harridan Cleopatra, what would he have done for a blooming Juliet! Youth and high spirits! Alas! why are these to be unsuitable companions for us, as we reach that climax in time and sorrow—when to the one we are grown the most indulgent, and of the other have the most need? Alban, that girl, if her heart were really won—her wild nature wisely mastered—gently guided—would make a true, prudent, loving, admirable wife—"

"Heavens!" cried Alban Morley.

"To such a husband," pursued Darrell, unheeding the ejaculation, "as——Lionel Haughton. What say you?"

"Lionel—Oh, I have no objection at all to that; but he's too young yet to think of marriage—a mere boy. Besides, if you yourself marry, Lionel could scarcely aspire to a girl of Miss Vyvyan's birth and fortune."

"Ho, not aspire! That boy at least shall not have to woo in vain from the want of fortune. The day I marry—if ever that day come—I settle on Lionel Haughton and his heirs five thousand a-year; and if, with gentle blood, youth, good looks, and a heart of gold, that fortune does not allow him to aspire to any girl whose hand he covets, I can double it, and still be rich enough to buy a superior companion in Honoria Vipont—"

MORLEY.—"Don't say buy—"

DARRELL.—"Ay, and still be young enough to catch a butterfly in Lady Adela—still be bold enough to chain a panther in Flora Vyvyan. Let the world know—your world in each nook of its gaudy auction mart—that Lionel Haughton is no pauper cousin—no penniless fortune-hunter. I wish that world to be kind to him while he is yet young, and can enjoy it. Ah, Morley, Pleasure, like Punishment, hobbles after us, *pede claudo*. What would have delighted us yesterday does not catch us up till to-morrow, and yesterday's pleasure is not the morrow's. A pennyworth of sugar-plums would have made our eyes sparkle when we were scrawling pot-hooks at a preparatory school, but no one gave us sugar-plums then. Now every day at dessert France heaps before us her daintiest sugar-plums in gilt *bonbonnières*. Do you ever covet them? I never do. Let Lionel have his sugar-plums in time. And as we talk, there he comes. Lionel, how are you?"

"I resign you to Lionel's charge now," said the Colonel, glancing at his watch. "I have an engagement—troublesome. Two silly friends of

mine have been quarrelling—high words—in an age when duels are out of the question. I have promised to meet another man, and draw up the form for a mutual apology. High words are so stupid nowadays. No option but to swallow them up again if they were as high as steeples. Adieu for the present. We meet to-night at Lady Dulcett's concert?"

"Yes," said Darrell! "I promised Miss Vyvyan to be there, and keep her from disturbing the congregation. You, Lionel, will come with me."

LIONEL (embarrassed).—"No; you must excuse me. I have long been engaged elsewhere."

"That's a pity," said the Colonel, gravely. "Lady Dulcett's concert is just one of the places where a young man should—be seen." Colonel Morley waved his hand with his usual languid elegance, and his hack cantered off with him, stately as a charger, easy as a rocking-horse.

"Unalterable man," said Darrell, as his eye followed the horseman's receding figure. "Through all the mutations on Time's dusty high-road —stable as a milestone. Just what Alban Morley was as a schoolboy he is now; and if mortal span were extended to the age of the patriarchs, just what Alban Morley is now, Alban Morley would be a thousand years hence. I don't mean externally, of course; wrinkles will come—cheeks will fade. But these are trifles: man's body is a garment, as Socrates said before me, and every seven years according to the physiologists, man has a new suit, fibre and cuticle, from top to toe. The interior being that wears the clothes is the same in Alban Morley. Has he loved, hated, rejoiced, suffered? Where is the sign? Not one. At school, as in life, doing nothing, but decidedly somebody—respected by small boys, petted by big boys—an authority with all. Never getting honours—arm and arm with those who did; never in scrapes—advising those who were; imperturbable, immovable, calm above mortal cares as an Epicurean deity. What can wealth give that he has not got? In the house of the richest he chooses his room. Talk of ambition, talk of power—he has their rewards without an effort. True prime-minister of all the realm he cares for; Good society has not a vote against him—he transacts its affairs, he knows its secrets—he wields its patronage. Ever requested to do a favour—no man great enough to do him one. Incorruptible, yet versed to a fraction in each man's price; impeccable, yet confidant in each man's foibles; smooth as silk, hard as adamant; impossible to wound, vex, annoy him—but not insensible; thoroughly kind. Dear, dear Alban! nature never polished a finer gentleman out of a solider block of man!" Darrell's voice quivered a little as he completed in earnest affection the sketch begun in playful irony, and then, with a sudden change of thought, he resumed lightly,—

"But I wish you to do me a favour, Lionel. Aid me to repair a fault in good breeding, of which Alban Morley would never have been guilty. I have been several days in London, and not yet called on your mother. Will you accompany me now to her house and present me?"

"Thank you, thank you; you will make her so proud and happy; but may I ride on and prepare her for your visit?"

"Certainly; her address is—"

"Gloucester Place, No. —."

"I will meet you there in half an hour."

### CHAPTER II.

"Let Observation, with expansive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

—and Observation will everywhere find, indispensable to the happiness of woman, A VISITING ACQUAINTANCE.

Lionel knew that Mrs. Haughton would that day need more than usual forewarning of a visit from Mr. Darrell. For the evening of that day Mrs. Haughton proposed "to give a party." When Mrs. Haughton gave

a party, it was a serious affair. A notable and bustling housewife, she attended herself to each preparatory detail. It was to assist at this party that Lionel had resigned Lady Dulcett's concert. The young man, reluctantly acquiescing in the arrangements by which Alban Morley had engaged him a lodging of his own, seldom or never let a day pass without gratifying his mother's proud heart by an hour or two spent in Gloucester Place, often to the forfeiture of a pleasant ride, or other tempting excursion, with gay comrades. Difficult in London life, and at the full of its season, to devote an hour or two to visits, apart from the track chalked out by one's very mode of existence—difficult to cut off an hour so as not to cut up a day. And Mrs. Haughton was exacting—nice in her choice as to the exact slice in the day. She took the prime of the joint. She liked her neighbours to see the handsome, elegant young man dismount from his charger or descend from his cabriolet, just at the witching hour when Gloucester Place was fullest. Did he go to a levee, he must be sure to come to her before he changed his dress, that she and Gloucester Place might admire him in uniform. Was he going to dine at some very great house, he must take her in his way (though no street could be more out of his way), that she might be enabled to say in the parties to which she herself repaired —"There is a great dinner at Lord So-and-so's to-day; my son called on me before he went there. If he had been disengaged, I should have asked permission to bring him here."

Not that Mrs. Haughton honestly designed, nor even wished to draw the young man from the dazzling vortex of high life into her own little currents of dissipation. She was much too proud of Lionel to think that her friends were grand enough for him to honour *their* houses by his presence. She had in this, too, a lively recollection of her lost Captain's doctrinal views of the great world's creed. The Captain had flourished in the time when Impertinence, installed by Brummell, though her influence was waning, still schooled her oligarchs, and maintained the etiquette of her court; and even when his *mesalliance* and his debts had cast him out of his native sphere, he lost not all the original brightness of an exclusive. In moments of connubial confidence, when owning his past errors, and tracing to his sympathising Jessie the causes of his decline, he would say, "'Tis not a man's birth, nor his fortune, that gives him his place in society—it depends on his conduct, Jessie. He must not be seen bowing to snobs, nor should his enemies track him to the haunts of vulgarians. I date my fall in life to dining with a horrid man who lent me £100, and lived in Upper Baker Street. His wife took my arm from a place they called a drawing-room (the Captain as he spoke was on a fourth floor), to share some unknown food which they called a dinner (the Captain at that moment would have welcomed a rasher). The woman went about blabbing—the thing got wind—for the first time my character received a soil. What is a man without character? and character once sullied, Jessie, a man becomes reckless. Teach my boy to beware of the first false step—no association with *parvenus*. Don't cry, Jessie—I don't mean that he is to cut *you*—relations are quite different from other people—nothing so low as cutting relations. I continued, for instance, to visit Guy Darrell, though he lived at the back of Holborn, and I actually saw him once in brown beaver gloves. But he was a relation. I have even dined at his house, and met odd people there —people who lived also at the back of Holborn. But he did not ask me to go to *their* houses, and if he had, I must have cut him."

By reminiscences of this kind of talk, Lionel was saved from any design of Mrs. Haughton's to attract his orbit into the circle within which she herself moved. He must come to the parties she gave—illumine or awe odd people *there*. That was a proper tribute to maternal pride. But had they asked him to their parties, she would have been the first to resent such a liberty.

Lionel found Mrs. Haughton in great bustle. A gardener's cart was before the street-door. Men were

bringing in a grove of evergreens, intended to border the staircase, and make its exiguous ascent still more difficult. The refreshments were already laid out in the dining-room. Mrs. Haughton, with scissors in hand, was cutting flowers to fill the *epergne*, but darting to and fro, like a dragon-fly, from the dining-room to the hall, from the flowers to the evergreens.

"Dear me, Lionel, is that you? Just tell me, you who go to all those grandees, whether the ratafia-cakes should be opposite to the sponge-cakes, or whether they would not go better—thus—at cross-corners?"

"My dear mother, I never observed—I don't know. But make haste—take off that apron—have these doors shut—come up-stairs. Mr. Darrell will be here very shortly. I have ridden on to prepare you."

"Mr. Darrell — TO-DAY! — How could you let him come? O Lionel, how thoughtless you are? You should have some respect for your mother—I *am* your mother, sir."

"Yes, my own dear mother—don't scold—I could not help it. He is so engaged, so sought after; if I had put him off to-day, he might never have come, and—"

"Never have come! Who is Mr. Darrell, to give himself such airs?—Only a lawyer, after all," said Mrs. Haughton with majesty.

"O mother, that speech is not like you. He is our benefactor—our—"

"Don't, don't say more—I was very wrong—quite wicked—only my temper, Lionel dear. Good Mr. Darrell! I shall be so happy to see him—see him, too, in this house that I owe to him—see him by your side! I think I shall fall down on my knees to him."

And her eyes began to stream.

Lionel kissed the tears away fondly. "That's my own mother now indeed—now I am proud of you, mother and how well you look! I am proud of that too."

"Look well?—I am not fit to be seen, this figure—though perhaps an elderly quiet gentleman like good Mr. Darrell does not notice ladies much. John, John, make haste with those plants. Gracious me! you've got your coat off!—put it on—I expect a gentleman—I'm at home, in the front drawing-room—no—that's all set out—the back drawing-room, John. Send Susan to me. Lionel, do just look at the supper-table: and what is to be done with the flowers, and—"

The rest of Mrs. Haughton's voice, owing to the rapidity of her ascent, which affected the distinctness of her utterance, was lost in air. She vanished at culminating point—within her chamber.

### CHAPTER III.

### Mrs. Haughton at home to Guy Darrell.

Thanks to Lionel's activity, the hall was disencumbered—the plants hastily stowed away—the parlour closed on the festive preparations—and the footman in his livery waiting at the door—when Mr. Darrell arrived. Lionel himself came out and welcomed his benefactor's footstep across the threshold of the home which the generous man had provided for the widow.

If Lionel had some secret misgivings as to the result of this interview, they were soon and most happily dispelled. For, at the sight of Guy Darrell leaning so affectionately on her son's arm, Mrs. Haughton mechanically gave herself up to the impulse of her own warm, grateful, true woman's heart. And her bound forward—her seizure of Darrell's hand—her first fervent blessing—her after words, simple but eloquent with feeling—made that heart so transparent that Darrell looked it through with respectful eyes.

Mrs. Haughton was still a pretty woman, and with much of that delicacy of form and outline which constitutes the gentility of person. She had a sweet voice too, except when angry. Her defects of education, of temper, or of conventional polish, were not discernible in the overflow of natural emotion. Darrell had come resolved to be pleased if possible.

Pleased he was, much more than he had expected. He even inly accepted for the deceased Captain excuses which he had never before admitted to himself. The linen-draper's daughter was no coarse presuming dowdy, and in her candid rush of gratitude there was not that underbred servility which Darrell had thought perceptible in her epistolary compositions. There was elegance too, void both of gaudy ostentation and penurious thrift, in the furniture and arrangements of the room. The income he gave to her was not spent with slatternly waste or on tawdry gewgaws. To ladies in general, Darrell's manner was extremely attractive—not the less winning because of a certain gentle shyness which, implying respect for those he addressed, and a modest undervaluing of his own merit, conveyed compliment and soothed self-love. And to that lady in especial such gentle shyness was the happiest good-breeding.

In short, all went off without a hitch, till, as Darrell was taking leave, Mrs. Haughton was reminded by some evil genius of her evening party, and her very gratitude, longing for some opportunity to requite obligation, prompted her to invite the kind man to whom the facility of giving parties was justly due. She had never realised to herself, despite all that Lionel could say, the idea of Darrell's station in the world—a lawyer who had spent his youth at the back of Holborn, whom the stylish Captain had deemed it a condescension not to cut, might indeed become very rich; but he could never be the fashion. "Poor man," she thought, "he must be very lonely. He is not, like Lionel, a young dancing man. A quiet little party, with people of his own early rank and habits, would be more in his way than those grand places to which Lionel goes. I can but ask him—I ought to ask him. What would he say if I did not ask him? Black ingratitude indeed, if he were not asked!" All these ideas rushed through her mind in a breath, and as she clasped Darrell's extended hand in both her own, she said, "I have a little party to-night!"—and paused. Darrell remaining mute, and Lionel not suspecting what was to ensue, she continued: "There may be some good music—young friends of mine—sing charmingly—Italian!"

Darrell bowed. Lionel began to shudder.

"And if I might presume to think it would amuse you, Mr. Darrell, oh, I should be so happy to see you!—so happy!"

"Would you?" said Darrell, briefly. "Then I should be a churl if I did not come. Lionel will escort me. Of course, you expect him too."

"Yes, indeed. Though *he* has so many fine places to go to—and it can't be exactly what he is used to—yet he is such a dear good boy that he gives up all to gratify his mother."

Lionel, in agonies, turned an unfilial back, and looked steadily out of the window; but Darrell, far too august to take offence where none was meant, only smiled at the implied reference to Lionel's superior demand in the fashionable world, and replied, without even a touch of his accustomed irony,—"And to gratify his mother is a pleasure I thank you for inviting me to share with him."

More and more at her ease, and charmed with having obeyed her hospitable impulse, Mrs. Haughton, following Darrell to the landing-place, added—

"And if you like to play a quiet rubber—"

"I never touch cards. I abhor the very name of them, ma'am," interrupted Darrell, somewhat less gracious in his tones.

He mounted his horse; and Lionel, breaking from Mrs. Haughton, who was assuring him that Mr. Darrell was not at all what she expected, but really quite the gentleman—nay, a much grander gentleman than even Colonel Morley — regained his kinsman's side, looking abashed and discomfited. Darrell, with the kindness which his fine quick intellect enabled him so felicitously to apply, hastened to relieve the young guardsman's mind.

"I like your mother much—very much," said he, in his most melodious accents. "Good boy! I see now why you gave up Lady Dulcett. Go and take a canter by yourself, or with younger friends, and be sure that you call on me so that we may be both

at Mrs. Haughton's by ten o'clock. I can go later to the concert if I feel inclined."

He waved his hand, wheeled his horse, and trotted off toward the fair suburban lanes that still proffer to the denizens of London glimpses of rural fields, and shadows from quiet hedgerows. He wished to be alone; the sight of Mrs. Haughton had revived recollections of bygone days—memory linking memory in painful chain—gay talk with his younger schoolfellow—that wild Charlie, now in his grave—his own laborious youth, resolute aspirings, secret sorrows—and the strong man felt the want of that solitary self-commune, without which self-conquest is unattainable.

### CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Haughton at home miscellaneously. Little parties are useful in bringing people together. One never knows whom one may meet.

Great kingdoms grow out of small beginnings. Mrs. Haughton's social circle was described from a humble centre. On coming into possession of her easy income, and her house in Gloucester Place, she was naturally seized with the desire of an appropriate "visiting acquaintance." The accomplishment of that desire had been deferred awhile by the excitement of Lionel's departure for Paris, and the IMMENSE TEMPTATION to which the attentions of the spurious Mr. Courtney Smith had exposed her widowed solitude: but no sooner had she recovered from the shame and anger with which she had discarded that showy impostor, happily in time, than the desire became the more keen; because the good lady felt that, with a mind so active and restless as hers, a visiting acquaintance might be her best preservative from that sense of loneliness which disposes widows to lend the incautious ear to adventurous wooers. After her experience of her own weakness in listening to a sharper, and with a shudder at her escape, Mrs. Haughton made a firm resolve never to give her beloved son a father-in-law. No, she would distract her thoughts — she would have a VISITING ACQUAINTANCE. She commenced by singling out such families as at various times had been her genteelest lodgers—now lodging elsewhere. She informed them by polite note of her accession of consequence and fortune, which she was sure they would be happy to hear; and these notes, left with the card of "Mrs. Haughton, Gloucester Place," necessarily produced respondent notes and correspondent cards. Gloucester Place then prepared itself for a party. The *ci-devant* lodgers urbanely attended the summons. In their turn they gave parties. Mrs. Haughton was invited. From each such party she bore back a new draught into her "social circle." Thus, long before the end of five years, Mrs. Haughton had attained her object. She had a "VISITING ACQUAINTANCE!" It is true that she was not particular; so that there was a new somebody at whose house a card could be left, or a morning call achieved—who could help to fill her rooms, or whose rooms she could contribute to fill in turn, she was contented. She was no *tuft*-hunter. She did not care for titles. She had no visions of a column in the *Morning Post*. She wanted, kind lady, only a vent for the exuberance of her social instincts; and being proud, she rather liked acquaintances who looked up to, instead of looking down on her. Thus Gloucester Place was invaded by tribes not congenial to its natural civilised atmosphere. Hengists and Horsas, from remote Anglo-Saxon districts, crossed the intervening channel, and insulted the British nationality of that salubrious district. To most of such immigrators, Mrs. Haughton, of Gloucester Place, was a personage of the highest distinction. A few others of prouder status in the world, though they owned to themselves that there was a sad mixture at Mrs. Haughton's house, still, once seduced there, came again—being persons who, however independent in fortune, or gentle by

blood, had but a small "visiting acquaintance" in town;—fresh from economical colonisation on the Continent, or from distant provinces in these three kingdoms. Mrs. Haughton's rooms were well lighted. There was music for some, whist for others, tea, ices, cakes, and a crowd, for all.

At ten o'clock—the rooms already nearly filled, and Mrs. Haughton, as she stood at the door, anticipating with joy that happy hour when the staircase would become inaccessible—the head attendant, sent with the ices from the neighbouring confectioner, announced in a loud voice, "Mr. Haughton—Mr. Darrell."

At that latter name a sensation thrilled the assembly—the name so much in every one's mouth at that period, nor least in the mouths of the great middle class, on whom—though the polite may call them "a sad mixture," cabinets depend—could not fail to be familiar to the ears of Mrs. Haughton's "visiting acquaintance." The interval between his announcement and his ascent from the hall to the drawing-room was busily filled up by murmured questions to the smiling hostess, "Darrell; what! *the* Darrell; Guy Darrell! greatest man of the day! A connection of yours? Bless me, you don't say so?" Mrs. Haughton began to feel nervous. Was Lionel right? Could the man who had only been a lawyer at the back of Holborn really be, now, such a very, very great man—greatest man of the day? Nonsense!

"Ma'am," said one pale, puff-cheeked, flat-nosed gentleman, in a very large white waistcoat, who was waiting by her side till a vacancy in one of the two whist-tables should occur—"Ma'am, I'm an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Darrell. You say he is a connection of yours? Present me to him."

Mrs. Haughton nodded flutteringly, for, as the gentleman closed his request, and tapped a large gold snuff-box, Darrell stood before her—Lionel close at his side, looking positively sheepish. The great man said a few civil words, and was gliding into the room to make way for the press behind him, when he of the white waistcoat, touching Mrs. Haughton's arm, and staring Darrell full in the face, said, very loud: "In these anxious times, public men dispense with ceremony. I crave an introduction to Mr. Darrell." Thus pressed, poor Mrs. Haughton, without looking up, muttered out, "Mr. Adolphus Poole—Mr. Darrell," and turned to welcome fresh comers.

"Mr. Darrell," said Mr. Poole, bowing to the ground, "this *is* an honour."

Darrell gave the speaker one glance of his keen eye, and thought to himself,—"If I were still at the bar, I should be sorry to hold a brief for that fellow." However, he returned the bow formally, and, bowing again at the close of a highly complimentary address with which Mr. Poole followed up his opening sentence, expressed himself "much flattered," and thought he had escaped; but wherever he went through the crowd, Mr. Poole contrived to follow him, and claim his notice by remarks on the affairs of the day—the weather—the funds—the crops. At length Darrell perceived, sitting aloof in a corner, an excellent man, whom indeed it surprised him to see in a London drawing-room, but who, many years ago, when Darrell was canvassing the enlightened constituency of Ouzelford, had been on a visit to the chairman of his committee—an influential trader—and having connections in the town—and, being a very high character, had done him good service in the canvass. Darrell rarely forgot a face, and never a service. At any time he would have been glad to see the worthy man once more, but at that time he was grateful indeed.

"Excuse me," he said bluntly to Mr. Poole, "but I see an old friend." He moved on, and thick as the crowd had become, it made way with respect, as to royalty, for the distinguished orator. The buzz of admiration as he passed—louder than in drawing-rooms more refined—would have had sweeter music than Grisi's most artful quaver to a vainer man—nay, once on a time to him. But—sugar-plums come too late! He gained the corner, and roused the solitary sitter.

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do you not remember me—Guy Darrell?"

"Mr. Darrell!" cried the ex-mayor of Gatesboro', rising, "who could think that you would remember *me*?"

"What! not remember those ten stubborn voters, on whom, all and singly, I had lavished my powers of argument in vain? You came, and with the brief words, 'John—Ned—Dick—oblige me—vote for Darrell!' the men were convinced—the votes won. That's what I call eloquence" —(*sotto voce*—"Confound that fellow! still after me!"—Aside to Hartopp) —"Oh! may I ask who is that Mr. —what's his name—there—in the white waistcoat?"

"Poole," answered Hartopp. "Who is he, sir? A speculative man. He is connected with a new Company—I am told it answers. Williams (that's my foreman—a very long head he has too) has taken shares in the Company, and wanted me to do the same, but 'tis not in my way. And Mr. Poole may be a very honest man, but he does not impress me with that idea. I have grown careless; I know I am liable to be taken in—I was so once —and therefore I avoid 'Companies' upon principle—especially when they promise thirty per cent., and work copper mines—Mr. Poole has a copper mine"

"And deals in brass—you may see it in his face! But you are not in town for good, Mr. Hartopp? If I remember right, you were settled at Gatesboro' when we last met."

"And so I am still—or rather in the neighbourhood. I am gradually retiring from business, and grown more and more fond of farming. But I have a family, and we live in enlightened times, when children require a finer education than their parents had. Mrs. Hartopp thought my daughter Anna Maria was in need of some 'finishing lessons'—very fond of the harp is Anna Maria—and so we have taken a house in London for six weeks. That's Mrs. Hartopp yonder, with the bird on her head—bird of paradise, I believe—Williams says that birds of that kind never rest. That bird is an exception—it has rested on Mrs. Hartopp's head for hours together, every evening since we have been in town."

"Significant of your connubial felicity, Mr. Hartopp."

"May it be so of Anna Maria's. She is to be married when her education is finished—married, by the by, to a son of your old friend Jessop, of Ouzelford; and between you and me, Mr. Darrell, that is the reason why I consented to come to town. Do not suppose that I would have a daughter finished unless there was a husband at hand who undertook to be responsible for the results."

"You retain your wisdom, Mr. Hartopp; and I feel sure that not even your fair partner could have brought you up to London unless you had decided on the expediency of coming. Do you remember that I told you the day you so admirably settled a dispute in our committee-room, 'it was well you were not born a king, for you would have been an irresistible tyrant?'"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Hartopp in great alarm, "if Mrs. H. should hear you! What an observer you are, sir. I thought *I* was a judge of character—but I was once deceived. I dare say you never were."

"You mistake," answered Darrell, wincing, "*you* deceived! How?"

"Oh, a long story, sir. It was an elderly man—the most agreeable, interesting companion—a vagabond nevertheless—and such a pretty bewitching little girl with him, his grandchild. I thought he might have been a wild harum-scarum chap in his day, but that he had a true sense of honour"—(Darrell, wholly uninterested in this narrative, suppressed a yawn and wondered when it would end). "Only think, sir, just as I was saying to myself, 'I know character—I was never taken in,' down comes a smart fellow—the man's own son—and tells me—or rather he suffers a lady who comes with him to tell me—that this charming old gentleman of high sense of honour was a returned convict—been transported for robbing his employer."

Pale, breathless, Darrell listened, not unheeding now. "What was the name of—of—"

"The convict? He called himself Chapman, but the son's name was Losely—Jasper."

"Ah!" faltered Darrell, recoiling, "and you spoke of a little girl?"

"Jasper Losely's daughter; he came after her with a magistrate's warrant. The old miscreant had carried her off,—to teach her his own swindling ways, I suppose. Luckily

she was then in my charge. I gave her back to her father, and the very respectable-looking lady he brought with him. Some relation, I presume."

"What was her name, do you remember?"

"Crane."

"Crane!—Crane!" muttered Darrell, as if trying in vain to tax his memory with that name. "So he said the child was his daughter—are you sure?"

"Oh, of course he said so, and the lady too. But can you be acquainted with them, sir?"

"I?—no! Strangers to me, except by repute. Liars—infamous liars! But have the accomplices quarrelled—I mean the son and father—that the father should be exposed and denounced by the son?"

"I conclude so. I never saw them again. But you believe the father really was, then, a felon, a convict—no excuse for him—no extenuating circumstances? There was something in that man, Mr. Darrell, that made one love him—positively love him; and when I had to tell him that I had given up the child he trusted to my charge, and saw his grief, I felt a criminal myself."

Darrell said nothing, but the character of his face was entirely altered—stern, hard, relentless—the face of an inexorable judge. Hartopp, lifting his eyes suddenly to that countenance, recoiled in awe.

"You think I was a criminal!" he said piteously.

"I think we are both talking too much, Mr. Hartopp, of a gang of miserable swindlers, and I advise you to dismiss the whole remembrance of intercourse with any of them from your honest breast, and never to repeat to other ears the tale you have poured into mine. Men of honour should crush down the very thought that approaches them to knaves!"

Thus saying Darrell moved off with abrupt rudeness, and passing quickly back through the crowd, scarcely noticed Mrs. Haughton by a retreating nod, nor heeded Lionel at all, but hurried down the stairs. He was impatiently searching for his cloak in the back parlour, when a voice behind said, "Let me assist you, sir—do;" and turning round with petulant quickness, he beheld again Mr. Adolphus Poole. It requires an habitual intercourse with equals to give perfect and invariable control of temper to a man of irritable nerves and frank character; and though, where Darrell really liked, he had much sweet forbearance, and where he was indifferent much stately courtesy, yet, when he was offended, he could be extremely uncivil. "Sir," he cried, almost stamping his foot, "your importunities annoy me; I request you to cease them."

"Oh, I ask your pardon," said Mr. Poole, with an angry growl. "I have no need to force myself on any man. But I beg you to believe that if I presumed to seek your acquaintance, it was to do you a service, sir—yes, a private service, sir." He lowered his voice into a whisper, and laid his finger on his nose—"There's one Jasper Losely, sir—eh? Oh, sir, I'm no mischief-maker. I respect family secrets. Perhaps I might be of use, perhaps not."

"Certainly not to me, sir," said Darrell, flinging the cloak he had now found across his shoulders, and striding from the house. When he entered his carriage, the footman stood waiting for orders. Darrell was long in giving them. "Anywhere for half an hour—to St. Paul's, then home."

But on returning from this objectless plunge into the City, Darrell pulled the check-string—"To Belgrave Square—Lady Dulcett's."

The concert was half over; but Flora Vyvyan had still guarded, as she had promised, a seat beside herself for Darrell, by lending it for the present to one of her obedient vassals. Her face brightened as she saw Darrell enter and approach. The vassal surrendered the chair. Darrell appeared to be in the highest spirits; and I firmly believe that he was striving to the utmost in his power—what?—to make himself agreeable to Flora Vyvyan? No; to make Flora Vyvyan agreeable to himself. The man did not presume that a fair young lady could be in love with him; perhaps he believed *that*, at his years, to be impossible. But he asked what seemed much easier, and was much harder—he asked to be himself in love.

## ANTIQUITIES OF KERTCH.

War, with all its horrors and calamities, is sure still to bring some compensations in its train. Conquest and civilisation have often made their advance together. Commerce has followed where the invader had first set his foot, and science should be ready to enter at every avenue of knowledge which may be opened up by the sword. In different ages, the lawless aggressions of Alexander and of Napoleon were made subservient to scientific results, and the just and necessary operations of warfare in our own day ought not to be destitute of similar benefits.

The presence of our armies on the shores of the Black Sea during the late contest with Russia, has caused or encouraged investigations of various kinds which cannot fail to be permanently profitable. "The Languages of the Seat of War, in the East" have been the subject of a masterly essay by one of our greatest philologers—Mr. Max Müller of Oxford—in which he has taken from that point of view, as from a great central height, a clear and comprehensive survey of the most important forms of speech in Europe and Asia. The wide and wonderful prospect thus presented is intimately associated with the history of the human race at large, as well as with the origin and character of the different nations or tribes who have successively peopled those scenes; and the more recent and more special work which is the immediate occasion of this article, tends to throw light on the same topics of ethnological inquiry.

Its fertile soil and central position have made the Crimea from very ancient times a frequent field of contention among different competitors. It is the general, and it seems to be the sound opinion, that the present inhabitants of Europe have immigrated from the East, and the Crimea, lying in the line which forms the most direct land-passage from the southern portions of Western Asia to the central countries of Europe, has probably been traversed or touched by most of the important tribes that have travelled westward from the great cradle of nations. As Müller observes—

"The south-east of Europe has indeed long been notorious as a Babel of tongues. Herodotus* (iv. 24) tells us that caravans of Greek merchants, following the course of the Volga upwards to the Ural Mountains, were accompanied by seven interpreters, speaking seven different languages. These must have comprised Slavonic, Tartaric, and Finnic dialects, spoken in those countries in the time of Herodotus as at the present day. In yet earlier times the south-east of Europe was the first resting-place for the nations who transplanted the seeds of Asia to European soil. Three roads were open to their north-westward migrations. One, east of the Caspian Sea and west of the Ural Mountains, leading to the north of Asia and Europe. Another, on the Caucasian Isthmus, whence they would advance along the northern coast of the Black Sea, and following the course of the Dniepr, Dniestr, or Danube, be led into Russia and Germany. A third road was defined by the Taurus through Asia Minor, to the point where the Hellespont marks the 'path of the Hellenes' into Greece and Italy. While the main stream of the Arian nations passed on, carrying its waves to the northern and western shores of Europe, it formed a kind of eddy in the Carpathian Peninsula, and we may still discover in the stagnating dialects north and south of the Danube, the traces of the flux and reflux of those tribes who have since become the ruling nations of Europe. The barbarian inroads, which, from the seventh century after Christ, infested the regions of civilisation and led to the destruction of the Greek and Roman Empires, followed all the same direction. The country near the Danube and the Black Sea has been for ages the

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*Antiquities of Kertch, and Researches in the Cimmerian Bosphorus.* By D. M'Pherson, M.D. London, 1857.

* An interesting and lucid account of the early inhabitants of Russia, founded on the researches of Safarik and others, is found in a pamphlet by Kuhn de Schlozer. *Les premiers Habitants de la Russie.* Paris, 1846.

battle-field of Asia and Europe. Each language settled there on the confines of civilization and barbarism, recalls a chapter of history."

Of the three routes just mentioned, it seems clear that, at least after Greece and Asia Minor had been occupied by powerful nations, the middle line which passes between the Caspian and the Black Sea would be the most resorted to by the Arian or Indo-Germanic immigrants. It leads directly from Persia to the South-eastern plains of Russia, and in the small Ossetian tribe still settled in the Caucasus, and supposed to be of Persian or Median blood, we have the clear vestiges of an Indo-Germanic language, which, in Müller's somewhat fanciful words, "surrounded on all sides by tongues of different origin, stands out like a block of granite erratic in the midst of sandstone strata, a strayed landmark of the migrations of the Arian tribes." To the weary wayfarers thus journeying on their uncertain course, the Crimea must have shone out pleasantly amidst the uniformity of the surrounding steppes; and it has accordingly been said, that this peninsula has from first to last been occupied or overrun by not less than seventy successive nations, of many of whom its language, condition, and antiquities, still present important traces.

The Cimmerians mentioned in history as the earliest inhabitants of this district, have sometimes been said to be the same people with the Cimbri, found at a later period in possession of Jutland, and who invaded the Roman empire from the north. But the conjecture seems to rest on no better foundation than a similarity of the names, which cannot be regarded as sufficient to support it. A question has also been raised as to the identity of the historical Cimmerians of the Black Sea, with the race mentioned by Homer under that appellation, but whose locality is generally referred to Italy. The name here seems to be nothing, as "Cimmerian" is probably a generic term applicable to any people living at a distance from the sun, the word being apparently of Phœnician origin, from a root signifying "darkness." But the geography of Homer, even if capable of being consistently localised in all its parts, is attended with well-known difficulties. Dr. M'Pherson, following Mr. Danby Seymour in his *Russia on the Black Sea*, adopts the theory of some German geographers, in making that region the scene of the wanderings of Ulysses in the Odyssey. According to that view, the Crimea exhibits the Læstrygonian coast of the poet, whose inhabitants resembled not men but giants; while it is a part of the same hypothesis that our old friends, Scylla and Charybdis, mentioned in this portion of Homer's story, are not to be assigned, as is generally done, to the Straits of Messina, but are to be found at the northern entrance of the Thracian Bosphorus in the neighbourhood of the Symplegades Islands. Much may be said, as usual, on both sides of these controversies. But, perhaps, the safest and best solution of them is, that these outlying localities in the Homeric poems, and in the heroic legends of Greece generally, are places unapproachable by sea or land; that the mythical muse, when dealing with distant places and remote events, cared little either for geography or chronology; and that to delineate accurately the course of Ulysses between Troy and Ithaca, would be as difficult a task as to find the latitude of Lilliput, to lay down in a chart the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, or to land, like Shakespeare, on the sea-coast of Bohemia.

In deference, however, to those who advocate a Euxine localisation of Homer, we may here insert Pope's translation of the passage in the 10th Book of the *Odyssey*, which these writers conceive to be a description of Balaklava, though we fear that many another bay in Italy and elsewhere might equally have sate for the picture.

"Within a long recess a bay there lies
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies.
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;

For here, retired, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fix'd without my hawsers to the shore.
From thence we climbed a point whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below;
No tracks of beasts, nor signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground."

Uncertain as the historical elements may be which enter into the fabulous legends of Greece, we may venture to infer from them thus much, that the Black Sea must have been the scene of early adventure and enterprise, and the seat of great wealth and important commerce between the Eastern and Western world. It seems clear also, that its northern shore was from a remote period subjected to inroads by a succession of tribes, each braver or more powerful than those who previously occupied it. Among these occupants were the Tauri, who gave a name to the district which it still retains, and who, in early times, seem to have been eminently savage and superstitious, adorning the roofs of their houses with the heads of their enemies, and sacrificing shipwrecked mariners to a virgin goddess supposed to resemble Diana, under whose auspices they probably found it convenient to carry on the traffic of wrecking, which has disgraced ages and countries of much higher civilisation.

In process of time the influence of Greek colonisation and commerce was favourably felt in developing the resources of the Taurian Chersonesus and its neighbourhood; and in the sixth or seventh century before Christ the Milesians had rendered the navigation of the Euxine comparatively easy and familiar; and at first, perhaps, in irony, though afterwards in earnest, had changed its name, if not its nature, from the Inhospitable to the Hospitable Sea. They are said to have founded a great number of maritime colonies on its shores, and, among others, the city of Panticapæum, now Kertch, which is described as the mother of all the Milesian towns on the Bosphorus. The motive, or encouragement for these settlements must have been of a commercial kind, and must at least have been connected with the fertility of a region which, under good management, was fitted to be the granary of Eastern Europe. Kertch afterwards became the capital of the flourishing Greek kingdom of Bosphorus, which subsisted for several centuries.

The most celebrated name connected with these scenes in ancient history is that of Mithridates, one of the most powerful, and perhaps the most persevering of all the enemies that arose against the Roman republic. This prince, apparently of Persian blood, was born at Sinope, on the Black Sea, and to his hereditary kingdom of Pontus soon added the Bosphorus and other dominions, of which Kertch may be considered as the metropolis. The extent of his empire, and the miscellaneous nationality of its inhabitants, are evinced by the recorded fact or fable which has made his name proverbial, that he could converse with the deputies of his different subjects in twenty-five languages; yet in this singular region even that degree of versatility would not be sufficient to embrace the various tongues of all the tribes under his sway. There is something sublime in the character and fate of this man, surrounded by his legion of languages, and wielding almost a mythical power over life and death by his skill in poisons and antidotes; bestriding the boundary of Europe and Asia, and, like the Russian of our own day, fixing his position where the keys of empire, alike of east and west, were near his grasp; classed by the Greek and Roman nations as a barbarian, yet hailed by the one as a deliverer, and feared by the other as a destroyer; calling forth and sometimes defeating, but always eluding, the greatest efforts of the best generals of Rome during a quarter of a century; and at last perishing in his old age by his own hands in the midst of domestic disaffection and family feud. The town of Kertch was the scene of his death, and a neighbouring hill still bears his name.

Among the achievements of Mithridates he is stated to have overcome the Scythians of the Taurian Bosphorus in a naval engagement during summer, on a spot near Kertch, on which he afterwards again defeated them in winter in a cavalry action on the ice; a fact sufficiently indicative of that wide range of temperature and periodical severity of climate which our own countrymen have since so feelingly experienced.

At a later period, the connection of certain Gothic tribes with the Black Sea presents the singular spectacle of a Germanic people in an insulated position among hordes of alien origin, and is especially interesting to ourselves as a nation of kindred blood.

The Goths, as we may infer from the sure evidence of language, were of Eastern origin; but their songs and legends seem to have handed down a tradition that their earliest settlement in Europe was in the neighbourhood of the Baltic, whence they afterwards migrated to the western shores of the Euxine. In the third century of the Christian æra they were established in considerable force in the countries of Dacia and Mœsia; and from the mouths of the Danube and Dniestr they repeatedly made plundering expeditions by sea to the tempting coasts of Greece and Asia Minor. One of the most interesting of the early accounts of the Black Sea and its borders is given by Ammianus Marcellinus, who describes their condition in the fourth century with the accuracy, perhaps, of personal observation. He speaks of Panticapæum (Kertch) as the mother of all the Milesian cities, but he does not mention any people in its immediate neighbourhood whom we can distinctly trace as of Gothic blood, though it is plain that the Goths had then extended their settlements along the north-western shore of the Euxine. Neither is it very easy to draw a clear inference from the obscure and confused account which Jornandes, in the sixth century, gives of the eastern settlements of the Goths, which were at a distance from his own home; yet his account of Ermanaric's kingdom on the Euxine seems to extend it to the Crimea; and Procopius, a more accurate and able writer of the same age, gives a distinct description of a tribe of Tetraxite Goths settled as an independent nation in this very district, and surviving as remnants of a larger population of the same race. He states them to be Christians, though he is ignorant whether they are Arian or orthodox, and mentions that, in the twenty-first year of Justinian's reign, a deputation from them arrived at Byzantium, ostensibly to solicit the appointment of a new bishop, but covertly, at the same time, to suggest what ought to be done by the Romans for the subjugation of the barbarous nations of Huns and others among whom they were situated. A Gothic episcopal see at Theodosia, or Caffa, in the Crimea, in connection with Constantinople, continued to be officially recognised for several centuries, and travellers from time to time bear witness to the continuance of a Gothic race in that region in the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The minute and intelligent account of Auger Gislen, better known by his local name of Busbequius, who went as Austrian ambassador to the Turks about the year 1560, is a strong confirmation of the other evidence on this subject. His statement, though curious and interesting, is too well known to require insertion. Joseph Scaliger, in the end of the sixteenth century, says that the Goths about Perecop still possessed the Scriptures in the language and characters of Ulphilas; but more lately the traces of a surviving Gothic population in this district become fainter and fainter in succeeding writers; their Christianity itself seems to have died out amidst the surrounding heathenism, as in 1760 we are told of a Turkish galley-slave, of the race of Crimean Goths, who mentioned that their religion consisted solely in worshipping an old tree. About the end of the last century they seem entirely to disappear, though Mnias Bschkrantz, in his *Armenian Travels*, which appeared at Venice in 1830, is said to speak of Gothic monuments and inscriptions at Mankoup and Sudagh, both in the Crimea.

The history of the Crimean Goths

has brought us past some of those momentous changes which the country has otherwise undergone in modern times, but on which we shall now merely touch so far as may help to illustrate our more immediate subject.

In 1226 the Crimea, with the adjoining territory, was invaded by the Tartars, that Mongolic race which long ruled over it, and which still—or did till lately—constitutes the bulk of its population. But simultaneously with their sway, and under a nominal subjection to it, the great maritime powers of that period, Venice and Genoa, established themselves in the Black Sea successively, or in rivalry with each other; and under the Genoese in particular the Crimea became, in the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, a flourishing seat of commerce, and the great key of communication between Europe and the East. The growing power of the Turks, however, terminated this state of things, and nearly expelled the older nations of Europe from the Black Sea; and the Portuguese discovery in the end of the fifteenth century of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, contributed to divert commerce into new channels.

The Turks continued to be the sovereigns of the Crimea, with a Tartar Khan under them, for nearly three hundred years, until 1771, when they were overthrown and supplanted by the Russians. The Russian sway in the Crimea is again safe for the present, and we own that, with all its faults, we prefer it to the Turkish.

In its existing state the Crimea is full of reminiscences of its many changes and transactions. The surviving Tartar population reminds us of the powerful hordes of invaders who, under Gengis Khan and his successors, threatened to overrun Europe with a Turanian race. The classical names of places still lingering around recall the glories of ancient Greece, and the struggles of the mighty Mithridates; while the sepulchral monuments, such as abound in the neighbourhood of Kertch, reveal glimpses of other nations, which add a more solemn interest to the scene.

"The traveller," says Dr. M'Thera, "on approaching Kertch, whether by sea or by land, beholds a wide expanse of steppe or meadow land, having an undulating surface dotted with ridges and mounds. As he nears the Necropolis of the ancient Milesian city, these mounds assume the appearance of immense cones. The surface of these mounds and ridges is so equally developed, they are so regular in formation, so strikingly similar in every respect, and so numerous, that the mind at once becomes convinced of their artificial construction.

"They are, in fact, sepulchres of the ancient world; and their size and grandeur excite astonishing ideas of the wealth and power of the people by whom they were erected: for the labour of construction must have been prodigious and the expenditure enormous. Grotesque peaks of coral rag arise from the plains in the midst of these sepulchral monuments, and give a sublime aspect to this vast field of the dead."

"The Russian Government," he says, "has shown, for some years past, a laudable desire to preserve all fragments of interest; and with this view, appointed a commission to collect into one place the mutilated tablets of marble, the elegant arabesques, the bas-reliefs and other sculptures that marked the origin and history of the colony. The tumuli, which up to this period had been common property, were taken under the protection of Government. For hundreds of years these mounds have proved a mine of wealth to the successive tribes and nations who have followed in the wake of those who formed them. In fact, the importance of this ancient Greek colony was only recognised on the discovery in these tombs, within the last few years, of valuable antiquities and relics of art testifying to its former greatness."

"The local tradition is, that the tumuli were raised over the remains of the rulers who held sway over the colonists; and that the earth was heaped upon them annually on the anniversary of the decease of the prince, and for a period of years corresponding to the rank or respect in which its tenant was held, or the time he had reigned over them: and at this day the successive layers of earth heaped on each succeeding year can be traced; a thin coating of rushes, seaweed, charcoal or other substance having been apparently first put down, with the view probably of preventing the moisture of the fresh soil permeating that below, and thus displacing it. The thickness of these fresh layers of earth is

usually from one to three feet, according to the height of the mounds: which are to be seen of all sizes, varying in circumference from ten to four hundred feet, and having an elevation of from five to one hundred and fifty. A tumulus four hundred by one hundred feet, not an uncommon size, would give in cubic measure three millions of cubic feet of earth and stone to form the sepulchre; for they are usually composed of surface soil, broken pottery, stone, and in fact débris of every sort."

After these tombs had long been left a prey to the curiosity or cupidity of all who chose to open them, the Russian Government, it has been seen, had latterly taken pains to explore them and preserve their contents. But it would be tedious to notice the results of former excavations of these tumuli. These were already noticed in Mr. Seymour's book, and are again detailed in that of Dr. M'Pherson, now before us. A general summary will be sufficient, and we may be allowed to borrow it from a valuable book of reference, Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, *voce* 'Panticapæum:"—

"Foundations of ancient buildings and heaps of brick and pottery, are still scattered over the hill of Mithridates; but the most remarkable ancient remains are the numerous tumuli round *Kertch*, in which many valuable works of art have been discovered, and of which a full account is given in the works mentioned below. The most extraordinary of these tumuli are those of the Kings, situated at the mountain called *Altum-Obo*, or the golden mountain, by the Tartars. One of the tumuli is in the form of a cone, 100 feet high, and 450 feet in diameter, and cased on its exterior with large blocks of stone cubes of 3 or 4 feet, placed without cement or mortar. This remarkable monument has been at all times the subject of mysterious legends, but the entrance to it was not discovered till 1832. This entrance led to a gallery, constructed of layers of worked stone without cement, 60 feet long and 10 feet high, at the end of which was a vaulted chamber, 35 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter, the floor of which was 10 feet below the floor of the entrance. This chamber, however, was empty, though on the ground was a large square stone, on which a sarcophagus might have rested. This tumulus stands at a spot where two branches of a long rampart meet, which extends North to the *Sea of Azof*, and South-East to the Bosporus, just above Nymphæum. It was probably the ancient boundary of the territory of Panticapæum and of the kingdom of the Bosporus, before the conquest of Nymphæum and Theudosia. Within the rampart, 150 paces to the East, there is another monument of the same kind, but unfinished. It consists of a circular esplanade, 500 paces round, and 166 feet in diameter, with an exterior covering of Cyclopean masonry, built of worked stones 8 feet long and high, of which there are only five layers. But the greatest discovery has been at the hill called by the Tartars *Kul-Obo*, or the hill of cinders, which is situated outside of the ancient rampart, and 4 miles from *Kertch*. Here is a tumulus 165 feet in diameter; and as some soldiers were carrying away from it, in 1830, the stones with which it was covered, they accidentally opened a passage into the interior. A vestibule, 6 feet square, led into a tomb 15 feet long and 14 broad, which contained bones of a King and Queen, golden and silver vases, and other ornaments. Below this tomb was another, still richer; and from the two no less than 120 pounds' weight of gold ornaments are said to have been extracted. From the forms of the letters found here, as well as from other circumstances, it is supposed that the tomb was erected not later than the fourth century B.C."

We now proceed to notice the researches of Dr. M'Pherson himself, who was placed at the head of the medical staff attached to the Foreign legions raised by Government during the Russian war, and employed in the Crimea. His leisure time while at Kertch was laudably employed in the investigations which he has now given to the public in a work of much elegance and interest.

The methods which have prevailed among different nations of disposing of their dead, have always been a subject of much attraction, which has latterly assumed a new importance from the careful and scientific principles on which it has been investigated, particularly in connection with the north of Europe. We are afraid that the recent death of Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, cut off suddenly in the prime of life, and in the ardent pursuit of his favourite studies, has deprived us, at least in a great degree,

of a work which was promised from his pen on this topic; and we know of no antiquary who is qualified singly to do what Mr. Kemble would have done. The impulse, however, has been given, and the accumulation from various quarters of the different facts which new discoveries are constantly suggesting, will carry us in time to some satisfactory results.

However general the practice of cremation may have been among the northern pagan nations, and however much we may be inclined with Mr. Kemble to consider interment, generally speaking, as an effect of Christianity, at least among the Teutonic tribes, there are authentic instances of the practice of pagan burial in the earliest ages among nations inhabiting Europe or the adjoining regions of Asia. The well-known description by Herodotus, B. IV., sec. 72, of the Scythian mode of burial, particularly in the case of the Scythian kings, connects the practice directly with the neighbourhood of the Crimea, and is referred to by Dr. M'Pherson in this point of view.

Of whatever race the Scythians may have been, it seems to be thought that they communicated their mode of disposing of the dead to the Greek colonists who settled on their shores, though apparently the prevailing Greek custom was to burn rather than to bury the dead. There seems to be little evidence of burning among the Crimean tombs.

We have already referred to the tumuli which diversify the neighbourhood of Kertch. Dr. M'Pherson's researches in these were not very successful. They had already been rifled of their most valuable stores. But on removing his workmen to an undulating ridge, extending from Mons Mithridates to the Altyn Obo or Mountain of Gold, he met with better results. The account of some of these we shall present to our readers. Having reached a small subterranean temple near the Golden Mountain, but which he found already explored, he thus describes it:—

"Over the inner entrance, possibly with a view to guard it, were painted two lion-headed figures. The walls of the temple were marked off in squares. About the centre of the wall, and surrounding the building, there was what now appeared to be scroll work much defaced, in which birds, grotesque figures, and flowers, could still be traced. Two figures on horseback—a person in authority, and his attendant—were sketched, in black, on the wall opposite the entrance. Slung on the shoulders of the latter could be traced a bow and quiver of arrows (the Scytho-Grecian bow and arrows are a common emblem on the coins of Phanagoria), and he held in his hand a long javelin, also a formidable weapon in those days. The gold coin of the period, found in this locality, and now in the British Museum, represents the griffin holding the javelin in his mouth.

"On the bas-reliefs of the Bosphorus the representation of an equestrian figure, attended by a youth, is very frequent. In the right and the left side of the wall of the inner chamber there were recesses, resembling doors which had been closed up. The workmen were directed to remove this masonry; but it was so exceedingly strong, that we found it an easier matter to break the stones than to remove them from their places. Stretched across the entrance of the recess on the right hand side, about midway, was a human skeleton entire: a coarse lachrymatory, and something like an incense jar, but broken, was found under the neck. In the recess on the left side the skeleton of a horse was discovered in a similar position. The frequency of our finding the entire skeletons and perfect bones of animals, more especially those of the horse, which could always be ascertained by the teeth, appeared to us very remarkable.

"I am much indebted to Mr. Kemble, whose profound knowledge in archæological subjects is well known, for the following remarks, on the same interesting and curious subject:

"'Burial of the horse is first mentioned by Tacitus as a part of the funeral rite of the Germanic races; but it was common to the ancient Scythians, as we learn from Herodotus; to the Tschudi of the Altai (Ledebour Reise, i. 231); the Tartars of the Crim (Lindner, p. 92); to the Keltic tribes in Gaul and Britain; to the Franks, as evidenced in Childeric's grave; the Saxons, as proved by constant excavation; and the Northmen, as we read in all the Norse Sagas, and find in innumerable Norse graves. It was common also to the Slavonic nations; to the Russ, in the tenth century (see Frahn's Edition of Ibn Fozlan's Travels, pp. 104, 105); to the Lithuanians, Letts, Wends, and the Ugrian popula

ion of the Fins. In short, the horse ras a sacrificial animal, and as such laughtered and eaten at the tomb—the ead in this case being deposited with he dead. I shall be happy at any time o show you very many passages rela- ive to this subject; but I suppose what ou most want at present is the very emarkable instance I mentioned at Edinburgh of a similar occurrence in he eighteenth century. It runs thus in ıy authority, (The Rheinischer Anti- uarius, 1 Abth. 1 Band. p. 206):—

" 'On 11th February, 1781, died Fred- rick Casimir, Commander of Lorraine, n the Order of Teutonic Knights, and General de la Cavalerie, in the service f the Palatinate. He was buried at 'reves according to the ritual of his rder. An officer of his stables, clad in eep mourning, led, immediately after he coffin, his master's charger, covered rith housings of black cloth. At the ıoment when the coffin was being de- cended into the grave, a skilful blow of he hunting knife laid the noble horse lead upon its margin. The gravedig- ers immediately seized and lowered it nto the vault upon the coffin of its lord, nd the earth was shovelled into their ommon grave.

" 'The ox, cow, swine, stag, dog, boar, ıare, and certain birds, as the falcon, vere also sacrificed with the dead in agan times; and we find their remains ıot only in the urns with the burnt ones of men, but even in later times ccompanying the skeletons. The ori- in of the custom can in every case be raced up to traditions of heathendom.'

" My experience corroborates Mr. Kemble's statement in every respect. For besides bones of the smaller animals, hose of birds and fish were also repeat- dly found."

Removing afterwards to a place in he same neighbourhood, they came, fter some less successful attempts, to he mouth of an old shaft leading lown into the calcareous clay :—

" Close to it was a grave cut out of he rock. The shaft was cleared, and he flag-stone removed from the en- rance ; close to which were the bones of horse. After our previous disappoint- nents, it will be admitted that we had ome cause for misgivings; but all loubts disappeared on entering.

" The cut represents the position of he various objects in the tomb. There was no confusion here. The floor was overed with the same beautiful pebbles. On the niches around all the objects remained as they had been placed twen- ty centuries ago. It was a sight replete with interest to survey this chamber: to examine each article as it had been originally placed; to contemplate its use ; and to behold the effects of time on us proud mortals. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,' was exemplified here to the letter. There in the stillness of this chamber, lay the unruffled dust of the human frame, pos- sessing still the form of man. The bones had all disappeared, or their outer sur- face alone remained. The space occu- pied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand ; yet the posi- tion of the features could still be traced on the undisturbed dust. There was the depression for the eyes, the slight pro- minence of the nose, and the mark of the mouth ; the teeth being the only portion of the entire frame which re- main unchanged. The folds in which the garments enveloped the body, nay, even the knots which bound them, could be traced on the dust.

" A few enamelled beads were found in the right hand of the dead, *and some walnuts in the left ;* and the green mark of a copper ring, into which a stone had been fixed, was on one finger. On each niche one body had been placed. The coffins, crumbled into powder, had fallen in. *At the head was a glass bottle ; one of these still held about a tablespoonful of wine:* the nuts and wine being doubtless placed there to cheer and support the soul in its passage to paradise. There was a cup and a lachrymatory of glass, and an unglazed earthenware lampstood in a small niche above the head. This tomb was sufficiently spacious to permit ten of us to stand upright."

The extracts we have given will afford a specimen of Dr. M'Pherson's discoveries in this interesting field of inquiry. The conclusions that are to be deduced from them are in some respects attended with doubt, and may require rectification from addi- tional information.

It is plain that we have here found an assemblage of ancient sepulchres, containing the remains of men of several different nations. Byron ex- claims to the traveller on the deadly Waterloo,

" Stop ! for thy tread is on an empire's dust."

But here our foot seems to be on the dust of many empires. It is possi- ble, as some have conjectured, that

we have brought to light some catacombs of the Scythian kings. It is certain that we have laid bare the tombs of the barbaric monarchs of Pontus, and of the rulers of the Greek cities, on the spot. And it is probable that we have also met with others containing the bodies of Teutonic chiefs, though of what precise tribe may be a more difficult question.

Dr. M'Pherson says, that

"Of all the relics discovered, none have excited more interest, and given rise to more speculation amongst antiquarians, than the Fibulæ, which bear so exact an analogy to that class denominated Anglo-Saxon, that the general impression appears to be that they belonged to one and the same people. The Greek emperors, we know, were accustomed to retain in their pay a Teutonic body-guard termed Varangians, meaning exiles or wanderers, who were possessed of many privileges. These were, in fact, Anglo-Saxons, and were joined by their countrymen from time to time, as the crusades and other causes attracted new bands to the East. They became more distinguished for valour than the far-famed Prætorian bands of Rome, and existed in full strength till the last days of the Greek empire. In Villehardouin's account of the taking of the city of Constantinople by the Franks and Venetians, he makes repeated mention of this celebrated and singular body of Englishmen, forming a guard attendant on the king's person; and it is by no means improbable that the Bosphorian kings found it also their interest to have their household troops composed of this faithful, hardy, and erratic race."

Dr. M'Pherson then refers to the opinion of other archæologists that these ornaments date from a period far anterior to the Varangians, and "ought to be assigned to the brothers and cousins of their ancestors fourteen or fifteen generations back."

We confess that we incline to the last of the opinions here expressed, and are disposed to connect these peculiar memorials with the early Goths of the Crimea. The ornaments which have got among antiquaries the name of Anglo-Saxon fibulæ, cannot be considered as peculiar to that portion of the Germanic family, but seem equally to have been the fashion with the Franks and other nations of northern Germany. To that division of the Teutonic race the Goths themselves belonged, as their language unequivocally proves; and it seems less probable that Varangian Saxons were employed by the kings of the Bosporus than that we should find in these tombs the national ornaments of a powerful Teutonic tribe, of whose long establishment on the spot we have the clearest records. We may observe that some of the fibulæ given by Dr. M'Pherson, in the very expressive delineations which illustrate his book, have as much of a Frankish as of an Anglo-Saxon character. And one specimen in particular, embellished, as is common, with five spokes or fingers radiating from the semicircular top, has a strong resemblance in pattern to a fibula engraved in the Abbé Cochet's interesting and instructive work, *La Normandie Souterraine*, as found, with other objects, in a Merovingian cemetery at Envermeu in 1850.

It would, however, be premature to form a definitive opinion on this question till we have more materials. So far as we are aware, there have as yet been no excavations of tombs in Dacia or Mœsia, where the Goths were long settled in great numbers and power: and it seems certain that, at least after the practice of burial had been introduced among them by Christianity, there must have been many places of interment, which might still be traced in those regions, and which might afford important illustrations of their character and manners, and of the affinity of these with those of other nations. A hasty generalisation is not to be encouraged; and although the cautious use of a conjectural or tentative theory is often beneficial, it must be guarded from the tendency to give it a dogmatic shape. Inquiries, diligently made and faithfully recorded, such as those we have now been noticing, become, when sufficiently extensive, the groundwork for sound conclusions, and help us to lift the veil from that large portion of the history of our species, and even of our own ancestors and kinsmen, of which the direct written records are imperfect or obscure.

## COLLEGES AND CELIBACY.

### A DIALOGUE.

How grandiloquent is that national boast, "Every Englishman's house is his castle!" To those, however, who have the misfortune to inhabit what is called a middle-class private house, it seems but imperfectly true; and I think that, like many sayings of the kind, it will scarcely admit of any searching analysis. To the innkeeper, who keeps what is admittedly a public-house, if a castle, his house is a castle which every bagman may storm who can pay for his bed and brandy. To the insolvent debtor it is a castle which a bailiff may penetrate with the laundress's basket, as Wallace penetrated the English stronghold with the load of hay, and where, though the owner may be safe from arrest, he is by no means safe from execution. To the writer of articles for Maga his own house is a castle which every intruder or interloper thinks himself entitled to besiege, and which too many besiegers succeed in taking by storm. Oh for a portcullis, such a one may exclaim—a moat, a drawbridge! Would he not be tempted to let the portcullis fall on the toes of Assessed Taxes, and hail him to the threshold?—to duck in the moat a sleek dun, just avoiding the coroner?—to draw up in the face of an unwelcome morning caller the drawbridge, at the other end of which he might stand and wind a bugle vainly but melodiously, instead of announcing his arrival with that abomination of vibration, the house-bell?

A private house belongs about as much to the public as a private soldier belongs to his country at large. It is no more its own master's than he is his own master. A castle indeed! If a castle means a place where you can fight against all the world without, it is one. It is a castle which every individual is privileged to besiege; and not only every individual, but every nationality. The great hardship is, that if you fire on the besiegers (as was actually done by an Oxford money-lender when some under-graduates were removing the external decorations of his house), or pour melted lead or boiling pitch on their heads, you will be inevitably indicted for assault and battery, perhaps manslaughter. I question even if the law would support that capital device of Paterfamilias in *Punch*—the garden water-engine. I am speaking of one of those dishonestly-built modern houses, high and narrow, with their party walls on each side, each of which is permeable to a nursery piano; thrilled from bottom to top by the treble voice of the cook in altercation with the tiger, and the door of which is furnished, if not with one of Mr. Ruskin's porches (see the lecture at Edinburgh), to screen besiegers from the eyes of the besieged, at least with a sunken recess, which answers the same purpose and appended to the side-post of which is a tocsin of a door-bell, the honest lion-headed knocker of a century ago having been superseded. Pliny or Quintilian—I forget which—complains of his lodging over a bath at Rome, and the discordant noises issuing therefrom which disturbed his studies, the voices of multitudes shouting and singing and whistling, ostler-fashion, as they currycombed each other with the strigil, splashing of water, and pounding of dumb-bells; but there was something continuous and monotonous in those sounds which would in time cause them to be unheeded as habitual; and besides this, they did not want him, or call upon him. The life of a British private house is a constant fear of invasion from some unexpected quarter.* Here every idler is licensed to sound your tocsin. Not to mention duns, whom you may keep off by paying in

* Thomas Carlyle in his *Latter-day Pamphlets*, writing in literary desperation, states his preference for the luxurious quiet of a model prison.

cash, there is the baker, butcher, and grocer, calling for orders, the last the most pestilent and pertinacious, and all of whom you know, if you do not bribe, will attack you at the sacred time of Christmas with that time-honoured Anglo-Saxon weapon, the *Bill*—and nothing but the bill. There is the tramp, that peculiar blessing of a free country, which will have no passports—the honest tramp who does not pretend to have any business, and the hypocritical tramp who pretends to have something to sell; the tinker, the umbrella-mender, the seller of lucifers, the seller of wreaths for ladies (an insult to a bachelor), the seller of stolen knives, the seller of poached rabbits, the buyer of hare-skins, the buyer of old clothes, each tempting your servants to rob you. And then all the nationalities—the Italian with his organ, the Frenchman with his Marseillaise, the German captain of the brass-band. Then there is the native collector of taxes for the Queen, and rates for the parish—poor-rate, church-rate, road rate, water-rate. My last grievance was a library-rate, which I may describe as the Nemesis of taxes on knowledge, by being a tax in favour of knowledge. And then there is the whole host of friendly morning visitors, whom you cannot tell you are not at home without putting a white lie in your servants' mouths. Perhaps my miseries are fanciful; but then I am a man of books; and, what is of more consequence, I occasionally put down my thoughts in writing.

How glad I should be if it were possible to get a suite of rooms in an hotel. I have most distinct and pleasant recollections of the uninterrupted quiet of my rooms in a German inn, where I dined at the table d'hôte every day, and had not a care in the world. There must be some secret league between hotel-keepers and domestic servants which prevents such an arrangement with us. Surely people who do things on a large scale might do them more economically than those who do them on a small, and hotel-life ought to be more reasonable in price than that of a private-house. But as it is at present, the thing is impossible. We keep our houses for our servants: they eat the white bread while we eat the brown (stupidly preferring the adulterated white); they inhabit our best and cosiest room—the kitchen. In every respect they have the upper hand of us. I only know of one remedy to this evil. Families should agree and serve each other by alternate months. This would only be carrying out, on reciprocal principles, the fag-system of the public schools, where it is found that a born nobleman can black boots and make coffee quite as well as Dick Buttons the tiger, or Moll Muddle the cook. But in one generation our eyes will never behold such an Utopia. I have, thank my stars, an expedient to escape the bustle of my own private house. The friend of my youth possesses rooms in All Angel's College. He is absent during vacations, and leaves them at my disposal. When I want to write anything that I think Maga will accept, I shut myself up in his rooms and sport oak. It is only thus that I can prevent the consignment of my articles to the limbo of those productions which, like the dishonoured shades in Dante,

"Non hanno battesmo."

You perhaps may not know what I mean by sporting oak. I do not mean wearing the plant in the button-hole, as loyal subjects are wont on the twenty-ninth of May. Sporting oak bears two senses in the University. The first sense is that of fast young men, which signifies the breaking down of a friend's or enemy's door after a supper-party by dint of poker or dumb-bell; the second, that of quiet students, which simply signifies shutting the outer door, and keeping it shut in the face of all comers without exception. Next to the *sanctum sanctorum* of a London club library, there is no seclusion like that of College rooms with the oak determinedly sported. To all knocks, if any come, one is deaf, except to the appeal which is seconded by the well-known step and voice of the privileged friend.

To one inhabiting a College, the crowd of domestic besiegers is ap-

reciably diminished by the porter's odge, which is a bar to all mere agrants. I have a single drawback, hough not to be compared with hose of a private house. The partiion between Cœlebs's room and the ext is so thin—the two sets of rooms aving been formed by the division f a great room—that every word poken in one room is audible in he next, so that I am compelled o be a listener, *malgré moi*, when—vhich happens, I must say, very seldom —there is company in the next room. This arrangement has produced the nomaly in past times of a roystering vine-party in one room, and a prayer-neeting in the next; but that is long, ong ago. Being unfortunately sometimes a listener, I am occasionally eized in malice with the desire of eporting, and I take notes to amuse nyself of the conversations in the ext room. When the subject is not ne of private interest only, I do not ee the harm of sending my notes to Maga; and if they appear in print, he must bear the blame. One evening I was seated thus with my coffee, ny pipe, and Lion the dog, looking vith some despair on a blank sheet f paper, on which I meant to write ny reflections on the all-important ubject of the Sepoy Mutiny, when teps were heard in the next room, ollowed by two voices, one of which knew, while the other I knew not. )ne of them I recognised as that of ny friend Celsus, come up to vote in Convocation on some University ques-ion; the other was that of a great Jnknown, whom for distinction's sake shall call Cœlebs. Modified in ntensity by the partition, they arrived at my ears with the spiritualsed dreaminess of the Two Voices of Tennyson, and seemed merely to give tterance to two conflicting sentinents in my own breast. They soon estered me out of my paper on the Sepoy Mutiny; which, indeed, is no great loss to myself or the public, as have no practical knowledge of the ubject. It was rather like the case f that hoary sinner Anacreon, whose yre was too much for him, for that when he sat down to speak of the Atridæ, and sing of Cadmus, his bstinate instrument refused to be modulated to other sounds than those Love.

Cœlebs.—Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Celsus.—What are you sighing about, my dear fellow?

Cœlebs.—Simply because I am a dear Fellow, and have been so these fifteen years; for that is the present length of my engagement with Patience Hope. I was five-and-twenty when I was elected, and I threw my fellowship at the fair one's feet, with a magnanimous intention of instantly sacrificing it. The intention was overruled; how or why, I hardly know. I only know that in a month or two I shall strike forty, and Patience, who was a lass of eighteen once, will strike thirty-three. I cannot think what possessed me to pass that last vacant living in Huntingdonshire. There was a clear five hundred a-year, a capital house, garden, stable, nursery, and some of the best fixtures of the Pitchcroft within a mile of the glebe. No dissenters; excellent society; a trout stream at the bottom of the garden; all the poor taken care of by the benevolence of an adjacent nobleman.

Celsus.—Avarice, my dear boy—avarice! have you not read all the letters in the *Times*, proving how any man can live like a gentleman on three hundred a-year, not to say five?

Cœlebs.—I have—I have indeed. But then, you know I looked down the list of our preferment in the calendar, and I saw there the name of the Reverend Jonah Blacksheep, whose living of a thousand a-year has been sequestered, and who has attained the respectable age of eighty in a foreign debtors' prison; the name of the Reverend Markham Woodcock, who I heard was afflicted with gout, which showed a tendency to fly to his stomach, and who will be seventy-nine his next birthday, but whom, having dropt in upon unawares, I found knee-deep in turnips last September, blazing away at the birds; the name of the Reverend Ambrose Highflyer, whom I thought seventy-six years or so of fasting—for he is said to have fasted in his infancy—would have laid ere now in a cruciform but not premature grave, but who appeared the other day at Oxford to vote for taking away Mr. Lax's degree, who wrote that Pela-

first sight. It is anything but desirable that in this country too many young men should be tempted to engage in the profession of scholarship or literature by a multiplication of temporary and illusory prizes. Literature with us, except in a few cases, is not remunerative. It is well that it should not be. We do not want many books written, but a few good books. We do not want many professors; we do want many schoolmasters; but the schoolmaster's profession is a speciality, and a knowledge of how to deal with the youthful character is of far more importance than high literary attainments. If a parent wishes to consult the happiness of his sons, in nine cases out of ten he will nearly confine their education to teaching them to ride, shoot, and speak the truth, and then they will be fitted to live and thrive in the colonies, unless they will have lands of their own to farm in the mother country; or he will teach them honesty, and put them into commercial positions to practise that rare virtue. Business is so much an all-in-all with our people, that a literary profession is scarcely acknowledged at all. A man engaged in such pursuits is expected to be a clergyman or a barrister, else he is a creature without caste. I do not say whether this ought to be or not; but such is the undeniable fact. Literary prizes, then, ought to be few and far between, but, when once gained, worth having—not bound to the condition of a selfish celibacy. Sinecures ought to be few; but sinecure incomes are undoubtedly wanted by those who would employ their time to the advantage of the world in professorial or literary labour. The emoluments of their pursuits *per se* do not allow even the ablest men to keep pace with the expenditure of the times. If it be said that even able men would lapse into laziness in case a permanent and unconditional provision were secured to them, I would answer, that such a case would be rare; for in electing to Fellowships, the elector ought to take care to choose none but candidates of known activity of mind; and again, College Fellowships would not be of sufficient value to enable a man to live entirely without labour of some sort; they would merely keep the wolf from his door, and prevent the constant wear and tear of pecuniary difficulties from impairing his mental elasticity.

Celebs.—But Fellowships were not founded with the object of securing literary sinecures. It has always been usual, in administering bequests, to consider the wishes of the testator.

Celsus.—And most justly. I do not at all hold with those who would wish to look upon the College foundations as national property, to be administered according to the discretion or caprice of the Government of the time being, and under the unworthy plea that they have been so much tampered with already, that it matters little what further changes are made. But in considering the wishes of testators, in order to prevent gross practical inconsistencies such as exist under the present system, trustees ought to take into account the changes of time, and consider what they would conscientiously believe founders and benefactors to have wished had they been living now. Most of the Colleges were founded under Roman Catholics; a few only under Protestant auspices. The founders and benefactors were all of them men of mark in their time—not retrograde men, but men rather in advance of their age than behind it; and being liberal in deed as well as word, they doubtless wished to do all possible good with their money. The Roman Catholic founders, as a rule, were not bigots or Jesuits; but they wished, as far as lay in their power, to assert the independence of the English Church of the See of Rome, though they wished at the same time to preserve its Catholic spirit. Accordingly, they founded corporate bodies, which were intended to be an amendment on the monasteries. The advancement of general learning and literature was their first object; but they were not, at the same time, so entirely and romantically unselfish as to wish to reap no personal good from their open-handed benevolence. Such good would not accrue to them in the flesh, but to their souls after their decease. Accordingly, they instituted a body of clerks, whose espe-

ial business it was to devote themselves to a literary life. They were, of course, to be celibates, as otherwise they could not have been clerks; but their clerical functions were to consist in singing masses for the deliverance of the founder's soul from purgatory; in the exceptional cases of lay Fellowships, according to the notions of the time, they thought that celibacy was also a necessary condition of the literary life. In the middle ages they might well have thought so; outside the walls of colleges and monasteries all was toil and broil. Every Englishman's house was his castle more emphatically than now; every grange was moated and defensible. Only in sanctuaries free from violence could learning thrive; and these sanctuaries were not made for the accommodation of families. But the case is altered now. A man may carry out his studies equally well in a modern country-house as in a mediæval castle; and if he has only a lock to his den, such pursuits are quite compatible with a numerous family. As it is now, the intentions of founders are in a great measure defeated. The most courageous and energetic men will marry. They leave the University, and go out into the world. But it was the object of the founders to keep such within the walls of the University for educational and literary purposes. It seems to me, then, that from a foolish attempt to adhere to the letter of founders' intentions, the spirit of those intentions is most widely departed from, and most completely frustrated.

As for the Protestant foundations, they are scarcely a case in point. England was slow to accept the spirit of the Reformation. It was difficult to get rid of the old idea of the meritoriousness of celibacy, and the continuance of the feeling was supported notoriously by the example and precept of the Virgin Queen. It is surely a personal insult to her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, that her excellent example gains so little honour now. What was a loyal deference to the Sovereign's wishes in Elizabeth's time, becomes rank disloyalty now. How can these use the services of the Church, containing prayers for her most gracious Majesty and all the Royal Family, who, by their example, cast a slur upon holy matrimony?

There is not the slightest doubt that, had those founders been living now, having the same objects in view, they would not in their foundations have enacted a premium on the abjuration of wedlock; for their special object was the enhancement of the efficiency of the University—their general object was the advancement of sound education and useful learning.

Cœlebs.—But if you were to encourage the residence of married Fellows engaged in tuition within the walls of the University, it would undermine the Collegiate system.

Celsus.—Before I admit the truth of your argument, you must prove to me how far it is expedient that the Collegiate system should be kept up.

Cœlebs.—Surely it is a great advantage to young men that, while in the University, they should be confined within the walls of Colleges where not only is their moral conduct superintended by officers appointed for the purpose, but their studies are watched by College tutors who know them personally, instead of being merely directed by University professors, who only care for them as members of their classes.

Celsus.—As for moral superintendence, unless it is carried much farther than the present system allows to the most vigilant tutor, I cannot attach any great weight to it. I remember some old lines which I heard when a boy, quoted probably from Terræ Filius, or some lampoon of the same date:—

> "When to Oxford I do come,
> Then I must have a cap and gown,
> And then a tutor I must have,
> And ten to one but he proves a knave,
> And little he cares what I do by day,
> So that I come home by night and pray.
> He goes and buys me Aristotle,
> I go and pawn it for a bottle,
> And Euclid's Elements I pack
> For a better element—good sack."

Tutors are not knaves now, but honest men to a man. Still their power extends to making clean the

outside of the cup and platter, and the only power of moral coercion which they possess besides personal influence, which is equally available under any circumstances, consists in confining students to hall, gates, and chapel—viz., making them dine in hall every day, forbidding them to leave College after locking-up, and ordering them to be present at morning and evening prayers; in short, it is much of the nature of a military arrest, and that would not be thought in the army any great moral safeguard. And their superintendence in study amounts to this, that a College tutor, standing midway between the professor and private tutor, is neither the one nor the other; nor can he be. His public lectures are limited to the men of his own College, his private instructions are confined to such spare hours as he can afford to give gratuitously to individual men; and such hours must necessarily be deducted from his own reading, which ought to be a preparation for his public lectures.

CŒLEBS.—But do you not think the College tutors a most useful body, and a necessary element in the constitution of the University?

CELSUS.—A most useful body I admit they are, but their usefulness would be increased by the dissolution of the body into its members; and a necessary element in the constitution of the University I think they are not, but rather an obstacle to the full development of the University system. As long as the College tutors exist as a body, the offices of the University professors must be nearly honorary. The best hours of the forenoon are all taken up by the compulsory attendance of all the undergraduates on College lectures, and the professors can only lecture in their afternoon hours, devoted to exercise and recreation, by the custom of the place. Reading undergraduates complain almost universally of the nuisance of necessary attendance on College lectures; because, although the tutor may be most able, he does not happen to lecture on the particular subjects comprised in the curriculum of their study. College lectures are certainly useful, however, as a roll-call for idle men, preventing them from spending the whole day as they might otherwise do, in hunting or other expensive idleness; but this object might surely be gained by some other means less complicated. The professorial system cannot be carried out until the system of College tuition is utterly abolished. In some few cases a beginning has been made. More than one College has, with especial liberality of views and true insight into the necessities of the University, set apart a portion of its funds for founding an University Professorship connected with one of its own Fellowships, with liberty to marry. The professor thus enjoys both an academical and a collegiate standing; and he is adequately, though not extravagantly, paid for his labours. The experiment has been most eminently successful, if we can judge by the crowds of students from all parts who gladly avail themselves of the public instructions of these distinguished gentlemen. This good example has also been imitated in part, with similar success, by other Colleges, and success will doubtless lead to further imitation, until the Tutorial system is entirely merged in the Professorial.

CŒLEBS.—But the private superintendence of the students' studies, how is that to be done?

CELSUS. — Unquestionably by a body of men, who, as they exist at present, are indispensable in the instruction of the University, but have no authorised standing or position, being looked upon somewhat in the light of Sudras among Brahmins, or curates among rectors; a body of men, the fruits of whose labours appear in the class-lists and in the exquisite scholarship of some of the leading men of the world in Church, Bar, or Senate; a body of men who work harder, and for less pay, than any other body of men in the University; the private tutors, or Coaches as they are termed by their friends and patrons the undergraduates. Let the ablest of the College tutors, or all of them if you please, be endowed as University professorships: let attendance on a certain number of their lectures be made compulsory on all undergraduates, with the pay-

ment of a moderate fee—for it is right that the teacher should be remembered—

*θαυμαζειν τὶ τὸν διδάσκαλον—*

and what costs nothing is little valued; and let the rest of the able men be employed as private tutors, at the option of the undergraduates who employ them; it being competent for any young man who chooses to rely on his own resources, to prepare himself for examination without their aid; the public lectures being indeed sufficient, with diligence superadded; while those who have their pockets better furnished than their brains, may spare their brains extra work by employing private tutors. At the same time, the expense might be lessened by a private tutor taking several men together who are reading the same book, and lowering the fee in proportion. The great evil of the Private Tuition system, that it is apt to become a system of dodges and cram, might be easily obviated by giving scope and variety to the examinations.

Cœlebs.—Then the Colleges would be of no use.

Celsus.—Pardon me. The advantages they possess as temporary residences for undergraduates and unmarried college-officers (for the marriage of Fellows should of course be modified by the wants of the Colleges, and it would be no hardship to make the junior Fellows reside as Deans and Bursars in turn) are manifold and various. They furnish excellent and quiet lodgings, which are easily locked up, and left vacant in vacation time—the porter's lodge securing them from intrusion. Their cooking establishments and services of plate are not to be despised. No similar establishments, undertaken with private means, could, I think, compete with them in the economy of their arrangements; and they have each the advantage of the supervision of a resident Head, chosen from among the Fellows, or former Fellows—an arrangement which, as at present existing, could scarcely be altered for the better. If it were thought that the general moral discipline of the University at large would be diminished by a diminution of the number of resident college-officers, it would be easy to remedy this evil by strengthening the Proctorial staff; and the additional funds for this purpose might be supplied from the sum of the revenues of the Colleges, as such an arrangement would be advantageous to certain members of their corporate body. Six Proctors instead of two Proctors, and four Pro-proctors, might be elected, each with the power, as now, of nominating two Pro-proctors as his vicegerents. Even at present, in cases where the Proctorial staff is unusually vigilant, six officers cannot be ubiquitous, or suffice to see that nothing improper goes on in the streets of an extended town. To keep up the form and semblance of the old system, there would be no objection to giving the two senior Proctors a precedency in rank over the rest. I cannot think that it would be a disadvantage to the young men themselves if there were more men lodging in the town, and only connected with their Colleges by the ties of Chapel and Hall, or if all married undergraduates were relieved from the necessity of being affiliated to any.

Cœlebs.—Your plan of having married Fellows resident in the University would naturally create, in process of time, an extensive ladies' society. Balls and conversazioni would be the result; romantic attachments, early engagements, and a serious detriment to the studies of the place.

Celsus.—I think the detriment to study would not be very great. Such romantic attachments would, in quite as many cases, furnish a stimulus, which no other motive can supply, to the energies of youth. Besides, they are formed in the country even at present, and, in most cases of the kind, act as a most salutary check on wild propensities. They would be a still more powerful agency, if a young man were to carry on his studies at that period of life when he receives that stamp of his merits, which is to influence greatly the success of his career in after life, under the eyes of his fair one. As to the danger to the young lasses from being reared in such an atmo-

sphere of lads, I do not think much of it. Young ladies are naturally susceptible; but when they have opportunities of comparison and choice amongst a great number, they are far less likely to fall in love imprudently than when their choice is more limited, and generally in exactly that proportion. If you wish a girl to do a foolish thing, the right way to bring it about is to shut her up in a country-house, keep her from "coming out" as long as possible, invite no gentlemen, and give her no opportunities of speaking to anything masculine above the rank of a handsome footman or athletic gamekeeper. Kingsley's Honoria is by no means an impossible or improbable example. Brought in contact every day of their lives with a variety of gentlemanly and cultivated characters, as well as others, young ladies are apt to form a finer judgment of men than when they see them at rare intervals, and few of them, under which circumstances they are apt to appear either angelically or diabolically fascinating. And it is difficult to overestimate female influence in keeping up a manly and chivalric tone among the students of Universities. With us in Oxford, I am sorry to say, the absence of such a feeling, in certain undergraduate acts, has been occasionally felt. On public occasions, the amusements of the townspeople have been insolently interfered with by a clique of rude youths, who have been themselves conspicuous by making a noise and smoking tobacco, to the great annoyance of the females present, so as to scare away ladies from such innocent recreations, and to call for the active interference of the authorities. German students, with all their external and partly affected roughness, would have been utterly incapable of such solecisms in good breeding. Amongst them there may be a certain traditional republican independence and contempt of all who are not students, but the vulgar assumption of riches, or rather pretended riches, is equally foreign to their taste and manner. Such an assumption, I regret to say, is one of the crying evils of our University. Besides its unpleasantness to others, it has a most pernicious and demoralising effect on the students themselves. Sons of poor incumbents and curates endeavour to vie with those of noblemen in the airs of expenditure, being in many cases tyrannised over by the basest description of public opinion—too often a legacy of the public schools they have recently quitted. I cannot help thinking that the partial destruction of the Collegiate system would effect much good in this direction. For it is within the walls of Colleges, some of them possessing a traditionary prestige, that sets are spawned, and the feeling of close sets is notoriously worse than that of more extended bodies.

Cœlebs.—But how, in Oxford, are your married Fellows to be housed? It is most notoriously difficult to get a habitation in that town that a man of any taste can live in. And you would not put them in the suburbs, which are inconveniently distant, and built in the most gimcrack manner.

Celsus.—It is high time that the University should look to the possibility of getting a hold on the architecture of the town. At present the tenure of house-property is so bad that lath and plaster houses in the most poverty-stricken style are built whenever a fire creates an opening, which it often does. Let the University, imbued with a better taste, grant premiums from those surplus funds which it votes on irrelevant objects, to builders who will do something for the domestic architecture of the place, and assimilate it to that of the colleges, by building in a Gothic style; or better, gradually buy up portions of the streets, and rebuild them as fitting habitations for its own members.

Cœlebs.—But, after all, do you not think that the advantages of bachelorhood are underrated, and those of matrimony overrated? A bachelor is self-contained, independent, compact. He can go anywhere, or do anything. He can undergo no great misfortunes or troubles. Nothing can much hurt him. If he loses all his money, he has only his own mouth to fill by his labour; and if he is a College Fellow, Alma Mater still takes care of him; he is always

ure of a knife and fork when he is out of work; whereas the anxieties of a married man are increased in proportion to the numbers of his family. A bachelor Fellow in this care-ridden country is without a care.

Celsus.—True to a certain extent. But we cannot live our lives twice over. There are certain things enjoined by nature to be done at certain times of life, and he who disobeys the dictates of nature is sure to have to pay for it sooner or later. For instance, I am just your age. I married at thirty, which was by no means unreasonably early. I have had great troubles, but I would not change with you, for I have also enjoyed hours of happiness, that are worth years of an opium-sucking, lotos-eating life, such as you have led. Men of books are worth little unless they have sympathies with men, and no man can sympathise with others who cuts himself off from all the stronger feelings of his kind. Monks have been learned men, but their learning is as dry as a chip; there is nothing in all they have written to speak to the heart, and so the whole of monastic literature, or nearly so, remains a dead-weight on library shelves. You have been enjoying a Fellowship for years, which I have lost; but for me—

*Παιδὲς πολὶ γούνασι παππάσουσιν—*

I feel myself young again in my children, and have an interest in the world's future, which without them I could not possess. What have you to show for the years that are past? I may have nothing but my little ones; but when awake, they are wide awake, full of life, and fun, and vivacity, and taking an interest in little things, which the wisest of us would do well to imitate. Asleep, they are cherubim.

Cœlebs.—But the fact is, no man but a Cockney can marry, as the *Times* says, on three hundred a-year. I have been always used to ride, and shoot, and fish, and go about the world. I must go to Norway this long vacation, for that mischievous book by Cœlebs, "The Collegian in Lapland," has completely turned my head by the zest with which he speaks of the wild sports of those arctic solitudes. Debarred from travelling, as the summer comes round, I feel as restless as a wild beast in a cage. The affection is physical, as utterly involuntary to me as sneezing or coughing.

Celsus.—You might avoid the causes that irritate your nose and throat. If your passion for these things is insurmountable, I should like to recommend Miss Patience Hope to give you up altogether, for you are not a fit subject for matrimony. But look at the matter quietly, and philosophically. If your wife is a sensible woman, she will not be jealous of your exercise-taking propensities. It is the nations who do not love those things that make their women jealous. Means allowing, you will be able to indulge those tastes at rare intervals, and you will be able to enjoy the recollection of them for the rest of your time. The occasional holiday is sweeter than constant leisure, as sleep after work is sweeter than perpetually lying in bed. For my part, I always laid down in my early youth these objects as necessary to my happiness—a good dog, a good horse, and a good wife. I have possessed them all to my heart's content at different points of my career. This is better than not having had them at all, or having had them, not so good but simultaneously. I have done most of the things that moneyed men do, but not all at the same time; and time, as the great Kant of Königsberg says, has no real existence, but is a mere form in which, *nolentes volentes*, we pack up our ideas.

Cœlebs.—I cannot agree with Kant. A mere idea-case would not have the power to produce white hairs and wrinkles. I cannot help looking upon time as the old savage of popular belief, who delights in mowing down all the fairest flowers of life.

Celsus.—Be it so, if you will; but he is a sower as well as a mower. If he cuts off the hopes of youth that lie in his path, he dibbles in the enjoyments of advancing years. By the plan you pursue he cuts down the spring-flowers, and no winter crop is sown. We are both arrived at about that central point in the longest human life which supplied to Dante his

mature and solemn inspiration. We can no longer accept dreams for facts; and facts, to a rightly thinking mind, are far more satisfactory than dreams, and in their investigation we light upon mines of unimagined richness and beauty, simply by putting chains on the imagination, popularly so called. By prolonging a dreamful existence beyond the natural era, dreams become prosaic, and we miss all the real poetry of life.

Cœlebs.—But by breaking down the bridge of refuge behind me, and marrying Patience Hope, as you would have me do, the prosaic difficulties with which I should have to struggle would soon counteract the healthier influences of doing the right thing at the right time. Fancy a man whose musings are of divine philosophy, being puzzled about how to meet his coal-merchant's bill.

Celsus.—Think of the coals as black diamonds. Look at matter-of-fact. Here are we two in the same boat, as far as time is concerned; equidistant, as far as present appearances go, from the ocean of eternity. I have more to show for life than you have. I have suffered, but that has perhaps increased my zest for enjoyment. Occasional hunger is far better for appetite than eating, after the German fashion, many meals a-day. My course has been rough and stormy. Many a time did actual shipwreck stare me in the face; but, thanks to the benevolent Mæcenas who gave me that Devonshire living, the water which I sail on now is quite as smooth as yours, and my boat is laden with some rare fruits which yours does not appear to carry. I have children, who will be grown up, in all probability, to close my eyes in my last sleep. Yours, if you marry still, will scarcely be tall enough.

Cœlebs.—But you might have been childless.

Celsus. — In that case I should possess a pleasant partner to share the independence of that childlessness. We might have flown round the world like Francesca da Rimini and her lover in Hades, but in more agreeable mood, and amused each other with our mutual comments on everybody and everything.

Cœlebs.—But children are a great responsibility.

Celsus.—So is mankind. "Man liveth for himself;" and it is hard to substitute a vague general interest in the wellbeing of one's kind, for the particular interest one ought to feel in one's own flesh and blood.

Cœlebs.—But the interest in children is semi-selfish. How much good is done in the world by enfranchised old maids who take care of the children of others!

Celsus.—By old maids, I guess you. The self-denying nature of women will expand itself, and her heart,

> "Like a tendril accustomed to cling,
> Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
> But will cling to the nearest and weakest thing
> It can twine with itself, and make closer its own."

The shade of Moore will excuse my slight alteration. I do not think that old bachelors exist, except in rare instances, for any such good purpose. It is the nature of man, not of woman, when cut off from the natural fountains of sympathy, to grow more lazy and selfish every day, until his removal from the earth is hailed as the removal of an obstructing nuisance.

Cœlebs.—Yet you cannot but allow that some bachelors as monks are sometimes as strong in deeds of charity as women.

Celsus.—Such cases are exceptional. Give monks an opportunity of living an ultra heroic life, like the brotherhoods of St. Bernard, or an essentially active and studious one like that of San Lazzaro at Venice, and they may do great good in their way. But such will never be the case with our anomalous Protestant monks of Oxford. If vows of celibacy had been taken, the hopelessness of the case might certainly induce them to turn their minds to some peculiar energetic pursuits, but as nine-tenths of them are dreaming of future matrimony, the dream produces a film before their eyes which prevents them from seeing any earnest work in the world. They can only look upon their existence in the University as provisional, and nothing good can grow in an unsettled mind, any more than a seed can strike in a soil which is per-

petually stirred up. A Fellowship does not preclude matrimony; it only furnishes a bribe, too strong for an indolent nature to resist, to continue in an unnatural state of life; a premium on suppressing a feeling which, though in part selfish, is yet connected with all that is holiest and noblest in human nature.

Cœlebs. — Of course you mean sexual love. But how evanescent it is in its most refined form.

Celsus. — Granted. But that is not the fault of the object, but of the subject. While it lasts, it is the apotheosis of humanity. Even if it does not last, to have had a glimpse into the holy of holies is not without its advantages. No man or woman, under the true influence of the feeling as existing among the Teutonic nations, but becomes better, holier, purer, truer, and nobler for the time being. Time appears to stop, and become for the nonce eternity. The mistress is not an angel, the lover is not a demi-god, but they appear so to each other, and each is probably anxious then that the appearance should not be illusory. The existence of the belief shows that human nature is capable of climbing higher, and, indeed, is a corroboration of an immortality by no means to be despised. The word on the standard is "Excelsior."

Cœlebs.—I know I am a bad specimen myself, for the foggy atmosphere of Oxford has drugged my senses as an antidote with daily port-wine; but I can not shut my eyes to the fact that there is a love higher and more ethereal than the love of woman.

Celsus.—But, generally speaking, only to be arrived at through it. The Church of Rome has legislated for her priests as if they were all immaculate angels and not compounds of spirit and flesh. The consequence is, that a very exceptional few attain to the angelic standard; the great majority fall below the average standard of masculine nature. I do not believe that they are so vicious as some suppose; but they are poor, puling, unable mortals, utterly unfit, as priests ought to be, to supply spiritual strength to the flocks confided to their care. I have a great respect for the bearded, manly-looking priests of the Greek Church; they come much nearer to my idea of a priest; but as for the shaven, stubble-chinned, petticoated priests of the Roman Church, I have no patience with them. They are neither masculine, feminine, or neuter. About the head and shoulders they look like awkward boys; about the skirts, in consequence of utter absence of crinoline, like grandmothers of a serious turn. In all countries where they have got the upper hand, the men rebel against them, and hate them to boot, because they set the women in rebellion against the men, their lawful lords and masters. And the mention of them brings me to my great objection against our celibate system here, that it keeps the Romans in countenance.

Cœlebs.—I confess to occasional Rome-ward inclinations. Protestantism wants that element of visible unity so essential to make it universally palatable. The Reformation was like a tide that swept over Europe, and then receded into its remote corners. It is just possible that, in our present imperfect state, to dream of any closer bond than agreement in a few main doctrines is illusory; but indeed no Church ha the coherence of the Church of Rome, and this coherence is owing to the celibacy of her clergy.

Celsus.—That coherence is simply the coherence of a body of conspirators, bound by some horrible and unlawful oath. The vow of celibacy is such an oath—an outrage against nature and nature's God. Although we do not take the vow, we keep the thing in countenance, by connecting the breach of the state with disabilities, and thus play into the soiled hands of Rome, and furnish her with an argumentative weapon against ourselves. If we look back to past history, it is not difficult to account for the partial success of the Reformation. When a small army wishes to take a town it does not fire wildly at every part of its defences, but concentrates the power of its artillery on one particular spot, generally the weakest, establishes a breach, and then storms the breach. The Reformers, instead of finding out the vulnerable place

fired at random on the fortifications of Romanism, inveighing against peculiar errors and doctrines, such as Purgatory, Pardons, Worship of Images, and such like. All their artillery ought to have been concentrated on the one institution of the celibacy of the clergy. If this rule had once been broken down in the several Churches, each Church for itself would have asserted its independence of the Pope, and most advisable reforms in doctrine and practice would have followed as a matter of course. Old Gregory the Seventh, and those who helped him in establishing the spiritual dominion of Rome, well understood the only means of doing it. They promulgated the virtue of abstaining from marriage, and canonised virginity in the person of our Lord's mother, knowing that this idea was the corner-stone of their ecclesiastical fabric. The novel doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Saint Mary herself has furnished them with an additional bulwark, unless, indeed, the bulwark is so rudely placed as in the end to ruin the old wall. Hence sprung an organised society, the individuals of which have no ties of country, because they have no homes or families. They are subjects of the Pope, not of Victoria or Napoleon. Their religious tyranny is founded on a political usurpation; and it is that political usurpation which ought to have been pointedly protested against as the only sure means of sapping the religious tyranny. It is astonishing to think how little would have sufficed. Had the Reformers even allowed the seniority of the Bishop of Rome while they denied his supremacy and destroyed the celibacy of the clergy, the Reformation would in all probability have worked its way to a very wholesome end, the great countries would have enjoyed a spiritual emancipation, and the flagrant anomaly, which displays imperial countries like France and Austria in bondage to a decayed fragment of Italy, would have been effectually obviated. It has pleased Heaven to decree otherwise; but surely it is inexpedient that we in Oxford, who take such tremendous oaths against the notion of the Bishop of Rome possessing any power or authority in this realm of England, should, by our practice keep in countenance that very institution which is the main-stay of the Roman power. Celibacy ought to be looked upon, not as a thing desirable in itself, but an inconvenience forced on men by occasional and exceptional circumstances.

Celebs.—I confess that puts the matter before me in a new light. I give up the principle, but the expediency of the continuance of the practice may still be open to discussion. As a matter of fact, Fellows of Colleges are generally able to marry as soon as other men in the same rank of life, who have not the same advantage or disadvantage—as soon, for instance, as barristers, or medical men.

Celsus.—That these men are not able to marry earlier is the fault of the artificial state of society in which we live. A London man must *be* able to keep a brougham, and a certain establishment, and a certain staff of female servants and flunkies. He does not really enjoy any of these things, but he does them for the sake of his neighbours, in most cases, and the effect is simply to make his neighbours break the tenth commandment. His work in life would be done better if he were more anxious to consult his own internal happiness, without thinking what men thought of him, or women said of him. Such men as Lord Stowell, who bravely roughed it at first, have generally got on quite as well as those who worked with greater caution. Besides, even supposing that there were some insuperable impediments to the early marriages of doctors and barristers, I do not see why Fellows of Colleges should be obliged to *sail in* the same boat. Their Fellowships, with some certain work added to them, would enable them to commit wedlock gently and easily. Because the duties of a soldier force him to live in a camp and bivouac in the open air, there is no reason why those left at home should leave their four-posters and lie among the cabbages of their kitchen-gardens. Besides, those professions are progressive; the literary profession—I do not intend a pun—is stationary; its

ulminating point is soon reached; ts prizes, when they are gained, are ess lucrative than those of other pro- essions. There is no object in the vaiting.

Cœlebs.—It strikes me, now, that here is a certain inconsistency in your arguments. You are arguing that Fel- ows of Colleges ought to be allowed o marry on their Fellowships; and yet, as I interpret it, you are urging me to cut the matter short, and marry without a Fellowship. Why should I not wait for the change?

Celsus.—Because you might just wait till the Greek Calends. There is a mighty conservatism of evil in this country, which, under the long domination of the Whigs, has become part of its nature in place of the con- servatism of good. The attention of the nation has been directed to get- ting rid of the motes in the vision of political administration, while it has remained blind to the beams in the eyesight of the body social. We hope matters may change now; but when Whigs are in office, no benefit will accrue to any members of the community who do not belong to their narrow and selfish cabal. If Fellows of Colleges had been generally Whigs, and connected with the mushroom aristocracy of liberalism, it would have been otherwise, but as it is, they have naturally enough been left in the lurch. As far as I can see, it will take some time for Lord Derby to clean out the Augean mess his predecessors have left him. If you like to wait till then, on the strength of belief in his remaining in office, well and good. He may, and pro- bably will emancipate you. But I should think you had had enough of waiting. I would advise you to take your choice now, Wait and wither, or do and dare.

Cœlebs.—I will write to Patience Hope to-night, and beg her to name the day.

Celsus.—Do, my dear fellow, and God speed you. I abominate the very name of Celibacy. Not only is the idea a negative one, as far as good is concerned, but implies posi- tive evil. That Celibacy has ever been held in any estimation at all, is simply owing to the contrivances of the See of Rome. It was a dis- grace among the ancient Greeks and Romans—a disgrace among the Jews, or Jepthah's daughter would not have spoken of bewailing her virginity. Its worst objection is that it throws discredit on the holy institution of matrimony by assuming a moral superiority, and assimilates marriage to a less authorised kind of connec- tion. Thus the very idea is of im- moral tendency. In a Protestant University it is also, as I have shown, extremely impolitic to retain it, as it is the main-stay of the domination of Rome — a domination which is inconsistent with obedience to all established governments; and, set- ting all religious objections aside, tends to make the subjects and citi- zens of all other states but its own disloyal and unpatriotic. Yes, write to Patience Hope by all means, and have done with it, while the wine of life is not yet drained to the lees.

ZANZIBAR; AND TWO MONTHS IN EAST AFRICA.

BY CAPTAIN BURTON.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MARCH TO FUGA.

"Es gibt in Central Afrika Paradiese, die mit den Zeit die Civilisation aussuchen wird zum Besten der Menschheit."—*J. von Müller.*

On the 10th of February, after a night of desert-silence, we arose betimes, and applied ourselves to the work of porterage. Our luggage again suffered reduction.* It was, however, past 6 A.M. when, forming Indian file, we began to descend the thorn-clad goat-track, which spans the north-east spur of Mount Tongway. Wazira, as usual in times of difficulty, disappeared—we had heard the groans of a lion. At length, by dint of wandering through rush and tiger-grass, we struck into the Pangany Road. After three hours' hard walking, we rested at some fetid pools in a reedy finmara. The sun began to blister, and we had already occupied the shadow of a tall rock, intending to doze till the afternoon, when Wazira, for reasons of his own, induced us to advance by promising better water. The path ran over stony ground, with frequent thorny ridges, and narrow green dales or rather ravines, bordered with lovely amphitheatres of lofty and feathery tropical trees, showing signs of inundation during the rains. But the kizkazy (north-east monsoon) had dried up the marrow of the earth, and, though we searched as for treasure, we found no water.

Noon came, and the sun towered in his pride of place. Even whilst toiling up the stony dirty track over a series of wearisome monotonous slopes, which no sea-breeze can reach, I could not but admire the novel aspect of the land. The ground was brick-red, and this colour extended half-way up the tree-bores, which the ants had streaked with ascending and descending galleries. Over head floated a filmy canopy of sea-green verdure, pierced by myriads of sunbeams, whilst the azure effulgence above, purified, as with fire, from mist and vapour, set the picture in a frame of gold and ultramarine. Painful splendours! The men began to drop off. None but Hamdan had brought a calabash. Shaaban clamoured for water. Wazira and the four slave-boys retired to some puddle, a discovery which they wisely kept to themselves, leaving the rest of the party to throw themselves under tree and bush upon the hot ground.

As the sun sank westward, Wazira joined us with a mouthful of lies, and the straggling line advanced. Our purblind guide once more lagged in rear, yielding the lead to old Shaaban. This worthy, whose five wits were absorbed in visions of drink, strode blunderingly ahead, over the hills and far away. My companion, Captain S——, keeping him in sight,

* The following list may be useful to our successors. For observations, we had two chronometers and watch, a sextant strapped to the Portuguese boy's back, horizon, pocket-pedometer, two compasses and stand, a common and a B. P. thermometer, horn lantern, policeman's bull's eye, and wax candles for night-work; a polished leather-bag contained ink, journals, drawing materials, and lunar tables. Our arms were two daggers, two clasp-knives, 3 swords, a six-shooter each, a Colt's rifle, a Buchse by Nevotery of Vienna, and a shot gun—in fact, fighting kit. A solid leather portmanteau was stuffed with a change of clothes and the present for Sultan Kimwere, before described. We took also a few extra caps and muslins to buy provisions (beads and domestics would have been far better), and a few dollars, which were useless. A small travelling canteen carried tea and sugar, salt, and tobacco; and a patent digester and a bottle of cognac were not forgotten. Our beds were rolled up in painted waterproofs, which by day served as tents, and they were well supplied with blankets and the invaluable caoutchouc rugs.

and I in rear of both, missed the road. Shortly after sunset we three reached a narrow finmara, where stood, delightful sight! some puddles bright with chickweed, and black with the mire below. We quenched our thirst and bathed our swollen feet, and patted, and felt, and handled the water as though we loved it. But even this charming occupation had an end. Evidently we had lost our way. Our shots and shouts remained unanswered. It would have been folly to thread the thorny jungle by the dubious light of a young moon: we therefore kindled a fire, looked to our arms, lay down upon a soft sandy place, and, certain that Shaaban would be watchful as a vestal virgin, were soon lulled to sleep by the music of the night breeze, and by the frogs chanting their ancient querele upon the miry margins of the pools. That day's work had been little more than five leagues. But

"These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out the miles."

It seemed as though we had marched doubly as much; a circumstance which the African geographer would do well to note.

At dawn after our bivouac, we retraced our steps, and soon came upon our people. They had followed the upper or northern path, and had nighted near the higher bed of the finmara which gave us hospitality. The "Myuzi" is a rocky line about 20 feet broad, edged with thick trees, gummy acacias, wild mulberries, and wood-apples, and bearing traces of violent periodical torrents. Even in the driest season the sole preserves pools, sometimes 100 feet long; and by digging in the mud, water is always procurable. The banks conceal various antelopes and birds, especially doves, kites, and curlews, whilst around the water iguanas congregate to dine upon the small fish-fry which lie expiring with heat in the shallows.

After shaking hands all round and settling small disputes, we spread our beds in the grateful shade, and solaced the past with tea and tobacco. During the day our Belochies shaved one another's heads, and plaited sawás or sandals of palm-leaves. Our guide secured, as extra porters, five wild men, habited in primitive attire. Their only garment was a kilt of dried and split rushes or grass, with the upper ends woven into a cord of the same material. This thatch, fastened round the waist, extends to mid-thigh. It is clean, cool, and certainly as decent as the garb of the Gael. All had bows and poisoned arrows except one, who boasted a miserable musket, and literally a powder-horn, the vast spoils of a cow. The wretches were lean as wintry wolves, and not less ravenous. We fed them with rice and ghee. Of course they asked for more—till their stomachs, before like shrunken bladders, stood out in the shape of little round bumps from the hoop-work of ribs. We had neglected to take their arms. After feeding, they arose, and with small beady eyes, twinkling with glee, bade us farewell. Though starving, they would not work. A few hours afterwards, however, they found a hippopotamus in the open; killed it with their arrows, and soon left nothing but a heap of bones and a broad stain of blood upon the ground.

Having rested till 3.15 P.M., we persuaded, with the usual difficulty, our human cattle to load one another, and advanced over a path dented by the wild buffalo's hoof. The rolling ground was a straggling thorn-jungle, studded with bright flowers. In places "black-jacks" were scattered about a plain fired to promote the growth of fodder; and ant-hills, like Irish "fairy-mounts," rose regularly as if disposed by the hand of art. Khombora's cone fell far behind. The walls of Sagama, whose peaks, smoking by day and burning at night, resembled volcanoes, changed their blue tints, first for brown, and then for distinct green. At length, emerging from the wood, we entered an alluvial plain, and sighted the welcome river, flashing bright through its setting of emerald trees, as it mirrored the westering orb of day. Traversing the tall rushes, young trees, and thick underwood of the bank, we found ourselves about sunset opposite Kohoday, the village of a friendly Mzegura chief. "Sultan Momba" having recognised the Belochies, forthwith donned his scarlet coat, superintended the launching of

the village boat from its cadjan cover, stood surrounded by the elders watching our transit, and, as we landed, wrung our hands with rollicking greetings, and those immoderate explosive laughings which render the African family to all appearance so "jolly" a race.

The Thursday was a halt at Kohoday. It is the normal cultivators' village of these regions, built upon the high and stiff clay bank of the Pangany river, here called the Lufu, or Rufu. From without it has a charming look of seclusion and rural comfort. Rendered invisible, till near, by bosoming tree, bush, and spear-grass, it is protected by a stout palisade of trunks. When foes and beasts abound, this defence is doubled and trebled. The entrances in the shape of low triangles, formed by inclining the posts *en chevron*, lead to a heap of wattle and dab-thatched huts; here square, there round; generally huddled together; but if space allow, scattered over a few hundred yards. Goats, sheep, and cows—they thrive beyond the coast—are stalled near or inside the human habitations. From the deep strong stream, red with hill-loam, and here about 80 yards wide, a bathing-place is staked off against the alligator and the hippopotamus. Our Belochies, who, like all Orientals, believe that drinking the element at night weakens digestion, make of this an exception; and my companion, an old Himalayan, thought that he could detect in it the peculiar rough smack of snow-water.

These villagers are cultivators. Formerly tame, harmless, heathen to all but one another, they have become masters of muskets, which they use, to spoil and oppress those who have them not. We were shown, on the mountain-pass of Usumbara, the watch-fire which is never extinguished; and the Mzegura chief, when supplying us with a bullock, poked his thumb back towards the hills, and said, with a roar of laughter, that already we had become the king's guests. Our Beloch guard applauded this kindred soul, patted him upon the shoulder, and declared that, with a score of men of war like themselves, he mi[illegible] come lord of all the mo[illegible]

Sultan Mombá once visited Zanzibar, where his eyes were opened to Keranie truth, by the healing hand of the Kazi Mukij el din. This distinguished Sawahili D. D. conferred upon the neophyte the name of Abdullah, and called him son. But the old Momba returned strong upon Abdullah when he sniffed once more his native air. He fell from prayer and ablution to the more congenial practices of highwaying and hard drinking. He is a stout, jolly, beardless young black, with a boatswain's voice, an infinite power of surprise and an inveterate itching for beggary. This graceless youth inspected our weapons for hours, and sat with us half the day. At one time he begged for the Colt; at another for a barrel of gunpowder; now he wanted to barter slaves for ammunition; and when night fell, he privily sent Hamdan to request a bottle of brandy. All these things were refused, and Sultan Momba was fain to be content with two caps, a pair of muslins, and a cotton shawl. He seriously advised us to return with twenty barrels of gunpowder, which, as the article was in demand, would bring, he assured us, excellent business. Our parting was pathetic. He swore he loved us, and promised, on our return, the boat to conduct us down the river; but when we appeared with empty hands, he told the truth, namely, that it is a succession of Falls and Rapids.

After a night in which the cimex betularius had by a long chalk the advantage of the drowsy god, on the 13th of February we were ferried across the stream, attended by divers guides from Sultan Momba's village. At 7 A.M., emerging from the thicket, we fell into the beaten track over the alluvial plain, which here, as at Chogway, must, during rains, be a sheet of water. We crossed the Luangua, a deep silent affluent of the Lufu river, by a bridge composed of a fallen tree. Then stretching over the grassy expanse, we skirted two small cones, "Ngua," the roots of the high Vingiri range. Like Sagama, this bulwark of Usumbara is a mural precipice, with bluff sides of rock, well wooded on the summit, and looking a proper place for ibex. It forms the rampart or escarpment separating the

"Mrima" landward from the southern river-plain. The people assured us that the rolling surface above supports an abundant population of Washenzy, clients and serfs to Sultan Kinwere's clan.

We then entered upon cultivated ground, which seemed a garden after the red waste below Tongway. Cocos and tall trees concealed the stream, which above its junction with the Luangua, is a mere mountain-torrent, roaring down a rocky tortuous bed, and forming green-tufted islets, which are favourite sites for settlements. Our guides presently took leave, pretexting a blood-feud with the neighbouring villages. The people, as we passed by, flocked over their rude bridges, a floor of narrow planks laid horizontally upon rough coco-piers, forked upright, planted a few feet apart, parapeted with rough basket-work, and sometimes supplied with knotty fibrous creepers to stay the travellers' steps. These the number and daring of the alligators render necessary. Artless constructions, they are the *puentas de cimbra* of Chili, and much resemble the bridges of inner Devonshire during the days of our grandfathers. Cows, goats, and long-tailed sheep clustered upon the plains. Halting for the noon under a spreading tamarind, we were surrounded by crowds, who feasted their eyes upon us for hours together. They were unarmed, dressed in hides, spoke the Kizegura dialect, which differs greatly from Kisawahili, and appeared rather timid than dangerous. The Sultan of the Zafura village, near which we reposed, stalked about, spear in hand, highly offended by our not entering his hut; and some Sawahilis in red caps, looked daggers at the white strangers. We tried to hire extra porters; but having no merikan (domestics) and no beads, we notably failed.

Presently black Nimbi capped the hill-tops, cooling the fierce Simum, and low thunders warned us forward. Resuming our march at 3.30 P.M., we crossed a dry finmara, trending towards the Lufu; traversed a hill-spur of rolling and thorny red ground, to avoid a deep bend in the stream; passed a place where the divided waters, apparently issuing from a wooded rock, foam over the jagged incline; and at 5 P.M., passing two bridges, we entered Msiky Mguru, a Wazegura village distant twelve miles from Kohoday. It is a cluster of hay-cock huts, touching one another, built upon an island formed by divers rapid and roaring branches of the river. The headman was sick, but we found a hospitable reception. Uninitiated in the African secret of strewing ashes round the feet of the Kitandah or Cartel, although eschewing the dirty smoky huts, we spent our night with ants, and other little murderers of sleep which shall be nameless. Our hosts expressed great alarm about the Masai. It was justified by the sequel. Scarcely had we left the country when a plundering party of wild spearmen attacked two neighbouring villages, slaughtered the hapless cultivators, and with pillage and pollage drove off the cows in triumph. They watched with astonishment the magical process of taking an altitude of Canopus, and were anxious to do business in female slaves, honey, goats, and sheep. Some of the girls were rather comely; they did not show the least fear or shame.

At sunrise on the next morning we resumed our march, following the left bank of the river, which is here called Kirna. For about three miles it is a broad line of flat boulders, thicket, sedge, and grass, with divers trickling rivulets between. At the Maurwi village, the branches anastomoze, forming a deep and strong but navigable stream, about thirty yards broad, and hedged with masses of vegetation. Thence we turned northward, over rolling red clay, here cultivated, there a thorny jungle, in the direction of Tamota, another mural precipice and bluff headland in the hill curtain of Usumbara. The paths were crowded with a hide-clad and grass-kilted race, chiefly women and small girls, who, by the by, displayed very precocious developments, leading children each with a button of hair left upon its scraped crown. The adults, laden with manive, holcus, and maize, poultry, sugar-cane, and waterpots with bunches of leaves to prevent splashing, with pumpkins and plantains—here their own land

begins—were bound for a Golio, or market held in an open plain. None evinced fear of a white face; but when our Belochies asked the fair how they would like us for husbands, they simply replied, "Not at all." The men chip their teeth to points, and, as in Usumbara, punch out in childhood one incisor of the lower jaw; a piece of dried rush or sugar-cane distends the ear-lobe to an unsightly size. All carried bows and arrows. Some shouldered such hoes and hatchets as English children use upon the sands; here bounteous earth, fertilised by the rains of heaven, requires the mere scratching of a man's nails. Others led stunted pariah dogs adorned with leather collars; they are prime favourites with the savages, who hold a stew of puppies, as amongst us in the days of Charles the Second, a dish fit for a monarch. In West Africa also the meat is admired, and some missionaries have described it as "very sweet." The salutations of these savages provoked the wrath of Seedy Bombay. Acquaintances stood afar off and nosed forth *hem* and *hum* till they relieved their minds. None, even the women, refused to greet us; and at times Yambo, "the state!" was uttered simultaneously by a score of sable lips.

Having duly stared and been stared at, we unloaded for rest at 9.30 A.M., under a spreading tree, near the large double-fenced village of Paslunga belonging to one of Sultan Kimwere's multitudinous sons. Again clouds obscured the air, and thunder growled over the near hills. It became evident that the wet season was fast approaching.

The coolness of the air drew cries of "Safar! Safar!"—let us march!—from the Belochies. At 1.30 P.M. we resumed our way, and presently passed on the left hand a tank of mire and water, thinly sprinkled with paddy-birds, sandpipes, and Egyptian geese, exceedingly wild. Hornbills screamed upon the neighbouring trees, and on the mud my companion shot a specimen of the gorgeous crested crane, whose back-feathers would have made fine bonnets. After an hour's march we skirted a village, where the people peremptorily ordered us to halt. We attributed this annoyance to Wazira, who was forthwith visited with a general wigging. It is, however, partly the custom of the country. Man here claims a right to hear news, the pabulum which his soul loves, from his neighbour. To coin the most improbable nonsense, to be told lies, and to retail lies, are the mental luxuries of idle men, equally the *primum mobile* of a Crimean "shave" and of an East African palaver. But the impending rain sharpened our tempers; we laughed in the faces of our angry expostulators, and, bidding them stay us if they could, pursued our road.

Presently ascending a hill, and turning abruptly to the north-east, we found ourselves opposite, and about ten miles distant from, a tall azure curtain, the mountains of Fuga. Below, the plain was populous with hay-cock villages. The tall tamarisk, the large-leaved plantain, and the parasol-shaped papaw, grew wild amongst the thorny trees. Water stood in black pools, and around it waved luxuriant sugar-canes. In a few minutes every mouth in the party was tearing and chewing at a long pole. This cane is of the edible kind; the officinal varieties are too luscious, cloying, and bilious, to be sucked with impunity by civilised men. After walking that day sixteen miles, at about 4 P.M. a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, south-west wind, which caused the theremometer to fall many degrees, and the slaves to shudder and whimper, drove us back into the Banda, or Palaver-house of a large village. It consisted only of a thatch roof propped by rough uprights. The inside was half-mud half-mould; the only furniture stone slabs, used as hones; and hollowed logs, once bee-hives and now seats. The place swarmed with flies and mosquitos. We lighted fires to keep off fevers. Our Belochies, after the usual wrangle about rations, waxed melancholy, shook their heads, and declared that the Kusy, or wet monsoon, had set in.

Sunday the 15th of February dawned with one of those steady blue cataclysms, which, to be seen advantageously, must be seen near the Line. At 11 A.M., weary of the steamy

Bandany, our men, loaded, and in a lucid interval, set out towards the Fuga hills. As we approached them, the rain shrank to a spitting, gradually ceased, and was replaced by that seeking fetid sepulchral heat which travellers in the tropics know and fear. The path lay over the usual red clay; crossed low ground, where trees decayed in stagnant water, and spanned a cultivated black plain at the foot of the mountains, with a vista of far blue hill on the right. We rested a few minutes before attempting the steep incline before us. The slippery way had wearied our slaves, though aided by three porters hired that morning; and the sun, struggling through vapours, was still hot enough to overpower the whole party.

At 1 P.M. we proceeded to breast the pass. The path began, gently rising over decayed foliage, amongst groves of coarse bananas, whose leaves of satiny lustre, shredded by the winds, hid large bunches of green fruit. The musa is probably an aboriginal of East Africa: it grows, I am told, almost spontaneously upon the shores of the far inner lakes. Here the fruit, which, maturing rapidly, affords a perennial supply, is the staff of savage life. As usual when men are compelled to utilise a single object, they apply the plantain to various purposes. Even the leaves are converted into spoons, plates, and even bottles. They are also made into thatch, fuel, and a substitute for wrapping-papers. Never transplanted, and the rotation of crops being unknown, this banana has now degenerated.

Issuing from the dripping canopy, we followed a steep goat-track, forded a crystal burn, and having reached the midway, sat down to enjoy the rarified air, and to use the compass and spyglass. The view before us was extensive, if not beautiful. Under our feet the mountains fell in rugged folds, clothed with plantain fields, wild mulberries, custard apples, and stately trees, whose lustrous green glittered against the ochreous ground. The salsaparilla vine hung in clusters from the supporting limbs of the tamarind, the toddy palm raised its fantastic arms over the dwarf coco, and bitter oranges mingled pleasant scent with herbs not unlike mint and sage. Below, half veiled by rank steams, lay the yellow Nika or Wazegura wilderness, traversed by a serpentine of trees, denoting the course of the Mkomafi affluent. Three cones, the "Mbara Hills," distant about eight miles, crowned the desert. Far beyond we could see the well-wooded line of the Lufu river, and from it to the walls of the southern and western horizon stretched a uniform purple plain.

We were startled from rest by a prodigious hubbub. The three fresh porters positively refused to rise unless a certain number of cloths were sent forward to propitiate the magnates of Fuga. This was easily traced to Wazira, who received a hint that such trifling might be dangerous. He had been lecturing us all that morning upon the serious nature of our undertaking. Sultan Kimwere was a potent monarch—not a Momba. His "ministers" and councillors would, unless well paid, avert from us their countenances; we must enter with a discharge of musketry to awe the people, and by all means do as we are bid. The Belochies smiled contempt, and, pulling up the porters, loaded them, deaf to remonstrance.

Resuming our march after a short halt, we climbed rather than walked, with hearts beating from such unusual exercise, up the deep zigzag of a torrent. Villages then began to appear perched like eyries upon the hill-tops, and the people gathered to watch our approach. At 4 P.M. we found ourselves upon the summit of a ridge. The Belochies begged us to taste the water of a spring hard by. It was icy cold, with a perceptible chalybeate flavour, sparkled in the cup, and had dyed its head with rust. East Africa is a "land whose stones are iron," and the people declare that they have dug *brass*.

We now stood upon the mountains, but we found no table-land. The scenery reminded my companion of Almnah, one of the Blue mountains in Southern India. There were the same rounded cones, tapestried with velvety grass, and ribboned with paths of red clay; the same Sholahs

or gloomy forest-patches clothing the slopes; the same emerald swamps, through which transparent runnels continually trickle, and little torrents and rocky linns. This granite and sandstone heap has, however, a double aspect; the northern and eastern slopes are bluff and barren, whilst the southern and western abound in luxuriant vegetation. The reeking plains westward are well wooded. We were shown the "water of Masinde," a long narrow tank, upon whose banks elephants are said to exist. North-westward the mountains rise apparently higher and steeper, till about ten miles further west, where, capped with cloud-heaps, the giant flanks of Mukumbara bound the view. We stood about four thousand feet above the sea-level, distant thirty-seven miles from the coast, and seventy-four or seventy-five along the winding river. There is a short cut from Kohoday across the mountains; but the route was then waterless, and the heat would have disabled our Belochies.

After another three-mile walk along the hill flanks, we turned a corner and suddenly sighted, upon the opposite summit of a grassy cone, an unfenced heap of hay-cock huts —Fuga. As we drew near, our Belochies formed up and fired a volley, which brought the hind and his wife, and his whole meine, out of the settlement. This being one of the cities where ingress is now forbidden to strangers, we were led by Wazira through timid crowds that shrank back as we approached, round and below the cone to four tattered huts, which superstition assigns as the "travellers' bungalow." Even the son and heir of great Kimwere must abide here till the lucky hour admits him to the presence and the imperial city. The cold rain and sharp rarified air rendering any shelter acceptable, we cleared the huts of sheep and goats, housed our valuables, and sent Seedy Bombay to the Sultan, requesting the honour of an interview.

Before dark appeared three bare-headed mdue, or "ministers," who in long palaver declared that council must squat upon two knotty points, —*Primo*, Why and wherefore we had entered the country *vid* the hostile Wazegura? *Secundo*, What time might be appointed by his majesty's Mganga, or medicine-man, for the ceremony. Sharp-witted Hamdan at once declared us to be European wizards, and waganga of peculiar power over the moon and stars, the wind and rain. Away ran the ministers to report the wonder. Whilst they are absent, I will briefly explain what a Mganga is.

The Mganga, who is called by the Arabs Tabib, or doctor, and by us priest, physician, divine, magician, and medicine-man, combines, as these translations show, priestly with medical functions. He may be considered the embryo of a sacerdotal order amongst the embryo communities of savage tribes. Siberia has Shamans, and Greenland Angekoks, Guiana her Peimans, and the North Americans their mystery-men; the Galla believes in his Kalesbah, the Kru Republic in her Deyabos; the West African negro in his Grugru or Fetiss seers, and the Cape Kaffirs in witch doctors, the great originators of all our troubles. Rain-charming is the popular belief of Africa, from Zanzibar to the Kru coast. It is not confined to these barbarous lands. In Ireland, the owner of a four-leaved shamrock can cause or stop showers: and the Fins on board our ships deal with the clerk of the weather for fair wind. The Indian Yogi, the Bayragi, and the Sita Rami have similar powers. I heard of a man at Porebunder, who, when torrents of rain injured the crops, was threatened by his Rajah with a "cotton coat;" that is to say, a padded poncho, well oiled and greased, girt closely round him and set on fire. In East Africa, from the Simuli country southwards, the rains which appear so wearisome to the traveller are a boon to the savage, who, during droughts, sees his children and cattle perish of hunger and thirst. The demand produces a supply of intellectuals, who, for the consideration of idle life, abundant respect, and food without toil, boldly assert command over the clouds. It is easy to predict rain in these regions. The incantation is delayed till mists gather upon the mountain-tops, and the fetiss i

nished as the shower begins to fall. uccess brings both solid pudding nd empty praise; failure, the trifling nconvenience of changing air.

The Mganga has various other uties. He must sprinkle the ranger with the blood of sheep and nedicines, the aspersory being a ow's tail. Upon the departing uest he gently spits, bidding him o in God's peace. During sickness e must dispose of the ghost or aunting fiend. He marks ivory nagically, to insure its reaching the oast in safety. If the Sultan loses ealth, he fixes upon the bewitcher; nd unless duly fee'd, shoves into his nouth a red-hot hatchet, which has o power to burn innocence. The nstrument of his craft is a bundle f small sticks. Thrown upon the ground, they form the divining figures; ence the Arabs translate Uganga, 'the art," by Raml or Geomancy. Most of these men are open to the persuasions of cloth and beads. One saw the spirit of a white-face sitting in a chair brought as a present to his chief, and broadly insinuated that none but the wise deserved such chair. But let not the reader suppose that all are pure impostors; like supernaturalists in general, they are half deceived and half deceivers. Like the most of mankind, they are partly fools and partly knaves. There is, indeed, no folly conceivable by the mind of man in which man has not firmly and piously believed. And when man lays down life in testimony to his belief, the act rather argues the obstinacy of the martyr than proves the truth of his tenets.

At 6 P.M. the ministers ran back and summoned us to the "Palace." They led the way through rain and mist to a clump of the usual huts, half hidden by trees, and overspreading a little eminence opposite to and below Fuga. We were allowed but three Belochies as a tail. Their matchlocks were taken away, and a demand was made for our swords, which of course we insisted upon retaining.

Sultan Kimwere half rose from his cot as we entered, and motioned us to sit upon dwarf stools before him. He was an old, old man, emaciated by sickness. His head was shaved, his face beardless, and wrinkled like a grandam's; his eyes were red, his jaws disfurnished, and his hands and feet were stained with leprous spots. The royal dress was a Surat cap, much the worse for wear, and a loin-wrap as tattered. He was covered with a double cotton-cloth, and he rested upon a Persian rug, apparently coeval with himself. The hut appeared that of a simple cultivator, but it was redolent of dignitaries, some fanning the Sultan, others chatting, and all holding long-stemmed pipes with small ebony bowls. Our errand was inquired, and we were welcomed to Fuga. As none could read the Sazzid of Zanzibar's letter, I was obliged to act secretary. The Centagenarian had heard of our scrutinising stars, stones, and trees; he directed us at once to compound a draught which would restore him to health, strength, and youth. I replied that our drugs had been left at Pangany. He signified that we might wander about the hills and seek the plants required. After half an hour's conversation, Hamdan being interpreter, we were dismissed with a renewal of welcome. On our return to the hovels, the present was forwarded to the Sultan with the usual ceremony. We found awaiting us a fine bullock, a basketful of sima—young Indian corn pounded and boiled to a thick hard paste; and balls of unripe bananas, peeled and mashed up with sour milk. Our Belochies instantly addressed themselves to the making of beef, which they ate with such a will, that unpleasant symptoms presently declared themselves in camp. We had covered that day ten miles—equal, perhaps, to thirty in a temperate climate. The angry blast, the groaning trees, and the lashing rain, heard from within a warm hut, affected us pleasurably. We slept the sweet sleep of travellers.

## CHAPTER VII.—RETURN TO ZANZIBAR.

—"Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease,
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes, and all the pride of man."
—*The Seasons.*

The African traveller, in this section of the nineteenth century, is an animal overworked. Formerly the reading public was satisfied with dry details of mere discovery—was delighted with a few latitudes and longitudes. Of late, in this, as in other pursuits, the standard has been raised. Whilst marching so many miles *per diem*, and watching a certain number of hours *per noctem*, the traveller, who is in fact his own general, adjutant, quarter-master, and executive, is expected to survey and observe—to record meteorology, hygrometry, and hypsometry—to shoot and stuff birds and beasts, to collect geological specimens, to gather political and commercial information, to advance the infant study ethnology, to keep accounts, to sketch, to indite a copious legible journal, to collect grammars and vocabularies, and frequently to forward long reports which shall prevent the Royal Geographical Society napping through evening meetings. It is right, I own, to establish a high standard which insures some work being done; but explorations should be distinguished from railway journals, and a broad line drawn between the feasible and the impossible. The unconscionable physicist now deems it his right to complain, because the explorer has not used his theodolite in the temple of Mecca, and introduced his sympiesometer within the walls of Harar. An ardent gentleman once requested me to collect beetles, and another sent me excellent recipes for preserving ticks.

These African explorations are small campaigns, in which the traveller, unaided by discipline, is beset by all the troubles, hardships, and perils of savage war. He must devote himself to feeding, drilling, and ting his men to the use of arms and the conduct of a caravan, rather than the study of infusoria and barometers. The sight of an instrument convinces barbarians that the stranger is bringing down the sun, stopping rain, causing death, and bewitching the land for ages. Amidst utter savagery such operations are sometimes possible; amongst the semi-civilised they end badly. The climate also robs man of energy as well as health. He cannot, if he would, collect ticks and beetles. The simplest geodesical labours, as these pages will prove, are unadvisable. My companion has twice suffered from taking an altitude. Why is not a party of physicists sent out to swallow the dose prescribed by them to their army of martyrs?

The rainy monsoon had set in at Fuga. Heavy clouds rolled up from the south-west and during our two days and nights upon the hills the weather was a succession of drip, drizzle, and drench. In vain we looked for a star; even the sun could not disperse the thick raw vapours that rose from the steamy earth. We did not dare to linger upon the mountains. Our Belochies were not clad to resist the temperature—here 12° lower than on the coast; the rain would make the lowlands a hotbed of sickness, and we daily expected the inevitable "seasoning-fever." In the dry monsoon this route might be made practicable to Chhaga and Kilimanjaro. With an escort of a hundred musketeers, and at an expense of £600, the invalid who desires to avail himself of this "sanitarium," as it is now called by the Indian papers, may, if perfectly sound in wind, limb, and digestion, reach the snowy region, if it exist, after ten mountain-marches, which will not occupy more than a month.

Finding an impossibility of geo-

graphical study in Usumbara, we applied ourselves to gathering general information. Sultan Kimwere, I was told, is the fourth of a dynasty of Condeurs and Ecorcheurs, originally from Nguru, a hilly region south of the river. His father, Shabugah, pushed the Usumbara frontier from Pare to the sea, and the division of his dominions caused bloodshed amongst his successors. Kimwere, in youth a warrior of fame, ranked in the triumvirate of mountain-kings above Bana Rongua of Chhaga, and Bana Kizunga of the Wakuafy. In age he has lost ground. His sister's sons, chiefs of Msihi, a hilly province north-east from Fuga, rebelled, destroyed his hosts by rolling down stones, and were reduced only by the aid of twenty Belochies. He has a body-guard of four hundred musketeers, whom he calls his Waengrezy, or Englishmen. They are dispersed among the villages, for now the oryx-horn is silent, and the watch-fire is never extinguished upon the mountain pass. This "Lion of the Lord," in these days, asserts knighthood but in one point: he has three hundred wives, each surrounded by slaves, and portioned with a hut and a plantation. His little family amounts to between eighty and ninety sons, some of whom have Islamised, whilst their sire remains a "pragmatical pagan." The Lion's person is sacred; even a runaway slave saves life by touching royalty. Presently he will die, be wrapped up in matting, and placed sitting-wise under his deserted hut, a stick denoting the spot. Dogs will be slaughtered for the funeral-feast, and Muigui Khatib will rule in his stead, and put to death all who dare, during the two months of mourning, to travel upon the king's highway.

Meanwhile Sultan Kimwere rules at home like a right kingly African king, by selling his subjects—men, women, and children, young and old, gentle and simple, individually, or, when need lays down the law, by families and by villages. Death, imprisonment, and mutilation are foreign pieces of state machinery, and rare. Confiscation and sale are indigenous and frequent. None hold property without this despot's permission; and, as we had an opportunity of seeing, the very "ministers" dare not openly receive presents. In a land where beads are small change, and sheeting and "domestics" form the highest specie, revenue is thus collected. Cattle-breeders offer the first fruits of flocks and herds: elephant-hunters every second tusk; and traders a portion of their merchandise. Cultivators are rated annually at ten measures of grain. This accounts for the exportation from Tanga and Pangany to Zanzibar, and even Arabia. The lion's share is reserved for the royal family; the crumbs are distributed to the councillors and the Waengrezy.

The headquarter village of Usumbara is Fuga, a heap of some 500 huts, containing, I was told, 3000 souls. It is defenceless, and composed of the circular abodes common from Harar to Timbuctoo. Frameworks of concentric wattles, wrapped with plantain-leaves, are fastened to little uprights, and plastered internally with mud. A low solid door acts also as a window, and the conical roof is supported by a single central tree. A fire-place of stones in the middle distributes smoke as well as heat. In some homesteads the semicircle farther from the entrance is filled by a raised framework of planks, forming a family bedstead, and a few have over it a kind of second half-story, like a magnified bunk.

The population of Usumbara is abundantly leavened with Arab blood; it thrives, to judge from the lodges capping every hill, and from the children, who apparently form more than the normal fifth. The snowy heads of the elders prove that we are still in the land of Macrobian Ethiopians—men who die of old age! The Wasumbara, who, though of light, brown colour, are short, stout, and plain, file their teeth to points, and brand a circular beauty-spot in the mid-forehead; their heads are shaven, their feet bare, and, except talismans around the neck, wrists, and ankles, their only wear is a sheet over the shoulders, and a rag or hide round the loins. A knife is stuck in the waist-cord, and men walk abroad with pipe, bow, and quiverless arrows. The women are adorned with charm-bags; and collars of white beads—

now in fashion throughout this region—from three to four pounds weight, encumber the shoulders of a "distinguished person." Their bodydress is the African sheet bound tightly under the arms, and falling to the ankles. The Wasumbara of both sexes are comparatively industrious. The husband and children work in the fields, or grease their cattle when the sun has dried up the dew. Toward evening, they are penned in the yard, and the younglings are stowed away within the hut. Sometimes they employ themselves in running down the little deer, and throwing sticks at the guinea-fowls. To the goodwife's share fall the labours of cleaning the pen, fetching wood and water, pounding maize in a large tree-mortar, baking plantain-bread, and carrying the baby. Meat is considered a luxury. The cattle want the enlarged udder, that unerring sign of bestial civilisation. An English cow will produce as much as half-a-dozen of them. This deficiency of milk in pastoral lands often excites the traveller's wonder. At times he drinks it gratis by pailfuls, generally he cannot buy a drop, "even for medicine." Neither barbarians nor their cattle can attain regularity of supply, which is perhaps the best test of refinement. With quiet consciences and plenty of good tobacco, the Wasumbara are yet a moody, melancholy race; the effect, probably, of their cold mountain air. A timid, dismal, and ignoble race are these "children of the mist;" as, indeed, are for the most part those savages who have changed pastoral for agricultural pursuits.

On Monday, the 16th February, we took leave of, and were duly dismissed by, Sultan Kimwere. The old man, however, was mortified that our rambles had not produced a plant of sovereign virtue against the last evil of life. He had long expected a white mganga, and now two had visited him, to depart without even a trial! I felt sad to see the wistful lingering look with which he accompanied "kuahery"—farewell! But his case was far beyond my skill.

With infinite trouble we set out at 7 A.M. on the next day. The three porters whom we had engaged, characteristically futile, had run away without even claiming their hire. None of Sultan Kimwere's men dared to face the terrible Wazegura. The Belochies had gorged themselves faint with beef; and the hide, the horns, and collops of the raw meat were added to the slaves' loads. We descended the hills in a Scotch mist and drizzle, veiling every object from view. It deepened into a large-dropped shower upon the fetid low-lands. That night we slept at Pasunga; the next at Msiky Mguru; and the third, after marching seventeen miles—our greatest distance—at Kohoday. The graceless Momba received us scurvily. We had neither caps nor muslins, consequently the village boat remained under its cadjan cover, and we were punted over by a slave on a bundle of coco fronds, to the imminent peril of our chronometers.

We now resolved to skirt the river downwards, and to ascertain the truth concerning its Falls and Rapids. At dawn, Wagira came from our party, who had halted on the other side of the stream, and warned us that it was time to march; yet 9 A.M. passed by before the ragged line began to stretch over the plain. Our Belochies declared the rate of marching excessive; and Hamdan, who personified "Master Shoetie, the great traveller," averred that he had twice visited the Lakes, but had never seen such hardships in his dreams.

Our route lay along the alluvial plain before travelled over. Instead, however, of turning towards the red waste, we pursued the river's left bank, and presently entered familiar land—broken ground, rough with stones and thorns. Wazira declared his life forfeited if seen by a Mzegura. With some toil, however, we coaxed him into courage, and joined on the way a small party bound for Panganyi. At 1 P.M. we halted to bathe and drink, as it would be some time before we should again sight the winding stream. During the storm of thunder and lightning which ensued, I observed that our savage companions, like the Thracians of old Herodotus, and the Bheels and Coolies of modern India, shot their iron-tipped arrows in the air. Such, perhaps, is the primitive *paratonnerre*, preserved traditionally from ages long

forgotten by man, when Franklin taught him to disarm the artillery of heaven. Through rain and sleet and numbing wind, we threaded by a goat-path the dripping jungle, and about 4 P.M. found ourselves opposite Kizanga, a large Wazegura village on the right bank of the river. The inhabitants crossed over their bridge with muskets and bows, and squatted down to feast their eyes. All, however, were civil, and readily changed cocos for tobacco. Here the Pangany is a strong stream, flowing rapidly through a rocky trough, between high curtains of trees and underwood. On both sides the hilly roots of Mount Tongway approach the bed, leaving narrow ledges, slippery with ooze and mire, overgrown with sedge and spear-grass, and sprinkled with troublesome thorn-trees. From Kizanga, we followed the river by a vile footpath. The air was dank and oppressive; the clouds seemed to settle upon earth, and the decayed vegetation exhaled a feverish vetor. As we advanced, the roar of the swollen stream told of rapids, whilst an occasional glimpse through its green veil showed a reefous surface, flecked with white froth. Heavy nimbi purpled the western skies, and we began to inquire of Wazira whether a village was at hand.

About sunset, after marching fifteen miles, we suddenly saw tall cocos—in these lands the "traveller's joy"—waving their feathery heads against the blue eastern firmament. Presently crossing a branch of the river by a long bridge, made ricketty for ready defence, we entered, with a flock of homeward-bound goats, Kizungu, an island settlement of Wazegura. The headmen, assembling, received us with some ceremony; introduced us into an emptied hut; and, placing cartels upon the ground outside, sat down, ringed by a noisy crowd for the customary palaver. This village, being upon the confines of civilisation, and excited by wars and rumours of wars, suggested treachery to experienced travellers. My companion and I fired our revolvers into trees, and carefully reloaded them for the public benefit. The sensation was such that we seized the opportunity of offering money for rice and ghee. No provision, however, was procurable. Our escort went to bed supperless; Hamdan cursing this "Safar khâis"—*Anglice*, rotten journey; Rahmat beweeping his twisted mustaches; and Shaaban smoking like the chimney of a Hammam. Murad Ali had remained at Msiky Mguru to purchase a slave without our knowledge. A novice in such matters, he neglected to tie the man's thumb, and had the exquisite misery to see, in the evening after the sale, his dollars bolting at a pace that baffled pursuit. We should have fared meagrely had not one of the elders brought, after dark, a handful of red rice and an aged hen. This provant was easily despatched by three hungry men, of whom one was a Portuguese cook. We then placed our weapons handy, and were soon lulled to sleep, despite smoke, wet beds, and other plagues, by the blustering wind and the continuous pattering of rain.

At sunrise on Friday, the 20th February, we were aroused by the guide; and, after various delays, found ourselves on the road about 7 A.M. This day was the reflection of the last march. Hills still girt the river, with black soil in the lower, and red clay in the upper, levels. The path was a mere line, foot-worn through thickety torrent-beds, thorny jungles, and tall grasses. At 9 A.M. we stood upon a distant eminence to admire the Falls of the Pangany River. Here the stream, emerging from a dense dark growth of tropical forest, hurls itself in three huge sheets, fringed with flashing foam, down a rugged wall of brown rock. Half-way the fall is broken by a ledge, whence a second leap precipitates the waters into the mist-veiled basin of stone below. These cascades must be grand during the monsoon, when the river, forming a single horse-shoe, acquires a volume and momentum sufficient to clear the step which divides the shrunken stream. Of all natural objects, the cataract most requires that first element of sublimity—size. Yet, as it was, this fall, with the white spray and bright mist, set off by black jungle, and a framework of slaty rain-

cloud, formed a picture sufficiently effective to surprise us.

As we journeyed onwards, the heat became intense. The nimbi hugged the mountain-tops. There it was winter; but the sun, whose beams shot stingingly through translucent air, parched the summer plains. At 10 A.M. our Belochies, clean worn out by famine and fatigue, threw themselves upon the bank of a broad and deep ravine, in whose sedgy bed a little water still lingered. Wild bees had built upon the trees, but none courted the fate of plundering bears. The jungle was rich in Abu Jahl's melon, the colocynth; and the slaves gnawed the dried calabash pith. Half an hour's rest, a coco-nut each, a pipe, and, above all things, the *spes finis*, restored their vigour. We resumed our march over a rolling waste of green, enlivened by occasional glimpses of the river, whose very aspect cooled the gazer. Villages became frequent as we advanced, far distancing our Belochies. At 3 P.M., after marching fourteen miles, we sighted the snake-fence and the pent-houses of friendly Chogway.

The jemadar and his garrison received us with all the honours of travel, and admired our speedy return from Fuga. As at Harar, a visitor can never calculate upon prompt dismissal. We were too strong for force, but Sultan Kimwere has detained Arab and other strangers for a fort-night before his Mganga fixed a fit time for audience. Moreover, these walking journeys are dangerous in one point: the least accident disables a party, and accidents will happen to the best-regulated expeditions.

Our feet were cut by boots and shoes, and we had lost "leather" by chafing and sunburns. A few days' rest removed these inconveniences. Our first visit was paid to Pangany, where Said bin Salim, who had watched his charge with the fidelity of a shepherd's dog, received us with joyous demonstrations. The Portuguese boy, our companion, had escaped with a few sick headaches, and we found his *confrère* free from Pangany fever. After spending a day upon the coast, we returned, provided with *munitions de bouche*, and other necessaries, to Chogway, and settled old scores with our escort.* Then, as the vessel in which we were to cruise southward was not expected from Zanzibar till the 1st March, and we had a week to spare, it was resolved to try a fall with Behemoth.

The hippopotamus, called by the Sawahilis "kiboko," and by the Arabs "bakar el khor," or the creek-bullock, resembles a mammoth pig with equine head, rather than horse or cow. He loves the rivers and inlets where fresh-water mingles with the briny tide. At dawn, retiring from land, he takes shelter in the deep pools, succeeding one another chaplet-wise in the streams. Some such place is termed by the natives his "house." This, in the presence of man, he will not leave, fearing to expose his person while passing over the dividing sand-ridges. When undisturbed, he may be seen plunging porpoise-like against the stream, or basking in shallow water, and upon the soft miry bank, or cooling himself under the dense mangroves, singly and in groups, with his heavy box-head resting upon a friend's broad stern. I have come upon him in these positions within sight of timber-boats, and women and children will bathe but a few yards from his haunts. Dozing by day, at night he wriggles up one of the many runs on the river side, and wanders far to graze upon fat rich grass, and to plunder plantations of their grain. He is easily killed by the puny arrow on *terra firma*; in the water he is difficult to shoot, and scarcely possible to bag. He exposes only his eyes above the surface, and after a shot, will raise for hours nothing but a nostril, slipping down the moment he sights the enemy. Receiving a deathblow, he clings to the bottom, and reappears only when blown up by incipient decomposition. Without

* The jemadar, in consideration of the two slaves, received twenty dollars; the hard-working portion of our Belochies five; and the drones—old Shaaban and the lady-like Rhamat—respectively four and three.

couts watching the place, the body will rarely be found. According to these Africans, the smallest wound proves eventually fatal: the water enters it, and the animal cannot leave the stream to feed. The people of Mafijah secure him, I am told, by planting a sharp gag upright in his jaws opened wide for attack. The same tale is told concerning the natives of Kabylie and their lions. The cow is timid unless driven beyond endurance, or her calf be wounded. The bulls are more pugnacious, especially the black old rogues who, separating from the herd, live in solitary dudgeon. By such a one the great King Irenes probably met his death, and the Abyssinians still lose many a life. Captain Owen's officers, when ascending streams, saw their boats torn by behemoth's hard tusks; and in the Pangany, one "Sultan Momba," a tyrant thus dubbed by the Belochies in honour of their friend the Kohoday chief, delighted to upset canoes, and was once guilty of breaking a man's leg.

Behold us now, O brother in St. Hubert, dropping down the stream in a "monoxyle," some forty feet long, at early dawn when wild beasts are astir. The jemadar and his brother, cloaked in scarlet, and armed with their slow matchlocks, sit on the stern; the polers, directed by our new woodman, Seedy Bombay, occupy the centre, and we take our station in the bows. Our battery consists of a shot gun for experiments, a Colt's rifle, and two "smashers," each carrying a four-ounce ball of hardened lead. As we approach the herds, whose crests, flanked with small pointed ears, dot the mirrory surface, our boatmen indulge in such vituperations as "Mana marira!" O big belly!—and "Hanamkia!" O tailless one! In angry curiosity the brutes raise their heads, and expose their arched necks, shiny with trickling rills. My companion, a man of speculative turn, experiments upon the nearest optics with two barrels of grape and B. shot. The eyes, however, are oblique, the charge scatters, and the brute, unhurt, slips down like a seal. This will make the herd wary. Vexed by the poor result of our trial, we pole up the rippling and swirling surface, that proves the enemy to be swimming under water towards the further end of the pool. After a weary time he must rise and breathe. Our guns are at our shoulders. As the smooth water undulates, swells, and breaches a way for the large black head, eight ounces of lead fly in the right direction. There is a splash—a struggle; the surface foams, and behemoth, with mouth bleeding like a gutter-spout, rears, and plunges above the stream. Wounded near the cerebellum, he cannot swim straight. The Belochies are excited; Bombay punches on the boatmen, who complain that a dollar a-day does not justify their facing death. As the game rises, matchlocks bang. Presently the jemadar, wasting three balls—a serious consideration with your Oriental—retires from the field, as we knew he would, recommending the hippopotamus to us. At last a *coup de grace* speeds through the ear; the brute sinks, gore dyes the surface purple, and bright bubbles seethe up from the bottom. Hippo is dead. We wait patiently for his reappearance, but he appears not. At length, by peculiar good luck, Bombay's sharp eye detects an object some hundred yards down stream. We make for it, and find our bag brought up in a shallow by a spit of sand, and already in process of being ogled by a large fish-hawk. The hawk suffers the penalty of impudence. We tow our defunct to the bank, and deliver it to certain savages, whose mouths water with the prospect of hippopotamus beef. At sundown they will bring to us the tusks and head picked clean, as a whistle is said to be.

The herd will no longer rise; they fear this hulking craft; we must try some "artful dodge." S——, accompanied by Bombay, who strips to paddle in token of hot work expected, enters into a small canoe, ties fast his shooting-tackle in case of an upset, and, whilst I occupy one end of the house, makes for the other. Whenever a head appears an inch above water, a heavy bullet "puds" into or near it; crimson patches adorn the stream; some die and disappear, others plunge in crippled state, and others, disabled from diving by holes drilled through their noses, splash and scurry

assume the milder intermittent type, and in some Indians have recurred regularly through the year. In no case, however, does the apparent severity of the fever justify the dejection and debility of the convalescence. For six weeks, recovery is imperfect; the liver acts with unusual energy, the stomach is liable to severe indigestion, the body is lean, and the strength well-nigh prostrated. At such times change of air is the best of restoratives; removal even to a ship in the harbour, or to the neighbouring house, has been found more beneficial than all the tonics and the preventives in the pharmacopœia.

In men of strong nervous diathesis the fever leaves slight consequences, in the shape of white hair, boils, or bad toothaches. Others suffer severely from its secondaries, which are either visceral or cerebal. Some lose memory, others virility, others the use of a limb; many become deaf or dim-sighted; and not a few, tormented by hepatitis, dysentery, constipation, and similar disease, never completely recover health. The Arabs born upon the island, and the Banyans, rarely suffer severely during the fever, but many are laid up by its consequent "nazleh," or "defluxion of humours." Some Indian Moslems, have fled the country, believing themselves bewitched. Many European residents at Zanzibar have never been attacked; but upon the coast, the experience of Captain Owen's survey, of the Mombas Mission, and of our numerous cruisers, proves that no European can undergo exposure and fatigue, which promote the overflow of bile, without undergoing the "seasoning." It has, however, one advantage—those who pass the ordeal are acclimatised; even after a year's absence in Europe, they return to the tropics with little danger. The traveller is always advised to undergo his seasoning upon the coast before marching into the interior; but after recovery he must not await a second attack, otherwise he will expend, in preparation, the strength and bottom required for the execution of his journey. Of our party the Portuguese boy, who escaped at Pangany, came in for his turn at Zanzibar. The other has ever since had light relapses; and as a proof that the negro enjoys no immunity, Seedy Bombay is at this moment (8th June) suffering severely.

We passed no happy time in the upper story of the Wali Meriko's house. Luckily for us, however, the master was absent at Zanzibar. The jemadar, seeing that he could do nothing, took leave, committing us to Allah and Said bin Salim. The Banyans intended great civility; they would sit with us for hours, asking, like Orientals, the silliest of questions, and thinking withal that they were "doing the agreeable." Repose was out of the question. During the day, flies and gnats added another sting to the mortifications of fever. At night, rats nibbled at our feet, mosquitoes sang their song of triumph, and a torturing thirst made the terrible sleeplessness yet more terrible. Our minds were morbidly fixed upon one point—the arrival of our vessel; we had no other occupation but to rise and gaze, and exchange regrets as a sail hove in sight, drew near, and passed by. We knew that there would be no failure on the part of our thoughtful friend, who had written to promise us a "Battela" on the 1st of March. But we doubted the possibility of a Sawahili or an Arab doing anything in proper time. The vessel had been sent from Zanzibar before the end of February. The rascals who manned her, being men of Tumbatu, could not pass their homes unvisited; they wasted a precious week, and did not make Pangany till the evening of the 5th March.

After sundry bitter disappointments, we had actually hired a Banyan's boat that had newly arrived when the expected craft ran into the river. Not a moment was to be lost. Said bin Salim, who had been a kind nurse, superintended the embarkation of our property. My companion, less severely treated, was able to walk to the shore; but I—alas, for manliness!—was obliged to be supported like a bedridden old woman. The worst part of the process was the presence of a crowd. The Arabs were civil, and bade a kindly fare well. The Sawahili, however, audibly

ontrasted the present with the past, nd drew dedecorous conclusions rom the change which a few days ad worked in the man who bore a 24 b. gun—my pet 4-ounce.

All thoughts of cruising along the outhern coast were at an end. Colonel Hamerton had warned us not to lespise bilious remittents; and evilently we should not have been ustified in neglecting his caution to return whenever seized by sickness. With the dawn of Friday, the 6th March, we ordered the men to up sail: we stood over for Zanzibar with a fine fresh breeze, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves once more within the pale of Eastern civilisation. *Deo gratias!* our excellent friend at once sent us to bed—whence, gentle reader, we have the honour to make the reverential salam.

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## THE POORBEAH MUTINY: THE PUNJAB.

### NO. III.*

"Ready, aye ready."

Often has it been said of Indian civilians, that they very seldom judge rightly of military difficulties; and many a page of Indian history, with its record of the "exploits of politicals," has furnished a painful demonstration of the truth of this saying. Yet this mutiny has brought out some bright exceptions: of Mr. Montgomery's energetic prudent firmness at Lahore we have already spoken; scarcely second was it to that displayed by the Chief Commissioner himself.

Sir John Lawrence had only reached Rawul Pindee a few hours, when a telegraphic message came from Umballa—"News from Delhi very bad; blood shed; cantonments in state of siege." With the following day came the further tidings of the Meerut disaster, obtained by a *runner* through Saharunpore—"News just come from Meerut: native regiments all mutinied; several lives lost; European troops defending barracks; telegraphic wire cut; all communication with Delhi stopped." The crisis, then, had arrived! From daily intimation of passing events in all the Punjab stations, Sir John Lawrence was not wholly unprepared for such a result. In the many acts of insubordination in Bengal and the North-west, and in the too frequent signs of disaffection in the Punjab itself, he heard the ominous mutterings of the coming storm, and saw "the first of a thundershower;" and when the thunder pealed around him, he stood calm, collected, and prepared to face the danger—strong in his own resources, but stronger still in the power that is from above.

Carefully and anxiously had he read the past; he could the better comprehend the present, and foresee the probable future of this mutiny. The danger of the Punjab was imminent; its chief hope, under Heaven, lying in the faithfulness of the Sikhs, and the peace of the Mohammedans around. To insure these, a brave fearless course, indicative of self-confidence and strength, was the only safe one; any sign of fear or misgiving, any timid counsels or timorous measures, would have been fatal. In this spirit, prompt, ready, and hopeful, the Chief Commissioner entered on the task; and right ably was he seconded on every side.

Each message as it reached him had been "flashed" on to Peshawur. By the evening of the 12th the worst was privately known or conjectured by the authorities there; and scarcely had the disarming of the troops at Lahore been effected on the morning of the 13th, when the telegraph carried the tidings to the frontier. A "council of war" was at once assembled under General Reid, commanding the division. Colonel Sydney Cotton, the Brigadier; Colonel H.

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* Continued from our February No.

Then came a short lull. But another storm was gathering the while, which threatened to involve the whole country in as dire destruction as that which had already been so providentially averted. Peshawur itself was the point of danger now. The force here was numerically larger than that of any other station in India. Here were two European regiments, her Majesty's 70th and 87th Foot, two troops of horse-artillery, two field-batteries, with three reserve companies of foot-artillery—scarcely less than 3000 European soldiers; but, on the other hand, there were five regiments of native infantry (the 21st, 24th, 27th, 51st, and * 64th), and one of regular light cavalry (the 5th); in all above 4000, of whom it was not known if a man could be trusted. Besides these were two regiments of irregular cavalry, the 7th and 18th, with 200 Mooltanee Horse, and Captain Brougham's mountain-train (called in from Nowshera), making altogether about 2000, of whose loyalty considerable hope was entertained: indeed, it was then believed that *all* the irregulars † would probably be found faithful, and "cover themselves with glory."

This combined force was ample for all ordinary circumstances; it could at any time spare a detachment sufficient to bring to order any refractory neighbouring tribes, without at all risking its own safety; or, had need required, it could with its united strength have held the Khyber Pass against any army that Cabul, Persia, and Russia combined, could send against it. But now it was felt that the strength of the Peshawur force was to be tested *against itself*. Here were 3000 Europeans, with about 2000 Irregulars of all arms that might be relied on, against 4000 Sepoys, who, it was believed, were ready, to a man, to rise. As to the issue between these two parties there could be little doubt, provided none others joined in the struggle. But there was the city of Peshawur, with its 100,000 inhabitants, not a couple of miles from the cantonment; and though the vast variety of race and creed prevented any general combination in times of peace, yet a thirst for plunder would at a moment call up hundreds of ruffians, who would flock into cantonments and side with the Sepoys if they rose. Then, again, the whole line of hills beyond swarmed with a restless warlike population, of whom the four nearest tribes, the Affreedees, Mohmunds, Eusofzaies, and Khuttucks, could at a few hours' notice have mustered above 70,000 armed men; and although they had of late been more ready to take service in the regiments of the Punjab Irregular Force, and at a recent call from the Chief Commissioner, through Colonel Nicholson, were now flocking in and enlisting with great zeal, still it was felt that they only needed to see our own sepoys once gain a mastery, however temporary, or even to see them holding our European force at bay, and all their rival feuds and international jealousies would have been suspended, and under the one cry of *religion* their Moslem fanaticism and their long-suppressed hatred of the Feringhee, whom they feared as well as hated, would have brought them down from their mountain fastnesses, and no power of ours then at command could have withstood them.

All this was felt, and by none more deeply than by Colonel Herbert Edwardes—the experience of whose younger days at Bunnoo and before Mooltan had given a wisdom to his maturer years at Peshawur—and by Colonel Nicholson, his assistant, and

* The 64th Native Infantry had already been temporarily provided for, by being sent out to the two forts at Michnee and Shubkudder.

† As such frequent mention will be made of "irregulars," the reader will find the narrative more intelligible if he bears in mind that there were then eighteen regiments of irregular cavalry, and that quite independent of these there was the "Punjab Irregular Force," consisting of five regiments of cavalry and six‡ of infantry (these are always distinguished as the *Punjab Irregulars*, with four regiments of *Sikh* infantry, called 1st, 2d, 3d, or 4th *Sikhs*.)

‡ Including the Scinde Rifle Corps.

carcely inferior to him in experience and energy, who was alternately the error and the idol of those savage nountaineers. They knew the danger; and with the brave and ready Colonel Sydney Cotton at the head of the brigade, they were enabled to avert it.

Nor must we omit to notice another source of danger to Peshawur at that moment. Dost Mahomed still lingered near Jelallabad; and his antecedents scarcely lead to the belief that he would have scrupled to use against us the very arms and money he had so few weeks before received from us to carry on his war with Persia. At such a time the Khyber Pass would have presented no obstacle to his progress, and he might have recovered Peshawur almost without a struggle, and thus have won back the province which had been the glory of the old Douranee Empire, the loss of which had ever been a national grief and reproach.

The importance and value attached to the safety of Peshawur at that crisis, in the native mind, cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote, for the truth of which the writer can vouch: It was the middle of June. The Movable Column was at Umritsur. News had come in that General Wilson, after his two glorious victories on the Hindon, had effected a junction with the Umballa troops, and that the united forces had driven the rebels out of their intrenched position at Budlee ka Serai, and carried the heights which commanded the city of Delhi. That very morning, one of the most influential of the Sikh sirdars was paying his usual visit of courtesy to a civilian of the station. In the course of conversation, the latest news from camp were exultingly mentioned, when the Sikh, seeming to pay little heed to what was generally received with so much joy, asked, "What news from Peshawur?" "Excellent; all quiet there," he was told. "That," said he, "is the best news you can give me." "Why do you always ask so anxiously about Peshawur?" the civilian said. The sirdar did not at once reply, but, with much significance of manner, took up the end of his scarf, and began rolling it up from the corner between his finger and thumb. "If Peshawur goes, the whole Punjab will be *rolled up* in rebellion like this." The Sikh was right. Had the Sepoys once made a successful *emeute* there, and the European force been, for a while even, overpowered, the fate of the Punjab would have been sealed. The city of Peshawur would have risen; Eusofzai, Affreedee, Mohmund, Khuttuck, Swattee, and Affghan, would have rushed down. The European force, strong as it was and ably headed, would have sunk beneath the united attack of the traitor within and the foe without. That flood-gate once forced, the torrent of rebellion would have flowed on with resistless force, gathering strength at each station as it passed, until it had swept through the length of the Punjab, up to the walls of Delhi itself!

Reader, all this was possible; nay, at one time *so probable*, that it only wanted eight-and-forty hours to convert *the probable* into an *appalling reality!* The 22d of May was to have seen Peshawur a desolation. So man had plotted; but that Providence which had so signally wrought for England already, willed it otherwise. Verily "man proposes, but GOD disposes."

On the morning of the 20th, intercepted letters revealed the conspiracy which was to have involved Peshawur in a general massacre on the 22d. Brigadier Cotton, who had taken up his quarters at the Residency, with Colonel Edwardes (it being a central position), at once assembled all the officers commanding the native regiments, and inquired the state of their several corps. Nothing could be more satisfactory; they were declared to be perfectly loyal! At that time Brigadier Cotton had in his hand intercepted letters proving that all, except the 21st Native Infantry, were pledged to a general massacre!* That very night an express came in from Nowshera,

* There can be little doubt that the previous conspiracy of May 15th, discovered at Lahore as already described, had included Peshawur, and most probably the

stating that the 55th Native Infantry were in open mutiny. The Brigadier's resolve was only strengthened by this report. At three o'clock the following morning, her Majesty's 70th Regiment, with one battery, and a troop of horse-artillery as cavalry, and her Majesty's 87th, with another battery and troop, proceeded with all possible silence to opposite ends of the station. Soon after six o'clock, they were broken up into detachments, by a preconcerted arrangement, and marched to the parade-grounds of the 24th, 27th, and 51st Native Infantry,* and that of the 5th Light Cavalry, where they found the several corps already assembled; orders having been given that morning to that effect to the commanding officers, without any intimation of the object. Taken by surprise—separated from each other, with no means of communicating — the several regiments, fairly cowed, conscience-stricken at the discovery of their plot, with half a European regiment and guns in front of them—saw that all resistance was hopeless, and laid down their arms at the order given. The Europeans advanced, piled the arms in carts brought for the purpose, and carried them off to the fort. Thus were nearly three thousand mutinous Sepoys disarmed without a shot being fired. Great was the indignation of the officers, and loud their condemnation of a step which brought disgrace on their corps; though, as they subsequently found, it saved their own lives.

One most important measure, resulting from the disarming these corps, deserves special notice. Here were some six hundred trained chargers, belonging to the dismounted troopers of the 5th Light Cavalry, now no longer required; and the question was, how they could be most advantageously disposed of. We do not know to whom the praise is due of having suggested so admirable a plan; we can only record its success. A circular was sent round to the European infantry regiments, calling for "cavalry volunteers." Many a man was there who had exchanged from some cavalry corps bound for England; many more eager to lay aside the musket for the sabre. They sprang forward at the call; and a few days saw Peshawur with an *impromptu* squadron of English light dragoons!

Such had been the achievement of that morning; but the day's work was not yet over. The news from Nowshera demanded attention. That night a force started for Kôtee Murdan; for Brigadier Cotton resolved to show the Sepoys that, if he could not always prevent them from mutinying, he would punish them condignly if they did. Before describing the progress of this force, it will be necessary to give a short account of the events which attended the mutiny of the 55th Native Infantry.

This corps was roused from its slumbers long before daylight of the 14th, and several of its officers (with some, too, of "the Guides," who had ridden over from Kôtee Murdan) were arrested in the full enjoyment of a festive gathering, by the sudden arrival of a *shuter sowar* (camel-mounted messenger) from Peshawur, bringing an express order that the 55th Native Infantry and a squadron of the 10th Irregular Cavalry were to start by daybreak for Kôtee Murdan, to relieve "the Guides," who were ordered downwards. Thanks to the admirable arrangements of Lieut. Baggs, the commissariat officer, there was no delay in that department. Camels were supplied at once; and in two hours the regiment, with baggage packed, was ready for a start; and by sunrise they crossed the bridge of boats with a cheer. Two days after, her Majesty's 27th (Inniskillings), mustering 950 fighting men, had also turned their backs on

whole of India. Its detection had put the authorities on their guard, and the precautions at once taken had then saved the Punjab. The Peshawur troops, however, appear to have been so desperate, that being numerous, they had resolved on another attempt a week later.

* Against the 21st Native Infantry not a suspicion was raised by the intercepted letters, and they retained their arms: this corps has behaved nobly throughout. The two irregular cavalry corps also have retained their arms.

Nowshera, bound for Rawul Pindee;* and Brougham's mountain-train was, two days later, sent up to Peshawur. So that the 10th Irregular Cavalry were left in sole charge of Nowshera, until one company of the 55th Native Infantry were sent back from Kôtee Murdan, under Captain Cameron, to supply the station-guards.

All remained quiet till the 20th; on that day a Sepoy of the 55th Native Infantry, on guard at Khyrabad (a small village on the right bank of the Indus, opposite the fort at Attock), was heard using mutinous language to some of the Police Battalion, who were also stationed there to guard the bridge of boats. This was duly reported to Major Verner of the 10th Irregulars, now commanding the station of Nowshera, who sent out an officer to put the Sepoy under arrest. The subahdar of the guard, seeing the officer approach, ordered his men to fall in; and threatening to shoot the officer if he attempted to interfere, marched off his men towards Nowshera in a highly-excited state. A messenger was at once sent off to Major Verner to put him on his guard, as the detachment were marching in in open mutiny; so that when they reached the entrance of the station they found the 10th Irregulars drawn up across the road ready to oppose them: they were disarmed, and led off towards the European main guard.† On their way it was necessary to pass the lines of the 55th Native Infantry; on reaching these, some fifty of their brother Sepoys rushed out armed, and fired a volley over the heads of the Sowars (irregular troopers), who turned off the road and let the prisoners escape. The Sepoys, thus liberated, at once made for the *kôtes* (bells of arms) and the regimental magazine, and soon supplied themselves with arms and ammunition; and in spite of the efforts of Captain Cameron, who, at the peril of his life, went among them remonstrating and reproaching them, they began to scour the station in a mutinous defiant manner. They then rushed down to the river, thinking to seize the bridge of boats and cross over, with the view, doubtless, of raising the whole regiment at Kôtee Murdan; here, however, they found themselves forestalled. Lieutenant F. S. Taylor of the Engineers, the executive officer of the station, anticipating such an attempt, had, at the first sign of disturbance, with great promptness, removed two or three of the centre boats, where the stream was most rapid, and rendered it impossible for them to cross. (He also sent off an express messenger to apprize Brigadier Cotton at Peshawur of the state of things.) The men, baffled at the river, returned to their lines, and remained perfectly quiet all night, without attempting any violence. A report had been sent off to Kôtee Murdan of the conduct of the men; and Colonel Spottiswoode called in the whole detachment to headquarters, believing that he had yet influence to restrain them from mutiny. They marched out on the night of the 22d, under Captain Cameron, but their presence proved fatal to the

* To provide some hundreds of camels at a few hours' notice is no easy matter, under the present falsely economical system, which places a whole army at the mercy of *native contractors*. To what extent these contractors turned traitors in this mutiny may never be known. But how the Nowshera arrangements were made, the writer is able to explain from personal knowledge. Of the whole number of camels, nearly a thousand, required for the Nowshera troops, about a hundred only were kept constantly at hand for any immediate want, the mass of them being sent out, under a small Sepoy guard, to graze in the Eusofzaie valley, from sixteen to twenty miles off, and brought in periodically for inspection. The very day before the order came for the 55th to march, the camel-contractor had arrived, and called in all the camels to look at them. With the order for the 55th came a private hint to Lieutenant Baggs, that the 27th Queen's might also be moved. He at once sent orders to retain all the camels at the river, on the plea that he also would come and see them. Thus, when the order for the 27th came, all the camels were at hand.

† A small number only of the 27th had been left to guard a few of the worst cases of sick, and the women and children, until carriage could be procured to send them either to Peshawur or Rawul Pindee.

rest of the corps. It was evident they were all ripe for mutiny, though their demeanour towards their officers was, with one or two exceptions, perfectly respectful; indeed, the officers of the 55th Native Infantry declare that they were under apprehension of danger from the Sowars of the 10th Irregulars far more than from their own men. Lieutenant Horne, who was Assistant Commissioner of that district, happened to be at the time encamped close to Kôtee Murdan; he lost no time in reporting to Peshawur the state of the 55th Native infantry, and the danger of the officers. This report, and that already mentioned as being sent by Lieutenant Taylor from Nowshera, reached Brigadier Cotton early on the morning of the 22d, who, after having rendered the large body of mutinous Sepoys at Peshawar comparatively powerless, by the bold stroke we have described, at once arranged to send a force for the punishment of the 55th and the rescue of the officers. H.M. 70th Foot, a troop of horse-artillery, Brougham's mountain-train battery, a squadron of the 18th Irregular Cavalry, 200 Mooltanee Horse under Lieutenant Lind, the whole under command of Lieut.-Colonel Chute of H.M. 70th, marched that night; Colonel Nicholson, too, with a strong body of police and some of the new levies, accompanied them. This force was, moreover, to be strengthened by a small column from Attock; for the telegraphic wire had carried down to Sir J. Lawrence the report of the mutiny of the 55th, and a request for reinforcements from below. Already had one wing of H.M. 27th, when it had only reached Hussun Abdâl,* been ordered back to hold the Attock fort, and the left wing had only reached Rawul Pindee a few hours when this message came. It reached Rawul Pindee about 11 A.M. on the 22d, and that afternoon, by 4 o'clock, some 400 strong, leaving the sick and a small guard, started back for Attock: mounted on camels, elephants, and spare gun-carriages, they reached Hussun Abdâl that night; and the following afternoon, by the same conveyances, pushed on for Attock, which they reached early in the night, having accomplished nearly sixty miles in less than thirty hours. Their arrival set the other wing free, which at once crossed the Indus, and threw itself, by a forced march, into Nowshera, to guard against any attack there; while the 5th Punjab Infantry, under Major Vaughan, which had only just reached Attock from the frontier, having 100 men behind in the fort, pushed over also. Vaughan's force arrived at Nowshera on the morning of the 24th; and taking on from there the two other squadrons of the 10th Irregular Cavalry, made a forced march for Kôtee Murdan, and were at the given point for junction with the Peshawur column by daylight. Unfortunately the Peshawur force was somewhat delayed, and this gave the mutineers of the 55th time to escape. By the time Colonel Chute's force came up, the rebels were already in quick retreat, having carried off the regimental colours, treasure, and all the balled ammunition they could lay their hands on, and were making off with all speed for the Swat Valley. With two hours' start, they had got too far ahead to admit of the pursuit being very effective; however, they were followed as vigorously as men and horses, fatigued with a long march, and under a blazing sun, without a drop of water for hours, could follow. About 100 were cut up, 120 more taken prisoners, and another 100, who were either too late, or too panic-stricken, to run, remained behind; but as they did not attempt to resist their mutinous comrades or join in the pursuit, they were at once disarmed, and eventually sent off to Attock, to work in irons on the new works at the fort. Besides these there were a dozen who behaved faithfully throughout, and rallied nobly round their officers; their fearless loyalty was deservedly noticed by the Brigadier. The rest contrived to

* Hussun Abdâl is immortalised by Moore as the last halting-place of the fair Lalla Rookh before entering Cashmere. Her "bath" is still shown; and the weary wayfarer has the memory of the fair bather agreeably enhanced by supply of *rice* and *water-cresses* from her bath.

escape, through the treachery of the villagers (for which they paid dearly), and under cover of the night. But their's was only a short respite; for some escaped into the Swat Valley only to experience the reality of Swatee sympathy (for it was subsequently discovered that they had been long carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the "Akoon" of Swat). These reaped the fruits of their treachery at the hands of their false allies in the treason; they were either made compulsory Mohammedans, and then sold for slaves, or given up to the Peshawur authorities for the sake of the "head-money" offered for every fugitive. For the rest, who fled in other directions, escape was utterly impossible; their position was fatal to them: to the south flowed the Loondee (the Cabul River), the most rapid and dangerous of all these northern rivers; and the Indus, unfordable, from its frequent shoals and quicksands, effecting a junction of their streams, and roaring through the narrow gorge at Attock, thus shutting them in from below. On the north stretched an amphitheatre of impassable hills, inhabited by unfriendly races. Hemmed in by these natural barriers, which had no outlet, surrounded by tribes eager to seize them, escape was next to impossible. What with the merciless Swattees, the proud Seyuds of Khaghan, the Hazara police, and the troops of Ghoab Singh, scarcely a man escaped to show that the 55th Native Infantry had ever been.

We have dwelt at some length on the mutiny, and the fate of this regiment, as being the first to experience 'the way in which mutineers were treated in the Punjab:" its failure and utter annihilation had doubtless a salutary effect on other corps that were as mutinous at heart, and only waiting their opportunity.

Nor can we close this account without a few words on the sad end of their kind confiding colonel, Henry Spottiswoode. He had only been for a few months attached to the 55th Native Infantry, but long enough to win for himself the respect and confidence of the officers and men of his new corps, by the same care and lively interest in their welfare, combined with a genuine kindliness of heart, which had endeared him to all in the old 21st Native Infantry, his former corps. The native officers and men had already learned to regard him with the most implicit confidence as their friend; and his influence over them was undoubtedly great, and his trust in them unwavering. So fully did he believe in their loyalty, that even after the disaffected—not to say mutinous — detachment had joined, he wrote that he believed his regiment was perfectly sound at heart, and that he would "stake his own life on their stanchness." Alas! how fatally did he fulfil his pledge! A report had reached them that a force was moving down from Peshawur. The native officers came to him—he could not deny it, or explain its object. He felt he had now lost their confidence, and he could no longer trust them; his moral courage failed him. A higher faith was wanting at that moment; and scarcely had the native officers left him, when he was a corpse by his own hand! His death hastened the mutiny. Many of the Sepoys were heard to say, that "now their colonel had destroyed himself, they had no chance of being spared."

One or two grave lessons of statecraft were learned in the mutiny of the 55th Native Infantry, which were doubly valuable in this early stage of the rebellion. First, that the irregular cavalry were not to be trusted. The 10th Irregulars were perhaps an unfortunate corps to be first tested. They had originally formed, like the 34th Native Infantry, a part of the Bundelcund Legion; and there was no reason to hope that a better spirit of loyalty existed among them than had been displayed by their traitorous "bhai bunds" at Barrackpore. From the first the 10th had acted with very questionable loyalty; at Nowshera they had let the mutineers of the 55th escape; at Kôtee Murdan their language had been seditious and their manner insolent; and when called on to join in the pursuit, they had in some instances openly sided with the mutineers—so openly that one or two of them were actually seen by Vaughan's men firing at the European officers, and were at once

shot down; one was tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot with several other prisoners. Indeed, the whole corps were so clearly disaffected (and were proved by a subsequent investigation to have been for some time holding seditious meetings with the 55th Native Infantry), that it was resolved to disband them.* Nor did the detachment of the 18th Irregulars from Peshawur acquit themselves much more creditably. Colonel Nicholson complained loudly of their want of zeal in the pursuit: though they did not lay themselves open to suspicion of active mutiny, they were clearly guilty of great apathy and lukewarmness. This lesson was not thrown away on the authorities.

The second lesson was more cheering—that the Punjab Irregulars *were stanch*. Vaughan's Infantry and Lind's Mooltanee Horse behaved nobly; the latter did right good service in the pursuit; and perhaps the greatest trial of the former corps was that when the work of execution came. The first six files of Vaughan's men were told off for a "firing party," and they never flinched or hesitated, but fired true, and every man before them fell at the first round. This was a more severe test of their loyalty and want of sympathy with the mutinous Sepoys, than an encounter in the heat of action would have been. Highly was their conduct praised; and their hearts were gladdened by a present of 500 rupees from the Chief Commissioner, in acknowledgment of their services.

Then came the fuller fruits of this lesson. Orders were sent to raise at once two more regiments from the frontier tribes and Punjabees. It was a bold, some said a desperate, measure; but its success has proved the wisdom of Sir John Lawrence, and the discernment of Edwardes and Nicholson; and men who then half feared for the result of such a step, may now rejoice over the many more new regiments of the Punjab Irregular Force, for they proved a safe and profitable channel for the martial zeal of the most desperate among those mountain tribes, and thereby enlisted in some sort the interest and sympathy of the tribes themselves on the side of Government. Another motive, too, was at work in our favour; the very atrocities perpetrated by the Poorbeahs at Meerut and Delhi were the means of arousing some sort of sympathy. These proud Pathans could point to many a case where English women and children had been in their power, yet not a hair of their heads was hurt. They, savage as they are, are *men;* with men they will war to the death; but as one of them said openly, "who can charge us with ever touching a helpless woman or defenceless child?" "No," said he, quoting the case of the Cabul captives, and the still more recent instance of Mrs. G. Lawrence, "we would not do it—not for a prince's ransom."

But to resume the thread of the narrative. The Peshawur force had followed up the pursuit as far as practicable (for the only really trusty and effective cavalry were the Mooltanee Horse under Lieutenant Lind, the 10th and 18th Irregulars having failed); a halt was sounded late in the day; night soon closed in, and it being clearly fruitless to carry on the pursuit in the morning, the force began its homeward march, having summarily disposed, by drum-head court-martial, of some of the prisoners, and secured the rest. On their way they paid a visit to the two outpost forts of Michnee and Shubkudder, where the 64th Native Infantry had been at the outset sent off, as a suspected corps; they now disarmed both detachments, and marched them back to Peshawur. The 4th Punjab Infantry was temporarily left to hold Kôtee Murdan until relieved by some of the new levies, for they had proved themselves far too valuable to be left

* In the end of June they were disarmed and unhorsed in presence of a small trusty force of Punjab Irregulars, the 4th Punjab Infantry (Wilde's), and Lieutenant Lind's Mooltanee Horse, besides four companies of the 27th Inniskillings. In the case of an irregular corps, the punishment is severe. All arms and horses, which are the property of the troopers themselves, were confiscated to Government, and all arrears of pay forfeited.

cooped up there while there was a chance of their services being required for active work.

The Peshawur authorities had, in the meanwhile, been busily employed. That very night, which was to have seen the *faithful* Sepoys masters of Peshawur over the lifeless corpses of their murdered officers, saw them skulking about, crest-fallen detected traitors; some even in desperation had slunk away and deserted, hoping to find sympathy and shelter among the Afreedees. Of the 51st Native Infantry, some 230 had deserted; but the Afreedees knew too well the folly of supporting a losing side; they gave up every deserter, and themselves crowded in for service in the new levies. Of these deserters of the 51st, the soubahdar major, and a dozen more native and non-commissioned officers, were hanged in the presence of the whole brigade, and the rest transported for life.

But the work of execution was now to begin on a larger scale, and in a more harrowing form. The prisoners of the 55th, who had been brought in, were tried and condemned to death. They were altogether 120 in number; but it was thought that the claims of justice would be equally satisfied by a less perfect holocaust, and therefore only every third rebel was required to suffer the extreme sentence. Forty victims at one time launched into eternity was a sight that might, one would think, have sufficed to awe the most desperate of the yet unconvicted rebels who looked on. "That parade was a strange sight," says an eyewitness. "The troops were drawn up on three sides of a square, the fourth side being occupied by ten guns. The European soldiers all had their fire-locks loaded, and every officer had his revolver slung. The two field-batteries and the mountain-guns were loaded with grape, and port-fires lighted. The forty mutineers were in one corner of the square in irons. The General came on parade, and was received with a salute of sixteen guns from the horse-artillery. He then rode round the square, and ordered the sentence to be read. The first ten of the prisoners were then lashed to the guns; the artillery officer waved his sword; you heard the roar of the guns, and above the smoke you saw legs, arms, and heads flying in all directions. There were four of these salvoes; a sort of buzz went through the whole mass of the troops—a murmur of horror!" Who could witness such a scene, for the first time, unmoved? Yet so frequent did these executions necessarily become, that, in very familiarity, men of gentle spirit and merciful nature began to look on them with little concern. When the excitement shall have subsided, and such acts have become history, some men perhaps will read of them with horror, as deeds of ruthless cruelty, unworthy of a Christian people. But no one who *has passed through them*, whatever be his temperament, will ever regard them otherwise than as acts —not only of retributive justice for violated faith and wronged confidence, for kindness and liberality requited by deliberate rebellion and cold-blooded murder—but as acts of *stern necessity*, for the safety of those who were still alive. Either their lives or ours was the sad alternative. Mercy at such a moment would have been mistaken for weakness or fear, and all would have been lost! It was in this spirit that stern justice was dealt to the rebels; there was nothing of harsh, unfeeling cruelty —much less ought approaching to revenge—that prompted to the firm uncompromising course adopted at Lahore and Peshawur, under that master-spirit who at Rawul Pindee swayed the whole Punjab. There may be, there must be, deep regret that so many poor wretches, traitors, fanatics, or dupes, should be doomed to so appalling a death; but the names of Sir John Lawrence, Mr. Montgomery, Colonel Edwardes, and such men, are the best guarantee that necessity required such a sacrifice of life,* if the English still alive were to be preserved, and India to be saved.

After so long a digression, we turn

* The writer is by no means prepared to say that, in subsequent periods of the rebellion, there were not some instances in which, in all the excitement of a pur-

to the events which were passing in other parts of the Punjab. General Reid had moved down to Rawul Pindee, that he might be in more close and constant communication with the Chief Commissioner. Thither Brigadier Chamberlain had preceded him, to regulate the movements of the column, to the command of which he had been appointed, with the rank of Brigadier-General.*

Nothing was occurring throughout the Punjab that was not at once known to the Chief Commissioner; with every detail of the Peshawur disarming, and the mutiny at Nowshera, the telegraphic wire had kept him informed. The recall of H.M. 27th from the Movable Column to strengthen the trans-Indus district, and to hold Attock, had rendered it necessary to bring H.M. 52d Light Infantry from Sealkote to supply its place. Other portions of the column, the Guides, and the troop of horse-artillery from Peshawur, had been pushed on for Umballa; therefore Dawes's troop horse-artillery, and Bourchier's battery were also summoned from Sealkote to join the column *en route* at Wuzeerabad. There were three native regiments, also, at Sealkote — the 9th Light Cavalry, the 35th Light Infantry, and 46th Native Infantry. It was necessary to provide for these, so as to prevent, if possible, their doing any harm. The 35th Light Infantry, and a wing of the 9th Light Cavalry, were attached to the Movable Column, where, under a large body of European artillery and infantry, they were more likely to be kept quiet, while the 46th Native Infantry (of whom Brigadier Brind, commanding at Sealkote, reported more favourably) were left behind with the other wing of the cavalry to hold Sealkote. In the lower stations of the Punjab all was apparently quiet. At Mooltan the 62d and 69th Native Infantry, with the 1st Irregular Cavalry (formerly known as Skinner's Horse), appeared open to reason, and an examination of the suspected cartridges by a committee of native officers and others from the three corps seemed to have satisfied them. At Jullundhur the Khuppoorthulla Rajah was behaving nobly, keeping the city and district in perfect quiet, or rather seconding the efforts of the civil authorities. The state of the cantonments was scarcely so satisfactory; but of this more anon.

Among the most cheering intimations received by the Chief Commissioner, at this time, was a letter from the Maharajah of Puttiala (whose conduct throughout has been above

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suit or an alarm, there was perhaps a needless haste in punishing, and the friend and foe, or the innocent and guilty, were confounded; but for such acts the ministers of justice cannot be held responsible.

* The selection of this officer was made in the following manner: Three names, Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, and Colonel J. Nicholson, were submitted by Sir John Lawrence and General Reid for the consideration of General Anson, as men, any of whom would be well fitted to take command of the Movable Column. General Anson telegraphed back that he appointed Brigadier Chamberlain (subject to the confirmation of Government); and the rank of Brigadier-General was given him, to insure for him and the column under him an independence of movement, as exigencies might arise. Without this, being in army rank junior to the officers commanding the several stations through which the column might pass, his movements were liable to be perpetually hampered; for not a station could the column have entered without permission from the brigadier commanding; and once having entered it, the column would have fallen under his command, and thus every plan might have been thwarted, and the very object for which the column was formed, frustrated. It was to avoid such a dilemma that the superior rank of Brigadier-General was conferred on Brigadier Chamberlain.

Long as this note is already, we trust the reader—and the subject of the note too—will forgive us for adding a few remarks on the antecedents of the officer thus selected by the Commander-in-Chief, as much was said, and perhaps more felt, at the time, respecting an appointment which gave two years of active service and Indian experience precedence over officers of higher rank regimentally in the corps that composed the column. Neville Bowles Chamberlain was a regimental captain only, of the 16th N. I. (grenadiers), but by brevet local rank "Brigadier of the Punjab Irregular Force," and Honorary Aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. Within

all praise), forwarding a letter he had received from the King of Delhi, calling on the Maharajah to rally round the standard raised by his liege lord.

The following is a translation of this remarkable document:—

"To him of noble rank and lordly dignity, our own devoted vassal, worthy of our confidence and favour, the union of benevolence and high-mindedness, Nur Inder Singh, Bahadur, the Maharajah of Puttialla.

"*Dated the 21st Ramazan.*

'My life is passing from my lips; come, then, that I may survive;
For if I cease to be, what will become of you?'

"Of the downfall of this Government, and of the great revolutions in the course of development, which are at the present being bruited about, you have heard from the papers. Relying upon your well-proved devotedness and loyalty towards this our own favour-bestowing family, you are written to, that with all possible speed, you present yourself at our Court, resembling that of Khusrau, with a suitably-equipped force.

This matter admits of no delay, for in this extremity
There is neither plan of attack nor way of escape.'

"In such strait, therefore, it behoves you, as you desire the increase of our power and our welfare, to obey this summons without delay."

How welcome an assurance of the Maharajah's fealty was the transmission of this letter to the Chief Commissioner! It told almost more than the noble way in which, at the first call, he hastened to the support of Government, that he was true to the cause of England. The most wealthy and influential of all the Sikh Rajahs, his conduct would doubtless influence the rest: he had openly avowed that he drew the sword for England; and all the rest followed in his train. For not only did the Jheend Rajah throw himself with all his little army into Thaneysur, ready to resist the first surge of the tide of rebellion, should it roll upwards, and the Nabba Rajah concentrate his forces for the protection of Loodiana, while, as we have said, the Khuppoorthulla Chief was doing good service at Jullundhur; but many a minor Rajah and Sirdar, who had little to lose, and might gain much in a revolution which should dispossess England of the Punjab, came forward boldly and liberally in support of Government, influenced greatly, no doubt, by the example of the Maharajah of Puttiala. Rajah Tej Singh at once raised a *ressala* (troop) of cavalry, as also did Sirdar Shumshere Singh Sindhanwalla: half a ressala was raised by Rajah Runbheer Singh Alloowalla;

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wo years of his landing in India, he found himself with his regiment in the heart f Affghanistan, where he soon distinguished himself; and on the commencement f the Cabul outbreak, was attached to the 1st Irregular Cavalry (Christie's Horse). ix wounds bear witness that in that campaign he bore no idle or inactive part. In cknowledgment of his services, he was appointed to the Governor-General's 'Body-Guard," with which corps he was present at the battle of Maharajpore. hen came the Punjab campaign, which added Chillianwallah and Goojerat to the ist of his battle-fields. Nor was the peace which ensued a season of ease or quiet o him; "frontier service," for which Gazettes and Army Lists have no place, but vhich has proved a nursery of so many a gallant soldier, and has given to India nen like Edwards, Nicholson, Lumsden, and many more, was Chamberlain's unceasng occupation. It was only at the close of 1856 that he was threading the defiles f the *Koorum* Pass, and crowning the heights, which gave him a sight of Guznee. nd disclosed the third Pass, which connects Affghanistan with India. Later still —a few weeks only before the events of which we are writing—he was at the head f a small body of his tried "Punjab Irregulars," storming the mountain-fastnesses f the Belochee Bozdars, and teaching those hitherto untamed marauders that their ortresses were no longer impregnable, and that they could no longer carry on their aids along our frontier with impunity. Such was the officer selected by General nson to command the Movable Column. His very name acted as a spell on the ninds of the Irregulars; and his firmness, yet unassuming courteous manner, soon von the respect of the European portion of the column. Jealousy of such a man t such a crisis was surely too petty a feeling to have a place in the heart of any nglish officer.

and Rajah Jowahir Singh, though too poor to raise and maintain any force, instantly rallied round him some 700 old retainers of his father's (Rajah Dhyan Singh, so long the powerful favourite of Runjeet Singh), and placed them at the disposal of Government. These were welcome tidings, daily coming in to show that what remained of the old Sikh nobility, though crippled in resources and lowered in position, were ready to throw the weight of their influence into the scale of order. Old Gholab Singh, too, though sinking into his grave, did not forget that the English had raised him from a petty hill Raj to the kingdom of Cashmere, and was no sooner applied to than he placed some lakhs of rupees in the Government treasury, and began to organise a large contingent to swell our ranks in the time of need.

All this looked well; the Sikhs were clearly with us from policy, if from no better motive. The Punjabee Jats, though they are a fine manly race, and make good soldiers, are not constitutionally warlike, and seemed little concerned in the stirring events around, except when the chance of "head-money" for some fugitive Sepoy lured them away from their fields. The harvest was providentially abundant, and they had ample occupation in storing it: but a month later (ere the monsoon had set in, bringing with it the second seed-time) it might be otherwise, as many felt. At present in full employment, they gave no signs of excitement or disaffection.

The frontier, however, became again rather disturbed. Rumours there were of warlike preparations in the Swat Valley: these, nevertheless, came to nothing, and the seditious movements of a designing Moulvie along the lower hills, who was soon caught and hung, had no other effect than to produce another change in the Movable Column: it had only crossed the Chenab on the 29th of May, and encamped at Wuzeerabad, when orders came to H.M. 24th Regiment and the Kumaon Battalion of Goorkhas to hasten back to Jhelum and Rawul Pindee.

Thus ended the month of May in the Punjab Proper. What was passing during this time at Umballa must next be considered; and how the same hand that was moving the Punjab, made itself felt at Umballa also. Although the hot weather was now coming on in its fury, and was pronounced to be most prejudicial, if not fatal, to Sir John Lawrence; although he endured an amount of bodily suffering which now and again drove him to his couch till the paroxysm had passed off, he still held on at Rawul Pindee, spending days and nights in anxious labour that scarcely knew cessation: there sat *the civilian*, with the General's sanction, moving regiments from station to station as emergency arose; calling in levies from the frontier tribes, whom he could best rely on; keeping up constant communication not only with every station in the Punjab, but also with every native chief between the Ravee and the Jumna; thus did he sway the whole Punjab. All eyes were turned to him; and could they but have seen him (as the writer of these pages was permitted to do), surrounded by the kindred spirits he had gathered round him in council, collected, energetic, cheerful, while so many others were losing head and heart, the most desponding would have learned to be hopeful, and the most timid would have renounced, or have endeavoured to conceal, his fears—so little becoming a man and a Christian, surrounded by such signal proofs of God's Providence.

Anticipating by a single day the current of events, we here insert the characteristic address of Sir John Lawrence to the Sepoys in the Punjab, which ushered in the month of June. It might be wanting in some of the more happy touches of his accomplished and lamented brother, but herein *spoke the man*.

"From the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab to the Hindoostanee Soldiers of the Bengal Army.

"*Dated 1st June* 1857.

"Sepoys,—You will have heard that many Sepoys and Sowars of the Bengal army have proved faithless to their salt at Meerut, at Delhi, and at Ferozepore,

Many at the latter place have been already punished. An army has assembled, and is now close to Delhi, prepared to punish the mutineers and insurgents who have collected there.

"Sepoys,—I warn and advise you to prove faithful to your salt, faithful to the Government who have given your forefathers and you service for the last hundred years; faithful to that Government who, both in cantonments and in the field, has been careful of your welfare and interests; and who, in your old age, has given you the means of living comfortably in your homes. Those who have studied history know well that no army has every been more kindly treated than that of India.

"Those regiments which now remain faithful will receive the rewards due to their constancy. Those soldiers who fall away now will lose their service for ever. It will be too late to lament hereafter when the time has passed by;—now is the opportunity of proving your loyalty and good faith. The British Government will never want for native soldiers. In a month it might raise 50,000 in the Punjab alone. If the '*Poorbeea*' Sepoy neglects the present day, it will never return. There is ample force in the Punjab to crush all mutineers. The chiefs and people are loyal and obedient, and the latter only long to take your place in the army. All will unite to crush you. Moreover, the Sepoy can have no conception of the power of England. Already from every quarter English soldiers are pouring into India.

"You know well enough that the British Government have never interfered with your religion. Those who tell you the contrary, say it for their own base purposes. The Hindoo temple and the Mohammedan mosque have both been respected by the English Government. It was but the other day that the Jumma Mosque at Lahore, which had cost lakhs of rupees, and which the Sikhs had converted into a magazine, was restored to the Mohammedans.

"Sepoys,—My advice is that you obey your officers. Seize all those among yourselves who endeavour to mislead you. Let not a few bad men be the cause of your disgrace. If you have the will, you can easily do this; and Government will consider it a test of your fidelity. Prove by your conduct that the loyalty of the Sepoy of Hindoostan has not degenerated from that of his ancestors.

"JOHN LAWRENCE,
"*Chief Commissioner.*"

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### ITALY—OF THE ARTS THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

ART was cradled in the sunny south—in those latitudes where man found himself in Eden—where God gave forth his revelations—where heaven itself seems to touch the earth, clothe all things in beauty, and promise all high delight. The language of the earth seemed poetry, and the work and the pastime of man broke forth into art. The same sun which made the earth fertile in fruits made the imagination of man florid in flowers; sunshine laughed within his heart; the blue sky overhead became the canopy to his thoughts, which he led as a shepherd his flocks to pasture in the plain—to gambol on the mountain-side—to rest beneath the shadow of a rock, or beside a shadowy stream. In the south, existence becomes art; and yet that art is nature. What wonder, then, that man should burst into song and dance—that his tongue should use itself to metaphor—that the house for his dwelling, and the temple for his worship, should be dedicated to beauty? We have stood in the temple-citadel of Athens when the sunshine danced upon the distant sea, and moulded by light and shade the marble mountains into massive sculpture. We have seen the same temple-mount glow in the sunset sky—faint into twilight—and again stand forth to command the plain, when the moon rose above the hills, and all was of so much beauty that, even in a nation's overthrow, nature still lingered fondly in the chosen haunts—weaving for her own delight a poetry, and making out of daily life a beauteous art. In the further south, the sunny imagination of the Arab pointed the arch, and reared the dome. The romance of the *Arabian Nights*, cast into stone, became, when night was ended, like the

written words, an "entertainment" suited for the day. Imagination took a heavenward flight in the minaret, and fancy, in its subtlety, wove arabesques for mosque or hareem, where the Arab, waiting upon Destiny, called on the "name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," or where the victim of southern voluptuousness, art, became his minister to enjoyment. Thus, in Egypt, the tropic sun, taking no delight in desert sands, wandered in search of a kindred fertility, and found in the genius of man an oasis which blossomed in the lotus and the lily.

But it is specially in Italy that art has seemed to us indigenous to the soil. The dying glory has not yet wholly faded from the sky. It is true the sun has set, clouds gather on the hills, and night settles in the plain; but the glory of the day is still remembered, and the twilight hour which now steals so gently over all things, mellows the turbulence of active life into tenderness, as we watch over the expiring moments of one too beautiful too live. The lover of nature or art will do well never to miss a sunset, especially in Italy. In Italy the setting of the sun is expressive of her sunken condition. The lengthening shadows, the rising mists, the confusion of distinct shapes and outlines in the coming darkness—these, with the beauty of that vesper hour, the hour of prayer and love, are all symbolic of Italy in her loveliness and decline. Then the traveller feels how Italy became the cradle of the arts. In Venice he has been gazing on the golden glories of Veronese in the Doge's Palace; and at sunset he mounts the Campanile of St. Mark—sees the lagoons a molten fire—the snows of the distant Alps flushed with hectic red; and in this triumph of colour he finds the origin of that Venetian art which clothed the earth and man in rainbow glory. Nations perish—art decays; yet these sunset splendours, fleeting as they are with the passing moment, are of all earth's passing shows the most unchanging. The sunset of this present hour is such a one as that when first the Campanile of Torcello knolled the knell of parting day. It has often struck us with wonder that the land of Italy, after ... mity and suffering, ... unchanged. Mountain ... are, it is true, which are ... and tortured as by ... bols of the mob riot, and ... bulent sea of troubles ... in the city life of the ... Such bandit nature threw ... petuously into art in the ... tures of Salvator Rosa. ... most part, however, the land ... reposes in tranquil loveliness ... gladness, and not sorrow. ... the current of existence. ... hour the pictures of Claude ... fore the eye,—the clear blue ... the tender distance—the wide ... or valley, fertile with wine and ... the river flowing gently through ... midst—and the gracefully-waving ... ilex giving to the foreground ... pose of shade, in which the ... and his flocks find refuge from ... heat of day. Claude, too, might ... been but yesterday to this ... Baiæ, so gently does the sea ... on the sand—so tender and so ... the far distance—so wholly ... and beauty still hold possession ... the landscape. Thus does the ... veller find, whether by sunset ... noonday—in the valley, by the ... or by the mountain-side—how ... Italy arose into spontaneous birth.

The genius of the people ... tempered by the aspect of this ... in which they live. Brilliant as ... sky, yet tumultuous as the ... tain storm, their life has the ... of romance with its vicissitudes ... plots. Their land a poem, ... themselves a picture—they live ... for the duties of life than to decorate ... creation. Their costume is that ... the stage; their pose and bearing ... that of the studio. To this people ... art is no effort, and what in other ... lands is a forced product, in Italy ... thus seen as a spontaneous growth ... and outburst. It is true that the ... which once burned with so much ... splendour is now in its expiring ... ashes; that the entire nation ... fallen and in all points degraded ... and their art itself, once the greatest ... of revivals, has in these days reached ... its last decadence. It is true that ... impulse, passion, and imagination, ... which are the soul and very ele-

quence of art, now fallen into disased excess, at once incapacitate this people for self-control, and national government, and give to their present art the pretension of youthful presumption, the extravagance of frenzy, and the faltering feebleness of debilitated age. Yet the ruling passion is strong in death; and the arts, though fallen in common with the nation, still live in the life and aspiration of the people. Imagination, vagrant and fugitive though it be, still bursts into metaphor, loses itself in visions, and pictures a bright ideal now that the reality is no more. In order to understand art and Italy in their greatness, it is necessary now to see them in their fall;—to see impulse and poetry, the plastic and the pictorial faculties, gambol in the free play of infancy or garrulous in the imbecility of age—to see them in their spontaneous outbursts unfettered by judgment, unconscious of decay. It is needful even thus to see them in humiliation in order to judge of their days of power, when the artist poured out his very soul upon the canvass, and burst into eloquence that entranced the world. Thus does the student understand how Italy became the cradle of the arts; now this same people, now so feebly sensitive to beauty, found, when strong, free, and prosperous, that architecture, sculpture, and painting, were native to their hearts, and indigenous to their country.

Between the north and the south of Europe how great is the contrast. In the south art is a continuance and prolongation of the daily life, in form doubtless more subtle and ornate, a realisation, however, of life's ideal rather than its actual reversal. In the north, on the contrary, art comes more as a reaction than as a natural function, an escape from an existence of anxious toil, a kind of fairy fancy-fashioned land in which the mind may lose its habitual consciousness and take on a condition foreign to itself. In the south, art is the outburst of an overflowing impulse, and the work thus warmly glowing from the artist-soul, in the minds of others arouses the same ardour. The picture receives homage in the Church, becomes part of the religion, and is interwoven with the worship. In the north, on the other hand, the arts are not owned by the Church; are not the ardent outburst of any national, popular, or religious impulse—and, accordingly, not indigenous to the soil, they are but petted and pampered exotics of a mere dilettante taste. For the north the art-epoch is dawning, but not yet come, and the sun which has set in Italy may yet find its meridian in our land. Before that day can open, many things, however, must be reversed: the very climate changed. In the south, the sun which renders nature prolific makes the imagination pictorial: but in the north, man, instead of basking in the sun, plods through the snow; intellect and energy aid him, when by imagination he must perish. The fire of fancy is of little avail when he stands in pressing need of fuel for his body. In the south, both man and nature are, as we have seen, intent on the making of pictures. In the north it is the tailor which makes the man, and for all art-purposes, even a poet is spoilt. Men as they go about this great world—and, what is still more sad, women, too—with all their adornings, are no longer pictures; the artist verily does not know what to do with them on canvass, and for their own fame with posterity it is well that they should not seek perpetuity in marble. Thus do we see that the south especially, when contrasted with the north, is the cradle of art; that Italy, wherein the arts sprang, as it were, into spontaneous birth, is the only land wherein can be now traced the laws which govern their development and accelerate their decline.

Having thus spoken of Italy as a soil fertile in art, we shall devote the remainder of this essay to those early days when Christian art first struggled into birth. The cradling of Christian art in Italy has always been to us a subject of mysterious interest, dimly to trace how it obscurely rose out of darkness and persecution. At the outset, we find that the first Christian days were without art at all, as if too near the glorious reality itself—the presence and the aspect of Christ and the Apostles—

to stand in need of the symbol and the shadow. But as the outward reality died from the remembrance of believers, and their religion receded into the invisible regions of faith and hope, the Church naturally sought to preserve some record of the great revelation which had been actually seen and enacted upon earth. This revelation had come, not as a shadowy vision of angels appearing in a dream,—not as a small voice issuing from a cloud, or as thunder proclaiming the law given from a mount; but it was the revelation of the Godhead in a visible person and an actual life. Christ and his Apostles walked year after year openly among men, taught upon the Mount, fed the multitudes, healed the sick, raised the dead, and thus, if we may be permitted the expression, reduced to pictorial demonstration truths which had otherwise remained the vague objects of faith. And all these pictures,—Christ as he stood by the grave of Lazarus, as he entered Jerusalem in triumph, as he rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, —pictures which in their reality had brought salvation to men, were day by day growing more obscure in the mind's vision, till the last man who had seen these things was laid in the grave, and Christianity, losing its hold upon the senses, henceforth took its stand in the region of faith. How gladly would the early believer, in his persecution and suffering, have hung round his neck some slight memorial sketch of the Christ who had died for him! How fondly would the Church have treasured any outline, however hasty, of Christ as he was transfigured on the Mount, or when he lay in agony in the garden! But these aids being denied, the Christian artist, ere long, sought to supply their need. How mighty was the task! To bring forth Christ once again before the eyes of men—to enable him to walk the earth and teach among the people—to lead him on his way to Calvary, or show him as he rose to glory. It was perhaps inevitable that the early Church should neglect and ignore the arts which had been subservient to paganism; but the needs of human nature were too strong to be suppressed. The multitude in all ages, countries, and religions, have demanded an outward form and symbol of their faith; and Christianity, as soon as it laid claim to be a world's religion, falling under the same law, necessarily joined alliance with the arts. The invisible truth of the new religion demanded some outward form of beauty which might be loved—of grandeur which might be venerated. Written or spoken words were too shadowy and vague. The multitude required not only to hear of heaven, but to see it. And even the more gifted minds, who in their watchings might look upon the heavenly glory, see the vision of angels, or earth the abode of saints, would yet find aid to their higher and more abstract strivings in those art-creations where purity of soul was made visible to the eye through the beauty of form. Thus did Christian art set itself the task of giving to the angels their beauty and blessedness; to the company of the Apostles, the fellowship of the Prophets, the army of Martyrs, their dignity, inspiration, and fortitude; and thus having made heaven glorious, the Christian architect built upon earth a Church worthy of the worship of that God whom the heavens could not contain. This being of Christian art the vocation, we look, as we have said, to its first birth and cradling in Italy with a mysterious interest.

Truly its birth was dark with mystery, for it took its origin among tombs. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of Christian art no less than of the Church. In the darkness of the catacombs, the sanctuaries of refuge, art took its first precarious rise;—a strange birthplace for a thing of beauty these endless underground streets, winding and stretching hither and thither, almost too narrow for walking abreast, and almost too low for walking upright. On either side graves, mostly open and rifled, three rows in succession, one above the other—small children's graves crowded in, filling vacant spaces—bones crumbling, and damp, and cold, scattered about; then, at intervals, this house of death converted into a house of God—the grave and charnel-house a shrine! The Church itself a grave,

old, damp, the light of day shut out, the altar a grave, the very walls graves. The life of these early believers had become so wretched, and dark, and tormented, that death might well be looked on as a refuge and rest, and to live and worship among the dead was to make companionship with a future happier than the present tempest-life. To live thus in the midst of darkness, in vast sepulchres, with the flickering lamp suspended as a ray dimly shining in an unknown future, rather than rendering the present life visible—to kneel to evening prayer, the sunset marking not the hour, to lie down at night in a charnel-house; to rise again to morning prayer, the darkness of night still shadowing the day, thus praying to the God of death rather than of life and light;—thus to live and die was indeed to make the martyrs' blood the seed of the Church.

But the blood of the martyrs was likewise, as we have said, the seed of Christian art. To the earliest believer these catacombs were as holes and caves of the earth—his refuge in life, his tomb in death—at once his house, his church, his sepulchre. But the place of trouble became a scene of triumph. The martyrs' sufferings were at length the believers' glory, and the Church, which was at first a mere grave, grew at length into a temple decorated by art, with the symbols of the Christian's faith. Christianity may thus, in these early symbols and pictures, be said to lie buried and embalmed. The subjects of these first works are simple, and their meaning, though often veiled, for the most part direct and evident. The dove stands for the soul, and, combined with the olive branch, signifies that the soul of the believer rests in peace. If the fish be added, which is the symbol of Christ, the figure reads, the soul dwells in the peace of Christ. Again, a painting of a wicker-basket containing bread, a flask of blood in the centre, all resting on a fish, symbolises the connection between Christ and the sacraments. The fish likewise has occasional reference to the words, "fishers of men;" and accordingly, we find a fisherman on a bank, with a large angling line in hand, drawing a fish out of the water, which is supposed forthwith to turn into a disciple. That there may be no doubt about the fact, the fish has been actually found half transmuted into the human form. For the most part, however, the subject is made scarcely less explicit by placing the figure of a man close by, standing out from the water, and ready to receive the rite of baptism! The anchor is, of course, the symbol of hope, and the top seen above the water, in the form of a cross, shows the foundation of that hope. Then, passing from symbolism to pictorial and bas-relief representation, we find paintings of the Good Shepherd bearing the lost sheep upon his shoulders; Daniel in the lions' den; the three Children in the fiery furnace; the sacrifice of Isaac; and Moses receiving the tables of the law, or striking the rock. On sarcophagi, the history of Jonah is a subject also frequently repeated. We find, for example, in one continuous bas-relief, Jonah cast overboard from the ship, then swallowed by the sea monster, then again thrown out upon the shore, and, lastly, the prophet, as seen stretched upon the ground in profound sleep, or disconsolate after the gourd had withered. From the New Testament we find the Nativity, the adoration of the Magi, our Saviour turning the water into wine, his healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, the raising of Lazarus, and the triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

As works of art, all these frescoes and bas-reliefs are wholly unsatisfactory. In style they belong to the degraded decadence of the Roman empire—rude in execution, low in type, and coarse in sentiment. The Christian sarcophagi and the copies of mural paintings, collected by the present Pope in the Christian Museum of the Lateran, do not afford, with the exception of the noble statue of St. Hippolytus, a single example pure in art. We have visited the various catacombs in search of the earliest heads of Christ, hoping that in proportion as the work approached the era of his life, it might bear some evidence of authentic likeness. We were, how-

ever, disappointed. The head, for example, in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, a sketch of which is given in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of Kugler's *Handbook*, bears, in its type and style, evidence of a Roman, rather than of a Christian origin. In the lapse of four centuries, indeed, the tradition of the Saviour's aspect, well-nigh, if not wholly forgotten, it is evident the artist found himself left to the free expression of his own low ideal.

By an apparent anomaly, which, however, admits of easy explanation, those centuries in which Christianity is presumed to have been most pure, are characterised by a Christian art the most corrupt. Christian art came not by revelation, claims no immediate descent from heaven, but cradled, as we have seen, in suffering and helplessness, it grew into the strength and beauty of manhood by the slow process of earthly development. In examining the early works already described, this want of beauty has come upon us with pain and surprise. We look in vain for the beauty of holiness, for that calm and placid beauty which comes through patient suffering, or trustful resignation. We seek in vain for those beauties which adorn the Christian virtues, or for the sublimity of the truths which Christianity first revealed. These high attributes of Christian art, in some respects the highest which art has ever attained, were reserved for the development of a later epoch, and the dawn of a revived civilisation. The decay of the Roman empire, and the dying-out of the Pagan civilisation, are in truth the explanation of the debased aspect of Christian art in this its earliest rise. Christianity, a heaven-born spirit, sought upon earth a habitation, and demanded from art a human form to dwell in. She found in the Roman empire art fallen, and in each succeeding century still further debased. The types of humanity, fashioned by the artist, were even to Paganism a degradation. And the new religion in the first centuries of its growth, still unable in its feebleness to enter on original creation, compelled, in [illegible] art as she found it, [illegible]d such painters and sculptors as the times afforded, and thus was condemned to the humiliation of stamping upon the earliest Christian works the mark and the stigma of a Pagan style and origin.

What good purpose these catacomb pictures and sculptures could have answered it is difficult to understand. For us, however, in the present day, they are of the utmost interest. It may indeed be said that the creed of the early Church has not only been written by the Fathers, but in these sepulchres and churches was actually delineated by the painters. The excavators set to work by the Papal Government may be said to be now exhuming what is in that land, if not an extinct, at least a buried Christianity. Whatever battles the priests of various churches may fight over these old bones in defence of essential creeds, it is fortunately not our province to decide between them. For us, as art critics, these works are links in a great and universal system of art-development and decay. They are the first beginnings of that Christian art which, in subsequent centuries, rose to so great a glory. Even in their very degradation they are a marked example of the universal craving in the human mind for expression through the language of art. A religion may be as yet weak in infancy; an empire may be tottering in decay; yet the experience of the entire world shows us that a people not content to express itself merely through words must likewise speak through the language of forms. This struggling to obtain for the invisible an outward expression, was, as we have said, at first futile; but the faculties and laws which led to the attempt urged on, though through a series of failures, to the goal of an ultimate success.

But the arts had yet long to slumber during the night of the human intellect. We have seen that as life ebbed out of the Roman empire, and darkness blotted out the light of civilisation, the new-born Christian art became in each succeeding century less vital and beauteous. Thus have we the strange anomaly of an infant art marked from the hour of its birth with all the decrepitude of age;

'ius, likewise, we find that the
ıg years which should have
maturity and vigour, did but
rate decay. The earliest works
ıe best. The Mosaics of the
century, in the Baptistery of
'athedral at Ravenna, have still
remaining vigour, some re-
'tion of nature. In the Bap-
of Christ, which occupies the
e of this ornate cupola, the ac-
and bearing of St. John, with
ised arm of baptism, are espe-
y noble, the heads both of the
.ist and of the Saviour showing
ist the dawn of the Christian
er than the dying-out of the
an type. The figures of the twelve
stles have likewise some gran-
with, however, an increase of de-
y. The draperies, though retain-
a reminiscence of former dignity,
into incoherent confusion; and the
ard step of the figures, while good
ntention, halts in lameness. Other
tions of this great and important
rk, still deeper in corruption,
rcely admit of art-criticism. In
e manner, in Rome, the earliest
ristian mosaics are for the most
rt the best. They are remarkable
possessing the rude vigour of Ro-
an art rather than the more refined
bility of Byzantine. Thus the
ad of Christ in the mosaics of the
xth century in the Church of SS.
'osmo and Damiano possesses much
obility, mingled, however, with stern
avage grandeur,—something, if we
nay be allowed the comparison, be-
ween St. John wild from the desert,
nd Pluto vengeful from Hades.

Throughout the wide world of
Christian mosaics, it is melancholy
o find efforts so stupendous, labours
o vast, with art-results compara-
ively so worthless. Within, or im-
nediately without, the walls of Rome
are ten to twelve churches still in
part decorated by these works, and
yet, we must confess, that for us, at
east, there is not a single example
n which the spirit, the beauty, or
he purity, of the Christian religion
has found expression. Such works
are doubtless of the utmost import-
ance to the antiquary, and even to
he art-student, establishing the uni-
versal laws of development or decay;
out for the lover of art in its beauty
and its poetry, to the disciple of Christianity, zealous for the honour of his religion, these mosaics are too low in the human and divine type, too debased in art, to give pleasure or satisfaction. But, doubtless to the student, as we have said, they afford much occasion for conjecture and speculation. In the wreck or resurrection of empires, in the conflux of civilisation and barbarism, in the intermingling of races, and the conflict of religions, these grand expressions of a people's faith have surely a deep import. Mr. Ruskin has finely said, that the art of Venice is the meeting of the glacier stream of the north with the lava-flood of the south. Truly the conflux and the conflict of the early Christian arts in Italy are as the meeting of hostile forces in nature, and in that country the confusion of a divided people led to a corresponding anarchy in art. It was an anarchy and yet a servitude. An anarchy, because no legitimate authority was paramount: Nature no longer held the sway; the classic types had been abandoned; Christianity, as we have seen, had as yet failed to obtain expression; and the genius to create seemed annihilated. In this mosaic art there was likewise, as we have said, a servitude; servitude in the servile subserviency to tradition when life had become extinct—the lifeless repetition, year after year, for seven centuries in succession, of types in which there was no nature, and attitudes in which there was no action. In an art thus lost in anarchy and degraded by servitude, the choice between Roman Christian, Byzantine Christian, and Lombardic Christian, can offer no wide scope or variety. Praise of such works is comparative, a kind of mitigated censure, an adaptation of the judgment, in charity for the times, to the prevailing standard. Thus we can understand that the antiquary, after passing some weeks underground in the catacombs, not once rectifying or refreshing his eye by feasting on the classic or the Christian art of the Vatican, should on coming to the above-mentioned mosaic in the church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, burst out in the following rhapsody:—

"In the apsis itself, upon a dark-blue ground with golden-edged clouds, is seen the colossal figure of Christ: the right hand raised either in benediction or in teaching, the left holding a written scroll; above is the hand which we have already noticed as the emblem of the First Person of the Trinity. Below, on each side, the apostles Peter and Paul are leading SS. Cosmo and Damiano, each with crowns in their hands, towards the Saviour, followed by St. Theodore on the right, and by Pope Felix IV., the founder of the church, on the left. . . . Two palm-trees, sparkling with gold, above one of which appears the emblem of eternity — the phœnix — with star-shaped nimbus, close the composition on each side. Further below, indicated by water-plants, sparkling also with gold, is the river Jordan. The figure of Christ may be regarded as one of the most marvellous specimens of the art of the middle ages. Countenance, attitude, and drapery, combine to give him an expression of quiet majesty, which, for many centuries after, is not found again in equal beauty and freedom. The drapery especially is disposed in noble folds, and only in its somewhat too ornate details, is a further departure from the antique observable. . . . . The apostles Peter and Paul wear the usual ideal costume: SS. Cosmo and Damiano are attired in the late Roman dress: violet mantles in gold stuff, with red embroideries of Oriental barbaric effect."*

In justice, however, we will add these succeeding words:—"In spite of the high excellence of this work, it is precisely here that we can clearly discern in what respects the degeneracy and impoverishment of art first showed itself." It showed itself just as "degeneracy and impoverishment" manifest themselves in national civilisation, want of vigour in action and thought, want of elevation in the character and type of the people, and want of truth to the simplicity of nature. On various visits to Italy we have spent many hours, and indeed days, in the examination of these early works, with, we must confess, little accruing pleasure, and with but doubtful advantage. Our love of art in its periods of perfection, whether classic or Christian, is too intense to permit us any actual enjoyment in antiquity without excellence, and art without beauty. Nevertheless we have gone studiously through all these works, in order that we might know what was the origin of the arts of the revival, what were the difficulties with which they contended, and by what means and agencies they rose from the grave of nations into the victorious life of a new civilisation. Our reward has been that, from the depths in which we found this early art cast down, we have learned so much the more to reverence and love the essential beauty, truth, and goodness of that Italian art which rose into life out of ruin.

Rome, "the city of the soul," the grave of so much greatness, which still offers to the mind riches inexhaustible, and fires the imagination with an ardour not to be extinguished—that city which, having at first "conquered the world by the power of her arms, for a second time subdued it by the spell of her imagination"—the wreck of the world's past hopes, and the despair of all present aspiration—containing within her walls the treasures of well-nigh three thousand years—saw the first rise of Christian art in the catacombs and the Basilicas—and now endures art's latest degeneracy in the statue of the Immaculate Conception. In that city the student can walk from the earliest churches, or from the Christian Museums of the Vatican or of the Lateran—from art of the fifth and sixth centuries to Raphael's fresco of Theology in the Stanzas of the Vatican: and in that short walk he will have traversed just one thousand years. All that we have before asserted, well-nigh all indeed that can be told of the progression of Christian art, receives in this city either proof or illustration. Let the traveller in Rome take only one morning's drive, and we would point out to him more in three hours than, by mere home study, he might learn in three years. Let him take his carriage in the Piazza di Spagna, and passing the Palazzo Barberina, traversing the Quirinale and the Viminale, reach on the summit of the Esquiline, the grand basilica of Santa Maria Mag-

* See Kugler's *Schools of Painting in Italy*, 2d edit., p. 32.

giore. In the stately aisle of this queenly church he will see a series of small mosaic pictures, taken from the Old Testament, and dating back to the first half of the fifth century. To us the great interest of these works has always been the evidence they furnish of the identity in style between the latest Roman and the earliest Christian art. Compare these rude, overcrowded mosaics, in costume, type of figure, and art-treatment, with the bas-reliefs on the Colonna Antonina, with a late and remarkably debased bas-relief of Æneas and Dido in the Vatican, and it will be seen, as already pointed out, that Christian art began where Pagan ended — that the fall of one and the origin of the other were alike part of that second barbarism which swept over Roman civilisation.

From the Roman Christian mosaics of the fifth century to the Byzantine of the thirteenth, an interval of seven centuries, the traveller has only to pass from the nave of Santa Maria Maggiore to the tribune. In this domed apsis he finds one of the richest and most ornate examples of Byzantine art;—the Saviour with glory round the brow, holding in one hand an open book, places the crown upon the head of the Madonna, henceforth Queen of Heaven, who, with one hand raised in wonder and the other laid upon the breast, gently bends forward in humble acquiescence. Beneath the throne are a company of adoring angels floating on the wing, and near at hand are kneeling bishops and standing saints, all gazing upward in wondering adoration. All nature, likewise rejoicing, breaks forth into exuberant growth: arabesques, rich in flowers and foliage, fill the heavens; and among the branches perch or sport gentle doves or the gorgeous bird of paradise. Beneath, flowing across the foreground, is a river-stream, on the margin whereof walks the stag, in whose waters sport fish and birds, or float boats and cherub children, carried by the wind or borne on wings. All this, it must be admitted, from the beauty and the poetry of the idea, reads better in description than it looks in reality. The work, as we have before stated, is an example of the Byzantine school, the distinction between which and the Roman Christian is, however, little more than technical, each being to the ordinary observer about equally removed from the truth of nature or the beauteous spirituality of succeeding Christian art. It may, however, be well for a moment to dwell on the distinction between these two schools of the Empire of the West on the one hand, and the Empire of the East on the other.

Roman art, we will frankly say, is our detestation. We speak not, of course, of Grecian, which, on the contrary, is equally our worship, nor of that Greco-Romano which was, in fact, Greek by parentage, and Roman only by the rites of naturalisation. We must confess, however, that we have great abhorrence, for the most part, of all statues of Roman emperors, however gigantic—of all gladiators in mosaic found in the Baths of Caracalla — of all bas-reliefs on triumphal arches—and of those endless processions of Roman soldiers, with captives and spoils, winding their way to the summit of a column. At best such works have a low worldly naturalism, the very opposite of that pure art-treament, at once ideal and natural, which gives to Grecian art its unparalleled excellence. It must, however, be admitted, that though Roman works have little of æsthetic beauty, they possess, as we have said, a certain rude naturalism, and, above all, somewhat of that Roman energy which conquered the world. But when that energy had become enervated, and nature was either forgotten or corrupted, nothing remained to Roman art but its essential coarseness. At this unhappy moment Christianity sought for art-expression, and hence the origin of the Roman Christian school. Its characteristics will now be understood: a coarse naturalism, in which nature was corrupted—a rude energy, degenerating into weakness. Yet, strange to say, such works obtain admirers. The following is a description of the mosaics of the fifth century covering the arch of triumph in the church of St. Paul, without the walls of Rome:—

"Within a cruciform nimbus fifteen feet in diameter, and surrounded with rays, shines forth in the centre the colossal figure of the Saviour—the right hand raised in benediction, the left holding the sceptre: a delicately folded mantle of thin material covers the shoulders; the form is stern, but grand in conception; the eyebrows in finely-arched half circles above the widely opened eyes; the nose in a straight Grecian line; the mouth, which is left clear of all beard, closed with an expression of mild serenity, and hair and beard divided in the centre. Above, in the clouds, on a smaller scale, are seen the four-winged animals bearing the books of the Gospels; lower down two angels (perhaps one of the earliest specimens of angel-representation) are lowering their wands before the Redeemer, on each side of whom the four-and-twenty elders are humbly casting their crowns—those on the right bare-headed, the others covered: the one signifying the prophets of the Old Testament, who only saw the truth through a veil; the other, the apostles of the New Testament, who beheld it face to face. Finally, below these, where only a narrow space remains next the arch, appear on the left, St. Paul with the sword, and on the right St. Peter with the keys; both, in the style of the divided hair, somewhat approaching the type of Christ; both in active gesture, as if engaged in the proclamation of the Gospel. Like the sound of a hymn of praise, the adorations of the old and new time, of the Evangelists and of the great teachers of the faith, here unite; and whoever at the same time considers that the whole length of the walls of the centre aisle was formerly occupied with the history of Christ and the Church—consisting of a series of biblical scenes, with saints, martyrs, and portraits of the Popes, all intended to prepare the eye for the great subjects upon the arch of triumph—will find it difficult to imagine how the mosaics of the Tribune itself could surpass in beauty those of the aisles."*

In the rebuilding of St. Paul's this mosaic has been now restored; and Mr. Anderson, our English photographer, has, we are glad to say, included the work in his admirably executed series of Roman photographs. Photography, among the many changes it must produce in art, may, we trust, lead to greater precision and accuracy in art-criticism. Were we, for example, in reading the above glowing description, limited to the dim recollections of memory, or even to the vagueness of written notes, we might hesitate before we ventured to pronounce these eulogistic words a preposterous exaggeration. By this photograph, however, we bring the mosaic itself for quiet examination into our own room, are not only able to revive our own impressions, but to show how utterly valueless is the entire system of criticism, which dares to characterise such wretched imbecility by terms of praise suited only to the master-works in art. Why, this head of Christ, "*grand* in conception," "the eyebrows finely arched," "the nose in a straight Grecian line," "the mouth with an expression of mild serenity," terms only to be justified in the designation of a type by Leonardo or Raphael—this head of Christ so extolled, is, in truth, piteous to look on. Truly He is here the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; but it is sorrow and grief in which there is no ministry of angels, no access to the Godhead. The divine aspect is lost—the human even degraded. Lines of corroding care, the cast of a hopeless melancholy, have taken possession of the features, as if the temptation and the fasting of the forty days had been carried over as many years, and the Evil One had at last made sure his empire. It is needless that we should further stigmatise this work. There is not a single figure which does not show the prostration and paralysis of art. But let it not for one moment be supposed that we should censure any effort to preserve or restore this great remnant and record of a dark and barbarous age. Nevertheless, the value of such a record, let us once again repeat, is merely as a historic link in the great chain of progressive development. Its very import is to show us how low it was possible for art to sink, to teach us with what difficulty the beauty, the truth, and the elevation of the Christian religion obtained a worthy expression, and thus the more to make us love and honour those great names and glorious works which once again in the

* See KUGLER'S *Schools of Painting in Italy*, 2d edit., p. 29.

rts restored dignity to human nature, nd gave even to revelation an acces- ion of poetry and of lustre.

During this tedious disquisition on Roman-Christian art, the traveller is upposed to have been patiently tanding in the nave of Sta Maria Maggiore, where fortunately, how- ver, he cannot well stand too long, f so much beauty are the proportions f the interior, so many objects in the istory of art, or for splendour of de- oration, merit his examination. On eaving Sta Maria Maggiore it is carcely needful that he should enter is carriage, so near at hand is the mall church of S. Prassede, built and lecorated with mosaics in the ninth entury. Should the traveller now lesire a digression from his more evere art-studies, and a taste of hose religious sensations which, in taly, the Church provides for the en- oyment of the believer, the custode vill unlock a small and dark chapel, vhere, with the aid of a lighted aper, may be seen "a portion of a olumn of oriental jasper, brought rom Jerusalem by Cardinal Colonna n 1223, and said by the Church-tradi- ion to be the column to which the Saviour was fastened at the flagella- ion!" That the imagination may e still further stimulated by an ac- umulation of the religious horrors in vhich the morbid minds of a de- raded people take a diseased delight, he Church has placed in the sacristy he Flagellation at this column, in a omewhat coarse picture by Giulio Romano. We fear, however, that this ligression may scarcely the better repare our traveller for the dry study f the severe mosaics in the Tribune. But he can, even in such works as hese, find some mental excitement. f in these centuries of art-debility, ower of expression and execution vere wanting, at least we find the nflux of new motives, the struggling f new ideas, the wondrous thoughts f the new revelation, seeking for out- vard and visible manifestation. We ind in these works taken from the Book of Revelation, the gates of the eavenly Jerusalem, with four angels tanding by, inviting the faithful to nter. The saints advancing, as best hey can, hold forth their palm- ranches, or present their crowns to Christ, standing in the midst. Upon the arch of triumph the Lamb is placed upon a jewelled altar, with the cross above and the seven candle- sticks around; four angels stand by; the four symbols of the Evangelists —the lion, the angel, the eagle, and the bull—each holding the book of the Gospels in hand—look on in solemn mystery; while the four-and- twenty elders, with advancing step and upraised arm, present their crowned wreaths to the Lamb, worthy "to receive glory, and honour, and power." But let it not for a moment be supposed that the poetry of this eastern imagery involves in the re- motest degree, a corresponding per- fection in art. Yet these degraded works may well be studied, and in some sort admired, for their childlike simplicity, for their unconscious gro- tesqueness, and for the direct and literal manner in which they seek to express high thoughts beyond their power of utterance.

We now enter, though still within the gates and walls, upon the out- skirts of modern Rome, upon those districts given up to gardens and ma- laria, in which, at intervals, stands a deserted villa, a forlorn church, a broken aqueduct, or the ruined Baths of Titus or Caracalla. A drive of a few minutes along a dreary and mo- notonously-straight road brings us to the Piazza and Church of S. John Lateran, just within the city gate which leads to Naples. We enter, and are indeed overpowered by the richness of one of the most gorgeous of church interiors to be found even in Rome. Walking up the lavishly de- corated nave, we find in the Tribune a grand Byzantine mosaic of the thirteenth century. It in no material degree differs in subject or character from those already visited; but these works tell so well when thrown into words, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following ardent description from Lord Lind- say's *Christian Art*. After having spoken of the mosaics in the Tribune of S. Maria Maggiore as "singularly august and grand," he writes with eloquent enthusiasm as follows:—

"But the mosaic of S. Giovanni is still more so, and in conception is at once original and sublime. Its subject is the

union of heaven and earth by baptism. The head of Christ, majestic and benignant, looks down from heaven, indicated by a grand semicircular orb of intense blue—the little clouds scattered over its surface, assuming every color of the rainbow (as in the setting sun), while they float across his glory. Above the Saviour the Father is represented, not as usually by a hand from heaven, but by a face veiled with wings, on either side of which a company of angels are symmetrically ranged. Below these two persons of the Godhead, the Holy Ghost, descending like a dove, sheds the trinal influence, in the similitude of a stream of water, upon the cross, elevated on the summit of the mystic Calvary, the Mount of Paradise, and decorated with ten precious gems, artificially jointed into each other, in the centre of which is inserted a medallion, representing the baptism of our Saviour. The spiritual waters, falling from the angels of the cross, are ultimately collected at its base, forming a deep 'well of life,' at which stags are drinking, symbolical of the faithful. From this well four streams descend the mountain—the four rivers of Paradise or of the Gospels—to water the earth. They sink into it and are lost, but reappear in the foreground, poured out of the urns of river-gods, one of which is designated by the inscription 'Jordanes'—the united streams forming the 'river of the waters of life.' The river forms several cataracts, and is in one place confined by a dam; boats filled with passengers are seen floating down the stream; souls in the shape of children, are bathing in it, or sporting with swans and other waterfowl; others, like little winged Cupids, amuse themselves on shore, among peacocks, cocks, the hen and chickens, and other Christian symbols; while towering over them, like 'trees of righteousness planted by the waters,' stand a company of saints and apostles, headed by the Virgin and S. John the Baptist; and lastly, in the centre, though very small, and immediately at the foot of the cross, and between the four mystic streams, appears the gate of Paradise, a vast fortress, flanked with towers, and guarded by the cherub standing before it with his drawn sword; the tree of life rising above it, and the Phœnix, apparently the emblem of the resurrection, reposing on the summit."*

For the sake of the supposed traveller in Rome, and in mercy to the reader of these pages, it were well to bring our itinerary in search of mosaics to a speedy termination. The temptation to extend it still further is, however, great. From S. John Lateran it were easy to drive to the Basilica of S. Lorenzo, a mile beyond the walls, on the road to Tivoli, or to strike off to the newly rebuilt Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, and examine the restored mosaic already described. Then again, entering Rome by the tomb of Caius Cestus and the Protestant Burial-ground, passing between the church of S. Balbina and the Baths of Caracalla, we again come upon other important mosaics in the churches of S. Stefano Rotondo and of Sta Maria in Dominica. From hence we reach once more the piazza of S. John Lateran, and return homewards by the Church of S. Clemente, the Coliseum, and the Forum. Few churches can compare with S. Clemente in interest to the artist or to the Christian antiquary. In front is the atrium, or outer and open court, surrounded by columned arcades appropriated in the early church to the catachumens. The interior of the church itself is, in its arrangement, equally a departure from modern usage. In front of the altar, enclosed by four-sided marble screens, decorated by geometric mosaic patterns, is the Presbytery; on each side of which are the ambones, or marble pulpits from which the epistle and the gospel were read. Behind, at the apsis or tribune, is the episcopal seat raised on a platform, and divided from the rest of the church by two gates. Above, in the semi-arched vault over the altar, is a remarkably ornate Byzantine mosaic of the eleventh century, specially rich in elaborate arabesques, and, like other works already described, mystic in symbols, and grotesque when intending to be most solemn. Lastly, in this small church, so abounding in

* See *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, by Lord Lindsay; vol. ii., p. 60. Outlines of all the mosaics above described have been published in Italy. In this country the reader will most readily obtain an idea of the composition of these works by the small illustrations published in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of Kugler's *Handbook*, already quoted.

ches, are important frescoes, by iat great naturalistic reformer in ie arts, Masaccio, which would em by their vigour and their truth, i the dignity they restore to man, nd by the beauty with which they dorn womanhood, to enter a protest gainst the entire series of Christian iosaics, whether Roman or Byzan- ne, which had so long violated ature and parodied revelation. The hurches of Rome are catholic at east in the open asylum which they qually give to the universal art of ll Christian ages. In the arts, at ll events, the Church of Rome would ppear to preach no exclusive salva- ion. In St. Peter's, a bronze statue f Jupiter has been received for St. 'eter himself, and we think it would ave been equally politic, and cer- ainly not less latitudinarian, could a tatue of Apollo have been trans- nuted into a figure of Christ. Thus n a charity of taste, which we could vish extended to an equal enlarge- nent of creed, do we find art, not nly the most diverse but even the nost hostile, made accessory to and ound acceptable in, the same Chris- ian worship. We scarcely can re- ret so wide a toleration, even though he liberty granted to genius may oft- imes have degenerated into license. We scarcely can object to find that, n the creation of art, Christianity an include a diversity varied as uman nature, an empire wide as the world; that the church which may e dedicated to the St. Mary is not hut to the Magdalen, and that while ngels sing in the choir, demons are ermitted to howl in the crypt.

It is time to bring our drive through Rome in quest of these old mosaics o a close. We are near to the Coli- seum, that ruin which, like so many remains in Rome, seems to connect pagaism with Christianity. While the martyrs were here given up to wild beasts, the Church had fled to the catacombs from persecution, and this once arena of the passions is now dedicated to the Christian virtues by the cross and the altars which stand where the early Christian was mas- sacred. Making the circuit of the Coliseum, we enter the Via Sacra, at the Meta Sudans, pass under the arch of Titus, take a hasty glance at the bas-relief of the Emperor's triumphal procession, bearing the seven-branch candlestick and the spoils of the Jewish temple, connecting, as it were, Judaism, Paganism, and Christianity. On the immediate right, close like- wise to the Basilica of Constantine, and built in part on the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, is the ancient church of S. Francesca Ro- mana, remarkable for its mosaics of the ninth century. Close at hand, the Temple of Remus forms the circu- lar vestibule to the Basilica of the present church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, already mentioned for its Roman Christian mosaics of the sixth century. And finally, immediately beyond, is the grand portico to the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, which, in its mutation into the pre- sent Church of S. Lorenzo, affords another memorable example of the consecration to the Christian religion and Christian art of pagan works otherwise threatened with destruc- tion. Our circuit is now ended. We leave the Palatine Mount, with the ruined palace of the Cæsars, on the left, drive through the Roman Forum among ruined porticos and columns, to which we shall not pre- sume to assign a name, in the dispute between conflicting antiquaries. We skirt the base of the Capitol, pass the arch of Septimus Severus and the Mamertine prison, and so proceed- ing onwards, leaving the piazza and column of Trajan to the right, we reach the modern Corso, and at length gain once again the Piazza di Spagna, now, as we have said, in a bad sense illustrious by the latest of Christian monuments, the column to that latest of dogmas, the Immacu- late Conception. On a future day it may be well to complete the investi- gation by a circuit to one or two churches through the Trastevere, and by a still more important excursion beyond the walls, to visit those earliest of Christian mosaics of the fourth century in the church of S. Constanza, and at the same time to ex- amine the adjacent and now restored Basilica of St. Agnese. In this inter- mingling of monuments sacred and profane, Christian and classic, the reader finds a characteristic illustra- tion of the Roman and pagan origin

of Christian art. The early Christian church coming into so rich an inheritance, is it surprising that Romish Christian art should be cast in the form of paganism? The Romish Church took from the pagan religion its incense, holy water, lamps and candles, votive offerings, images; chapels on the way-sides and tops of hills, processions, and miracles.* Is it then at all surprising that Christian art should take from the pagan its types and its treatment?

Other portions of Italy are scarcely less rich in mosaic art. The Baptisteries in Florence and in Parma both contain important works; but of far greater extent and splendour are the still remaining mosaics in Ravenna, that great capital and Italian centre of eastern magnificence. Early in the present year we left the coldest of Italian cities, Bologna—the snow knee-deep—for the milder shores of the Adriatic. After a tedious journey of six-and-twenty hours, we reached Ravenna, where Byron lived and loved, where Dante is buried, where nature has spread for twenty miles along the margin of the sea that noble forest of stone pines, and where art, once scarcely less noble and ambitious, covered whole churches with mosaics—those pictures for eternity. To the artistic or Christian antiquary, these works doubtless offer many points for investigation and discussion; suffice it, however, to say, that for us they afforded but additional evidence of the conclusions already stated. It may, however, be asserted generally, that these mosaics—such, for example, as the Baptism of Christ in the Baptistery, the remarkably pure and beautiful figure of the Good Shepherd, surrounded by his sheep, in the tomb of Galla Placidia, together with portions of the Apsis of S. Vitale—are more than usually allied to Grecian art, and are consequently marked by greater elevation of type, and a nearer approach to nature. Thus these works, in Ravenna, of the fifth and sixth centuries, contrast, on the one hand, with the debility of the Venetian mosaics of the eleventh, and, on the other, with the rude nature and low type of the Roman-Christian school.

But it is from the Church of St. Mark, in Venice, that an adequate conception can alone be formed of the barbaric splendour of Byzantine art. This marvellous church, written as a scroll within and without, not as the book given to Ezekiel, with lamentations, and mourning, and woe, but as the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending, from the time when God created Adam from the dust to the consummation when Christ ascended into glory. It was a pictorial Bible to the multitude, when the written Bible was a sealed book. It was a continuous narrative of successive events, illustrating God's dealings towards the children of men with a fulness, and simplicity, and fidelity, eminently belonging to those early times of unsophisticated art. Adam and Eve, from their first calling into life to their expulsion—the creation of the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars—the sacrifice of Cain and Abel—the building of the Tower of Babel and of the Ark—the history of Joseph and of Moses, and the fall of manna in the wilderness—all reduced to pictorial perspicuity, all thus pictorially printed, when the art of printing was unknown; all this was indeed to put the Bible, not into the hands of the few who could read, but to place it within the reach of the multitudinous many, to whom the symbol and the picture was the most speaking revelation. The great truths concerning life, death, and eternity, thus set in all the glory of gold, sanctified by all the splendour of rainbow colour, built with enduring stone into the very fabric of the Church, as they were also to be moulded into the very heart of the believer, the whole surpassing all earthly splendour, awed the imagination of the multitude, as a revelation which flashed not across the sky and then was lost in darkness, but as a revelation put lastingly on record in the dome spanning heaven, as an undying rainbow, which, as the first rainbow, became a covenant of mercy. All that could

* See Dr. Middleton's *Letter from Rome.*

xalt or appal the imagination was rought within this temple. The ichest marbles—the most precious tones—spoils taken from the ex-austless East—relics and vestments f the saints—bas-reliefs from tombs f martyrs—the labour of man's ands in all possible forms of patient laboration for the glory of God—the nysterious mingling of light and olour with a cavern darkness—the precarious yet constant lamp burn-ng like faith in a world of darkness, oined with the sound of music and he deep chant coming from that anctuary where Christ and His postles, in giant mosaic form, are resent at the daily worship,—all hese art-appliances to devotion rouse very faculty of the soul to trans-ort, save the paralysed intellect and conscience. So earnest and so elo-uent an outpouring of religion into rt could not long remain without the ighest works to testify to the nobility nd the purity of the aim. We shall ee that the religious ardour which ired these rude and early mosaics be-ame, at a later and more vital epoch n Christian art, associated with eavenly beauty and earthly truth. We have allowed ourselves to speak of St. Mark's as we ourselves have of-ten felt, when, laying aside critical severity, we surrendered the imagi-nation to the spell of poetic dreams. It must, however, be candidly ad-mitted, that in these mosaic pictures, which were in olden times, as we have said, the Bible of the people, Chris-tian art was as yet in its cradled in-fancy.

These Byzantine works, so sumptuous in material and so wide in extent, were at once of classic art the grave and of Christian the cradle. Gibbon, in the conclusion to his his-tory, says that the "decline and fall of the Roman Empire is 'the greatest, perhaps the most awful scene in the history of mankind.'" In the history of art, in like manner, we know of no downfall so deplorable as that of the classic, instinct with life and beauty, into the grave of the Byzan-tine, so lifeless and deformed. The description which Gibbon gives of the decay of taste and genius in the Byzantine Empire, literally applies as well to the arts as to literature. "They held," he says, "in their lifeless hands the riches of their fathers, without inheriting the spirit which had created and improved that sacred patrimony; they read, they praised, they compiled, but their languid souls seemed alike incapable of thought and action." Of art, equally as of literature, it might still further be asserted, that, "in the revolution of ten centuries, not a single dis-covery was made to exalt the dignity or promote the happiness of man-kind. Not a single idea has been added to the speculative systems of antiquity; and a succession of pa-tient disciples became, in their turn, the dogmatic teachers of the next servile generation. Not a single com-position of history, philosophy, or literature, has been saved from ob-livion by the intrinsic beauties of style or sentiment of original fancy, or even of successful imitation." That universal law which binds into unity of existence the art of a people with its mental, social, and political life, never received more pointed illustration than in the Empire of the East. Thus Gibbon again, in the following criticism on the writers of Byzantium, unconsciously seizes on the leading characteristics of Byzan-tine art. "In every page," he says, "our taste and reason are wounded by the choice of gigantic and obsolete words, a stiff and intricate phraseo-logy, the discord of images, the child-ish play of false and unseasonable ornament, and the painful attempt to elevate themselves, to astonish the reader, and to involve a trivial meaning in the smoke of obscurity and exaggeration." Accordingly, in obedience to those laws by which a people's thoughts obtain expression through the language of art, we find that the Byzantine mosaics in Rome, Ravenna, and Venice, are charac-terised by gigantic figures, stiff, ob-solete forms—"the childish play of false and unseasonable ornament,"—a puerile attempt at elevation, and the exaggeration of what is small and in meaning trivial. Art had, indeed, be-come the pampered luxury of a court, and of a people emasculated through pleasure and debauched by riches. The decorations of the Church were but in keeping with the adornings of the palace—in both, alike, richness of material supplied the poverty of

invention, and the servility which attended the monarch in his empire naturally became superstition in the church. We accordingly read that, in the palace of the Emperor Theophilus at Constantinople, "the long series of the apartments was adapted to the seasons, and decorated with marble and porphyry, with painting, sculpture, and mosaics, with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones. His fanciful magnificence employed the skill and patience of such artists as the times could afford; but the taste of Athens would have despised their frivolous and costly labours: a golden tree with its leaves and branches, which sheltered a multitude of birds warbling their artificial notes, and two lions of massy gold, and of the natural size, who looked and roared like their brethren of the forest!"*

If the reader doubt the justice of our censure, we would beseech him to turn to the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, wherein he will find a marvellous, though, as we can testify, a literally correct rendering of a Byzantine olive-tree as wrought in mosaic, in a cupola of St. Mark. In words it is difficult to designate such a work. For ourselves, however, had not Mr. Ruskin assured us, with his usual emphasis, that the work possesses all the attributes of the olive, "knitted cordage of fibres," with all the "powers and honour of the olive in its fruit," we should assuredly have mistaken his careful diagram for some unknown product, lying somewhere between a kitchen mop and a cow cabbage. If the reader, however, require further confirmation of our strictures upon Byzantine art, he will find it in the inordinate praise which Mr. Ruskin lavishes upon this extraordinary work. At the cost of much labour and time, with the reward of much delight, and the penalty of painful disappointment, we carefully read in Venice Mr. Ruskin's three volumes verifying or refuting his statements and opinions by an appeal to the churches, palaces, and pictures themselves. As the closing result of our labours, we found the entire work the baseless fabric of a vision, glowing and intense with the ornate colouring of words, and beauteous with the filigree-woven tissue of poetic fancy. But the fairy structure, so beauteous in the distance, vanished into thin air upon the near approach of scrutiny. Foundation it had none, or such only as was false and fancy-framed. In the end we admire in this great work just two things — the illustrations and the eloquence — especially the eloquence with which we shall play and sport in delight to the end of time, as children do with soap suds, blowing them into bubbles and wondering at the rainbow colours taken from all that is lovely in earth and beauteous in heaven. But of all Mr. Ruskin's baseless eloquence, the rapture on "the olive-tree" is the most astounding. We have again and again looked into the cupola of St. Mark, then at Mr. Ruskin's illustration, and then again have once more drunk in the eloquent words—always, however, with the same impression —that of magnificent absurdity. With that literary chivalry which gives to Mr. Ruskin's warfare the spirit of knight-errantry, he challenges "the untravelled English reader to tell" him "what an olive tree is like." He assures us that "at least one-third out of all the landscapes painted by English artists have been chosen from Italian scenery;" that "sketches in Greece and in the Holy Land have become as common as sketches on Hampstead Heath; that "the olive tree is one of the most characteristic and beautiful features of all southern scenery;" and yet, that "the untravelled English reader" has no more idea of an olive tree than if olives grew in the fixed stars." Then the reader's sympathies are appealed to — "For Christ's sake," "for the beloved Wisdom's sake," "for the ashes of the Gethsemane agony," the olive tree ought not to have been so used. The reader thus highly wrought, and the writer exalted to frenzy-pitch, both at length collapse into the following conclusion :—

"I believe the reader will now see that in these mosaics, which the careless traveller is in the habit of passing by

* for all the above references, GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, chap. 53.

vith contempt, there is a depth of feeling nd of meaning greater than in most of he best sketches from nature of modern imes; and without entering into any uestion whether these conventional epresentations are as good as, under the equired limitations, it was possible to ender them, they are at all events good nough completely to illustrate that node of symbolical expression which ppeals altogether to thought, and in no vise trusts to realisation; and little, as n the present state of our schools, such n assertion is likely to be believed, the act is that this kind of expression is the *nly one allowable in noble art.*"*

"The untravelled English reader" who "has no more idea of an olive ree than if it grew in the fixed stars," vill be saved from the trouble, and even from the desire of travelling in earch of this knowledge, by referring o the drawing which Mr. Ruskin has o considerately published as a test t once of his own superior insight nd of the world's contrasted igno- ance. Sad it is that the ignorant vorld should, for well-nigh eight undred years, have looked upon hese olive tree mosaics unconscious f their "depth of feeling and of neaning," insensible to the "symboli- al expression which appeals alto- ether to thought"—an expression vhich assuredly ought not to have een overlooked, as we are told em- hatically in italics that it is "the *nly one allowable in noble art.*" Sad t may be in the opinion of Mr. Rusk- n that "the untravelled English eader" has been so long insensible o these inscrutable beauties; but o our mind there is something far adder still: that he should fall an nconscious victim to a shadowy loquence, which he has no means of nowing to be just as worthless as it s alluring. Such of the public as ead for a higher end than to feel the ar tickling with pleasurable sound, vill do well to test Mr. Ruskin's rilliant fallacies by the plainer prose f more truthful writers. For ex- mple, as an antidote to Mr. Ruskin's yzantine mania, take the following ne passage from M Rio:—

"Whenever we meet with a Madonna f a blackish hue, dressed in the Oriental anner, with pointed and disproportion- ately elongated fingers, bearing a de- formed infant in her arms, the whole painted in a style much resembling that of the Chinese; or a Christ on the Cross, which would seem to have been copied from a recently exhumed mummy, did not the streams of blood which flow from each wound, on a greenish and cada- verous body, announce that life is not yet extinct; in both these cases it may be affirmed, without fear of mistake, to be a work conceived by Greek artists, or executed under their influence."†

Byzantine art was, as we have said, at once of classic art the grave and of Christian the cradle; but, strange to say, as we have already seen, one thousand years had passed away since the birth of Christ, and yet Christian art still slumbered in pre- carious infancy—a sleep, too, which had the semblance of death. But the hour of its awakening growth had come. The intelligence of Italy bursting into new life, expressed it- self in a newly-created beauty. Chris- tian art then first began to make itself worthy of the country of its nativity, to take from the Italian sky its serenity, from the Italian mind its ardour and imagination. The thoughts which gained from the poet the melody of words, sought from the painter the beauty of forms; and the epic which descri- ed paradise, purgatory, and hell, in- spired the pictures of Giotto and Orgagna, where Christ, come to judge the world, assigns to man his happi- ness or woe. But the poetic thought was naturally matured before the pictorial form; and thus while Dante wrote in the thirteenth century, Leo- nardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo did not paint till the fifteenth. By what gradual steps and successive stages the poetry of Christian truths developed themselves into matured and perfect pictorial forms, has al- ways seemed to us an inquiry of the most vital interest: How far the progression of Christian art was re- sultant from the advancement of civi- lisation; how far dependent upon the revival of classic learning, or upon a renewed appeal to nature; how far incident to the characteristics of race or the beauties of climate; how much the offspring of a sensuous and ima-

* See *The Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. chap 4.
† See M. Rio's *Poetry of Christian Art*, p. 30.

ginative religion; or, finally, to what extent the independent creation of these great artists, who seem to have come, as it were, by a special providence just when most wanted.

In one sense, as we have seen, the death of classic art was the birth of the Christian. It was perhaps fortunate that the old civilisation should die out, in order that the new, unencumbered by the past, might be moulded into the spiritual types of the Christian faith. Nevertheless, Byzantine art, the extinction of the classic, formed for the Christian the matrix of its new birth. The Byzantine Madonna, described by M. Rio, as of "blackish hue, dressed in oriental manner, in a style much resembling that of the Chinese," was, in fact, the rude type and germ of that spiritual beauty in which she was at last exalted as the queen of heaven, and the worshipped of earth. With what ardour does the student trace the progressive steps from this first repulsive form to the last perfected beauty — from a Madonna painted by St. Luke to the "Virgin most pure" of Angelico or Perugino — "Thou resplendent star, which shinest o'er the main, blest Mother of our God, and ever Virgin Queen!"* With what tender watchfulness does the traveller in Italy mark the gradual transitions from the lowest type of womanhood to the purity which belongs to heavenly love, and that beauty which is religion! It were, indeed, a labour of no common interest to trace, with the progressive growth of Italian art and civilisation, the corresponding exaltation of each Christian portraiture; how the St. John became more and more worthy of the Saviour's love; how St. Peter grew into the rock of the Church; with what power and dignity St. Paul bore the sword of the Spirit; and, finally, as the highest consummation, how divinity shone through the features of the Saviour's face.

The manner and the means by which Christian art thus rose into life, health, and beauty, out of the sicklied cradle of the dark ages, where it so long slumbered in the night — the laws which thus governed its organic growth, open a sphere to criticism both subtle and extended. Entering on such a labour, we should trace and strive to determine those subtle laws of nature by which the immaterial thought and emotion so wondrously mould themselves into form and expression in the human countenance and frame. We should have to investigate the relation subsisting between representative minds and typical heads, to determine the development and the features suited to the prophet or the apostle; and thus ascending from the earthly to the heavenly, to construct out of men angels, and to transmute the natural body into the incorruptible body of the resurrection. Thus we should deal with the motives of men and angels, with the laws which govern the natural kingdom of the earth, and sway the supernatural kingdom of the heavens. In this extended system of art-philosophy, as written in the progressive history of art-development, having determined the framework and functions of the body, natural and spiritual, we must penetrate beneath the surface to the phases and movements of the soul itself. In those greatest, because most difficult and most comprehensive, of art-creations, *the last judgments*, which, from the twelfth century down to the present time, have been continuously represented both in painting and sculpture, we find the souls of all created beings, men, angels, demons, under every possible emotion of surprise, ecstasy, or damnation. We need scarcely say that it becomes a question of much metaphysical subtlety to determine how an angel would have acted, felt, or appeared when Christ, as judge, entered the heavenly choir — whether the righteous, when first they caught the splendour of the beatific vision, would have fallen on their knees in worship, have raised their hands in wonder, or covered their faces from excess of light; whether the lost, still as archangels, though ruined, would assemble in war against the Highest, or whether, as in the paintings of the middle ages, they at once should fall into the

* See *Ave Maris Stella*, and see likewise Fra Angelico's *Madonna della Stella*, in the Sacristy of Sta Maria Novella, Florence.

orm of demon-monsters stung by corpions and tormented by flames. Such questions, we say, cease to be nerely artistic, and become a portion of human and divine philosophy dependent upon the nature and attributes of God, men, and angels. Having thus dealt with the laws of man's material body, and of his immaterial spirit, in their relation to art-treatment, it were necessary to examine how art has, from age to age, conducted itself; what laws, whether natural or artificial, it has observed or violated; how far the bodily framework of art has been consonant with the material structure of the world; to what extent art's inner and spiritual existence has shown itself accordant with the spiritual laws which govern in man and actuate in God. Christian art thus regarded takes on in the entire range of its existence, as it were, an individual personality, possessing an individual body and soul capable of growth and of decay, cradled, as we have seen, in the fresco catacomb, or in the mosaic church, then walking the earth in strength and beauty, teaching men to live righteously and die blessedly; and again, as we have not now time to show, falling into decrepitude, and finally sinking into the common grave of Italian greatness, where it still lies in death, if without the hope of resurrection, at least leaving upon earth a blessed memory.

In this somewhat discursive paper we have treated of the vicissitudes and struggles of Christian art in those early days when the open grave was eager to receive the precarious birth which the cradle seemed in vain to nurture into life. We have seen that, the Church driven to the Catacombs, persecution not only involved Christian art in darkness, but threatened it with extinction. This first danger being passed, a second scarcely less fatal, and in duration more protracted, seemed to entail on the years of infancy the decrepitude of age. The nascent art, instead of starting into life with the vital impulse of the new religion, became, for well-nigh one thousand years, implicated in the downfall and wreck of the Roman empire; and thus, as we have seen, Roman-Christian and Byzantine works long distorted and disgraced the beauty and the truth of the otherwise triumphant revelation. But when Italy, again rising out of ruins, asserted for a second time, in supremacy of genius, her right to the empire of the world, Christian art once more rose from the grave, and was borne exulting, on the topmost wave of the incoming civilisation. All the glory of Italy then fervently spoke in the language of art. The Italian clime, in its beauty and intensity; the Italian manners, in their grace and charm; the Italian mind in its ardent warmth and fertile imagination; the Italian religion, in its passion for scenic show—all that constituted the wealth, and the glory, and the poetry of Italy, obtained through art adequate expression.

In the preceding narrative of the early stages of this national art, we have marked the laws which governed the vicissitudes both of its rise and fall—have seen how those laws were linked with the destiny of empires, and involved in the first principles of human action. In such a survey the rules of art are but the universal experience of mankind; the painted picture but a portion of the enacted life; the country of a people's home, the current of a people's history, their affections, their hopes, and their fears, all giving to art its character and expression. Thus, as we have shown, the philosophy of art is but a portion of the wider philosophy of man and of nature, having the two aspects of matter and of spirit—the two habitations of earth and of heaven: and thus likewise have we seen that Christian art, uniting into one visible form these two aspects of matter and of spirit, found a habitation on earth, and gained its access to heaven, in the land of Italy.

OUDE.

OUDE—which rhymes, O sons of the Gael and the Gaul, with the Sassenach *cloud*, and is distant in sound as in space from the "banks of bonny *Doon*"—is the eldest-born of Hindu antiquity. And when we talk of Hindu antiquities, it is no child's play. We will not stand up for the Four *Yugs* which Mr. Mill has so magisterially "put down," that the old impostors must hang their heads to eternity; though, with submission, we remember to have read of *ages* of gold and silver, and brass and iron, which were more mercifully dealt with. If it be said that the Greek and Roman poets did not send abroad their fictions with a load of some millions of years on their backs, we might further humbly insinuate a doubt whether what has been called Hindu chronology was originally designed for any thing of the sort. When it is said that the *Satya Yug* endured for 1,728,000 years—the *Treta* for 1,296,000—the *Dwarpar* for 864,000—and the *Kali*, or bad age, which weary mortals ever imagine to be reserved for themselves—is destined to fill 432,000 years, of which about 5000 are already passed, we recognise a descending *ratio* in the *numbers*, not unlike what is predicted of the *moral* qualities, of the respective ages. The sum of these several ages is 4,320,000 years—*i. e.* a tithe of the *Kalpa*, or "day of Brahm"—which constitutes the duration of the universe. Supposing, then, this proportion to indicate the position of humanity relative to the whole cosmogony, and 432,000 years to be assigned to its existing condition (a sum arrived at by inter-multiplying the days and the months of the prophetical year, which is equivalent to a hundred ordinary ones; $360 \times 12 + 100 = 432{,}000$), the preceding periods of greater virtue and happiness are found simply by multiplying the present age by 2, 3, and 4 respectively. By a similar sort of *arithmetical allegory*, human life is extended in the *Satya Yug* to 100,000 years; in the *Treta* it falls to 10,000; in the *Dwarpar* to 1000; and in the *Kali* to 100—which latter number, by the way, contemptible as it doubtless appeared to the Hindu poet, is more than all the hygeists, homœopathists, hydropathists, and vegetarians of these northern islands have as yet been able to insure to their sinful inhabitants. The notion of representing the moral qualities of an age or a generation by assigning it a longer period of duration, does not much differ from that which represents a "great" prince, as literally taller and stouter than common men; and to this day the Hindu puppet drama constantly introduces a Rajah of a yard long, carried in his palanquin by bearers of three inches.

But to leave these curiosities. Hindu antiquity shows itself a very respectable giant even under the shears of European Delilahs. Who were the Hindus? Where did they come from? and whence their appellation? Answer, if you can, ye orientalists and occidentalists, who are so familiar with "the land where all things are forgotten." Sir W. Jones was of opinion they came from Iran; Klaproth is for the Caucasian Mountains; Schlegel for the Caspian Sea; while Kennedy locates the first community in the plains of the Euphrates. Yet no one, so far as we know, can point to a trace of them out of India itself. Topsy might "*'spect they growed there.*" Aboriginal, however, they were not; their own earliest writings describe them as invaders—*Aryas* they style themselves—and invoke curses on the *Dasrus*—the unclean idolaters, who had taken the liberty to pre-occupy the country. And why called *Hindu?* from the Indus, says the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, which was denominated *Hindu*, or blue, from the colour of its waters. Rather, quoth Colonel Tod, from *Indu*, the moon, whose children the first leaders claimed to be considered. The moon, by the way, in Sanscrit, as in German, is a man. The Rev. Dr. Allen, again, an Ame-

ican missionary of long standing, assures his countrymen that Hindu s the Persian for *black*, and was used by that conceited people to lesignate the "niggers" beyond the great river.

Now, of all the etymologies, we ike the last the least; for although he Persians are at the present lay some shades lighter in complexion than the generality of Hindus, yet the latter were undoubtedly of the Caucasian race, and originally a white people. Their earliest writings note this distinction n colour from the aboriginal races, affirming that Indra (the Brahminical love) drove out the Dasrus, and divided the lands among his *white*complexioned friends." Besides, the oldest names of nations are, in all reason, to be sought for in their own anguage, not in that of foreigners.

Between the other two derivations, who shall decide? No doubt the ndus, like any other large volume of water, might be called *blue*. Mr. Gladstone's erudite and pleasant work on the Homeric age—a book worthy of Oxford and himself—hows that ancient poets were not particular to a shade; blue, and black, and red — the deep ruddy wine-coloured hue—are flung about with perfect impartiality,—indicating, in act, not colour, properly speaking, but depth of shade. And assuredly n Asia, as well as in America, a people might well be denominated rom the river on whose banks they dwelt. On the other hand, the river might as well be called from the people, as the people from the river; and this appears to have been the notion of the classical geographers. After all, who knows whether the first Hindus may not have indulged like their kinsmen the Celts of Britain) in blue *skins*, so gaining their distinctive appellation from a personal appearance which still distinguishes the god Vishnu, but among mortals is known only, so far as our researches extend, to the cloth-weavers of Yorkshire. We may add that blue is the favourite, we believe, the religious, colour of the Sikhs.

To return, however, to dates. *When* did this mysterious race begin its career? If you listen to themselves, they will tell you about two millions of years ago, when the Menu *Vaivaswata*, the son of the Sun, terminated the *Satya Yug*, leaving his son *Ikshwaku* to commence the second age. This was closed, after sixty-one princes succeeding in a direct line, by Rama, who at this rate may have been contemporary with Adam! Where is the Welsh pedigree equal to this? Descending to particulars, the Brahmins assure us that the Veda, their earliest sacred book, containing writings unquestionably of very different degrees of antiquity, was arranged in its present form by one Vyas or Ved-vyas at a time corresponding with 3101 B.C., which again carries us back to the closing days of the father of mankind.*

Here, however, a piece of internal evidence presents itself, which seems tolerably decisive. The compiler of the Veda knew somewhat of astronomy, and happens to have noted the *solstitial points* of his time, which, on calculation, are found to fall in with the fourteenth century before the Christian era. This, then, is the true date of the *Sanhita* or collection of hymns which forms the older portion of the Veda; and as the hymns themselves are of various dates, the oldest may fall little short of the time of Moses. At this rate the Hindus were already seated in Hindustan when the Israelites were fighting for a settlement in Canaan.

Now this is no despicable antiquity. Nineveh looks like an old fellow when you go to the British Museum and gaze upon his disinterred remains. But the people of the winged bulls were but mushrooms compared to the Hindus. The first Assyrian empire, indeed, beats us hollow; but there is a gap of a thousand years or so between the dissolution of that empire and the rise of a second about the Hindu era; while it was under yet a third Assyrian dynasty, commencing three centuries later, and ending with the destruction of Nineveh, B.C. 606, that Mr. Layard's antiquities were fabricated. What are such antiquities, we should like to know,

* Creation, B.C. 4004—939—3065.

compared with the Great War fought on the banks of the Ganges between the sons of king Pandu and the princes of Hastinapoora, fourteen or fifteen hundred years before Christ? Now, Oude was a kingdom before the Great War; in fact, the oldest of Hindu States. It was here the children of the sun reigned and warred with the children of the moon, who ruled the other bank of the Ganges, probably at the holy *prayag* (confluence), which Moslems and Feringhees call Allahabad. The sun holds a prominent place in the worship of the Brahmins — far more prominent than in the primitive *Suktas*. The moon was the parent of Bhudda, whence this contest possibly denotes the religious polemics of the day; and Oude may well be the birthplace, as it has long been the citadel, of the Brahminical heresy, which finally expelled the earlier and more simple theology.

Fifty-seven—some lists extend the number to seventy — monarchs of solar descent reigned in Ayodhya (the ancient name for Oude) previous to Rama, or Ramchunder, the hero of the first great Hindu epic, and one of the incarnations of Vishnu. The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharat* are the Iliad and Æneid of Sanscrit literature, and both are assigned to the age of the Veda. Two poems, or two editions, are extant under the former name, one of which, together with the Mahabharat, is ascribed to Vyasa; but the *Ramayana* more commonly known, was written by Valmiki: anyhow, the poem is as old as the Veda, and its hero may well have been contemporary with Moses. Some out-and-out lovers of the marvellous, indeed, insist that this sacred epic is a *prophesy*, written long before the incidents occurred, and that these were miraculously ordered to correspond in every particular with the visions of the poet! Adopting, however, the more natural theory that things existed before they were described, the *Ramayana* affords a marvellous insight into the then condition of Oude.

The story is simple enough:— Rama, son of Dushuruth, King of Ayodhya, marries Seeta, the lovely daughter of the King of Mithila; but falling into family troubles—which, in primitive times, affected princes no less than meaner mortals — the royal couple fled to the jungle. Here Ravana, King of Singul-dwip (Ceylon), discovered and carried off the bride. Rama collects an army, and, assisted by his friend Hanuman, follows the ravisher to Ceylon, where he eventually recovers his wife. Returning to India, he has the further satisfaction of being certified, by the ordeal of fire, that the fair one had continued true during her captivity. Brahma appears to bless their re-union, and all goes as merry as a marriage bell, till Rama, troubled in mind for the death of a brother, who had unintentionally perished by his means, adopts the judicious expedient of throwing himself into a river; and instead of being buried in the cross roads without bell, book, or candle, is in the exalted euphuism of the poet, "reunited to the Deity."

Such is the stuff into which the poet has woven the many-coloured thread of his fiction. Ravana becomes prince of the evil genii, who, by a succession of sacrifices, has accumulated such a credit to his account with the gods, that he expects shortly to overtop them all, and take their thrones to himself. The alarmed divinities invoke Vishnu to become incarnate for their relief. The god is described as flying on an eagle, shining like a cloud. He assents to the request, promising an incarnation of the small period of eleven thousand years. He is accordingly born in the son of Dashuruth. Rama, therefore, is a divine being throughout, sustaining the cause of the gods no less than his own. To keep up the marvellous, Hanuman and his army are turned into *monkies*, who tear up the hills with their powerful arms to make a causeway across the strait, over which Rama and his troops march comfortably into Ceylon. Several passages occur which indicate a far lower degree of civilisation in the Deccan (through which the expedition passed) than existed in Ayodhya. This city is described as founded by the Menu himself.

"Its streets, well arranged, were refreshed with ceaseless streams of water—its walls, variously ornamented, resembled the checkered surface of a chess-board. It was filled with merchants, dramatists, elephants, horses, and chariots. The cloud of fragrant incense darkened the sun at noonday; but the *glowing radiance of the resplendent diamonds and jewels that adorned the persons of the ladies relieved the gloom!* The city was decorated with precious stones, filled with riches, furnished with abundance of provisions, adorned with magnificent temples, whose towers, like the gods, dwelt in the heavens, such was their height—palaces whose lofty summits were in perpetual conflict with the soft clouds—baths and gardens. It was inhabited by the twice-born, the regenerate, profoundly instructed in the Vedas, adorned with every good quality, full of sincerity, zeal, of compassion, and like the venerated sages."*

In another passage the father of Rama is described as inviting other princes to assist at an *Aswamedha*—the solemn sacrifice of a horse, peculiar to high occasions. The personages enumerated are the Rajahs of *Kasi* (Benares), *Magadha* (Behar), *Sindu, Surashtra* (Surat), *Unga*, which is conjectured to be Ava, and *Savira*, supposed to be a tract on the Persian frontier, with the princes of the south (Deccan)—a tolerably extensive acquaintance, we submit, and amply sufficient to establish the family pedigree in the most august court of Germany.

The venerable metropolis was situated on the left bank of the Gogra, a river as wide as the Ganges at Chunar, where its extensive ruins are still to be seen, though vast quantities were taken by the Mohammedans to build the adjacent town of Fyzabad. The ruins still bear the name of Ramghur, and the stone cradle is shown in which Rama was born — like the bricks that Jack Cade's father built into the chimney —to attest his exalted origin. The spot is also shown from which the hero took his flight into heaven, *carrying with him all the population of the place!* This is the only account vouchsafed us in Hindu story, of the decay of so celebrated a capital, and the Hindu mind desires nothing more.

It must be confessed that this sudden disappearance from the page of history of a community so advanced in wealth and civilisation, is not entirely satisfactory. But what would you have? It is surely not the fault of Hindu historians that we English Mlechas have no faith in Vishnu or his Paradise on Mount Sumeru. The latter being, according to their information, 85,000 miles in circumference, built of gold, with the principal edifices of jewels and precious stones, and its spacious gardens filled with flowers of surpassing beauty and fragrance, in the midst of which Vishnu and his wife Lukshmi appear shining like the sun—no better accommodation could be reasonably expected for a Hindu population. If Europeans choose to be sceptical, they are at liberty to imagine that the city and people of Rama fell a prey to intestine divisions, or to some of those devastating neighbour-wars, which, from the first appearance of Brahminism to the present hour, formed the special delight and never-wearying occupation of its amiable votaries.

A grand field for such operations was opened in the Great War which forms the theme of the *Mahabharat*, and the poem is to this day the most popular of Hindu writings. "Apart from the Bharat (demands the Bengal proverb), what narrative is there?" and the question is not misplaced, for, like a "good old Hindu gentleman," Sanscrit literature utterly ignores history, geography, statistics, and physical science generally. It is deep in metaphysics, fathomless in philosophy, and unapproachable in theology; but it prefers theories which have no connection with facts or legitimate induction. Its department is the imagination, and there its abundance equals its antiquity. The Vedas with their appendages fill eleven folio volumes; the Puranas, which are only a selection from their class, extend to more than two millions of lines. And how long, gentle reader, do you suppose may the epics be? The Iliad contains about 24,000 lines; the Æneid half as many; but the Ramayana — to show that high numbers are not

* *Land of the Veda.* By Rev. Dr. Percival.

always fictitious in India—extends to 100,000; and the Mahabharat spins the immortal verse to the tune of 400,000, and, after all, is only a fragment of the original poem as recited in the assembly of the gods!

The religious hero of this prodigious poem is Krishna, another *avatar* or incarnation of Vishnu, or rather, it would seem, the only true incarnation of the divinity. Rama and all other *avatars* seem to rise no higher than a kind of influence or inspiration; Krishna alone is deemed to be the very person of the god in human nature. Krishna, however, is lugged into the story, as a divinity ought to be, rather than one of the natural actors. The human subject is the Great War between the hundred sons of blind old king Dritavashtra and the five Pandus. The eldest of these, Yudisthira, the Agamemnon of the poem, is renowned for refusing in his dying moments to enter Indra's Paradise, unless his dog might go with him; and for quitting the Swarga again the instant he was admitted, to go and share the fate of his lady-love and brothers in hell. The gods so applauded his spirit that they set aside the verdict of Yamun, and authorised the "king of men" to take his friends back with him to Swarga.

The king and population of Oude being all this while in Sumeru, cannot be expected to figure in the Great War. In fact, there is little more to be traced of Ayodhya in the traditions of the ensuing ages, when *Canouj* appears to have been the capital city. Vicramaditya (B. C. 57) sheds a ray upon the darkness by repeopling the city of Rama, which he embellished with 360 temples, and still more by reviving its arts and literature. This famous king is called, with his eight literary friends, the Nine Gems of Hindustan—one of them, Kalidas, a diamond of the purest water, has even been designated the Hindu Shakespeare. The Swan of Avon, it is true, has nothing to fear from the comparison; still the court of Oude knew somewhat of the divine art when the Celts of Britain were as yet innocent alike of Latin and of broadcloth. Take the following, for instance, from the *Cloud Messenger*, a simple drama, wherein a Yaksha, or inferior divinity, being exiled to a sacred forest, sends his love to his wife by a cloud which he invokes for the purpose:

"I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes,
And those dear lips are dried by parting sighs;
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,
And half unseen through veiling tresses shines,
As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,
A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.
Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrows flow,
And sacred sacrifice augments her woe.
I mark her now, with fancy's aid retrace
This wasted figure, and this haggard face.
Now from her favourite bird she seeks relief,
And tells the tuneful Sarika her grief;
Mourns o'er the feathered prisoner's kindred fate,
And fondly questions of its absent mate.
In vain the lute for harmony is strung,
And round the robe-neglected shoulder slung,
And faltering accents strive to catch in vain,
Our race's old commemorative strain;
The faltering tear that from reflection springs,
Bedews incessantly the silvery strings,
Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,
The skilful hand forgets its grateful art,
And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,
But makes a sad wild warbling of its own."

The truth and tenderness of the Hindu drama offer a pleasing contrast to the stilted, sensual stuff which came in with the comparatively idealess Mussulmans.

Still we hear no more of Oude as an independent royalty. The throne of Ramchunder has not yet been restored in a world which has doubtless never proved worthy of its revival. During the atrocities of the late Sepoy rebellion, some sanguine enthusiasts thought they recognised the signs of their demigod, and went about the streets shouting "Ramchunder is come, and *claims his head*." We do not remember to have read that the hero left that important portion of the human frame in Ayodhya when he took his numerous tail to Paradise: if so, it was never found, and the revolt, like the immortal, has died without a head.

Taking a flying leap from Ramchunder down the steeps of time, we light

ıpon Ayodhyn again in the doomsday ›ook of Akbar. It is a prodigious de-cent! from fifteen centuries *before*, to he same figure *after*, the Christian ›ra! from Moses to Queen Elizabeth! rom Hindoo beatitude to the revenue urvey of the Mogul conqueror? Yet, ooking back through all these thirty enturies, the history of Oude is almost blank. After the conquest of Ca-ıouj by the Affghans, at the close of he twelfth century, Oude submitted o the Sultan of Ghiznee, and so be-ame an integral portion of the empire f Delhi. We may be quite sure that ll along the Brahmins schemed, and he Kshatryas fought, and everybody —lovers included—cheated, robbed, nd killed in the true spirit of Hin-lu civil and religious institutions. But the wasps had it all to them-elves, and we hear nothing of them eyond their sanctified and highly avoured nests. It was very likely n Oude that the battle was fought hich one of the Puranas records, etween the two upper castes of the wice-born children of Brahma, in hich the Brahmins so utterly routed he Kshatryas as to exterminate the aste. Accordingly, all the so-called shatryas of the present day are eclared by the Brahmins impure, and enied the use of the Veda.

The Rajpoots may console them-elves under the privation, by the nowledge that there is probably not Brahmin in India who ever did ead the Veda, nor, in fact, a complete eda to read, till Mr. Dax Muller shall ave finished the edition he is now reparing, under the patronage of the ast India Company. The priests nd population of the *Djambhu-dwip* ill then be furnished on the banks f the Ganges and Gogra with their wn scriptures from the pen of a *Mlecha* on the banks of the Isis! In urope not a few good Christians ould have esteemed it no great loss o humanity, if the said battle of the rahmins and Kshatryas had ended ike the duel between the two cats of ilkenny.

In the decline of the Patan empire ude was happy in the opportunity of establishing an opposition throne —not indeed a *native*, but still a *rival* government—and consequently a foe to peace and good order, the evils principally dreaded by the true sons of Ramchunder. Baber, however, found little difficulty in reducing the Mussulman "king of the east," and Oude became a Soubah of the Mogul empire. The *Ayeen Akbarry* describes the capital as still one of the largest cities of Hindustan, and one of the most sacred places of antiquity. In ancient times, it is added, it measured about 200 miles in length.*

The province continued under the Great Mogul—its priestly and martial spirits relieving themselves occasionally, like modern Italians, with an episodical insurrection or assassination—till that majestic potentate went the common way of Oriental despots, becoming first the puppet, then the prisoner, eventually the victim, of his feudatories and subjects. Oude was then in the charge of Sujah-ud Dowlah, the Vizier of the empire, who signalised his independence by invading Bengal, in concert with Cossim Ali the deposed Nabob, and Shah Allum the titular Emperor, whose father had perished by assassination in Delhi. The triple alliance was utterly routed by the British at Buxar (1764), and quickly dissolved after Asiatic fashion. The Emperor hastened to place himself on the winning side, proposing that the English should exterminate the vizier, and give the Oude provinces to himself. The victors declining this modest request, his imperial majesty liberally offered Oude to the Company, on the simple condition of our killing the bear, and paying him for wearing the skin. Eventually the Vizier sued for peace; and a treaty was concluded between the three "powers," by which the Vizier restored to the Emperor the provinces of Allahabad and Corah, and was confirmed in the government of the remainder. The restless Padishah soon after went over to the Mahrattas, who promised to put him in possession of Delhi, upon

* The Hindus believe that Lucknow, which is forty miles distant, once formed a suburb of Ayodhya!!

which the English restored the forfeited provinces to the Vizier, and he was thenceforth regarded as their chief native ally.

The first result of this alliance was to put the Vizier in possession of Rohilcund—a transaction on which a mine of good eloquence was exhausted in the parliaments of Leadenhall and Westminster. The Rohilla Sirdars were described as brave, generous, and free—the Swiss of Asia—the terror and detestation of tyrants. The ravages of the war (in which our troops were lent to the Vizier) were painted in the liveliest colours of Burke's fervid oratory; but the whole was of the Sanscrit order—richer in imagination than in fact. These "brave" Rohillas were an Affghan banditti who, in the decay of the empire, had quartered themselves on the feeble Hindus between Delhi and Oude. Their sway was neither better nor worse than that of other Mohammedan caterans. The Hindu population, in being transferred to the Vizier, received a single tyrant in place of many petty ones, and neither lost nor gained by the exchange. As for the atrocities—torture, and massacres in cold blood are the ordinary incidents of Asiatic warfare, Hindu and Mohammedan. The aborigines suffered them from the Brahmins, and the Brahmins from the Mohammedans, and each from their co-religionists, as often as victory afforded the opportunity. The claims of the Vizier were certainly better founded in right than those of the Sirdars; and no one can dispute the policy of strengthening the frontier of the only native ally on whom the English were to depend in the approaching struggle with the Mahrattas.

The Nawaub Vizier's was far enough, however, from being a model government. It aimed no higher than the "traditional policy" of the empire. "The good old rule," which had guided the Mussulman power from its first entry into India, continued the "simple plan" of the Court of Oude; everybody preyed on his weaker neighbour, and everybody suffered all the wrongs which a stronger than himself could inflict.

Sujah was succeeded by Asoph, on whose death an alleged son was placed on the musnud, whom Sir John Shore dethroned again, as spurious, after a reign of some months, to elevate the next heir, Saadut Ali, brother of our old friend Sujah.* This measure of interference right enough in itself, obviously increased the responsibility of the British in a Government so directly their own creature. By-and-by the pretender took his revenge by assassinating the English Resident, and then there was more interference. After this it was found that when the combined forces were required on the frontier for the preservation of the kingdom, the British troops were detained in the capital to protect the Nawaub from his own mutinous battalions.

Lord Wellesley was a man of some nerve; but his nerves were sorely tried when he found what a pretty pie the British finger was thrust into. He determined to extinguish the military power of Oude altogether, and to place the civil administration under the superintendence and control of the British Resident.

This was the object of the famous treaty of 1801, by the provisions of which the Nawaub Vizier's army of brigands was replaced by British troops, who undertook the defence of his government against all external and internal foes. At the same time, as it was visionary to expect payment of a money-tribute for the support of the troops, a transfer of territory equal to the charge was insisted upon and obtained. By this arrangement the Southern Doab, with the districts of Allahabad and some others, once more changed hands, and passed to the British. In agreeing to this surrender, the Nawaub Vizier demanded the uncontrolled government of his remaining territories, unchecked by the ad-

* A former Saadut Ali had fixed the seat of his provincial government at Fyzabad, built out of the ruins of Ayodhya. It was now transferred to *Lucknow*, the city of Lahshwana Ramchunder's brother.

ice or interference of the British. ut, as his Excellency was henceforth o rely upon British troops to enorce his orders, it was plainly impossible to place them unreservedly t his disposal. Lord Wellesley felt hat something was due to the subect as well as to the Prince, and that, n protecting the one, he was bound o see justice done to the other.* Accordingly, he not only stipulated, n the sixth article of the treaty, that he Vizier, "advising with, and acting n conformity to the counsel of, the fficers of the Honourable Company, hould establish, in his reserved dominions, such a system of administration (*to be carried into effect y his own officers*) as should be conducive to the prosperity of his subects, and be calculated to secure the ives and property of the inhabiants;" but in reporting the treaty o the Home authorities, Lord Wellesley declared his determination to xercise the right of interference hus reserved, "to such an extent as hall afford every practical degree of ecurity for the lives and properties f the Vizier's remaining subjects, nd preclude any disturbance of the eace and good order of our dominons from the vicinity of his Excellency's administration."

Similar is the theory of all our rrangements with the subsidiary tates of India. It has but one deect—it is impossible to reduce it to ractice. An Asiatic prince—especially a Mohammedan ruling a Hindu population, as in Oude—depends n his army for the collection of the evenue and all the ordinary purposes of government. The practice s to farm all the revenues to large contractors, who then collect them at their own risk and for their own profit. These speculators not only demand the assistance of the troops, but levy retainers of their own to enforce their claims on defaulting tax-payers. Oude is divided into large revenue districts. Many of the Zemindars occupy forts or fortified residences, having also their large body of armed retainers. In short, every man carries arms; even the ryot walks to the field with sword and shield at his back; and every man considers a demand for money, whether in the shape of taxes or debt, as the most legitimate *causa belli*. In such a state the revenue can only be collected at the point of the bayonet. A strong government is often defied; a weak one universally so. But before British troops could be dispatched to burn and slay, in order to recover a treasury balance, it was necessary to satisfy British justice that the money was really owing, and could not be got in by milder means. In the end it was found impossible to employ our army for revenue purposes at all, and the Oude rulers were tacitly permitted to disregard the limit of the treaty, and augment their troops till they reached as many as 70,000 men. Thus all the evils of the brigand army returned upon the country, and the military part of Lord Wellesley's reforms proved a failure.

It fared no better with the scheme of civil administration. The native sovereign was bound to establish a good system of government, but the treaty contained no penalty in case of failure. He was to advise with, and act in conformity to the advice

* On the 22d January, 1801, Lord Wellesley wrote to the Resident in these erms:—"Had the territories of Oude been subject to the frequent or occasional levastations of an enemy—had they been visited by unfavourable seasons, or by ther calamities which impair the public prosperity, the rapid decline of the Vizier's revenues might be imputed to other causes than a defective administration. But no such calamitous visitations have afflicted the province of Oude, while in consequence of the protection which it derives from the presence of the British orces, it has been maintained, together with all the Company's possessions on this ide of India, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of peace. A defective administration of the Government is therefore the only cause which can have produced so narked a difference between the state of his Excellency's dominions, and that of he contiguous territories of the Company. While the territories of the Company have been advancing progressively during the last ten years in prosperity, population, and opulence, the dominions of the Vizier, though enjoying equal advantages of tranquillity and security, have rapidly and progressively declined."

of the British, but it was distinctly agreed that the system was to be carried into effect by his own officers, and there was no machinery to compel him or them to their duty. You have a sovereign, ministers, tribunals, laws, customs, revenue system, landholders, and population, all against you. They *like* oppression and plunder, while you want justice, beneficence, and humanity. For this reform your whole agency is a Resident stationed at the native court, to advise and remonstrate. As a matter of course the advice is disregarded. The remonstrances share the same fate, unless endorsed by physical force. The Resident grows more troublesome and more peremptory. Every interference with the native government renders further interference less avoidable. Reproaches, recriminations, and threats, form the staple of the correspondence, till the prince, if a powerful one, grows sulky and dangerous—if impotent, becomes contemptible alike in British and native eyes. Nothing is done except under dread of the *ultima ratio*, which always resides in the stronger power. The application of this resource is more and more looked to and talked about, and in the end policy and justice—the interest of the natives no less than our own—call for the removal of a government which cannot govern, and the administration of its functions by those upon whom Divine Providence, in bestowing power, has also imposed the responsibility of its exercise.

Thus things ran their course in Oude. Saadut Ali being gathered to his fathers, Ghazee, his son, sat on the musnud, rejoicing in the cognomen of *Ud-Deen*, Defender of the Faith. Ghazee, however, lent the British Feringhee two millions of money for the Nepaul war, and at its close got the Terai,* in liquidation of half the debt; an arrangement which has turned out not so bad for Oude as it appeared. This champion of Islam was further gratified by Lord Hastings with the title of King, implying the formal renunciation of a dependence on the Mogul Emperor, which had long expired in fact. His new-made majesty was a very respectable monarch, as kings go in India; but the queerest piece of royalty ever manufactured in India itself, and by the great firm of king-makers, whom rival politicians are now trying to "sell up," in Leadenhall Street, was his son and successor Nussur, also a defender of the faith: but who prided himself on nothing so much as his attachment to the English. This sentiment was indulged not by cultivating our notions of justice and liberty, or even by courting the advice of our Resident, but by adopting the English garb—chimney-pot *topes* included—surrounding himself with English adventurers of the lowest class for his private companions, and dining in the English fashion of the day, when boon companions deemed it *de rigueur* to terminate the entertainment *beneath* the table.

A curious picture of these revels, where the master was an English barber, is given in a little book entitled, *Private Life of an Eastern King*, by a member of his household. The details find ample corroboration in the recent valuable publication of Sir W. Sleeman.† The story of *The General*, for example (of which the member of the household declares himself an eyewitness), incredible as it might be deemed without authority, is plainly to be recognised in Sir William Sleeman's History of Rajah Ghalib Jung. This individual had been raised by Ghazee-ud-Deen from a very humble grade to high station, from which he was again degraded, plundered, and reduced to death's door by harsh treatment and want of food. After the accession of Nussur he contrived to crawl back again to court, and insinuating himself into the King's private debaucheries, became useful in ways which his English jolly friends could not stoop. He stood accordingly high in his majesty's favour, received the command of the police and a brigade of infantry, and was commonly known in the household as "The General." Of course he enriched himself; of course, also, he

* A marshy forest ceded by Nepaul, which extends along the foot of the Himalayas.

† *Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in* 1849–50.

was hated by the prime-minister, who was the constant butt of his ridicule with the merry monarch. The hour of the general's disgrace came, however, with this king as with his father. He was secretly accused to his majesty of rivalling him in his *amours;* but as this was a point on which an Oriental dreads publicity, the incensed monarch "bided his time" for some plausible ground of punishment.

There is a little difference in the *causa belli*, as related by our eye-witness, and by Sir W. Sleeman, who had the story from native authority some years after. The former also paints the treatment of the unfortunate victims in darker colours than the latter. Still, as in duty bound, let the official account have the preference.

"On the 7th of October, 1835, the king was conversing with Ghalib Jung, in one of his private apartments, on affairs of state. Several crowns stood on the table for the king's inspection. They had been prepared under Mucka the tailor's inspection, from materials purchased by him. He always charged the king ten times the price of the articles which he was ordered to provide, and Ghalib Jung thought the occasion favourable to expose his misconduct to his master. He took up one of the crowns, put his left hand into it, and turning it round on his finger, pointed out the flimsy nature of the materials with which it had been made. His left finger slipped through the silk on the crown, whether accidentally or designedly, to prove the flimsy nature of the silk, and so exasperate the king, is not known; but on seeing the finger pass through the crown, his majesty left the room without saying a word.* Soon after several attendants came in, surrounded Ghalib Jung, and commanded him to remain until further orders. In this state they remained for about two hours, when other attendants came in, struck off his turban on the floor, and had it kicked out of the room by the sweepers.

"They then dragged out Ghalib Jung, and thrust him into prison. The next day heavy iron fetters were put upon his legs, and upon those of three of his principal followers, who were imprisoned along with him, and his mother, father, wife, and daughters were made prisoners in their own houses; and all the property of the family that could be found was confiscated. On the third day, while still in irons, Ghalib Jung and his three followers were tied up and flogged severely, to make them point out any hidden treasure that they might have. That night the king got drunk, and before many persons ordered the minister to have Ghalib Jung's right hand and nose cut off forthwith."

This, it seems, was remitted from dread of the Resident.

"The king retired to rest, and the next morning had Ghalib Jung and his three followers again tied up and flogged. Six or seven days after, all Ghalib Jung's attendants were taken from him, and no person was permitted to enter the room where he lay in irons, and he could, in consequence, get neither food nor drink of any kind. On the 19th of October, the king ordered all the females of Ghalib Jung's family to be brought on foot from their houses to the palace by force, and publicly declared that they should all on the next day have their hair shaved off, be stripped naked, and in that state turned out into the street. After giving these orders the king went to bed, and the females were all brought, as ordered, to the palace, but the sympathies of the king's own servants were excited by the sufferings of these unoffending females, and they disobeyed the order for their being made to walk on foot through the streets, and brought them in covered litters.†

"The Resident, apprehending that

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* The member of the household says his majesty was twirling his own European hat on his own royal thumb when the latter went through the top; and the "general," thinking to be witty, exclaimed, "there is a hole in your majesty's crown." The royal countenance darkened, he declared the pun to be treason, and adjudged the offender to death.

† Nevertheless, the member of the household describes them as suffering the greatest hardships and indignities, and was particularly affected by the sight of the culprit's aged father lying almost naked in the shed where the poor "general" was confined. He adds, that the Resident's interference was obtained by himself and the other European attendants in the palace after some difficulty, as it was only a native that was in danger, and the king had a right to do as he pleased with the natives.

these poor females might be further disgraced, and Ghalib Jung starved to death, determined to interpose, and demanded an interview while the king was still in bed. He found the king sullen and doggedly silent. The minister was present, and spoke for his master. He denied what was known to be true, that the prisoner had been kept for two days and two nights without food or drink; but admitted that he had been tied up and flogged severely, and that the females of his family were still there, but he promised to send them back. He said that it was necessary to confiscate the property of the prisoner, since he owed large sums to the state. The females were all sent back to their homes, and Ghalib Jung was permitted to have four of his own servants in attendance upon him."

The poor "general," however, was not to be let off.

"Rajah Dursun Sing, the great revenue contractor, and at that time the most powerful of the king's subjects beyond the precincts of the court, had, like the minister himself, been often thwarted by Ghalib Jung when in power; and, after the interposition of the Resident, he applied to have him put into his power. The king and minister were pleased at the thought of making their victim suffer beyond the immediate supervision of a vigilant Resident, and the minister made him over to the rajah for a *consideration, it is said, of three lacs of rupees:* and at the same time assured the Resident that this was the only safe way to rescue him from the further vengeance of an exasperated king; that Rajah Dursun Sing was a friend of the culprit's, and would provide him and his family and attendants with ample accommodation and comfort. This rajah, however, had him put into an iron cage, and sent to his fort at Shatgunge, where, report says, he had snakes and scorpions put into the cage to torment and destroy him, but that Ghalib Jung had a 'charmed life,' and escaped their poison. The object is said to have been to torment and destroy him without leaving upon his body any marks of violence."

This was a dose that would have sickened any man, not an Asiatic, of public life. Ghalib, however, with the true Hindu pertinacity, having got out of confinement on Nussur's death by the payment of a large bribe, again tempted his fate in the court where he had suffered so much, was again restored to office, and died in honour at the venerable age of eighty. He was a consummate villain, by the way, and richly deserved hanging.

Nussur-ud-Deen, notwithstanding such little bursts of royal caprice, was decidedly a popular monarch. Sir W. Sleeman expressly declares that "the people of Lucknow *liked* their king;" and as there is no disputing of tastes, the British Government left them liberally to the enjoyment. The interference of the Resident on behalf of the ladies of Ghalib Jung's harem was an exception; the rule was to limit British protection to British subjects. The noses, eyes, and heads of the native population were entirely at his majesty's disposal, and even his habitual violation of the treaty with the British, dissipating the revenue, and denying justice to the people, were left unnoticed by our Government, content with the charitable supposition that the king was mad, and waiting for a more manageable successor. The musnud was at last vacated, and again, it was stated, without a legitimate son to succeed. —a default which recurs with curious pertinacity in the East, in spite of the precautionary practice of polygamy. A disturbance, as usual, took place in the palace, where the Padsha Begum had managed to force her way with her grandson into the hall of audience, and fancied the great *coup* to be accomplished by placing him in the royal seat. The British Resident, however, sent for a larger force, turned out the intruder, and enthroned another son of Saadut Ali as the legitimate heir.*

* The story is told at length in Sir W. Sleeman's book, vol. ii. p. 150–177. The *denouement* was not effected without a regular battle, in which the Resident's life was in imminent danger, and forty or fifty of the Begum's followers were killed. After all, the "pretender" appears to have been the legitimate son of the deceased king, by whom, however, he had been repudiated while alive. Sir William's account of this king, with his many wives and concubines, is more curious than edifying.

The new prince received the Governor-General's permission to enlarge his style and title to the truly royal and comprehensive designation of "Abool Futteh Moen-u-Deen, Sultani Zaman Nowsherawan-i-audil, Mohammed Ali Shah, Padishah Oudh!"

His majesty, however, proved a very tame Padishah indeed, and cared as little for the *deen* as any of his most degenerate predecessors. He bound himself to accept any terms that Lord Auckland might impose, and a new treaty was actually concluded, correcting the deficiencies which time had manifested in Lord Wellesley's. The king was again allowed to retain a large military force for the purpose of government, a part of which was organised and disciplined by British officers. On the other hand, in renewing the stipulation for reform in the civil administration, care was taken to introduce the penalty of assumption by the British in the event of continued maladministration. This treaty, however, was abrogated by the Home authorities, partly on account of a degree of compulsion applied to obtain the king's assent; but chiefly on account of a payment of sixteen lacs annually, which is imposed upon Oude for the support of the new military force. The Court of Directors very justly and honourably observed, that they were bound, as the consideration of the cession of territory in 1801, to undertake the whole military defence of the kingdom, and no further sum could be exacted without a breach of faith.

Poor Abool Futteh, &c., commonly called Mahommed Ali, was a well-disposed man, and not without habits of business; but old and timid, withal sorely troubled with rheumatism. Unequal to much bodily exertion, the Resident was warned by his surgeon that any unusual excitement or vexation would be likely to induce apoplexy. So this "very respectable old man" was left without much bother till he went the way of all flesh in 1842; and his son, Amjad Ali, ruled the holy land of the "twice born." Then Governors-General and Residents got more impatient. A period was limited for the reformed system, the establishment of which was stipulated for in 1801, with the threat of British management in case of failure.

Kings and governments of all sorts, however, take a good deal of threatening before they mend their ways and so Amjad Ali Shah passed to the royal mausoleum in Lucknow after thoroughly solving the problem of the circumlocution-office—"how *not* to do it." It was then that Wajid Ali Shah, who now occupies convenient, though perhaps circumscribed, apartments, on the banks of the Hooghly, became Lord of Lucknow.

Of this "crowned head," Sir W. Sleeman gives the following description:—

"The present sovereign never hears a complaint, or reads a petition or report of any kind. He is entirely taken up in the pursuit of his personal gratifications. He has no desire to be thought to take any interest whatever in public affairs, and is altogether regardless of the duties and responsibilities of his high office. He lives exclusively in the society of fiddlers, eunuchs, and women; he has done so since his childhood, and is likely to do so till the last. His disrelish for any other society has become inveterate; he cannot keep awake in any other. In spite of average natural capacity, and more than average facility in the cultivation of light literature, or at least "de faire des petites vers de sa façon," his understanding has become so emasculated, that he is altogether unfit for the conduct of his domestic much less his public affairs. He sees occasionally his prime minister, who takes care to persuade him that he does all that a king ought to do; and nothing whatever of any other minister. He holds no communication whatever with brothers, uncles, cousins, or any of the native gentlemen of Lucknow, or the landed or official aristocracy of the country. He sometimes admits a few poets or poetasters to hear and praise his verses, and commands the unwilling attendance of some of his relations to witness and applaud the acting of some of his own silly comedies, on the penalty of forfeiting their stipends; but any one who presumes to approach him even in his rides or drives with a petition for justice, is instantly *clapped into prison, or otherwise severely punished!*"

Lord Hardinge found it necessary, at a personal interview with this

respectable monarch, to exact, not only a promise but a *written agreement*, that he would not appoint any songster or eunuch to civil or revenue offices. The manner in which this word of promise was kept to the ear, was, that the king's favourites, instead of taking the appointments themselves, recommended others for *a consideration*. At last Lord Dalhousie ordered the Resident, Colonel Sleeman, to make a tour through the kingdom, and see for himself the state of things which had been so long crying for redress. The result of this tour has been just given to the public, in two instructive, though unfortunately not well arranged, volumes. Sir W. Sleeman was a man of shrewd powers of observation, with a dry humour which, added to his vast Indian experience, rendered him an excellent story-teller in conversation; but his style of writing is not always clear or concise, and his publication being in the shape of a diary, the events are recorded not in their true historical order, but as they became known to the writer. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the work contains deeply interesting revelations of the state of the government and population of Oude, besides curious, and sometimes marvellous, anecdotes of natural and social *phenomena*.

Of the former kind, take the following compendious specimen:—

"The most numerous and distressing class of beggars that importune me, are those who beg redress for their wrongs, and a remedy for their grievances—their name indeed is *Legion*,' and their wrongs and grievances are altogether without remedy, under the present Government, and inveterately vicious system of administration. It is painful to listen to all these complaints, and to have to refer the sufferers for redress to authorities who want both the power and the will to afford it; especially when one knows that a remedy for almost every evil is hoped for from a visit such as the poor people are now receiving from the Resident. He is expected 'to wipe the tears from off all faces,' and feels that he can wipe them from hardly any. The reckless disregard shown by the depredators of all classes and degrees to the sufferings of their victims, whatever be the cause of discontent, or object, or pursuit, is lamentable. I have every day scores of petitions delivered to me, 'with quivering lip and tearful eye,' by persons who have been plundered of all they possessed, had their dearest relations murdered or tortured to death, and their habitations burnt to the ground by gangs of ruffians, under landlords of high birth and pretensions, whom they have never wronged or offended; some merely because they happened to have property which the ruffians wished to take, others because they presumed to live by labour upon lands which they coveted or deserted and wished to have left waste. In these attacks, neither age, nor sex, nor condition are spared. The greater part of the leaders of these gangs of ruffians are Rajpoot landholders, claiming descent from the *sun* and *moon*, or from the demigods who figure in the Hindoo religious fictions of the Poorans. There are, however, a great many Mohammedans at the head of similar gangs. A landholder, of whatever degree, who is opposed to his Government from whatever cause, considers himself in a state of *war*; and he considers the state of war to authorise his doing all those things which he is forbidden to do in a state of peace. Unless the sufferer happens to be a native officer or sipahee of our army, who enjoys the privilege of urging his claims through the Resident, it is a cruel mockery to refer him for redress to any existing local authority. One not only feels that it is so, but sees that the sufferer thinks that he must know it to be so. No such authority considers it to be any part of his duty to arrest evil-doers, and inquire into and redress wrongs suffered by individuals or families, or village communities. Should he arrest such people, he would have to subsist and accommodate them at his own cost, or to send them to Lucknow with the assurance that they would in a few days, or a few weeks, purchase their way out again, in spite of the clearest proofs of the murders, robberies, tortures, dishonourings, house burnings, &c. which they have committed. No sentence which any one local authority could pass on such offenders, would be recognised by any other authority in the State as valid, or sufficient to justify him in receiving and holding them in confinement for a single day. The local authorities, therefore, either leave the wrong-doers unmolested, with the understanding that they are to abstain from doing any such wrong within their jurisdictions, as may endanger or impede the collection of revenues during their period of office, or release them with that understanding, after they have squeezed all they can out of them. The wrong-

rs can so abstain, and still be able to *der, rob, torture, dishonour,* and *burn* n a pretty large scale; and where y are so numerous, and so ready to ite for purposes 'offensive and defen-e,' and the local authorities so gene-ly connive at, or quietly acquiesce in, ir misdeeds, any attempt on the part an honest or over-zealous individual put them down, would be sure to ult in his speedy and utter ruin."

Another passage indicates a pro-ss of private "annexation" which uld delight a Transatlantic fili-ster:—

"Talking with some Brahmin proprie-rs, they told me that they did not mit Rajpoots to reside in, or have thing to do with, their village. Why?' I asked. 'Because, sir, if they ce got a footing among us, they are ooner or later, sure to turn us all out.' How?' 'They get lands by little and tle at lease—soon refuse to pay rent—eclare the lands to be their own—col-ct bad characters for plunder—join the Rajpoots of their own clan in all the villages around in their enterprises—take to the jungles on the first occasion of a dispute—attack, plunder, and burn the village—murder us and our families, and soon get the estate for themselves, on their own terms, from the local authorities, who are wearied out by the loss of revenue arising from their depredations. Our safety, sir, depends upon our keeping entirely aloof from them.'"

An effective melodrama might be got up out of the surprising adventures and cruel wrongs of the *Lady Sogura*, told by Sir William at some length, as illustrative of the present state of society in Oude. This Beebee was heiress to the estate of Munearpoor, yielding a rent-roll of £3500 per annum, and, in an evil hour, constituted one Nihal Sing her manager or steward. This gentleman, having surrounded himself with followers of his own clan, and made things pleasant with the Amil,* "turned out his mistress, and took possession of her estate, in collusion with the local authorities." The contractor, however, the chief of these "authorities," fancying the opportunity for further business, planned a night attack on the new proprietor by a neighbouring talookdar, in which Nihal Sing was killed; and the conqueror took possession. The latter was superseded the following year, on which the nephew of Nihal Sing recovered possession *in the name of the Lady Sogura.* Five years later, the heiress got rid of her self-appointed trustee, by procuring her property to be exempted from the jurisdiction of the contractor; but, in two years more, the estate was replaced under the district jurisdiction through the influence of Maun Sing, who had obtained the contract. He immediately seized a portion to himself, and remitted the rest, *together with the lady*, to the keeping of her old *trustee*, by whom she was put in confinement, and plundered of all she had.

Her jailor, however, engaging in another plundering expedition, in which he was defeated, and obliged to fly, the *cestui que trust* escaped, and presented herself to the Court at Lucknow, from whence orders were sent to Maun Sing to restore her to the estate, and punish the unfaithful guardian, Hurpaul Sing. The mode in which these orders were obeyed is characteristic:—

"Maun Sing sent confidential persons to say that he had been ordered by the court of Lucknow to confer upon him a dress of honour or condolence on the death of his two lamented brothers, and should do so in person the next day. Hurpaul Sing was considered one of the bravest men in Oude; but he was then sick on his bed, and unable to move. He received the message without suspicion, being anxious for some small interval of repose, and willing to believe that common interests and pursuits had united him and Maun Sing in something like bonds of friendship.

"Maun Sing came in the afternoon, and rested under a banyan-tree, which stood opposite the gateway of the fort. He apologised for not entering the fort, on the ground that it might lead to some collision between their followers, or that his friend might not wish any of the King's servants, who attended with the dress of honour, to enter his fortress. Hurpaul Sing left all his followers inside the gate, and was brought out to Maun Sing in a litter, unable to sit up without support. The two friends embraced and conversed together with seeming cordiality till long after sunset, when Maun Sing, after investing his friend with the dress of honour, took leave, and mounted

for his followers to despatch his sick friend Hurpaul. As he cantered off, at the sound of his kettle drum and the other instruments of music used by the Nazims of districts, his armed followers, who had by degrees gathered round the tree without awakening any suspicion, seized the sick man, dragged him on the ground a distance of about thirty paces, and then put him to death. He was first shot through the chest, and then stabbed with spears, cut to pieces with swords, and left on the ground. They were fired upon from the fort while engaged in this foul murder, but all escaped unhurt. Maun Sing had sworn by the holy Ganges, and still more holy head of Mahadeo, that his friend should suffer no personal hurt in this interview; and the credulous, and no less cruel and rapacious Gurghunsies, were lulled into security."*

This part of his instructions accomplished, Maun Sing put the disputed estate "under the management of government officers;" and when the heiress obtained a fresh order from the Durbar to put her in possession, she was offered one-half of what remained, with a promise of more next year. Instead of redeeming the promise, however, the contractor next year seized the lady and carried her to his camp as a defaulter to the state. She was finally made over a prisoner to one Ghuffoor Beg, commanding the artillery, who employed his soldiers in collecting her rents for his own benefit! The poor lady was still in this Hindu chancery, "treated with all manner of indignity and cruelty by the artillery," when Colonel Sleeman came into the neighbourhood. He represented her case to the Durbar, but with faint hopes of redress.

Sir W. Sleeman's book is full of cases of equal or greater iniquity. Robbery, torture, and murder are represented as everyday occurrences. The petitions forwarded to Lucknow for redress remained unanswered; and nothing that could be urged on the king produced any effect.

The king's habits (he reports to Lord Dalhousie)—

"Will not alter; he was allowed by his father to associate, as at present, with these singers from his boyhood; and he cannot endure the society of other persons. His determination to live exclusively in their society, and to hear and see nothing of what his officers do, or his people suffer, he no longer makes any attempt to conceal. It would be idle to hope for anything from him but a resignation of power into more competent hands; whatever he retains, he will assuredly give to his singers and eunuchs or allow them to take. No man can take charge of any office without anticipating the income by large gratuities to them; and the average gratuity which a contractor for a year, of a district yielding three lacs of rupees a-year, is made to pay before he leaves the capital to enter upon his charge, is estimated to be fifty thousand rupees. This he exacts from the landholders as the first payment, for which they receive no credit in the public account. All other offices are paid for in the same way.

"The king would change his minister to-morrow if the singers were to propose it; and they would propose it if they could get better terms or perquisites under any other. No minister could hold office a week without their acquiescence. Under such circumstances, a change of ministers would be of little advantage to the country."

Again—

"It is not his minister and favourites alone who take advantage of this state of things to enrich themselves; corruption runs through all the public offices, and Maharajah Balkishen, the Dewan, or *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, is notoriously among the most corrupt of all, taking a large portion of the heavy balances due by contractors to get the rest remitted or misrepresented. There is no court in the capital, criminal, civil, or fiscal, in which the cases are not tampered with by court favourites, and decided according to their wishes, unless the Resident has occasion to interfere in behalf of guaranteed pensioners, or officers and sepoys of our army. On his appearance they commonly skulk away like jackals from a dead carcass when the tiger appears; but the cases in which he can interfere are comparatively very few, and it is with the greatest delay and difficulty that he can get such cases decided at all."

This interference of the Resident in judicial proceedings was in itself the strongest condemnation of the whole system. So universal and ac-

* This ru[illegible]

spirited noble" who has just come over to the wi[illegible] doubtless excite the enthusiastic admiration of all s of humanity.

knowledged was the corruption that an exceptional treatment was accorded to his representations; and the benefit of this privilege was gradually extended (like the benefit of clergy) by *construction*, till it embraced, not only British subjects and soldiers, but all the families of Sepoys and pensioners in the British service, regular and irregular. The loss of this privilege of overriding the ordinary courts, is alleged to be one of the annexation grievances which led to the recent Bengal mutiny.

And now, in the face of all this corruption, misrule, and their terrible consequences, is it not startling to be told that the population—not the great landholders or official agents, who thrive by oppression—but the poor cultivators who groan under it, *preferred the native government to our own?* This is positively the fact; and the disgraceful reason is assigned—viz. our incurable devastating passion for law-making.

Sir W. Sleeman had a long talk with the Brahmin communities of two villages, who had been driven by the Oude authorities over the border into our district of Shahjehanpoor, and after some time again invited back to their native villages. He describes them as "a mild, sensible, and most respectable body, whom a sensible ruler would do all in his power to protect and encourage," but whom the reckless governors of districts in Oude most grievously oppress. They told him that nothing could be better than the administration of the British district of Shahehanpoor, under a collector whom all classes loved and respected. The question was then put—

"'And where would you rather live—here, protected as the people are from all violence; or here, exposed as you are to all manner of outrage and extortion?' We would rather live here, sir, if we could; and we were glad to come back.' And why? There the landholders and cultivators are sure that no man will be permitted to exact a higher rate of rent or revenue than that which they voluntarily bind themselves to pay during the period of a long lease; while here, you are never sure that the terms of your lease will be respected for a single season.' 'That is all true, sir, but we cannot understand the *aen* and *kanoon* (the rules and regulations), nor should we ever do so; for we found that our relations, who had been settled there for many generations, were just as ignorant of them as ourselves. YOUR COURTS OF JUSTICE ARE THE THINGS WE MOST DREAD, SIR!! *and we are glad to escape from them as soon as we can, in spite of all the evils we are exposed to on our return to the place of our birth.* It is not the fault of the European gentlemen who preside over them, for they are anxious to do, and have justice done, to all; but in spite of all their efforts, the wrongdoer often escapes, and the *sufferer is as often punished!* The truth, sir, is seldom told in these courts. There they think of nothing but the number of witnesses, as if all were alike. Here, sir, we look to the quality. When a man suffers wrong, the wrong-doer is summoned before the elders, or most respectable men of his village or clan; and if he denies the charge, and refuses redress, he is told to bathe, put his hand upon the peepul-tree, and declare aloud his innocence. If he refuses, he is commanded to restore what he has taken, or make suitable reparation for the injury he has done; and if he refuses to do this, he is punished by the odium of all, and his life becomes miserable. A man dares not, sir, put his hand upon that sacred tree, and deny the truth—the gods sit in it, and know all things, and the offender dreads their vengeance. In your *adawluts* (courts), sir, men do not tell the truth so often as they do among their own tribes or village communities. They perjure themselves in all manner of ways, without shame or dread; and there are so many men about these courts who understand the 'rules and regulations,' and are so much interested in making truth appear to be falsehood, and falsehood truth, that no man feels sure that right will prevail in them in any case. The guilty think they have just as good a chance of escape as the innocent. Our relations and friends told us that all this confusion of right and wrong which bewildered them, arose from the multiplicity of the 'rules and regulations,' which threw all the power into the hands of bad men, and left the European gentlemen helpless.'"

Now, really this is too bad. We have already expressed our low estimation of the judicial system in India, but it is hardly credible that things should have come to this pass, that the most atrocious tyrannies are preferable to British law; and that, with all our philanthropy, civilisation, education, and religion, we cannot manage to elicit the truth in our courts as well as the "benighte"

Hindu," who believes there is a god in the peepul tree! Would that some of our Christianising legislators would lay to heart this humiliating revelation! It is of vastly more consequence to the future government of India than any of the nostrums vended in pulpit, press, or Parliament.

Sir W. Sleeman's report, from which our extracts have been taken almost at random—certainly with no design of selecting the worst cases—must have satisfied Lord Dalhousie (in the writer's words) that "the longer the present king reigns, the more unfit he becomes to reign, and the more the administration and the country deteriorate." It was clear that Wajid Ali Shah ought to be removed; the only question was, whom or what to establish in his place. Here, as usual, there were "three courses to pursue."

1. The king might be induced to *abdicate* in favour of the next heir, or some other member of the royal family.

2. The administration of government might be *assumed* by British officers acting in the king's name, but under the directions of the Governor-General.

3. The kingdom might be dissolved, and the territory *annexed* to the British dominions.

The first of these courses, as least injurious to the independent existence of the state, was recommended by Sir William Sleeman, but with a very important modification. The heir-apparent was a minor, and no member of the royal family was fit to be trusted with the regency, still less to be elevated to the throne in supercession of the infant. Sir William's plan was to constitute a board or council of regency, composed of the British Resident as president, and two natives of rank; but on the important questions of who should appoint the said natives, and who they should be, the Resident's views seem to have fluctuated very considerably. In one letter he recommends the king's mother and brother, in another the king himself, as the authority to recommend the members of council to the Governor-General. Again, at the beginning of a despatch, we find the king's brother recommended as a member of the board, but a postscript to the same document runs thus: "I find that the king's brother is altogether incompetent for anything like business or responsibility. The minister has not one single quality that a minister ought to have; and the king cannot be considered to be in a sound state of mind." With such materials, how was a regency to be formed? and what was its use when formed? If the native members resisted the Resident, here was the old difficulty revived; if they obeyed him, he would, in fact, be regent, and the first course becomes identical with the second.

In favour of this second course were the highly successful precedents of Nagpore and Mysore, where Sir Richard Jenkins in the one, and Sir Mark Cubbon in the other, acting as commissioner in the name of the native sovereign, but wholly independent of his direction, had administered the functions of government to the best possible effect. The advantage of this system lies in the little disturbance it inflicts on native laws, usages, and society. The laws remain unchanged, and are administered by native officials as before; but the conduct is *superintended* and corrected at every point by the European assistants of the commissioner, and the final appeal is to the latter, instead of to the native prince. Now, the *theory* of the native institutions is generally pretty good, and the chief law is the will of the ruler. If you can prevent corruption, enforce order, and substitute at the head of the administration, in place of a Mussulman tyrant or debauchee, a European officer of high order, responsible to his own Government, you accomplish, in fact, all that can be accomplished for the *benefit* of the country, while you preserve the semblance and feeling of a native power, and, what is perhaps of more consequence, the revenue is expended within the state, and for the exclusive benefit of its inhabitants.

The objection to this system, on the other hand, is, that it maintains, in addition to the *de facto* Government of the country, another court with the

itle and appearance of royalty, and always looking to the resumption of ts active functions. Such a court is necessarily a cave of Engedi. Its pecuniary resources are used in plotting against the government in possession, and the anomaly ensues of burdening the revenues with one set of functionaries to govern well, and with another to oppose their endeavours, and bring back the exploded misrule. The weight of this objection is so great, that this system can hardly be regarded as other than a transition one — a preliminary, in short, to annexation. Nagpore has already lapsed to the British by the failure of heirs to the native prince; and Mysore will experience the same fate on the death of the present rajah. In no case could it be contemplated to restore the native government to power again, after exhibiting the superior efficacy of the British.

This course, then, might have been adopted in Oude during the reign of Nussur-u-Deen, who repudiated his son, and seemed to desire that he might be the last of his dynasty. In fact, it was then authorised by the Court of Directors, who exhibited so honourable a concern for treaty-obligations in abrogating Lord Auckland's treaty of 1837. Sir William Sleeman says the nobles of Oude at that time expected this arrangement to take effect; it is even believed that Nussur was *poisoned*, in order to hasten the transfer. But after re-establishing the monarch in the line of Mohammed Ali Shah, it might well be open to question how far the mere assumption of the administration would prove feasible or efficacious.

Lord Dalhousie determined on the third and most "thorough" of the courses which it was open to pursue. And in spite of all that is urged, and well urged, by Sir W. Sleeman against the danger of absorbing state after state into the British empire, we cannot see that anything short of annexation would have met the case which demanded redress at our hands. It was a choice of difficulties; and admitting the evils dwelt upon by Sir William—indeed, many of his predictions have been too faithfully realised in the late revolt—we think that England was bound to encounter the risk in the hope of repairing the consequences of her own act, in so long sustaining a throne which, but for her support, would have disappeared in the general wreck of the Mogul usurpation.*

One thing must be obvious to every reader of Sir W. Sleeman's pages—viz. that the population he describes would resist to the last *any* system of administration which promised to enforce order, equity, and humanity. Such ruffians as Maun Sing and his whole fraternity of Rajpoot robbers, who fight to the death for the traditional rights of their "order;" and the very people who suffer, find the system so agreeable to Hindu tradition and genius, that on the whole they rather like it. Native life in Oude has, in fact, been a lottery glittering with the most splendid prizes, in the contemplation of which the blanks and the fearful cost of the game are overlooked. The European looking at Oude sees justice perverted, humanity outraged, debauchery and villany everywhere triumphant; the land held by brigands, women imprisoned, dishonoured, scourged, and mutilated; men dragged from their blazing homes by night, beaten with clubs, scalded with boiling oil, hacked to pieces with swords, or left to die lingeringly, with their noses cut off to the bone, and their religious pride trampled under the hoof of a brutal robber.† Such

* "Between the city, the pampered court and its functionaries, and the people of the country beyond, there is not the slightest feeling of sympathy; and if our troops were withdrawn from the vicinity of Lucknow, the landowners and sturdy peasantry of the country would in a few days rush in and plunder and destroy it, as a source of nothing but intolerable evil to them."—SLEEMAN.

† Sir W. Sleeman's pages abound in authentic instances of all these horrors. Among them, the last seems to have been thought the most terrible. It was inflicted on a Brahmin and a Rajpoot, as a warning to a crowd of captives to pay their ransom. The bones of a *nylghau* were hung upon the Brahmin's neck, while the Rajpoot's mouth was forced open and a *Mussulman spit into it*. The deadly blow was struck. The men were "outcast" for ever. They might have committed

is the normal condition of the "garden of India" when regarded from the European point of view. To the Hindu, on the contrary, these are the incidental losses of the game which no one anticipates till they are experienced, and no one pities but the immediate relative of the loser. On the other side, there is the pleasure of robbing, plundering, and cheating, in such diversified ways that few can be excluded from the chances of participation. There are waiting-maids, and worse than that, becoming queens,* and dying worth thousands of rupees; men of low birth and station rising to unheard-of riches and power;† singers and fiddlers ruling a kingdom; footpads and highwaymen growing into barons and earls. Above all, this is the state of things most agreeable to precedent and religious tradition. It is the *Mahabharat* in little—the nearest approach which this *Kali Yug* can supply to the glorious days of Ramchunder. Never believe that all this is to be surrendered in exchange for the merely ideal advantages of justice, liberty, security, and order! No! the gallant Rajpoots (foul murderers of their female babes), and the "mild and sensible" Brahmins, who discoursed with primitive simplicity by the side of the British Resident's elephant—pretty panthers toying in the sun!—are not the men to exchange all they hold dear in life for European abstractions. It is not so easy, as some philanthropists imagine, to govern men for their own good. Human nature is "very far gone from righteousness;" and in [illegible] as well as in the individual [illegible] takes a good battle to [illegible].

The die, however, is cast. [illegible] was annexed, and is now [illegible]. Wajid Ali may fiddle and make [illegible] without remonstrance or [illegible] to the end of his days. His children may become "songsters," or learn [illegible] more respectable occupation: but there is an end of the Mohammedan usurpation in Coshala, and the "twice-born" must bend their necks [illegible] another master. Happily there is no danger of the *aen* and *kanoon* more terrible than robbers and [illegible]-gatherers. The "Rules and Regulations" by which English law-makers scourges our older territories, have not gained admission into the late acquisitions. As long as these are excluded, Oude may be governed like the Punjaub, Nagpore, and Mysore, through its own institutions, modified and tempered by English administration, but not superseded in favour of a foreign and oppressive system. The first duty, however, is to restore order. *The population must be disarmed.* The strongholds of the Zemindars and talookdars must be destroyed. The protection of the subject, like the defence of the kingdom must be left to the ruling power; and Mussulmans, Brahmins, Rajpoots, and Byes, be made to learn the *bitter* lesson, more hateful, we suspect, than even the *aen* and *kanoon*, that where England plants her *flag* each may have his own faith before God, but ALL MEN ARE EQUAL IN THE EYE OF THE LAW!

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every crime in the decalogue, and kept their caste. For these external violences there was no absolution in time or eternity! The example was so terrible that the spectators submitted to the demand of the ruffian without further resistance. This story affords a striking proof of the power of *caste* (so superior to that of *creed*) in the native mind, and may explain the late outburst of frenzy in Bengal, at the supposed uncleanness of the greased cartridge. Another curious instance of the extent to which caste has supplanted religion, is supplied in a proclamation (which appears in the papers while we write), wherein the Zemindars and Sepoys at Lucknow call upon the population to resist the English for their religion, their honour and their property. *Mussulmans and Hindus (!)* "it is declared, ought to unite in this sacred cause against all *Christians and Jews.*"

* Two or three of Nussur-u-Deen's wives were domestic servants; and his favourite styled *Mulika Zamanee*—"Queen of the age"—was the wife of a low fellow, whose claims to the paternity of her children were shared by a blacksmith and an elephant driver. She was first introduced at court in the capacity of a [illegible]!

† The salary of Wajid Ali's vizier was 25,000 rupees a month, with allowances to his wives and children, and perquisites amounting to £60,000 per annum!

# AYER'S PILLS

Are particularly adapted to derangement of the digestive apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of disease.

Subjoined are the statements of some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice.

### AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

*From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans.*

"YOUR PILLS are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, and very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease."

### FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

*From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.*

"Not only are your PILLS admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people."

### DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

*From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis.*

"The PILLS you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *dyspepsia* and *indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them."

### DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX.

*From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.*

"Your PILLS have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the Liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery* and *diarrhœa*. Their sugar coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children."

### INTERNAL OBSTRUCTION—WORMS—SUPPRESSION.

*From Mrs. E. Stuart, who practises as a Physician and Midwife in Boston.*

"I find one or two large doses of your PILLS, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the natural secretion when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic that we have, that I recommend no other to my patients."

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*From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.*

"Too much cannot be said of your PILLS for the cure of *costiveness*. If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your PILLS affect that organ and cure the disease."

### IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD—SCROFULA—ERYSIPELAS—SALT RHEUM—TETTER—TUMORS—RHEUMATISM—GOUT—NEURALGIA.

*From Dr. Ezekiel Hall, Philadelphia.*

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**Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,** Practical and Analytical Chemist,

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

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JUNE, MDCCCLVIII.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXII. JUNE, 1858. Vol. LXXXIII.

## THE POORBEAH MUTINY: THE PUNJAB.

### NO. IV.

The first thought of the Chief Commissioner had been to insure the safety of the Punjab; the second was to *recover Delhi*. The whole European strength of the Punjab north of the Sutlej, being absorbed in the several stations, or in forming the Movable Column, the hill sanataria of Kussowlie, Subathoo, and Dugshai, each with its European regiment, alone remained available. On the morning of the 13th, a telegraph message came from Sir John Lawrence to the authorities at Umballa, urging that all these regiments, viz., her Majesty's 75th, and the 1st and 2d Bengal Fusiliers, should be concentrated at Umballa, and with them the *Nusseeree* battalion (Goorkhas), from Jutogh near Simla. From these a picked brigade should be pushed down *viâ* Kurnal to Delhi; while a large portion of the European force from Meerut should also move on Delhi from the eastward, "so that" to use the words of the Chief Commissioner himself) "our troops can operate simultaneously from both sides of the Jumna. The city of Delhi and the Magazine must be recovered at once. The Puttiala Rajah should send one regiment to Thaneysur, and another to Loodiana." Such was the message received by Mr. Forsyth, then officiating as Deputy Commissioner at Umballa, on the 13th, bringing to him the welcome assurance that in the prompt energetic measures which he had already initiated during the absence of Mr. Barnes (the commissioner of that division) at Kussowlie, he had only been anticipating Sir J. Lawrence's wishes.

In order to understand fully the condition of Umballa itself, and the steps which had been taken there, it is necessary to notice its position, and to take a brief review of the events which had occurred in that station during the two preceding months.

Umballa had been selected for a military cantonment, when Kurnal, for so many years our frontier station, was condemned for its unhealthiness, and when the suspicious attitude assumed by the Sikh Government, after the death of Runjeet Singh, rendered it necessary to support our advanced positions of Loodiana and Ferozepore on the banks of the Sutlej. The importance of this station is at once apparent. Lying on the edge of the vast plain of Sirhind, that battle-field where the supremacy of Northern India had been more than once contested, it became the centre

of administration, and acted as a salutary check over the various independent states around, who had, in 1809, thrown themselves under our protection to escape from the rapacious grasp of the "Lion of the Punjab." Here were several Sikh states, Puttiala, Jheend, and Nabba, still remaining, while many others had gradually disappeared—some by failure in succession, others by confiscation for treachery—and had been either annexed to our own territory, or assigned as rewards to states that had remained true during the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns. Besides these were the two small Mohammedan states of Jhujjur and Kurnal, also under our protection. Umballa was consequently regarded, in a military point of view, as a station of great importance, and had been originally designed to hold a large European force; but from certain natural disadvantages, such as want of water, and consequent scarcity of forage, it has lately been somewhat curtailed of its original proportions.*

The force at Umballa now consisted of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, under Colonel Hope Grant; two troops of horse-artillery under Captains Turner and Money; the 4th Native Cavalry (Lancers) under Colonel Clayton; the 5th Native Infantry under Major Maitland; and the 60th Native Infantry under Colonel Drought; Sir H. Barnard was General of the division, and Colonel Halifax commanded the brigade.

This station had also been selected for one of the "depots of instruction in the use of the Enfield rifle;" and Sepoys of all ranks, picked for general intelligence and effectiveness, were collected here from all the native infantry regiments around—among others were some of the 86th Native Infantry, which regiment had formed the escort of the Commander-in-Chief General Anson, during the latter part of his tour of inspection through the North-west Provinces, and were *en route* for Jullundhur.

The Commander-in-Chief, with the 86th Native Infantry as escort, arrived at Umballa in the middle of March. Two non-commissioned officers of the regiment, who were under instruction at the depot, immediately hastened out to the camp to meet their old comrades; but instead of the looked-for welcome, they were greeted with taunts and reproaches as having lost their caste by using the obnoxious cartridge.† These two men, by name Kassee Ram Tewaree, a Havildar, and Jeeololl Doobee, a Naik, were both Brahmins; the indignity, therefore, was tenfold greater in their case; and, full of indignation and alarm, they returned to the depot and reported what had passed. It was at once looked on by all their brethren there as an earnest of what was in store for each and all of them on returning to their respective regiments; the insult was regarded as a general one, and the affair at once became serious. The Havildar and Naik proceeded to the house of Captain Martineau, the "Instructor" at the depot, and, with bursting hearts and tears in their eyes, told their tale of grief. That officer, from an experience of some fifteen years with his regiment, the 10th Native Infantry, of which he was for many years interpreter, saw, from the turn that matters had taken, what might be the issue of it; and the very next day (March 20th) made a demi-official representation of the case, stating his own opinion on the general question, to Captain S. Becher, Assistant Adjutant-General of the army.

"The affair," he said, "is lamentable, as it discloses the actual feelings of the whole of the native army: and I hasten to put you in possession of the information I have subsequently received on the subject, as

* One European infantry regiment had always been quartered here, but, from the insecure condition of the barracks, had been removed about two years ago, and the new barracks had not yet been commenced.

† To show the utter falseness of such a charge, it is only necessary to state, that from the first the greased cartridges had only been given out to the *Officers* and *European soldiers*; they had been supplied to the Sepoys in an *ungreased* state, to avoid any suspicion, as a general concession made by Government from the first complaint against their composition.

it is no longer possible to close our eyes to the present state of our Hindoostanee regiments.

"The rumour has been industriously propagated (how it first originated no native knows), that the rifle cartridges were purposely smeared with the mixture of cow's and pig's fat, with the express object of destroying *caste;* in fact, the weapon itself is nothing more or less than a *Government missionary to convert the whole army to Christianity.*

"That so absurd a rumour should meet with a ready credence, indicates anything but a sound state of feeling on the part of our native soldiers. It is, however, generally credited, and 'Punchayuts' have been formed in every corps, who have placed themselves in communication from Calcutta to Peshawur; and the army at large has come to the determination to regard as outcasts, and to expel from all communion, any man who, at any of the depots, uses the cartridges at all. I find, also, that in many of the detachments here all intercourse with their corps is suspended; the men write from this, but receive no answers; their comrades won't deign to notice them. They justly remark, with evident alarm, 'If a subahdar in the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and on duty as his personal escort, can taunt us with loss of caste, what kind of reception shall we meet on our return to our own corps? No reward that Government can offer us is any equivalent to being regarded as outcasts by our comrades.'"

Thus strongly did Captain Martineau represent the dangers which he foresaw, from suffering this spirit of mistrust and disaffection to gain head.

The immediate result was, that on the morning of the 23d March, the Commander-in-Chief inspected the musketry depot, and had an address (prepared by himself the day before) translated and read to the men by Captain Martineau, assuring them that the rumour that the use of the cartridge had any ulterior object in view, as affecting their *caste*, was altogether false. He also gave instructions that the practice of the native details should be suspended in that depot until further orders. Captain Martineau was further requested by General Anson to ascertain and report officially the effect which his address produced on the minds of the men.

We refrain, for the present, from presenting to the public this most full and lucid statement prepared by Captain Martineau, which, after expressing the feelings of the men, and stating his own views, winds up by earnestly soliciting the Commander-in-Chief to appoint a European court of inquiry to investigate the particular charge of the Havildar Kassee Ram Tewaree against the Subahdar, as, "if substantiated, it would afford a very sure index to the real sentiments of the native mind."

Nothing could be more clear, nor, one would have thought, more convincing, than the reasoning, or more judicious than the suggestion offered by Captain Martineau. It was doomed, however, to be disregarded; the use of the cartridge by the natives was further suspended until the final decision of the Commander-in-Chief on the whole case.

That decision was not given until the 16th of April. The Havildar and Naik, who had been the subjects of that insult, because they saw in it but too clearly the reception which awaited them, and all their brethren of the depot, on returning to their regiments, and because in the freshness of their indignation and wounded Brahminical pride at their imagined loss, they had reported the insult to their comrades, and to the officer of the depot—these men were told publicly, on a brigade parade, specially assembled, that their conduct in creating so much excitement at the depot, and inducing the men of other regiments to entertain apprehensions of being similarly taunted upon returning to their corps, "was very reprehensible," and they were to be *severely censured.**

* The conduct of the Subahdar and Sepoys who had insulted the Havildar, had, in the meanwhile, been investigated and disposed of by the regimental commanding officer, Captain Garstin; and therefore the Commander-in-Chief contented himself with reprobating the Subahdar's conduct as "unbecoming and un-officerlike."

What might not a little consideration and sympathy at that moment have effected! It might have won the confidence of many a well-disposed Sepoy, and have thus elicited disclosures tending to avert or mitigate the impending crisis; but their mouths were stopped by this public rebuke of the first comrade who had ventured to speak out; and all were *driven* to make common cause with the disaffected, or, at least, to be passive and silent spectators of the approaching storm.

Nor was this all: it was resolved that, *coute que coute*, the Sepoys should be compelled to fire the cartridges in defiance of their prejudices and their fears.* Accordingly, on the morning of April 17th, the Sepoys used the cartridge, and that night some thirty thousand rupees' worth of Government property was destroyed by fire!

This was but the prelude to many more. Fires became an almost nightly occurrence; suddenly, in the dead of night, flames would burst out in various parts of cantonments—here an officer's bungalow, there a portion of the native lines; at one time a Government *godown* (warehouse), at another a regimental hospital, was discovered to be on fire. Courts of inquiry were now instituted, but with no result. *Grâmees* (thatchers) were by some believed to be the sinners, indulging in a more than ordinary degree their propensity of making work for themselves by burning thatched roofs, which would require to be re-thatched; others—these were, of course, cried down by the authorities as "croakers and alarmists"—regarded these nightly fires as a "running accompaniment" to the resumed target-practice, and recognised in them signs of increasing disaffection among the Sepoys. Suspicion gradually gained strength. Pickets of Sepoys were placed over their own lines and public buildings; and yet fires *would break out* where *Grâmees* could never have lighted them without detection; and the question then became general, "Who but the Sepoys could be the culprits?"

In the end of April an important clue to the origin of these fires was discovered by means of a Sikh Sepoy, named Sham Singh, of the 5th Regiment, Native Infantry. He disclosed to Mr. Forsyth that the great body of the Sepoys were in a highly indignant and excited state, under the apprehension that they were all to be compelled to use the offensive cartridges, to the peril of their *caste;* and that they had resolved that, whenever such an order should be issued, every bungalow in the station should be in flames! The Bazar *Kotwal* (or head bailiff) also reported that a *Pundit* had told him that, according to Hindoo astrological calculations, it was certain "blood would be shed" within a week, either in Delhi, Meerut, or Umballa. The details of the conspiracy were further discovered—that the 4th Light Cavalry were to seize the guns, and the heel-ropes of her Majesty's 9th Lancers were to be cut and the horses let loose.

These disclosures were reported to the local authorities and to the Commander-in-Chief, but were discredited, and no notice was taken of them. To Sir J. Lawrence, however, to whom they were also reported, they appeared in a very different light; he attached much importance to them, and promised that the faithful Sikh should have promotion. To his mind the disaffection of the Sepoys already appeared a *grave reality*, to be watched, and, if possible, guarded against. Thus closed the month of April at Umballa.

With the month of May the aspect of affairs did not brighten. The reports from Lucknow were not without effect on the minds of the Sepoys. The arrest of the eighty-five troopers of the 3d Cavalry at Meerut added to the general excitement. On the

* Not only were the malcontent Sepoys denounced as "black rascals," who should rue the day they refused to use the cartridge; but the representations made by the officers of the depots, and others competent to judge, were condemned in most unmeasured terms. "They only want to break up the depots that they may get off to their messes, or their homes, or slip up to the hills." Such were the sentiments current in the cool, comfortable retreats of Chota Simla.

10th of May—that memorable Sunday, which saw many a home at Meerut blood-stained and desolate—the whole cantonment of Umballa was thrown into a state of alarm. Both the native infantry regiments, the 5th and 60th,* had turned out without orders, and stood to their arms. General Barnard hastened to their lines, and found them in open mutiny; some of the 5th Native Infantry actually loaded and pointed their muskets at their officers. The General was at once for calling down the artillery; but fortunately extreme measures were not necessary; the Sepoys were gradually quieted by their own officers, and peace restored. Simultaneously with this movement in cantonments, the guard of the 5th Native Infantry over the Civil Treasury, some four miles off, also turned out, and stood to their arms without orders, unmistakably betraying a preconcerted plan.

It was on the afternoon of the following day (Monday the 11th) that the direful tidings came from Delhi: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd† is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." Captain Barnard, the General's A.D.C., was at once despatched to Simla to inform the Commander-in-Chief, and to urge on him, and also on Mr. Barnes, to hasten down. On passing through Kussowlie, he warned the 75th to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Most unfortunately, the telegraphic message was not fully credited at headquarters. The first suspicions of smouldering mutiny, when reported, were pronounced mysterious and exaggerated; and now that the worst suspicions were more than realized, and the fanatic rebels had thrown off the masque, the unwelcome announcement, which so rudely dispelled the dream of fancied peace and security, was not to be believed, and accordingly little was done at headquarters to meet the emergency. It was deemed sufficient to order down 250 men of her Majesty's 75th.

Mr. Forsyth, however, acted with great energy: to guard the treasure, and to maintain the safety of the civil lines, and the town of Umballa, was his first care. One hundred of the Sikh Police Battalion were placed on picket duty day and night; 200 more were ordered to be under arms in readiness for any emergency. A party of Civil Sowars were despatched to watch the Kurnal road.‡

The telegraphic message of the fate of Delhi, sent up to the Chief Commissioner, had brought back, on the morning of the 13th, the answer already mentioned, that the European troops on the hills should be at once brought down, and concentrated at Umballa, and the native chiefs of Puttiala, Jheend, and Kurnal, should be immediately called on to give assistance. To the Puttiala Rajah, Mr. Forsyth sent off that afternoon, a request that he would come as near as possible to Umballa, on the confines of his own territory, that Mr. Barnes might communicate with him immediately on his arrival from Kussowlie. The Rajah at once responded, hastening to Karna, eight miles from Umballa, where he was encamped within eighteen hours of Mr. Forsyth's letter being despatched; and there, under orders received in the meanwhile from Sir John Lawrence, Mr. Forsyth proceeded to an interview.

The Rajah had only an escort of about 1000 men, foot and horse; but he was quite ready to respond to any

* The 4th Native Cavalry (Lancers) are also said to have saddled their horses without orders, as if ready to join, but this is incorrect. Colonel Clayton, directly he heard what was taking place, galloped down to the lines, and gave the orders to saddle and mount; they obeyed to a man; but order being restored without any violent measures, they were not moved off their own parade-ground. Had they been put to the test, their subsequent conduct leads to the belief that they would have proved staunch.

† Mr. Todd was superintendent of the telegraph office at Delhi. He had gone out very early in the morning along the road to see where the wire was broken, and is said to be the first victim of the Meerut troopers.

‡ A messenger was also sent to Captain M'Neile at Thaneysur, to apprise him of the outbreak, and put him on his guard.

call that the Government might make on his service. The scantiness of his retinue he accounted for by stating that the main body of his troops were scattered about collecting the revenue; and, moreover, hinting a mistrust of his men, he requested to be allowed to accompany them in person, and asked also for some European officers. A short quarter of an hour's conference sufficed for all arrangements, and the Rajah struck his camp and started for Thaneysur, with a view to garrison it. It being subsequently decided that the safety of the Kurnal road, and the reopening communication with Meerut, were of paramount importance, the Rajah was requested to change his route and to occupy Kurnal,* while the Jheend Rajah was applied to to protect Thaneysur.

When it became known at Umballa that at headquarters due importance was not attached to the rumours of the outbreak, Mr. Plowden, the assistant commissioner, was despatched to Kussowlie and Simla, to urge the instant advance of troops, carrying with him, in melancholy confirmation of the tidings from Delhi, *a letter from one of the fugitives.* By daylight on Thursday morning, Mr. Barnes arrived, and in full appreciation of the reality of the crisis, prepared to act with calm energy and promptness. When the nature and extent of the mutiny began to dawn on the mind of the Commander-in-Chief in all its awful reality, he acted with some vigour. Of her Majesty's 75th, warned on the previous night by Captain Barnard, 250 men had been at first ordered down, but this was now followed by a subsequent order for the whole regiment to march at once; and the 1st and 2d Fusiliers from Dugshai and Subathoo were to follow with all despatch. The following general order was also issued, dated May 14th, Simla:—

"The Commander-in-Chief desires that officers commanding native regiments will instantly inform their men that it has never been intended that any cartridges which can be objected to should be used by them, and that they may rely upon the Commander-in-Chief's assurance that they will not be required to use objectionable cartridges now or hereafter.'

"(True extract.)

"C. CHESTER, *Colonel*

"*Adjutant-General of the Army.*'

A telegraphic message was also sent to Phillour, ordering a siege-train (3d class) to be prepared and sent off without delay. To guard against any accident or injury to the wire, Captain Worthington of the Artillery, at that time on sick leave at Simla, started off express to carry the order to Phillour. The Nusseeree battalion of Goorkhas received orders to march from Jutogh, adjoining Simla, to Phillour, to escort the siege-train, and the Commander-in-Chief hastened down, followed by Colonels Chester and Becher, of the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General's department. Now the note of preparation was sounded far and wide. The 75th marched into Umballa on the 15th, and the Company's two European regiments on the 16th and 17th.†

The state of Umballa itself demands notice. The 5th Native Infantry were believed to be the most seriously disaffected of the native corps, and in order to neutralise their designs in some measure, they were cut up into small detachments. Two companies were sent off on the 16th, with a squadron of the 4th Native Cavalry (Lancers), under Captain Wylde, under the pretext of strengthening Mr. Spankey's position at Saharunpore; two more companies

* The course which the Nawab of Kurnal would adopt was at first thought doubtful. His after career has proved his fidelity, of which due mention will be made.

† Major Jacob of the 1st Fusiliers chanced to be at Simla that afternoon. He rode down during the night to Dugshai, and at the morning parade gave orders that all should be ready to march that afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The 2d Fusiliers received their orders at Subathoo at 10 A.M. in the morning, and also started that afternoon. Both corps made the distance, some seventy miles, in three marches.

o Roopur, with the ostensible object of watching Nalagurh and Ballachore, where it was believed that the population were somewhat disaffected. This latter detachment, however, instead of being withdrawn from danger, was thrown into the midst of contamination; their position at Roopur was fatal to them. Here lived a man named Mohur-Singh, a Sikh Sirdar, who had once been Kardar (native magistrate and collector) of Roopur, but had been removed from his post by Government for divers malpractices. No sooner did the detachment of the 6th Native Infantry arrive at Roopur than his man began to tamper with them, and they needed but little encouragement. His influence soon showed itself. Captain Gardner,* the officer commanding them, was openly insulted; and when, on reporting their mutinous state, he received orders to arrest the malcontent Sirdar, and send him into Umballa for trial, the Sepoys refused to seize him, and swore that he should never be taken a prisoner. A body of Sikh police, however, were sent out, strong enough to overawe them, and to master him. He was brought in, tried by Mr. Barnes, and hanged. The two companies were recalled, and on arriving at Umballa were disarmed.†

With the 60th Native Infantry, who were believed to be less mutinously disposed, another system was adopted. Colonel T. Seaton, C.B., of the 35th Native Infantry, who was on leave at Simla, was selected, from his great experience and tact, to take command of the corps, with the hope that he would be able to keep them stanch; and with a view of showing confidence in them, the Commander-in-Chief, the day after his arrival at Umballa, allowed them to be re-sworn to their colours, thus effacing the remembrance of their doings on the 10th of May; but this, as will be seen, was a very short-lived loyalty.

Of the 4th Native Cavalry (Lancers) a more detailed mention should be made, as their conduct, though surrounded by traitors, and sorely tried on several occasions from being distrusted, is deserving of great praise.‡ On the evening of the 12th of May, when the tidings of the outbreak at Meerut at first arrived, one squadron was detached under Captain Dumbleton to bring in the treasure from Thaneysur, which was under guard of a company of the 5th Native Infantry. This squadron made the distance, above twenty miles, in one march without a halt; but on arriving found that the suspicions of their trustworthiness had preceded them. Captain M'Neile, in civil charge of Thaneysur, refused to give up the treasure to them, and ordered them back to Umballa. A small party, however, consisting of a havildar and twelve troopers, remained, and, conjointly with the guard of the 5th Native Infantry, escorted the treasure towards Umballa. Scarcely had they got half-way, when suspicion again met them. The Umballa authorities, mistrusting both native cavalry and infantry, had sent out a small detachment of Sikh police to take the treasure from them. The troopers and Sepoys refused to be so ignominiously relieved of their charge, and halted, forming round the treasure till further instructions. The order then came that the men of the 4th Cavalry and 5th Native Infantry should retain charge; and they brought it safely into cantonments. In other quarters, small parties of this corps were also proving their fidelity: forty troops under Captain Russell were sent out towards Phillour, to receive charge of a large quantity of ammunition ordered in from the

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* Captain Gardner, of the 38th Native Infantry, had escaped from Delhi, and was attached to the 5th Native Infantry.

† On the 1st of June, the two Subahdars and Pay Havildars were tried by court-martial, and condemned to be hanged. One Pay Havildar contrived to escape, but the other three were made examples of.

‡ The disclosures of the Sikh Sepoy implicated this corps in the general conspiracy to rise, and consequently drew suspicion on them, which their previous general behaviour had not deserved, and their subsequent conduct refuted.

magazine, which was being escorted by some of the 3d Native Infantry and a few of the Nabba Rajah's men. This duty they performed with equal fidelity. Also, when the European corps were ordered down from the hills, the tents and commissariat stores for their use were sent out to the camping-grounds under a guard of troopers of the 4th Cavalry. These men were reported by the Europeans to have behaved admirably, and to have rendered every assistance in their power. Other acts will be spoken of hereafter; but here are *three*, in which, within the first week after the Meerut and Delhi massacres, while the excitement of the native mind was at its height—three separate detachments of this corps received charge respectively of treasure, ammunition, and stores, destined for the use of European troops against their Poorbeah brethren, and performed their duty readily and faithfully.

It must nevertheless be admitted that this corps was not without its traitors, though happily, as it would appear, too few in number to affect the tone of the whole regiment, or too eager for the fray to wait for the remainder, even should they become disposed to join.*

While this was passing at Umballa, preparations were being made at Phillour, to give full effect to the advance, when finally resolved on by the Commander-in-Chief.

The telegraphic message for the siege-train had reached Phillour on the morning of the 17th, and within four days, by dint of unceasing labour day and night, all was ready. In the meanwhile a couple of lakhs of small-arm ammunition were at once despatched in advance, for the use of the European troops now concentrating at Umballa, under a guard from the 3d Native Infantry, who were relieved midway by some of the 4th Cavalry.

The siege-train consisted of six 18-pounders, four 8-inch howitzers, twelve 5½-inch mortars, five 9-pounder brass guns, one 24-pounder brass howitzer, and four 8-inch mortars, with 500 rounds for each gun, together with 100 extra rounds for every light field-piece already with the force, or under orders to join it. Besides this, there were also to be sent down under the same escort two lakhs of small-arm ball ammunition for the infantry, with eighteen lakhs of percussion caps, and about 3000 rounds of shot and shell for the field-batteries.

Exciting, indeed, were the duties in the magazine during those four days. The 3d Native Infantry cantoned outside were known to be mutinous in heart; and report said that they had sworn the siege-train should never reach Delhi. The river Sutlej too, rising rapidly every day from the melting snows above, threatened to sweep away the bridge of boats before the train could possibly be ready. All was expedition and anxiety; almost hourly was the telegraph in request, reporting safety and progress to the Commander-in-Chief. At length, on the morning of the 21st, Lieutenant Griffiths, the Commissary of Ordnance, had the satisfaction of seeing the Phillour gate, which had been kept closed and guarded lest a spy or traitor should gain access, thrown open, and the siege-train pass out in all its force.

Tidings had, in the meanwhile, arrived, that the Nusseeree battalion from Jutogh, who were ordered down to escort it, had refused to march. The 3d Native Infantry, perhaps eager to clear their character from imputation, though more probably to get the train into their hands, volunteered. No time was to be lost; and under pretence of restored confidence, they were allowed to escort it. Thus at three o'clock in the morning the train began its long and perilous march. The river had risen, and was still rising, and every hour was precious. Every precaution had been taken; the water above had been dammed up or drained off, in some measure to lessen the strain on the bridge, which had also been strengthened by additional hawsers. There were Lieutenant Griffiths and Mr.

* On the right of the enemy's line, on the 8th of June, were seen several troopers armed with lances, which led to the suspicion that deserters from the 4th had already found their way to the imperial standard.

Ricketts, the Deputy-Commissioner of Loodiana (who had collected 300 coolies to help), at each end of the bridge, watching and expediting the progress of the train, which crossed over slowly but safely; and in less than two hours after, the bridge had *gone!* No sooner was the train fairly landed on the opposite bank, than the 3rd Native Infantry were quietly and politely relieved of their charge, which was at once made over to some of the 9th Irregulars, quartered at Loodiana, and a small body of cavalry belonging to the Nabba Rajah; and under their united escort it proceeded onwards. Thus providentially was the train preserved from a twofold danger, the rising river and a rebel escort. Had the bridge broken before the train crossed, days, and perhaps weeks, would have been lost; and who can calculate the possible consequences of that delay? Had the 3rd Native Infantry refused to let it cross—and it was wholly in their power—the danger might have been still greater. But thanks to a disposing Providence, the bridge was crossed, and the rebellious designs of the escort thwarted! After delays and difficulties from unmanageable bullock-drivers and heavy sands, the train entered Loodiana at ten o'clock that night, having taken nearly twenty hours to accomplish a distance of seven miles. Here another danger threatened, and was averted. A violent dust-storm, followed by torrents of rain, came on: yet not a grain of powder was injured, though the whole camp was levelled with the ground. The road was now clear, and comparatively easy, and the train entered Umballa on the 28th May.

The importance of Umballa as a station had now increased tenfold. Lying about midway between Delhi and Lahore, it would have been the first barrier to the stream of mutiny had it flowed upwards, and was to be now the rendezvous for the army to be collected for the recovery of 'the bloody city."

In order to understand better the subsequent operations, of which Umballa was now to be the centre, the reader must be content to make one more digression, and pass for a while from the dust-laden, furnace-heated plains to the clear cool air of the Himalayas.

On Thursday afternoon, May 15th, General Anson, at last believing that there was some truth in the dreadful reports from below, and that a large portion of the Sepoy army were in open revolt, hastened down to Umballa, to join the force he had ordered to be concentrated there.

His sudden departure from Simla, and the withdrawal of all European troops from the hill stations, naturally filled with anxiety the minds of the many ladies who, with their families, had collected here for the approaching hot weather, and who had been already appalled at the reported atrocities perpetrated at Meerut and Delhi: they could but regard the unprotected defenceless state in which they were now to be left at the mercy of the *budmashes* of a most ill-regulated Bazar, with feelings of harrowing alarm. The chaplain, the Rev. F. O. Mayne, represented this to General Anson, as he was riding out of Simla, entreating that a small force, if only one company of Europeans, might be sent up there to insure quiet and restore confidence; but the Commander-in-Chief *now* declared he could not spare a man. "What, then," said Mr. Mayne, "are the ladies to do?" "They must do the best they can," was the inconsiderate reply. All eyes were then turned to General Penny, as the senior officer at Simla, and a gathering at once took place at his house, with a view of taking some steps for defending the place against attack. While they were assembled, the Superintendent of Hill States, Lord W. Hay, entered, and directed their thoughts of danger from the bazar vagabonds to the regiment of Goorkhas, quartered at Jutogh, some three or four miles off. This announcement threw a blank over the faces of all present: their only hope had been in the few Goorkhas who might remain, and those were now said to be the source of their greatest danger. From this moment all was confusion and disorder; in vain did General Penny endeavour to organize some system. Independent, and often counter-arrangements, met him at every step.

To trace in their order the exploits

of that Friday and Saturday, or arrive at the truth amid a thousand conflicting statements, would be well-nigh impossible; and as being not absolutely necessary for the elucidation of the narrative of subsequent events, we do not make the attempt. Suffice it to say, it all resulted in, if not "a causeless panic," at least a "shameless flight."

The Goorkhas were subsequently brought to reason, their demands being acceded to, and their guards replaced; and on receipt of the second order, under a "general amnesty" granted by the Commander-in-Chief, they marched to Umballa.

To resume the narrative of events. Umballa was now fast filling, the three European corps had arrived, each mustering about 800 strong; but there was no accommodation for them; there were not tents enough to cover one-half; the men were huddled together, as many as could be under canvass, and the rest doubled up in the 9th Lancers' barracks. How to push them on to Delhi was the next difficulty. The commissariat arrangements at Umballa, although sufficient to meet the wants of the station itself, were utterly inadequate for the demands of such a force thrown suddenly upon them. That department had neither the carriage, camels, elephants, or carts, now required. Colonel W. B. Thompson, one of the most experienced and effective officers of the department, frankly avowed his inability to meet the demand. He declared himself ready to throw up his appointment rather than attempt it: he would sacrifice himself rather than sacrifice the army. In this perplexity, the Commander-in-Chief found, as Lord Hardinge* had done before him, that the commissariat department was not meant for such emergencies; and, like Lord Hardinge, he turned to the civil authorities of the district, and his call was as promptly responded to. An indent was sent in for 700 camels, 2000 doolie-bearers, and 200 carts, and in less than a week Mr. Forsyth, the Deputy-Commissioner, had collected about 2000 camels, as many bearers, and 500 carts, besides the elephants, camels, and carts that flowed in, in streams, from the Puttiala Rajah. Provisions, too, were collected in similar abundance, with the assurance that as much more as might be required was procurable. Thus the wants of the troops were met; and after a delay of some ten days, against which the Chief Commissioner, in his eagerness for the recovery of Delhi, was constantly and urgently remonstrating—a delay which was deplorable, not only as giving confidence to the rebels, and affording time for them to organise a resistance, but even more so as affecting the health of many

* Lord Hardinge gave the following evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the 8th March, 1853. Question 2029:—

"When the army entered the field, and had to move suddenly from Umballa to the Sutlej, of course we were not so prepared as we should have been if we had expected war a month beforehand. When I arrived at Umballa, having conferred with Lord Gough, I called for the Commissary-General; and he told me that, according to the usual preparations for the army, it would take a month or six weeks before the cattle necessary for carrying the supplies about 150 miles, to Ferozepore, could be produced. I informed him that they must be ready in six days; and I sent for Major Broadfoot, who had served in the commissariat department, who was an officer of very great merit and ability, and who was the Governor-General's political agent for the frontier, and told him the difficulty we were in; and that, if we had not cattle to carry provisions forward, we must call upon the native powers, who were, under treaty, bound to deposit them where we required them, at such places and on such routes as the Commander-in-Chief might appoint. Major Broadfoot, having received the routes from the Quartermaster-General, sat up the whole night, and the next morning orders were despatched to the chiefs of the Sikh protected states to furnish provisions at the halting-places for a march of six or seven days, from Umballa to the Sutlej; and under these arrangements, rapidly made, the army never suffered from want of provisions, though they may have suffered sometimes from want of time to cook them. This service was accomplished by the activity, the energy, and practical knowledge of that most able man, Major Broadfoot."

of those brave soldiers on whom, for the time, our empire and our very lives depended, by sowing the seeds of fatal disease under those old tents or overcrowded barracks at Umballa, beneath the scorching suns of the summer solstice—at length the whole of the force was fairly under weigh by the 25th May.

Small detachments had been already pushed on as carriage was procured; in advance a squadron of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, four companies of 1st Fusiliers, and two horse-artillery guns to occupy Kurnal. When a further detachment arrived, this body proceeded to Paneeput, which had been hitherto held by the Jheend Rajah; and being subsequently strengthened by two more squadrons of the 9th Lancers, the remainder of the 1st Fusiliers, and four more guns, they pushed on to Rhye, to hold that advanced post within twenty miles of Delhi itself; the last detachment marched out on the 25th May, and with it the Commander-in-Chief.

The whole force thus poured out from Umballa consisted of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, under Colonel Hope Grant; 1st Fusiliers, under Major Jacob; 2d Fusiliers, under Colonel Showers (four companies of the 2d Fusiliers remaining behind to guard Umballa, under command of Captain Harris); Captain Turner's troop of horse-artillery; Captain Money's troop, with the 9-pounders from the native battery, which had been ordered in from Noorpoor instead of his own 6-pounder; one squadron of 4th Native Cavalry (Lancers), under Colonel Clayton; and the 60th Native Infantry, under Colonel T. Seaton.

On the 28th May the siege-train came in from Phillour, and the Nusseeree Goorkha Battalion from Sutogh—a coincidence for a time fraught with great danger. On the afternoon of the 27th, an advance-party of the Goorkhas brought on the camp colours, and had scarcely reached the camping-ground, when some Sepoys of the 5th Native Infantry found their way out and began to camper with them. It was suggested to the Goorkhas that their *nâm* (credit) was already gone, and that they would ever be regarded with suspicion; that a more favourable opportunity for an effective rise could not be. The siege-train was coming in next day; the European troops had nearly all gone on towards Delhi; the force that remained were a mere handful; the 5th were still armed; and if the Goorkhas would join, they would rise, seize the train, and carry it off to the King of Delhi. The man to whom the offer was made was a faithful little Goorkha, and a prudent one; he at once replied that he could say nothing for his comrades, but the men of the 5th had better come over to the camp when the regiment marched in in the morning, and sound them. He himself went to Major Bagot, directly on that officer's arrival at the camping-ground, and reported what had passed. Major Bagot called up all the most trustworthy of the native officers, told them the whole occurrence, and said he relied on their honour to stand by him and Government, and to bring up any of the 5th Native Infantry who might come and endeavour to incite them to mutiny. Several men from the 5th soon came straggling into the camp as the morning passed on, yet not one was seized or brought up. At length Major Bagot called up the native officers, and asked them what was passing; they admitted that the Sepoys were using every argument to incite the Goorkhas to join in mutiny, but as no plan or time for rising had been suggested, there was nothing on which to base a charge.

The first report, however, communicated by Major Bagot to the Umballa authorities showed the danger that threatened; and that afternoon the 5th Native Infantry were quietly disarmed. The Goorkhas were sent down into the Saharunpore district; the siege-train arrived, and passed on towards Delhi in safety; and thus the cloud which had for some hours hung over Umballa was dispersed.

The very next day brought in tidings that the camp had only reached Kurnal, when General Anson was attacked by cholera. He died on the night of the 27th, and was buried the following day.

Alas! how many "a soldier good," in the brave little band that hastened along that road panting for glory and revenge, was soon to follow him

"To that dark inn, the GRAVE!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a checkered prospect on which the month of June opened in the Punjab.

At Lahore little had occurred since the morning of the 13th of May. The fort was safe, and strongly garrisoned by Europeans; and the cantonments of Mean Meer retained the same appearance of quiet, yet guardedness.

One only change had taken place: the Sikh Sepoys of the three Native Infantry corps, hurt at being involved in the common disgrace with their Poorbeah comrades, had respectfully remonstrated; and Brigadier Corbett, rejoicing to be able to show his confidence in their unshaken loyalty, drafted them out of their several regiments, formed them into a separate body, and restored them their arms. Cheering was it to mark the happy look and buoyant step with which these men, fretting as they had done, with downcast air, at the implied suspicion, now accepted these proofs of restored confidence, and with ready zeal relieved the Europeans of some of their heavy and almost incessant guards. This, too, was followed by another important step. To show the fullest confidence in this class, an order was issued that *all Sikhs* belonging to regiments quartered south of Umballa, who were on leave north of the Sutlej, should present themselves at Lahore; here they soon congregated, and at once became the nuclei of new regiments. One cause of anxiety certainly remained: the 8th Cavalry, though disarmed, were still mounted, and as such were a formidable body. The means, however, were now close at hand for giving this finishing-stroke to the bold measure of May the 13th; for, with the arrival of the Movable Column, which was already within three marches, and was being hurried in, this cause of anxiety would be at once removed.

The station of Sealkote remained quiet, and no signs of disaffection appeared, although the whole of the European force had been now withdrawn. When the order came for her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry and the Artillery to join the Movable Column, Brigadier Brind had on his own responsibility held back one hundred men of the 52d, and two guns for the safety of the station where the 46th Native Infantry and a wing of the 9th Cavalry still remained; but a subsequent order came for them, and this little force was most reluctantly sent off by the Brigadier, under Colonel Dennis: the 52d, to overtake the Column at Lahore. The Sepoys, however, though now without any European check continued very orderly. At Jhelum the 14th Native Infantry remained sullenly quiet.

At Rawul Pindee some fears were entertained for the peace of the adjacent frontier, and suspicions of the 58th Native Infantry, which indeed grew into a *panic* on the 4th of the month, but in a few hours subsided into the former state of order and security.

Along the frontier beyond, in the Eusofzai district and Swat Valley, an attempt was made now and again by some fanatic Moulvie to create a disturbance; but Vaughan's gallant and trusty Punjabees (5th Punjab Infantry) and Nicholson's Police and Civil Sowars were at hand, and promptly put down any such ebullitions of feeling.

To the westward all was as yet quiet. The Gogaira country had just had a narrow escape. A sudden attempt had been made a few days before, by the prisoners of the jail, to break out and raise the neigbouring Goojurs; but the guard of *Kutár Mookhees** were too stanch, and (though only sixteen in number) too strong also, and Captain Elphinstone

* A word about these *Kutár Mookhees*. The name literally means "*dagger-faced*." It was an old Sikh regiment, kept on by us after annexation, and transformed into a local police corps. The headquarters were at Moultan, and a detachment on duty at Gogaira.

the Deputy Commissioner, with his assistant, Mr. Berkeley, too vigorous and energetic; so the convicts paid dearly for their rashness: some fifty were shot down in their attempt to get over the walls, and only eighteen contrived to escape. There can be little doubt, however, that a couple of hundred of these desperate convicts, had they once got the mastery and escaped, would have thrown the whole district into commotion, ripe as it was afterwards proved to be for rebellion; and troops could have been ill-spared at that time to settle a riotous rabble, when so many Sepoys in the surrounding stations, still armed though suspected, had to be cared for and looked after.

At Moultan all was quiet also; but it was felt that the security they enjoyed was only due to the proofs already given that the Sepoys were not trusted. Major Hamilton's plans at the first, of bringing all the treasure into the old fort, and strengthening it by throwing in the European Battery, and concentrating the [redacted] Police (horse and foot), had saved the disaffected among the Sepoys, and given confidence to the residents. The 1st Irregular Cavalry too (whilom Skinner's horse), under Captain Crawford Chamberlain, were looked on with great faith as a check on the two Sepoy corps—a faith which was subsequently proved to be well placed.

Ferozepore remained quiet of necessity. The rebels of the 45th and 57th had escaped or been disbanded, and the 10th Cavalry, though not much relied on, were not yet strongly suspected. The fort was safe, and her Majesty's 61st on the alert. Still, however, seditious papers were circulated, and treason was preached in the Bazar with impunity.

At Umritsur a very desperate conspiracy, entirely Mohammedan, involving even officials in the local court and a Jemadar of his own Sowars, was detected by Mr. F. Cooper, the Deputy-Commissioner, who was himself to have been the first victim; and nothing but its timely discovery prevented its proving fatal to nearly all the residents of the station, and disastrous to the whole country.

But from the Hurrianah district tidings had come in of an appalling nature, and each day was now bringing its sad confirmation of the harrowing tale—that every Christian in Hansi and Hissar had been massacred. This proved not to be literally true, for some few did escape; but the sacrifice of life, of every age and sex, and the atrocities perpetrated in that district, were scarcely less awful than those which Delhi itself had witnessed a fortnight before. Some Sowars sent in by the Nawab of Dadree, at Mr. Wedderburn's request, first showed signs of treachery. The Eed (May the 25th) had been allowed to pass over without any Mahommedan demonstration and uproar: but on the 29th they threw off all restraint. Carrying with them the 4th Irregular Cavalry, they opened the jail, released the prisoners, attacked the civilians in their very kutcheries, where, the Chuprassees and the Sepoys of the Hurrianah Light Infantry proving faithless, they fell easy victims. The rebellion at once spread through the whole district; a few hours saw Hansi, Hissar, and Sirsee, involved in one common ruin. The population around rose and equalled them in cold-blooded atrocities, the very Goojurs of the neighbouring district hunting down, and most barbarously ill-treating all who had succeeded in escaping from the treacherous Sowars and Sepoys. The Nawabs of Dadree and Runneea were believed to be deeply implicated. The Bikaneer Rajah stood forth nobly, and sheltered all who could escape into his territory, and by him many lives were saved. To punish these rebels, and the still more inhuman Ranghur population, General Van Courtland, of Sikh repute, who had been in civil employ ever since the annexation, and was at the time at Ferozepore, was called on to raise a force. Readily did he desert the pen and the office-desk to resume the sword and saddle. His name acted like a charm. Many an old Sikh, who had laid aside the sword for the ploughshare, now sprang forward at the call. And he who had held high command in the days of Runjeet Singh found Sikhs again rallying to his standard, and was soon surround-

ed by a body of old trained soldiers.* The Bikaneer Rajah sent at once five hundred men, and the Nawab of Bhawuldore was called on for a similar force which he reluctantly and tardily supplied. General Van Courtland was soon in the field with a force sufficient to reconquer and hold that district.

And where was the Movable Column? In its now reduced proportions it entered Lahore on the morning of the 3d of June, consisting of her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, under Colonel Campbell, Major Dawes' troop of Horse Artillery, Captain Bourchier's light-field battery, Major Knatchbull's native battery, a wing of the 9th Light Cavalry under Major Baker, the 16th Irregular Cavalry under Major Davidson, a wing of the 17th Irregular Cavalry under Captain Hockin, and the 35th Light Infantry under Colonel Younghusband.

It found temporary accommodation in the old disused lines which, in the days of "the Regency," had held the Army of Occupation. The arrival of the Column from above, and the 2d Punjab Cavalry under Captain Nicholson from Kohat, furnished the means of completely disabling the disaffected troopers of the 8th Cavalry, which was effected in the following manner: By a slight change in the usual marching order of the Column, as they entered Lahore, her Majesty's 52d were placed in front, and it had been privately communicated to the officer commanding, that, while the left wing and the rest of the Column halted at Annarkullee, the right wing was to march on to Mean Meer, and take up ground at the central picket. It arrived in the dim twilight, and drew up alongside the picket, which consisted of two companies of her Majesty's 81st Foot, and four guns of the Horse Artillery, and Nicholson's Irregular Cavalry. The 8th were then ordered to deliver up their horses. Overawed by the presence of so large a European force close by, and the unsympathising Punjabees at their side, they sullenly obeyed. Many of the troopers maliciously let loose their horses, which freed from all restraint, bore down on those of the Irregulars, causing great confusion and some injury among the Irregular Sowars: Captain Nicholson himself was lamed by a severe kick in the *mêlée*. The feat, however, was achieved, and the security of Lahore greatly increased.

The Column halted for a week, and during that time was called on to witness, and take part in for the first time, a public execution, which for many weeks after was to be a painfully familiar scene. Two Sepoys of the 35th Light Infantry were charged with using seditious language, and an endeavour to instigate their comrades to open mutiny. They were tried, and condemned to be blown away from guns: the three native officers who reported their conduct, and bore witness against them, were deservedly rewarded. The execution took place on the 9th of June, in the presence of the whole Column. At its close, Brigadier-General Chamberlain addressed the 35th Light Infantry, in his own manly style, to the following effect:—

"Native officers and soldiers of the 35th Light Infantry—You have just seen two men of your regiment blown from guns. This is the punishment I will inflict on all traitors and mutineers, and your consciences will tell you what punishment they may expect hereafter. Those men have been blown from a gun and not hung, because they were Brahmins, and I wished to save them from the pollution of the hangman's (sweeper's) touch, and thus prove to you that the British Government does not wish to injure your caste and religion. I call upon you to remember that each one of you has sworn to be obedient and faithful to your salt. Fulfil this sacred oath, and not a hair of your head shall be hurt. God forbid that I should have to take the life of another soldier, but, like you, I have sworn to be faithful, and do my duty; and I will fulfil my vow by blowing away every man guilty of sedition and mutiny, as I have done to-day. Listen to no evil counsel, but do your duty as good soldiers. You all know full well

* Many of the fine old fellows knew perfectly the European drill, but only the *French* words of command, which told of the days when Runjeet had his forces trained by such men as Ventura, and Allard, and Avitabile.

hat the reports about the cartridges are ies, propagated by traitors, whose only lesire is to rob and murder. These coundrels, who profess to find cow's nd pig's fat in the cartridges, no longer hink them forbidden when they break nto mutiny, and shoot down women nd children. Subahdar Gyadeen Patick, Subahdar Roostum Singh, and Havildar Gunga Deen Chowby, you ave done well. I will bring your conluct to the notice of the Governor Genral of India, who will reward your loyalty. Private Ramphul Sookul, you heard he mutinous and seditious language vhich was spoken by the two Sepoys, nd on the court-martial you would not ive evidence. You are false to your alt, and shall be punished."

The following morning the Column vas again on the move, for tidings f so disastrous a nature had arrived rom Jullundhur that it was deemed ecessary that this force should asten on to Umritsur at least, lest hat station and city, emboldened by he unhappy success of the mutineers f Jullundhur and Loodiana, should ttempt to follow their example or est some of the rebels, who were hen believed to be still north of the utlej, should push upwards towards Hosheyarpore, Kangra, and even ealkote, and attempt to raise the egiments quartered there.

The writer offers no apology for iving an account of the Jullundhur utbreak at so great length: it nay fairly be regarded as *the event* f the Punjab during the month of une, and demands a prominent place ecordingly.

The precautionary measures already nentioned as being adopted at this tation on the 12th and 13th of May,* ufficed for the security of the canonment and the peace of the adjoining town, and all remained quiet luring the rest of the month. There were, indeed, occasional alarms and nisgivings in the town, the minds of he populace being swayed to and fro by each rumour that reached them; but the prompt and vigorous measures of the civil authorities, so nobly seconded by the Kuppoorthulla Rajah, soon restored confidence. Of this Sikh chieftain it is impossible to speak too highly. "His conduct throughout," says Captain Farrington, "has been excellent: he has shown himself fully worthy of the confidence that has been reposed in him. The promptness with which he took so decided a part in aid of good order, had a good effect in the district. From the moment I called on him to aid, he came forward, and with his officials entered into the cause of Government most heartily. He and his brother, both at much personal inconvenience, remained here from the first, for several months." To their personal influence and persuasions, allaying any symptoms of alarm or disturbance directly they manifested themselves, the peace of the town and district is greatly due.

In cantonments, however, the aspect of affairs was by no means so satisfactory. There was a semblance of quiet, and no open defiance of order; yet there evidently prevailed a sullen and sometimes scarcely passive spirit of disaffection among the native troops.† They complained that the precautions implied a feeling of distrust, and with an air of injured innocence protested against any suspicions being entertained of their stanchness. With much tact, Colonel Hartley, temporarily commanding the brigade, addressed the regiments on their respective parade-grounds, appearing to give them credit for sincerity, and at the same time making them understand that he was prepared for them, and assured them that "so long as they remained quiet, not a hair of their heads should be touched." ‡ This frankness had for a time the desired

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* See Number for February, p. 241.

† A fire at Hosheyarpore was supposed to have been the work of two Sepoys of the 61st Native Infantry, who had gone on leave professedly to visit some shrine in the neighbouring hills. In Jullundhur itself there had been several fires. The native tradesmen and others began to remove their property out of the Sudder Bazar into the city.

‡ Captain Sibley, the Commissariat officer, a very able linguist, acted as Colonel Hartley's interpreter on the occasion, and explained this promise to the troops.

effect:* events, however, in themselves comparatively trifling, soon occurred to disturb the seeming quiet.

The Civil Treasure, amounting at that time to about 60,000 rupees, was kept at the Kutcherry under a guard of Sepoys. Captain Farrington, having obtained instructions, applied for its removal to the quarter-guard of her Majesty's 8th Regiment. This application was refused, as being likely to wound needlessly the feelings of the native troops. As the only alternative, Captain Farrington placed a body of the Rajah's men over the treasure.

Subsequently an order came from Sir John Lawrence, urging its immediate transfer to the European guard, and pointing out that "its loss would strengthen the enemy, and be really discreditable to us;" which order was at once complied with. This occurred on the 16th of May. On the following day, Brigadier Johnstone, having arrived from Simla, took command.† His first impulse was to disarm all the native brigade, from which he was *hardly dissuaded* by the representation that Colonel Hartley had pledged himself that they should be untouched "during good conduct," and they had as yet done nothing to forfeit that pledge: *to break faith* with them would have proved as impolitic as it would have been unworthy of the governing power.

Having given way on this point, the Brigadier then could see nothing short of restoring full confidence to the native corps; and as a first step, influenced by the commanding officers of the native infantry regiments, ordered on the 18th that the civil treasure, which two days before had been rescued from the Sepoy guard, should be removed from the quarter-guard of her Majesty's 8th Foot, and given entirely into the charge (half to each) of the native corps. Nor was even this enough to soothe the wounded feelings of the Sepoys. They could scarcely credit the reality of such an act, and pretended that some deception was being practised upon them, and that false treasure-chests had been substituted for the real ones, and therefore insisted upon having the treasure counted over to them. This was actually complied with. General Reid, commanding the Punjab Force, on hearing of this fatal step, sent a telegraph message remonstrating strongly, and ordering that the treasure should be immediately restored to the European guard; but he afterwards consented to cancel the order, on the representation that, after what had passed, such a step might hasten an outbreak. So the money remained with them; but by the judicious arrangement of Captain Farrington, who required that all payments should be made from this money, by the time the outbreak did take place the amount in their hands had been so much reduced that the loss sustained was inconsiderable.‡

This difference, however, and other matters of even less importance in themselves, changed the aspect of affairs. Fires were revived; secret meetings were being held nightly; spies reported that the great body of the native regiments were mutinous; and that "very soon blood would flow;" in fact, everything tended to show that the Sepoys felt themselves to be masters, and, in conscious strength, had only to wait their own time and convenience to enter on the work of carnage and plunder. In the prompt disarming of the troops lay the only security against loss of life: yet they were not disarmed: the Brigadier, at first so eager for this step, now shrank from it. In vain did the Punjab authorities urge it. The officers commanding the native

* Soon after the Delhi outbreak, one of the Native Infantry officers reported to the Brigadier that the Sepoys would mutiny if the cartridges were not destroyed. To remove all ground for complaint, all the cartridges suspected were destroyed before the men, under instructions from the Umballa authorities.

† Until the arrival of Sir H. Barnard at Calcutta, he had been acting as General of the Sirhind division; he then resumed command of the Jullundhur brigade, and having taken charge, proceeded to Simla.

‡ Not equal to the arrears of pay.

infantry regiments prevailed, and the Sepoys remained armed.

Shall we altogether condemn officers who, having passed so many years among Sepoys, and inheriting the faith in their devoted loyalty and affection handed down in their regiments from the days of Lake, Ochterlony, Hastings, and such generals, not to speak of the more recent testimony of men like Pollock and Nott —still insisted on the unshaken faithfulness of their men? The feeling was natural, under ordinary circumstances; but it may be asked, was there nothing in the present attitude of the Bengal army to furnish more than sufficient reason for wavering in such a belief—for fearing that their own men, evidently disaffected, might be no less mutinous than others.* Every day brought tidings of defection in other regiments—not only at Meerut and Delhi, but Hurrianah—the scenes of scarcely less atrocious cold-blooded murders. Ferozepore too, close to their own doors, then Moradabad, Bareilly, the whole of Rohilcund, and other stations, had borne witness to the general disaffection of native regiments. And when so many had shown themselves to be false, who could say that his were true? The officers persisted, however, in professing to trust in their men, and won over the Brigadier to their view. Both they and he soon had cause to lament such a misplaced "confidence."

Is it too much to say, that if Brigadier Johnstone had acted with as much decision and promptness as the other Punjab Generals, Jullundhur might have been as Lahore and Peshawur? Had he received the remonstrances of officers commanding the native corps with the firmness of Brigadier Corbett at Lahore, or with the same disregard as General Nicholson, or had he adopted the bold plan of General Cotton at Peshawur, who required the officers to prove their faith in their regiments, whose stanchness they were so loud in advocating, by sleeping in the Sepoy lines, thus involving their own personal safety in the good conduct of their men,—may it not be said that the catastrophe which at length befell Jullundhur, might in all human probability have been averted?

Thus matters continued, getting from bad to worse: fires were more frequent; the bearing of the Sepoys more defiant; occasionally, indeed, they gave up men to the officers on the charge of using mutinous language, but never their own comrades.† Major Lake, the Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States (the Jullundhur Division), who had been absent in the District at the time of the Meerut and Delhi massacres, had now returned to Jullundhur. Having with his wonted energy and promptness provided for the safety of Kangra and Hosheyarpore, and the rest of his division, he added the weight of his arguments and influence in favour of disarming the native regiments. At length the Brigadier consented; a regular plan of operations was agreed upon. The time was most opportune, for in addition to the European force in cantonments, consisting of the 8th (King's) regi-

* One effort was made, apparently by a Sepoy, to put the authorities on their guard, by posting a Hindee letter on the door of the Deputy Paymaster, Major Hill, of which the following is a translation:—

"Bikharee Singh, Subahdar, son of Kabâb Kâs Chund; Xingan Khan, Subahdar; Munoo Singh, Havildar Major,—regard these three men as devisers of evil counsel. The Government is unshaken—but there are not enough men—rest assured of this." No notice appears to have been taken of this warning.

† In one instance, a man was brought up for going into the lines of the 36th and alarming the men (in a similar way another man had gone into the 61st lines); it was discovered that these men had both been sent by a Pundit brother to a man who read the "Bhagurut" to the men of the 61st. This Pundit was tried, and sentenced to transportation for life, but his sentence was afterwards commuted to one year's imprisonment. Instead of being made over to a European guard, the man was placed in the quarter-guard of the 61st Native Infantry, with which regiment he was connected! What wonder that in the outbreak he was quickly released, and escaped?

ment and one troop of European artillery, with a troop of native horse-artillery which had just arrived from Hasheyarpore, the 4th Sikhs under Captain Rothney, passing through station, were halted there to aid in the disarming, while a small body of the 2d Punjab Cavalry, under Lieutenant Nicholson, were close at hand on their way from Lahore, where the whole of the Movable Column under Brigadier Chamberlain had already arrived. With such a force in and around Jullundhur, resistance would have been fatal to the Sepoys.

Everything was thus settled for the morning of June 6th (Saturday); when, the afternoon before, the Brigadier again gave way, and the only course which could have saved Jullundhur from bloodshed was abandoned. The 4th Sikhs marched on, and left Jullundhur encircled and enveloped in deeper danger than ever.

Again the disarming was decided on, to take place on the Sunday morning (June 7th); but Major Lake, the Commissioner, suggested that so unusual a parade might arouse suspicion, and it was again put off. It was scarcely possible that, amid so much vacillation, the secret should not ooze out and reach the ears of the Sepoys. It evidently had done so, and driven them to anticipate the intended degradation. About 11 o'clock on Sunday night, the too common alarm of "fire" was raised: Colonel Hartley's house was in flames; but the report of musket-shots in the direction of the native lines told of something more serious than the destruction of some luckless bungalow; an occurrence with which the residents of Jullundhur had by this time become tolerably familiarised. There was no doubt that at last the Sepoys were "*up*."

A general call to arms was now sounded; officers hastened to their respective parades; ladies with their families flocked to the artillery and European infantry barracks; her Majesty's 8th soon turned out, and 200 extra men were brought down by Colonel Hartley to the artillery lines; the artillery officers and men were at their guns, and all was ready for the impending crisis. As far as can be gathered from the various and conflicting reports, the outbreak occurred in the following order.

The cavalry, here, as elsewhere, headed the onslaught; some few of them passed down to the rear of the 36th Native Infantry parade, towards the infantry barracks, where they suddenly fired off their carbines and pistols, and then rushed into the lines of the 36th Native Infantry, declaring that the "*Gora log*" (the European soldiers) were coming down upon them. This feint was evidently preconcerted by the leading mutineers to raise the 36th *en masse*.*

These Sowars (native troopers) then galloped towards the artillery, on approaching the guns of the native troop (Captain Smyth's), which were on the extreme right, called out to the Golundazees, or native gunners, to join them, and turn the guns on the officers: this appeal was promptly responded to by a volley of "grape," followed rapidly by two or three rounds more, which brought down some of the leading mutineers and a couple of horses,† besides wounding a considerable number, and sent the rest in quick retreat. At the same time another small body of cavalry and a considerable number of infantry came up near the guns along the front, and balls flew in thick among the officers and men; but Brigadier Johnstone forbade them to return the fire, lest any should be really *staunch!* A third party of Sowars had ridden off at the first to the civil lines and the town, hoping to surprise or win over the Kapoorthulla Rajah's men who were on guard there; but a challenge and threat of resistance showed them their mistake, and they returned to car-

* To complete the deception, it has been asserted that Sepoys in undress (white) had been sent out to move along as skirmishers, across the parade from the direction of the European lines.

† These were found dead the following morning, the wounded they carried off with them; one of the poor wretches was brought into camp while the pursuing column were halting at Phingwarrah.

comments. The officers had quickly assembled on the cavalry parade-ground: there Major Macmullen, an officer greatly respected by the men, who had only a few days before succeeded to the command of the regiment, was fearlessly endeavouring to restrain his men. Seeing a trooper in the act of mounting, he tried to pull him off, when the wretch drew his pistol and fired; the ball wounded Major Macmullen's left hand. Finding that remonstrances and reproaches alike failed to bring the men to order, he fell back on the quarter-guard, where he observed several troopers standing passive and apparently quiet. He at once ordered a "roll call," and a few kind words of encouragement kept these men staunch for the night.

On the parade-ground of the 36th Native Infantry fell the first victim, Lieutenant Bagshawe, the adjutant: he had rallied about 100 men of the regiment round him, and was apparently bringing them to reason, when a Sowar rode up and shot him. The wound was a dangerous one, but not thought likely to prove mortal: however, with a constitution on which the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns had left effects deeper than the wounds he received at Aliwal and Chillianwalla, he had not strength to rally. He lingered a few days, and died, as humble and devout a Christian as he had lived a bold and brave soldier.*

In the lines of the 61st a very different scene presented itself. Here the Sepoys were knotted together in groups, some frantically calling down curses on their officers;† others, more peacefully disposed, wavering what course to take. In the midst of a group of the latter stood Major J. G. Innes, with some of the other officers, endeavouring to keep them staunch, when a body of their mutinous comrades, headed by some Sowars, were seen coming down upon them. A Havildar, and some forty Sepoys, at once perceiving the danger, surrounded the officers, and falling back towards the quarter-guard, brought them off in safety. Here they dressed them in *chuddees* (sheets) and turbans to disguise them; and then concealed them, by making them sit on the ground and standing in a circle round them. A party of mutineers from all the corps soon after entered the quarter guard, and began breaking open the treasure-chest, in dangerous proximity to the concealed officers; when an old Havildar, pensioned this year, saved them by a clever device. Pretending to be afraid that the Sepoys were going to hurt him as they crowded round, he warned them that as they knew he had been invalided for rheumatism, he would *curse* any one that caused him pain. In superstitious dread they quickly backed out, dragging the treasure-chest with them, and the door was closed behind them. The faithful Sepoys then lifted their officers up through a trap-door to the roof of the quarter-guard; there, lying down under shelter of the parapet, they watched in safety the scene of confusion below: some wrangling over the division of the spoil, others filling pouches and havresacks with rupees, and all yelling out bloodthirsty fiendish execrations against the English. In this hiding-place Major Innes and the other officers remained undisturbed. Having intimated their safety to Lieutenant Sankey as he passed by at night with his patrolling party, they were escorted to the barracks early in the morning by the company of her Majesty's 8th which was sent round to bring off any persons who might be concealed in any of the houses.

That Major Innes should thus have been rescued by the faithful few of his regiment is not to be wondered at. He had completed, within a few days, his twenty-ninth year of service among them, rising from ensign to

* To mark the respect in which he was held, and to secure his remains against desecration, he was buried in the Old Burial Ground, in the centre of cantonments. It had long been disused and closed, but was opened to receive his corpse, and he was followed to the grave by the whole community. Ensign Bates, of the 36th, was also wounded severely by a blunt sword, and his right arm was long disabled.

† Of the 61st the following officers were wounded: Captain Basden, Ensigns Hawkins and Durnford: the latter died subsequently of fever.

commandant, and in every rank gaining their confidence and respect. During the whole of that period he had scarcely been for a single day absent from his corps. All the men who aided in this rescue of their officers were rewarded with promotion according to their ranks. The Havildar received also a present of 200 rupees, and the old pensioner 150 rupees.

Nor were Major Innes's party the only persons whom the soldiers of the 8th found concealed, and similarly preserved through the dangers of that night. Mrs. Fagan, the wife of Captain Fagan, the engineer officer, has been already mentioned as being the only lady who at the first would not sleep at the artillery barracks. She had not passed a single night out of her own house; nor on the eventful night of the outbreak would she leave it. In the compound was the treasure-chest of the Engineer's department, under a Sepoy guard. On the first sounds of the firing, Mrs. Fagan went out to the Havildar of the guard, and told him there were only women and children in the house, and whatever might happen, she placed their lives in his hands. He said to her, "Go in, and shut all the doors and windows, and put out all the lights, and do not suffer a single person to enter the house, and I will answer for your safety with my own life!!" He could not save the Government treasure, which the guard under him plundered, but he fulfilled his pledge to her; and on the following morning Mrs. Fagan and her family were given up uninjured to the European patrolling party who had come in search of them. For this act the Havildar received his well-merited promotion. The fearless Mrs. Fagan, now, alas! a widow,* is a living witness to the effect of boldness and confidence even on mutinous Sepoys!

The treasure chest of the 36th Native Infantry was protected by the guard, brought into the artillery lines at 10 o'clock the next day, with its contents of 10,000 rupees untouched. The Subahdar of this guard, who had been mainly instrumental in preserving the treasure, and who had previously shown his fidelity by giving up men caught in the lines preaching treason, was rewarded with a first-class Order of Merit, and 1000 rupees; and all the rest of the guard who remained true were promoted.

The paymaster's treasure-chest was also protected by its guard, who were rewarded with promotion.

On the following morning it was found that nearly 140 of the 36th, of all ranks, had remained true, and of the 61st about 80. Of these a considerable number were Sikhs. Several young Sikh recruits, however, had been compulsorily drawn off by their comrades; but taking advantage of a violent dust-storm which came on when the mutineers were only a few miles out of cantonments, these men slipped away, and crossing the *Beas*, made for their own homes in the *Manjha* country: here they were quickly discovered, and brought before the civil authorities at Umritsur, but having told their plain ingenuous tale, they were liberated. Early in the morning Major Macmullen ordered another roll-call of the cavalry, when many more names appeared than on the previous night. These men were at once ordered to bring out their accoutrements for inspection; on many of them were found signs of blood and dust, betraying their owners as having taken part in the fray. These, about a dozen in number, were tried by drum-head court-martial, condemned, and shot. Some troopers also presented themselves at the regimental hospital and showed wounds—"*grâp lugge*" (grape shot) said they, and they shared the same fate.†

The work of bloodshed and plunder scarcely lasted an hour and a-half. By a little after 12 o'clock at night the mutineers had collected together on the main road, and began their march for Phillour station. No sooner were they clear of the station than Lieutenant Sankey (Adjutant of Artillery Division) proposed that the

* Captain Fagan was killed in the trenches at Delhi; of him General Wilson wrote in the highest terms lamenting his death.

† Some Post-office peons also were executed for robbing the P. O. Treasury.

tation should be patrolled, to keep down any tendency to looting on the part of camp-followers and bazar *budmashes*. Taking with him a division of Major Oliphant's troop, with a few of the Irregular cavalry under Lieutenant Probyn, and some of her Majesty's 8th, he traversed the station, accompanied by Major Lake, thus reassuring the frightened denizens of the bazar (who now began to tremble for their property), and restoring peace and confidence. Subsequently, when the pursuing column moved out of Jullundhur, the Kupoorthullah Rajah supplied the necessary guards for the public buildings, and the district police were brought in to protect private houses. "From the time the mutineers left (to use Captain Farrington's own words) not a fire took place, nor was there a single robbery."

About 8 o'clock in the morning, Brigadier Johnstone resolved on a pursuit; the column to consist of two hundred of her Majesty's 8th, under Colonel Longfield, with six guns, four of the European, and two of the native troop, under Major Olpherts. Captain Farrington brought in a hundred and fifty of the Rajah's sowars, and a small body of mounted civil police, with which he accompanied the pursuing column. It was nearly 7 o'clock before the force got clear of cantonments. There were some doubts as to the road taken by the mutineers—whether to Phillour or Hosheyarpore; but they had not proceeded far when they received reliable information that Phillour had been their route. With six hours' fair start, the mutineers were encamped on the parade-ground at Phillour, fraternising with the 3d Native Infantry, who had swelled their ranks, when the pursuing column was marching out of Jullundhur.

*Golden hours had been lost!* hours, too, of comparatively cool night and early dawn; while before them now were scorching, blasting hours, each more scorching and blasting than the last, under a June sun! On they went, however, eager to overtake the rebels, and murmuring only at the delay that had already taken place. They had only marched six miles, and reached Phugwarrah, where the signs of destruction and plundering, which the mutineers had perpetrated on the way, incited them onward with renewed ardour, when the bugle *sounded a halt*. Here more time was lost, more golden hours fleeted by, with the only compensation, that about noon Nicholson's 2d Punjab cavalry, by a forced march, overtook them. As soon as these cavalry horses were a little rested, Captain Farrington, seconded by Major Olpherts and Lieutenant Nicholson, urged on the Brigadier the necessity of an advance, if he wished to save Phillour. At length a small-force was allowed to advance, consisting of two guns of the European troop, with some sixty of the 8th King's on the gun-carriages, and the 2d Punjab cavalry under Lieutenant Nicholson. With these Major Olpherts pushed on to within three miles of Phillour, where they learned from two Sikhs of the 3d Native Infantry that their regiment had at once joined the mutineers, and that Colonel Butler and all the officers had escaped into the fort. A messenger sent off to Colonel Butler brought back word that the mutineers, finding the bridge of boats broken, had gone to a ferry some four miles further up the river, and were there crossing over, but very slowly, as they had only three boats.

After some time the Brigadier came up with the main body of the column, and they then proceeded to the cantonments; but being utterly ignorant of the localities, not an officer of the force having ever been over the country, and Colonel Butler not sending out from the fort any officer of the 3d Native Infantry to guide them, the column took up their position for the night as they could, a short distance in front of the lines. There the men began to prepare for a night's rest after the excitement of the previous night and the fatigues of that day; when, about 10 o'clock, the sound of musketry, followed by heavy fire from a field-piece, dispelled all thoughts of sleep. Many a brave soldier, though jaded in body perhaps, and somewhat foot-sore, started up at the sound, and

longed to take part in the victory or the rescue, as it might be; but in ignorance of the country, and consideration for the men, the Brigadier refused to advance. What that firing was, and how it was brought about, involves a long though glorious tale; and the reader must be content to trace back his steps in point of time, and learn the progress of events in another quarter.

Early in the morning the mutineers had reached Phillour; they found a welcome greeting from the 3d Native Infantry. It is true that this corps had, in strange inconsistency, performed many acts of loyalty up to the last. A detachment of them had escorted two lakhs of ammunition to Umballa a few days before the outbreak; the whole regiment had volunteered to guard the siege-train to Delhi, when it became known that the Nusseree battalion of Goorkhas at Jatogh had refused to march, and had conveyed it over the bridge of boats in perfect safety; and one company, under Lieutenants Alexander and Chalmers, had gone the whole way to Delhi, and remained true for some time. Yet many suspicious circumstances had occurred; fires had been frequent in the cantonment; emissaries from the regiment had tried to tamper with the Kuppoorthullah Rajah's men; and many other symptoms of disaffection had shown themselves. Moreover, there were grave reasons for believing that, on the arrival of the 33d Native Infantry from Hosheyarpore, who were to relieve them, to admit of their going to Ferozepore,* they would have refused to march. That such a corps, therefore, would sympathise with the mutinous regiments from Jullundhur, and was really ready to receive them with open arms, there would be but little doubt. Yet the 3d Native Infantry behaved far more nobly even in their mutiny than many of the native regiments; all the officers were allowed to escape untouched to the fort. Indeed, the guards turned out and presented arms to Colonel Butler as he passed by on his way there; nor was any of the injury which was perpetrated in the cantonments believed to have been the work of the Sepoys.

That morning, Mr. Thornton, a young civilian, had ridden over from Loodiana to Phillour, some five miles distant, to pay the 3d Native Infantry. The money had been made over to the Pay Havildars in the fort, when a disturbance was suddenly heard in the lines: and Mr. Thornton, seeing a party of Sepoys making for the bridge of boats, suspected mischief, and with great promptness made the havildars instantly give back the money, and galloped off for the river; he reached the boat before the Sepoys, crossed the bridge, and had it immediately cut away behind him. He then galloped off for Loodiana, and reported what had happened. A message had in the mean time reached the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. George Ricketts, from Umballa,† that the Jullundhur troops had risen, and were marching down on Phillour; and that he must at once guard or destroy the bridge, and protect the fort at Loodiana. This fort is an old dilapidated building only used for storing powder (of which 300,000 pounds were in it at that time) and leather for artillery accoutrements, while the Phillour fort contained the whole of the ordnance and made-up ammunition. The Loodiana fort was also guarded by a company of the 3d Native Infantry, who had detached guards at the Treasury and in the town. It was clear that, despite Mr. Thornton's promptness, tidings of the arrival of the Jullundhur mutineers at Phillour had reached the Loodiana guard, for they at once seized the fort, closed the gates, and began dragging up and placing the few guns‡ it contained along the rampart. The Treasury was also seized.

* With a view to their being brought within reach of European artillery and infantry.

† This message had been originally sent to Phillour fort, but no reply coming from the Signaller there, it was flashed through to Umballa, and then sent back by express to Loodiana.

‡ Only three; but no shot or shell were there; so they proved harmless; and no doubt this was the chief reason why it was abandoned without an effort.

d held by its guard. The 4th khs, under Captain Rothney, had at morning marched in from Phugarrah, a distance of five-and-twenty iles, with orders to halt until the rival of the 33d Native Infantry om Hosheyarpore, who were comg in to relieve the 3d Native Infany at Phillour, in order to overawe e latter corps, if, as was thought obable, they refused to evacuate illour, and march to Ferozepore.

It was about noon when Mr. Ricks, having made such arrangements s he could for the safety of the ation, ordered off three companies the 4th Sikhs, under Lieutenant illiams, the second in command, ith a small force of the Rajah of abba's men, consisting of fifty caval and one hundred and fifty artiery, with two light field-pieces (one ix-pounder drawn by horses, and a ine-pounder by camels), to oppose he passage of the river—his great bject being to resist the main body f mutineers in their attempt to ross, and thus throw them back into he hands of the column, which he ould not doubt would be in rapid ursuit from Jullundhur.

He himself galloped on ahead to the iver's bank, crossed over in the Govrnment ferry-boat, and ran up the pposite shore into the fort at Phillour, to get what information he ould; but little or nothing was known there, save that the rebels had been seen quietly eating their breakfast on the parade-ground, and appeared and were believed to have pushed upwards to one of the ferries, having discreetly kept out of range of the fort guns. On his return Mr. Ricketts found Lieutenant Williams and his little party arrived at the bank. Here they learnt from a couple of villagers that the rebels were crossing at a *ghat* or ferry some four miles off. On they pushed; and what with heavy sand knee-deep, broken ground, and *nullahs* (ditches or natural drains) not always dry, it was nearly 10 o'clock at night before they had accomplished the distance. When they reached the spot indicated, not a watchfire was to be seen, not a sound heard, and they suspected treachery: however, Mr. Ricketts and Lieutenant Williams, each firmly grasping the arm of a guide, pushed on. Suddenly a "challenge," then a second and a third, told them they had indeed come on the lair of the rebels. Without noticing the challenge of the pickets, they pushed on *at a double*, when the sentries began to fire on them, and fall back on their supports. The guns were at once unlimbered; but the horses attached to the six-pounder took fright, became unmanageable, and bolted, dragging after them tumbril and ammunition, into the mi st of the rebels, where they were soon cut to pieces. The nine-pounder, however, was safe, and quickly opened fire, sending a round of *grape* into the part where the rebels could be dimly seen in the clouded moonlight. They returned the fire with musketry, when the Sikhs rushed up into line, and delivered two splendid volleys. Now, however, it was clear that the struggle was to be maintained by themselves alone, for at the first volley the Nabba Rajah's cavalry and infantry bolted to a man. The gallant old commandant of the cavalry alone remained, and he bore himself bravely throughout, never, though wounded severely, leaving the post of danger. To make the following account of this heroic little adventure intelligible, a short account of the locality will be necessary. About three miles above Phillour fort there is a *ghat* or ferry, formed by the projection of a neck of land into the river, while the opposite bank also curves outwardly, and through this contracted channel, not above one quarter of a mile wide, the stream, especially at this season, when greatly swollen by the melted snow, pours down in considerable force. Across this channel the mutineers, having contrived to seize three small boats, had during the day passed over about sixteen hundred of their number, four hundred still remaining on the right bank, some of whom were in the act of crossing when the Sikhs began the attack. The main body as they crossed over began to concentrate on the curve of the bank, which, being undulating and covered with low brushwood, afforded a good and safe bivouacking-ground.

Directly the Sikhs opened fire, the rebels rose up and spread out, right and left, in the form of a cres-

cent. Lieutenant Williams at once hrew out his men, who were not above one hundred strong, into skirmishing order, to prevent being outflanked. The imperfect light greatly favoured the Sikhs, for they could see the masses of the rebels, and direct their fire with tolerable accuracy and effect, while the return volleys did but little execution upon their own thin scattered line. Nobly was that solitary nine-pounder worked.* At one moment a volley from the right showed the rebels in force on that quarter; the gun was instantly pointed there, and a charge poured into them. The next moment a volley would come in from the opposite side, when round swung the gun as quick as thought, repaying them with interest. This was Mr. Ricketts' special charge: aided by the native officer and two or three gunners, he worked away incessantly—now loading, now spunging, now swinging it round; Lieutenant Williams, too, ever and anon giving a helping hand there: but his duty lay more in moving about, and regulating his own gallant Sikhs.

For nearly two hours did they two, with a single gun, and not above one hundred Sikhs, hold their ground against sixteen hundred rebels, and keep them at bay in that curve of the river's bank, hoping and hoping on that the pursuing force, attracted by their firing, would soon be on the rear. But no signs of succour came. At length the ammunition began to fail; the fire of the gun slackened, that of the musketry became weaker: the men, too, were fagged; the long march of the night before, and the fatigues of the afternoon, began to tell on them. Suddenly, about midnight, the moon burst out from behind a cloud, disclosing their position and the weakness of their numbers. The rebels saw their opportunity; the bugle sounded the "close up;" drawing in on every side, they poured in a murderous volley, to which the gallant Sikhs could reply but feebly. At this moment Lieutenant Williams, waving his sword to cheer on his little band to make one effort more, received a wound under the right armpit.† A Sikh caught him as he fell; Mr. Ricketts instantly sprang to his side, and they carried him off to the rear, and, placing him on a camel, sent him in to Loodiana. The struggle was now over: with their officer dangerously wounded, and their ammunition spent, it became hopeless to hold out longer; an orderly retreat was all that remained for them. This they effected admirably under the orders of Mr. Ricketts, who himself brought off in safety the old gun that had done them such good service. Seizing the only two remaining camels, he harnessed them to the gun-carriage, and led them off the field. He passed the rest of the night looking to the wounds of the two brave officers of the Nabha's force (the commandants of the artillery and cavalry), who had so bravely stood by him throughout. The following morning the little force marched back into camp.§

How differently had that night been passed by the pursuing column! Many a soldier heart was there,

"Like the war-horse, eager to rush on,
Compelled to wait the signal blown."

But no signal sounded. Distinctly was the firing heard—each flash reflected in the sky; but no advance was allowed. At length (as we know why), the firing grew fainter in the distance, and gradually died away,

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* So rapid and well-sustained was the fire, that the artillery officers with Brigadier Johnstone's column thought there must be two if not three guns at work.

† Lieutenant Williams's escape up to this time had been most wonderful. He says, in writing to a friend, "A very gallant little Goorkha native officer, wearing the Order of British India, was shot dead close by me; my bugler was hit by my side at the beginning, yet I was preserved to the end."

‡ The ball broke a rib and passed through the right lung.

§ The writer rejoices in being able to close his imperfect account of that night's adventure, by mentioning that both Mr. G. Ricketts and Lieutenant G. A. Williams received officially from the Governor-General in Council the most flattering acknowledgments for their gallantry and good service.

and then sleep fell for a few hours on the Phillour camping-ground.

Brigadier Johnstone had indeed ordered that at 8 A. M. a small advance party should move on for Loodiana, consisting of two guns from Olpherts' troop, an 8-inch mortar taken in passing out of store in the Phillour magazine; one hundred men of her Majesty's 8th Foot, and a portion of the 2d Punjab Cavalry under Captain Nicholson—the whole under command of Major Olpherts. The artillery portion and the cavalry were ready at daylight, and moved on to the bridge of boats till the men of the 8th should come up; but some delay occurred in supplying their breakfast and other arrangements, and consequently it was between eight and nine in the morning before the infantry reached the bridge, and the whole party were fairly on the move. Scarcely had they crossed the river, when a most urgent request for reinforcements from Mr. Ricketts greeted them, for the main body of the mutineers were moving down on the city of Loodiana. Soon came a melancholy confirmation of this; flames rose up in the heart of the city, and told too plainly that Loodiana was already in the hands of the rebels.

To throw the small body which composed the advance on a force so strong as the mutineers were known to be (with the greater part of three regiments of native infantry and one of cavalry), favoured too by a strong position, would have been most rash; it was resolved, therefore, to halt till the rest of the column should come up. In the meanwhile, however, the rebels having seized the city, the fort, and the treasury, found themselves baffled at every point, even by the greatness of their success. The fort was in their hands; they had three guns planted on the bastion; but they found that among the stores was neither shot nor shell; and, moreover, for the 300,000 barrels of gunpowder which it contained they had no carriage, and to blow it all up would have proved far more fatal to themselves than to the pursuers. Then the treasury was also in their power; but a patent iron-safe and Bramah's lock defied all their powers to get at the coin. They, therefore, having done what damage they could with safety to themselves, forced the jail, liberated the prisoners, set fire to all the mission premises, cut up all the buff-leather accoutrements in the fort; then finding all their efforts to get at the treasury were fruitless, and that a column was really in pursuit, evacuated city and fort, and marched off *en route* for Delhi.

As soon as tidings reached the advanced party that the rebels had evacuated Loodiana, and were marching off, Major Olpherts, having sent information to Brigadier Johnstone, at once hastened on and entered Loodiana about sunset. The remainder, under the Brigadier, did not reach till eleven at night; a small party pushed on early next morning, with an addition of 300 of Rothney's Sikhs, and the men of H. M. 8th mounted on camels. But pursuit was now in vain. The rebels had got a fair start, and being so lightly equipped they kept it. Their escape, when their annihilation seemed so certain and easy, naturally called forth the indignant censures of all the Punjab authorities. The Chief Commissioner at once telegraphed an order to Brigadier Johnstone to leave only a small guard on cantonments, and to hasten on in pursuit even to Delhi, as the troops now no longer needed at Jullundhur would be valuable in camp. Thus may be said to have ended what was so well described officially as a "*miserable failure.*"

To overtake the mutineers was now hopeless; they and their pursuers were only to meet again under the walls of Delhi.*

* The mutineers most discreetly avoided the Grand Trunk Road, thus keeping clear of Umballa; and, of course, rendering pursuit by artillery and infantry along byways and over fields and ditches more difficult. They also contrived to keep about twenty miles ahead. A force was sent from Umballa to intercept them, but they were perpetually drawn off from the scent by the treachery of the villagers. The 400 men who had not crossed the Sutlej followed the course of the river up to Roopur, where they crossed, and made for Delhi along the foot of the hills,

A few words before we close this chapter relative to Loodiana and the American Presbyterian mission established there above a quarter of a century ago. The work of destruction had gone on in the city with little check; the Sikhs, under Rotheney, notwithstanding his own gallantry and the noble daring of Lieut. Yorke, were not strong enough to compete with such a body of mutineers, aided, moreover, by all the Mohammedans and other *budmashes* of this most turbulent city. The mission church, the schoolhouse, the library, and also the book depôt, with its thousands of volumes, valued at above 25,000 rupees, were soon in flames. The press escaped without much injury, beyond the wanton scattering about all the type; the dwelling-houses were rifled, but not set on fire. It would appear that the Sepoys were not so much responsible for this wilful destruction of property as the Mohammedans, especially the Cashmerees, who had established a perfect colony in Loodiana, and were among the most turbulent of its citizens. The following fact, communicated to the writer by one of the Loodiana missionaries, is worthy of note, as proving the falseness of the statements that this class of persons were especial objects of hatred during the mutiny. After the church had been set on fire, a Sepoy was heard to call out, "What are we doing this for? Our quarrel is not with the missionaries, but with Government." To this feeling, probably, it may be attributed that so much private property connected with the mission escaped, and no lives were lost.

Retribution, however, was hard at hand, and fell most heavily on the most guilty. A few days after, the 1st Punjab Irregulars (infantry), better known as Coke's Rifles, marched in. By a masterly arrangement of Mr. G. Ricketts, they were introduced into the city in the dead of night, and spread along the flat-roofed houses that lined the main streets. In the morning, Mr. Ricketts himself entered, accompanied by a strong body of police, and demanded that all arms should be at once given up. Whatever thoughts of resistance might for a moment have risen in the minds of the populace were quickly dispelled. Not only the dreaded *burra Sahib*, with his police, confronted them, but every house-top showed the strange and not very prepossessing faces of the Beloochee riflemen, as if suddenly dropped down from the clouds. Taken by surprise and overawed, they made no attempt at resistance. Arms to an incredible number were brought out, of every form and country. Blades of Damascus and Toledo,* Affghan matchlocks and English rifles, and the city was thoroughly disarmed. The mastery was gained; and Mr. Ricketts kept it, ruling with increased rigour, seizing and punishing the ringleaders, and levying a fine of 45,000 rupees on the city, which went some way to compensate the missionaries for the losses sustained.†

The mastery thus gained, nothing more occurred to disturb the peace of Loodiana.

The Punjab was still holding its own, and supplying the army too. The Jullundhur troops, now set free by the escape of the mutineers, were pushed on for Delhi; and a portion of the 61st Queen's, 500 strong, from Ferozepore, having left a few to guard the magazine there, moved down to strengthen the besieging force. Frontier levies the while were crowding in, and taking their place in all parts of the Punjab. The same power that swayed and regulated all, was still ever active and hopeful at Rawul Pindee.

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through the Saharumpore district. Here they were encounted by the squadron of the 4th Light Cavalry (lancers,) under Captain Wylde, on the 13th, who, despite the persuasions, reproaches, and threats of the rebels, actually cut their way through them, and remained true.

* Among others a *genuine Andrea Ferrara*.

† The loss was estimated at above 52,000 rupees. It is an interesting fact connected with the Loodiana outbreak, that many of the native Christians, and others connected with the mission, were preserved in the house of one of the still remaining Cabul princes, who to this day find in Loodiana the shelter afforded years ago to the "old blind pensioner" Shah Soojah.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XIII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

### CHAPTER V.

is asserted by those learned men who have devoted their lives to the study of the manners and habits of insect society, that when a spider has lost its last web, having exhausted all the glutinous matter wherewith to spin another, it still protracts its innocent existence, by obtruding its nippers on some less warlike but more respectable spider, possessed of a convenient home and an airy larder. Observant moralists have noticed the same peculiarity in the Man-Eater, or Pocket-Cannibal.

Eleven o'clock, A.M. Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., is in his parlour,—the house one of those new dwellings which yearly spring up north of the Regent's Park—dwellings that, attesting the eccentricity of the national character, task the fancy of the architect and the gravity of the beholder—each tenement so tortured into contrast with the other that, on one little rood of ground, all ages seem blended, and all races encamped. No. 1 is an Egyptian tomb!—Pharaohs may repose there! No. 2 is a Swiss *chalet*—William Tell may be shooting in its garden! Lo! the severity of Doric columns—Sparta is before you! Behold that Gothic porch—you are rapt to the Norman days. Ha! those Elizabethan mullions—Sidney and Raleigh, rise again! Ho! the trellises of China—come forth, Confucius, and Commissioner Yeh! Passing a few paces, we are in the land of the Zegri and Abencerage—

"Land of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor."

Mr. Poole's house is called Alhambra Villa! Moorish verandahs—plate-glass windows, with cusped heads and mahogany sashes—a garden behind, a smaller one in front—stairs ascending to the doorway under a Saracenic portico, between two pedestalled lions that resemble poodles—the whole new and lustrous—in semblance stone, in substance stucco—cracks in the stucco denoting "settlements." But the house being let for ninety-nine years—relet again on a running lease of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one—the builder is not answerable for duration, nor the original lessee for repairs. Take it altogether, than Alhambra Villa masonry could devise no better type of modern taste and metropolitan speculation.

Mr. Poole, since we saw him, between four and five years ago, has entered the matrimonial state. He has married a lady of some money, and become a reformed man. He has eschewed the turf, relinquished belcher neckcloths and Newmarket coats—dropped his old bachelor acquaintances. When a man marries and reforms, especially when marriage and reform are accompanied with increased income, and settles respectably in Alhambra Villa—relations, before estranged, tender kindly overtures: the world, before austere, becomes indulgent. It was so with Poole—no longer Dolly. Grant that in earlier life he had fallen into bad ways, and, among equivocal associates, he had been led on by that taste for sporting which is a manly though a perilous characteristic of the true-born Englishman. He who loves horses is liable to come in contact with blacklegs. The racer is a noble animal: but it is his misfortune that the better his breeding, the worse his company. Grant that in the stables, Adolphus Samuel Poole had picked up some wild oats—he had sown them now. Bygones were bygones. He had made a very prudent marriage. Mrs. Poole was a sensible woman—had rendered him domestic, and would keep him straight! His uncle Samuel, a most worthy man, had found him that sensible woman, and, having found her,

had paid his nephew's debts, and adding a round sum to the lady's fortune, had seen that the whole was so tightly settled on wife and children, that Poole had the tender satisfaction of knowing that, happen what might to himself, those dear ones were safe; nay, that if, in the reverses of fortune, he should be compelled by persecuting creditors to fly his native shores, law could not impair the competence it had settled upon Mrs. Poole, nor destroy her blessed privilege to share that competence with a beloved spouse. Insolvency itself, thus protected by a marriage settlement, realises the sublime security of VIRTUE immortalised by the Roman muse:—

> ——"Repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
> Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
> Nec sumit aut ponit secures
> Arbitrio popularis auræ."

Mr. Poole was an active man in the parish vestry—he was a sound politician—he subscribed to public charities—he attended public dinners—he had votes in half-a-dozen public institutions—he talked of the public interests, and called himself a public man. He chose his associates amongst gentlemen in business—speculative, it is true, but steady. A joint-stock company was set up; he obtained an official station at its board, coupled with a salary—not large, indeed, but still a salary.

"The money," said Adolphus Samuel Poole, "is not my object; but I like to have something to do." I cannot say how he did something, but no doubt somebody was done.

Mr. Poole was in his parlour, reading letters and sorting papers, before he departed to his office in the West End. Mrs. Poole entered, leading an infant who had not yet learned to walk alone, and denoting, by an interesting enlargement of shape, a kindly design to bless that infant, at no distant period, with a brother or sister, as the case might be.

"Come and kiss Pa, Johnny," said she to the infant.

"Mrs. Poole, I am busy," growled Pa.

"Pa's busy—working hard for little Johnny. Johnny will be the better for it some day," said Mrs. Poole, tossing the infant half up to the ceiling, in compensation for the loss of the paternal kiss.

"Mrs. Poole, what do you want?"

"May I hire Jones's brougham for two hours to-day, to pay visits? There are a great many cards we ought to leave; is there any place where I should leave a card for you, lovey—any person of consequence you were introduced to at Mrs. Hampton's last night? That great man they were all talking about, to whom you seemed to take such a fancy, Samuel, duck—"

"Do get out! that man insulted me, I tell you."

"Insulted you! No; you never told me."

"I did tell you last night coming home."

"Dear me, I thought you meant that Mr. Hartopp."

"Well, *he* almost insulted me, too. Mrs. Poole, you are stupid and disagreeable. Is that all you have to say?"

"Pa's cross, Johnny dear! poor Pa!—people have vexed Pa, Johnny—naughty people. We must go, or we shall vex him too."

Such heavenly sweetness on the part of a forbearing wife would have softened Pomburlane. Poole's sullen brow relaxed. If women knew how to treat men, not a husband, unbeckoned, would be found from Indus to the Pole? And Poole, for all his surly demeanour, was as completely governed by that angel as a bear by his keeper.

"Well, Mrs. Poole, excuse me. I own I am out of sorts to-day—give me little Johnny—there (kissing the infant, who in return makes a dig at Pa's left eye, and begins to cry on finding that he has not succeeded in digging it out)—take the brougham. Hush, Johnny—hush—and you may leave a card for me at Mr. Peckham's, Harley Street. My eye smarts horribly; that baby will gouge me one of these days."

Mrs. Poole has succeeded in stilling the infant, and confessing that Johnny's fingers are extremely strong for his age—but adding, that babies will catch at whatever is very bright and beautiful, such as gold and jewels, and Mr. Poole's eyes, administers to the wounded orb so soothing a lotion

f pity and admiration that Poole rowls out quite mildly—"Nonsense, larney—by-the-by, I did not say nis morning that you should not have he rosewood chiffoniere."

"No, you said you could not afford ; duck; and when Pa' says he can't fford it, Pa' must be the judge—ust not he, Johnny dear?"

"But, perhaps, I can afford it. Yes, you may have it—yes, I say, ou *shall* have it. Don't forget to eave that card on Peckham—he's a nonied man. There's a ring at the ell, who is it? run and see."

Mrs. Poole obeyed with great acti-rity, considering her interesting con-lition. She came back in half a ninute.

"Oh, my Adolphus! oh, my Sa-nuel! it is that dreadful-looking man who was here the other evening—staid with you so long. I don't like his looks at all. Pray, don't be at home."

"I must," said Poole, turning a shade paler, if that were possible. "Stop—don't let that girl go to the door, and you leave me." He snatched his hat and gloves, and putting aside the parlour maid, who had emerged from the shades below, in order to answer the 'ring,' walked hastily down the small garden.

Jasper Losely was stationed at the little gate. Jasper was no longer in rags, but he was coarsely clad—clad as if he had resigned all pretence to please a lady's eye, or to impose upon a West-End tradesman—a check shirt—a rough pea-jacket, his hands buried in its pockets.

Poole started with well-simulated surprise. "What, you! I am just going to my office—in a great hurry at present."

"Hurry or not, I must and will speak to you," said Jasper doggedly.

"What now? then, step in;—only remember I can't give you more than five minutes."

The rude visitor followed Poole into the back parlour, and closed the door after him.

Leaning his arms over a chair, his hat still on his head, Losely fixed his fierce eyes on his old friend, and said in a low, set, determined voice,—"Now, mark me, Dolly Poole, if you think to shirk my business, or throw me over, you'll find yourself in Queer Street. Have you called on Guy Darrell, and put my case to him, or have you not?"

"I met Mr. Darrell only last night at a very genteel party. (Poole deemed it prudent not to say by whom that genteel party was given, for it will be remembered that Poole had been Jasper's confidant in that adventurer's former designs upon Mrs. Haughton; and if Jasper knew that Poole had made her acquaintance, might he not insist upon Poole's re-introducing him as a visiting acquaintance?) "A very genteel party," repeated Poole. "I made a point of being presented to Mr. Darrell, and very polite he was at first."

"Curse his politeness—get to the point."

"I sounded my way very carefully, as you may suppose; and when I had got him into a friendly chat, you understand, I began: Ah! my poor Losely, nothing to be done *there*—he flew off in a tangent—as much as desired me to mind my own business, and hold my tongue; and upon my life, I don't think there is a chance for you in that quarter."

"Very well—we shall see. Next, have you taken any steps to find out the girl, my daughter?"

"I have, I assure you. But you give me so slight a clue. Are you quite sure she is not in America after all?"

"I have told you before that that story about America was all bosh! a stratagem of the old gentleman's to deceive me. Poor old man," continued Jasper, in a tone that positively betrayed feeling—"I don't wonder that he dreads and flies me; yet I would not hurt him more than I have done, even to be as well off as you are—blinking at me from your mahogany perch like a pet owl with its crop full of mice. And if I would take the girl from him, it is for her own good. For if Darrell could be got to make a provision on her, and, through her, on myself, why, of course, the old man should share the benefit of it. And now that these infernal pains often keep me awake half the night, I can't always shut out the idea of that old man wandering about the world and dying in a ditch. And that runaway girl—to

whom, I dare swear, he would give away his last crumb of bread—ought to be an annuity to us both: Basta, basta! As to the American story—I had a friend at Paris, who went to America on a speculation; I asked him to inquire about this William Waife and his granddaughter Sophy, who were said to have sailed for New York nearly five years ago, and he saw the very persons—settled in New York—no longer under the name of Waife, but their true name of Simpson, and got out from the man that they had been induced to take their passage from England in the name of Waife, at the request of a person whom the man would not give up, but to whom he said he was under obligations. Perhaps the old gentleman had done the fellow a kind turn in early life. The description of this *soi-disant* Waife and his grandchild settles the matter;—wholly unlike those I seek; so that there is every reason to suppose they must still be in England, and it is your business to find them. Continue your search—quicken your wits—let me be better pleased with your success when I call again this day week—and meanwhile four pounds, if you please—as much more as you like."

"Why, I gave you four pounds the other day, besides six pounds for clothes; it can't be gone."

"Every penny."

"Dear, dear! can't you maintain yourself anyhow? Can't you get any one to play at cards? Four pounds! Why, with your talent for whist, four pounds are a capital?"

"Whom can I play with? Whom can I herd with?—Cracksmen and pickpockets. Fit me out; ask me to your own house; invite your own friends; make up a rubber, and you will then see what I can do with four pounds; and may go shares if you like, as we used to do."

"Don't talk so loud. Losely, you know very well that what you ask is impossible. I've turned over a new leaf."

"But I've still got your handwriting on the old leaf."

"What's the good of those stupid threats? If you really wanted to do me a mischief, where could you go to, and who'd believe you?"

"I fancy your wife would, I'll try. Hillo—"

"Stop—stop—stop. No row here, sir. No scandal. Hold your tongue, or I'll send for the police."

"Do! Nothing I should like better. I'm tired out. I want to tell my own story at the Old Bailey, and have my revenge upon you, upon Darrell, upon all. Send for the police."

Losely threw himself at length on the sofa—(new morocco, with spring cushions)—and folded his arms.

"You could only give me five minutes—they are gone, I fear. I am more liberal. I give you your own time to consider. I don't care if I stay to dine; I daresay Mrs. Poole will excuse my dress."

"Losely, you are such a—fellow. If I do give you the four pounds you ask, will you promise to shift for yourself somehow and molest me no more?"

"Certainly not. I shall come once every week for the same sum. I can't live upon less—until—"

"Until what?"

"Until either you get Mr. Darrell to settle on me a suitable provision; or until you place me in possession of my daughter, and I can then be in a better condition to treat with him myself; for if I would make a claim on account of the girl, I must produce the girl, or he may say she is dead. Besides, if she be as pretty as she was when a child, the very sight of her might move him more than all my talk."

"And if I succeed in doing anything with Mr. Darrell, or discovering your daughter, you will give up all such letters and documents of *mine* as you say you possess?"

"'Say—I possess!' I have shown them to you in this pocket-book, Dolly Poole—your own proposition to rob old Latham's safe."

Poole eyed the book, which the ruffian took out and tapped. Had the ruffian been a slighter man, Poole would have been a braver one. As it was—he eyed and groaned. "Turn against one's old crony! So unhandsome, so unlike what I thought you were."

"It is you who would turn against me. But stick to Darrell, or find me

ny daughter, and help her and me to get justice out of him; and you shall not only have back these letters, but I'll pay you handsomely—handsomely, Dolly Poole. Zooks, sir—I am fallen—but I am always a gentleman."

Therewith Losely gave a vehement flap to his hat, which, crushed by the stroke, improved his general appearance into an aspect so outrageously raffish, that but for the expression of his countenance the contrast between the boast and the man would have been ludicrous even to Mr. Poole. The countenance was too dark to permit laughter. In the dress, but the ruin of fortune—in the face, the ruin of man.

Poole heaved a deep sigh, and extended four sovereigns. Losely rose and took them carelessly. "This day week," he said—shook himself—and went his way.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### Fresh touches to the Three Vignettes for the Book of Beauty.

Weeks passed—the London season was beginning—Darrell had decided nothing—the prestige of his position was undiminished,—in politics, perhaps, higher. He had succeeded in reconciling some great men; he had strengthened—it might be saved, a jarring cabinet. In all this he had shown admirable knowledge of mankind, and proved that time and disuse had not lessened his powers of perception. In his matrimonial designs, Darrell seemed more bent than ever upon the hazard—irresolute as ever on the choice of a partner. Still the choice appeared to be circumscribed to the fair three who had been subjected to Colonel Morley's speculative criticism—Lady Adela, Miss Vipont, Flora Vyvyan. Much *pro* and *con.* might be said in respect to each. Lady Adela was so handsome that it was a pleasure to look at her; and that is much when one sees the handsome face every day,—provided the pleasure does not wear off. She had the reputation of a very good temper; and the expression of her countenance confirmed it. There, panegyric stopped; but detraction did not commence. What remained was inoffensive commonplace. She had no salient attribute, and no ruling passion. Certainly she would never have wasted a thought on Mr. Darrell, nor have discovered a single merit in him, if he had not been quoted as a very rich man of high character in search of a wife; and if her father had not said to her—"Adela, Mr. Darrell has been greatly struck with your appearance—he told me so. He is not young, but he is still a very fine-looking man, and you are twenty-seven. 'Tis a greater distinction to be noticed by a person of his years and position, than by a pack of silly young fellows, who think more of their own pretty faces than they would ever do of yours. If you did not mind a little disparity of years, he would make you a happy wife; and, in the course of nature, a widow, not too old to enjoy liberty, and with a jointure that might entitle you to a still better match."

Darrell, thus put into Lady Adela's head, he remained there, and became an *idée fixe*. Viewed in the light of a probable husband, he was elevated into an "interesting man." She would have received his addresses with gentle complacency; and, being more the creature of habit than impulse, would, no doubt, in the intimacy of connubial life, have blest him, or any other admiring husband, with a reasonable modicum of languid affection. Nevertheless, Lady Adela was an unconscious impostor; for, owing to a mild softness of eye and a susceptibility to blushes, a victim ensnared by her beauty would be apt to give her credit for a nature far more accessible to the romance of the tender passion, than, happily perhaps for her own peace of mind, she possessed; and might flatter himself that he had produced a sensation which gave that softness to the eye, and that damask to the blush.

Honoria Vipont would have been a choice far more creditable to the

good sense of so mature a wooer. Few better specimens of a young lady brought up to become an accomplished woman of the world. She had sufficient instruction to be the companion of an ambitious man—solid judgment to fit her for his occasional adviser. She could preside with dignity over a stately household—receive with grace distinguished guests. Fitted to administer an ample fortune, ample fortune was necessary to the development of her excellent qualities. If a man of Darrell's age were bold enough to marry a young wife, a safer wife amongst the young ladies of London he could scarcely find; for though Honoria was only three-and twenty, she was as staid, as sensible, and as remote from all girlish frivolities as if she had been eight-and-thirty. Certainly, had Guy Darrell been of her own years, his fortune unmade, his fame to win, a lawyer residing at the back of Holborn, or a petty squire in the petty demesnes of Fawley, he would have had no charm in the eyes of Honoria Vipont. Disparity of years was in this case not his drawback but his advantage, since to that disparity Darrell owed the established name and the eminent station which made Honoria think she elevated her own self in preferring him. It is but justice to her to distinguish here between a woman's veneration for the attributes of respect which a man gathers round him, and the more vulgar sentiment which sinks the man altogether, except as the necessary fixture to be taken in with the general valuation. It is not fair to ask if a girl who entertains a preference for one of our toiling, stirring, ambitious sex, who may be double her age or have a snub nose, but who looks dignified and imposing on a pedestal of state, whether she would like him as much if stript of all his accessories, and left unredeemed to his baptismal register or unbecoming nose. Just as well ask a girl in love with a young Lothario if she would like him as much if he had been ugly and crooked. The high name of the one man is as much a part of him as good looks are to the other. Thus, though it was said of Madame de la Vallière that she loved Louis XIV. for himself and not for his regal grandeur, is there a woman in the world, however disinterested, who believes that Madame de la Vallière would have liked Louis XIV. as much if Louis XIV. had been Mr. John Jones? Honoria would not have bestowed her hand on a brainless, worthless nobleman, whatever his rank or wealth. She was above that sort of ambition; but neither would she have married the best-looking and worthiest John Jones who ever bore that British appellation, if he had not occupied the social position which brought the merits of a Jones within range of the eyeglass of a Vipont.

Many girls in the nursery say to their juvenile confidants, "I will only marry the man I love." Honoria had ever said, "I will only marry the man I respect." Thus it was her respect for Guy Darrell that made her honour him by her preference. She appreciated his intellect—she fell in love with the reputation which the intellect had acquired. And Darrell might certainly choose worse. His cool reason inclined him much to Honoria. When Alban Morley argued in her favour, he had no escape from acquiescence, except in the turns and doubles of his ironical humour. But his heart was a rebel to his reason: and between you and me, Honoria was exactly one of those young women by whom a man of grave years ought to be attracted, and by whom, somehow or other, he never is;—I suspect, because the older we grow the more we love youthfulness of character. When Alcides, having gone through all the fatigues of life, took a bride in Olympus, he ought to have selected Minerva, but he chose Hebe.

Will Darrell find his Hebe in Flora Vyvyan? Alban Morley became more and more alarmed by that apprehension. He was shrewd enough to recognise in her the girl of all others formed to glad the eye and plague the heart of a grave and reverend seigneur. And it might well not only flatter the vanity, but beguile the judgment, of a man who feared his hand would be accepted only for the sake of his money, that Flora just at this moment refused the greatest

natch in the kingdom, young Lord Vipont, son of the new Earl of Montort, a young man of good sense, igh character, well-looking as men go—heir to estates almost royal;—a young man whom no girl on earth is ustified in refusing. But would the whimsical creature accept Darrell? Was she not merely making sport of him, and if, caught by her arts, he, age and elder, solemnly offered honage and hand to that *belle dedaigeuse* who had just doomed to despair a comely young magnate with five imes his fortune, would she not asten to make him the ridicule of London?

Darrell had perhaps his secret reaons for thinking otherwise, but he did not confide them even to Alban Morley. This much only will the narrator, more candid, say to the reader,—if out of the three whom his thoughts fluttered round, Guy Darrell wished to select the one who would love him best—love him with the whole fresh unreasoning heart of a girl whose childish frowardness sprung from childlike innocence, let him dare the hazard of refusal and of ridicule; let him say to Flora Vyvyan, in the pathos of his sweet deep voice, "Come, and be the spoiled darling of my gladdened age; let my life, ere it sink into night, be rejoiced by the bloom and fresh breeze of the morning."

But to say it he must wish it; he himself must love—love with all the lavish indulgence, all the knightly tenderness, all the grateful sympathising joy in the youth of the beloved, when youth for the lover is no more, which alone can realise what we sometimes see, though loth to own it—congenial unions with unequal years. If Darrell feel not that love, woe to him, woe and thrice shame if he allure to his hearth one who might indeed be a Hebe to the spouse who gave up to her his whole heart in return for hers; but to the spouse who had no heart to give, or gave but the chips of it, the Hebe indignant would be worse than Erinnys!

All things considered, then, they who wish well to Guy Darrell must range with Alban Morley in favour of Miss Honoria Vipont. She, proffering affectionate respect—Darrell responding by rational esteem. So, perhaps, Darrell himself thought, for whenever Miss Vipont was named, he became more taciturn, more absorbed in reflection, and sighed heavily, like a man who slowly makes up his mind to a decision, wise, but not tempting.

## CHAPTER VII.

Containing much of that information which the wisest men in the world could not give, but which the Author can.

"Darrell," said Colonel Morley, "you remember my nephew George as a boy? He is now the rector of Humberston; married—a very nice sort of woman—suits him. Humberston is a fine living; but his talents are wasted there. He preached for the first time in London last year, and made a considerable sensation. This year he has been much out of town. He has no church here as yet. I hope to get him one. Carr is determined that he shall be a Bishop. Meanwhile, he preaches at ——— Chapel to-morrow, come and hear him with me, and then tell me frankly—is he eloquent or not?"

Darrell had a prejudice against fashionable preachers; but to please Colonel Morley he went to hear George. He was agreeably surprised by the pulpit oratory of the young divine. It had that rare combination of impassioned earnestness, with subdued tones, and decorous gesture, which suits the ideal of ecclesiastical eloquence conceived by an educated English Churchman—

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Occasionally the old defect in utterance was discernible; there was a gasp as for breath, or a prolonged dwelling upon certain syllables, which, occurring in the most animated passages, and apparently evincing the preacher's struggle with emotion,

rather served to heighten the sympathy of the audience. But, for the most part, the original stammer was replaced by a felicitous pause, the pause as of a thoughtful reasoner, or a solemn monitor knitting ideas, that came too quick, into method, or chastening impulse into disciplined zeal. The mind of the preacher, thus, not only freed from trammel, but armed for victory, came forth with that power which is peculiar to an original intellect—the power which suggests more than it demonstrates. He did not so much preach to his audience, as wind himself through unexpected ways into the hearts of the audience; and they who heard, suddenly found their hearts preaching to themselves. He took for his text—"Cast down, but not destroyed." And out of this text he framed a discourse full of true Gospel tenderness, which seemed to raise up comfort as the saving, against despair as the evil, principle of mortal life. The congregation was what is called "brilliant"—statesmen, and peers, and great authors, and fine ladies—people whom the inconsiderate believe to stand little in need of comfort, and never to be subjected to despair. In many an intent or drooping face in that brilliant congregation might be read a very different tale. But of all present there was no one whom the discourse so moved as a woman, who, chancing to pass that way, had followed the throng into the Chapel, and with difficulty obtained a seat at the far end; a woman who had not been within the walls of chapel or church for long years—a grim woman, in iron grey. There she sate, unnoticed in her remote corner; and before the preacher had done, her face was hidden behind her clasped hands, and she was weeping such tears as she had not wept since childhood.

On leaving church Darrell said little more to the Colonel than this—"Your nephew takes me by surprise. The Church wants such men. He will have a grand career if life be spared to him." Then he sunk into a reverie, from which he broke abruptly—"Your nephew was at school with my boy. Had my son lived, what had been *his* career?"

The Colonel, never encouraging painful subjects, made no rejoinder.

"Bring George to see me to-morrow. I shrunk from asking it before: I thought the sight of him would too much revive old sorrows; but I feel I should accustom myself to face every memory. Bring him."

The next day the Colonel took George to Darrell's; but George had been pre-engaged till late at noon; and Darrell was just leaving home, and at his street door, when the uncle and nephew came. They respected his time too much to accept his offer to come in, but walked beside him for a few minutes, as he bestowed upon George those compliments which are sweet to the ears of rising men from the lips of those who have risen.

"I remember you, George, as a boy," said Darrell, "and thanked you then for good advice to a schoolfellow, who is lost to your counsels now." He faltered an instant, but went on firmly, "You had then a slight defect in utterance, which I understand from your uncle, increased as you grew older; so that I never anticipated for you the fame that you are achieving. *Orator fit* — you must have been admirably taught. In the management of your voice—in the excellence of your delivery, I see that you are one of the few who deem that the Divine Word should not be unworthily uttered. The debater on beer bills may be excused from studying the orator's effects; but all that enforce, dignify, adorn, make the becoming studies of him who strives by eloquence to people heaven; whose task *it is* to adjure the thoughtless, animate the languid, soften the callous, humble the proud, alarm the guilty, comfort the sorrowful, call back to the fold the lost. Is the culture to be slovenly where the glebe is so fertile? The only field left in modern times for the ancient orator's sublime conceptions, but laborious training, is the Preacher's. And I own, George, that I envy the *masters* who skilled to the Preacher's art an intellect like yours."

"Masters," said the Colonel. "I thought all those elocution masters failed with you, George. You cured and taught yourself. Did not you? No! Why, then, who was your teacher?"

George looked very much embarrassed, and, attempting to answer, began horribly to stutter.

Darrell, conceiving that a preacher whose fame was not yet confirmed, might reasonably dislike to confess those obligations to elaborate study, which, if known, might detract from his effect, or expose him to ridicule, hastened to change the subject. "You have been to the country, I hear, George; at your living, I suppose?"

"No. I have not been there very lately; travelling about."

"Have you seen Lady Montfort since your return?" asked the Colonel.

"I only returned on Saturday night. I go to Lady Montfort's at Twickenham, this evening."

"She has a delightful retreat," said the Colonel. "But if she wish to avoid admiration, she should not make the banks of the river her favourite haunt. I know some romantic admirers, who, when she reappears in the world, may be rival aspirants, and who have much taken to rowing since Lady Montfort has retired to Twickenham. They catch a glimpse of her, and return to boast of it. But they report that there is a young lady seen walking with her—an extremely pretty one—who is she? People ask *me*,—as if I knew everything."

"A companion, I suppose," said George, more and more confused. "But, pardon me, I must leave you now. Good-by, uncle. Good day, Mr. Darrell."

Darrell did not seem to observe George take leave, but walked on, his hat over his brows, lost in one of his frequent fits of abstracted gloom.

"If my nephew were not married," said the Colonel, "I should regard his embarrassment with much suspicion — embarrassed at every point, from his travels about the country to the question of a young lady at Twickenham. I wonder who that young lady can be—not one of the Viponts, or I should have heard. Are there any young ladies on the Lyndsay side?—Eh, Darrell?"

"What do I care—your head runs on young ladies," answered Darrell with peevish vivacity, as he stopped abruptly at Carr Vipont's door.

"And your feet do not seem to run from them," said the Colonel; and, with an ironical salute, walked away, while the expanding portals engulfed his friend.

As he sauntered up St. James's Street, nodding towards the thronged windows of its various clubs, the Colonel suddenly encountered Lionel, and, taking the young gentleman's arm, said, "If you are not very much occupied, will you waste half an hour on me?—I am going homewards."

Lionel readily assented, and the Colonel continued — "Are you in want of your cabriolet to-day, or can you lend it to me? I have asked a Frenchman, who brings me a letter of introduction, to dine at the nearest *restaurant's* to which one can ask a Frenchman. I need not say that is Greenwich: and if I took him in a cabriolet, he would not suspect that he was taken five miles out of town."

"Alas, my dear Colonel, I have just sold my cabriolet."

"What! old-fashioned already!—True, it has been built three months. Perhaps the horse, too, has become an antique in some other collection—silent—um!—cabriolet and horse both sold?"

"Both," said Lionel ruefully.

"Nothing surprises me that man can do," said the Colonel; "or I should be surprised. When acting on Darrell's general instructions for your outfit, I bought that horse, I flattered myself that I had chosen well. But rare are good horses—rarer still a good judge of them; I suppose I was cheated, and the brute proved a screw."

"The finest cab-horse in London, my dear Colonel, and every one knows how proud I was of him. But I wanted money, and had nothing else that would bring the sum I required. O, Colonel Morley, do hear me!"

"Certainly, I am not deaf, nor is St. James's Street. When a man says, 'I have parted with my horse because I wanted money,' I advise him to say it in a whisper."

"I have been imprudent, at least

unlucky, and I must pay the penalty. A friend of mine—that is not exactly a friend, but an acquaintance—whom I see every day—one of my own set—asked me to sign my name at Paris to a bill at three months date, as his security. He gave me his honour that I should hear no more of it—he would be sure to take up the bill when due—a man whom I supposed to be as well off as myself! You will allow that I could scarcely refuse—at all events, I did not. The bill became due two days ago; my friend does not pay it, and indeed says he cannot, and the holder of the bill calls on me. He was very civil—offered to renew it—pressed me to take my time, &c.; but I did not like his manner, and as to my friend, I find that, instead of being well off, as I supposed, he is hard up, and that I am not the first he has got into the same scrape—not intending it, I am sure. He's really a very good fellow, and, if I wanted security, would be it to-morrow, to any amount."

"I've no doubt of it — to any amount!" said the Colonel.

"So I thought it best to conclude the matter at once. I had saved nothing from my allowance, munificent as it is. I could not have the face to ask Mr. Darrell to remunerate me for my own imprudence. I should not like to borrow from my mother—I knew it would be inconvenient to her. I sold both horse and cabriolet this morning. I had just been getting the cheque cashed when I met you. I intend to take the money myself to the bill-holder. I have just the sum—£200."

"The horse alone was worth that," said the Colonel with a faint sigh—"not to be replaced. France and Russia have the pick of our stables. However, if it is sold, it is sold—talk no more of it. I hate painful subjects. You did right not to renew the bill—it is opening an account with Ruin; and though I avoid preaching on money-makers, or indeed any other (preaching is my nephew's vocation, not mine), yet allow me to extract from you a solemn promise never again to sign bills, nor to draw them. Be to your friend what you please except security for him. Orestes never asked Pylades to help him to borrow at fifty per cent. Promise me — your word of honour as a gentleman! Do you hesitate?"

"My dear Colonel," said Lionel frankly, "I do hesitate. I might promise not to sign a money-lender's bill on my own account, though really I think you take rather an exaggerated view of what is, after all, a common occurrence—"

"Do I?" said the Colonel, meekly. "I'm sorry to hear it. I detest exaggeration. Go on. You might promise not to ruin yourself—but you object to promise not to help in the ruin of your friend."

"That is exquisite irony, Colonel," said Lionel, piqued; "but it does not deal with the difficulty, which is simply this: When a man whom you call friend — whom you walk with, ride with, dine with almost every day, says to you, 'I am in immediate want of a few hundreds — I don't ask you to lend them to me, perhaps you can't—but assist me to borrow—trust to my honour that the debt shall not fall on you,' why, then, it seems as if to refuse the favour was to tell the man you call friend that you doubt his honour; and though I have been caught once in that way, I feel that I must be caught very often before I should have the moral courage to say 'No!' Don't ask me, then, to promise — be satisfied with my assurance that in *future*, at least, I will be more cautious, and if the loss fall on me, why, the worst that can happen is to do again what I do now."

"Nay, you would not perhaps have another horse and cab to sell. In that case, you would do the reverse of what you do now—you would renew the bill—the debt would run on like a snowball—in a year or two you would owe, not hundreds, but thousands. But come in—here we are at my door."

The Colonel entered his drawing-room. A miracle of exquisite neatness the room was—rather effeminate, perhaps, in its attributes; but that was no sign of the Colonel's tastes, but of his popularity with the ladies. All those pretty things were their gifts. The tapestry on the chairs their work—the screen on

e consoles—the clock on the man-l-shelf—the inkstand, paper cutter, per-stand on the writing-table—eir birthday presents. Even the hite woolly Maltese dog that rang from the rug to welcome him -even the flowers in the *jardinier* -even the tasteful cottage-piano, id the very music stand beside it -and the card-trays, piled high ith invitations,—were contributions om the forgiving sex to the unrequit-g bachelor.

Surveying his apartment with a mplacent air, the Colonel sank to his easy *fauteuil*, and drawing off is gloves leisurely, said—

"No man has more friends than I ave—never did I lose one—never id I sign a bill. Your father pur-ued a different policy—he signed any bills—and lost many friends."

Lionel, much distressed, looked own, and evidently desired to have one with the subject. Not so the olonel. That shrewd man, though e did not preach, had a way all his wn, which was perhaps quite as ffective as any sermon by a fashion-ble layman can be to an impatient outh.

"Yes," resumed the Colonel, "it s the old story. One always begins y being security to a friend. The iscredit of the thing is familiarised o one's mind by the false show of enerous confidence in another. Then what you have done for a friend, a riend should do for you—a hundred r two would be useful now—you re sure to repay it in three months. To Youth the Future seems safe as he Bank of England, and distant as he peaks of Himalaya. You pledge your honour that in three months you will release your friend. The three months expire. To release the one friend, you catch hold of another —the bill is renewed, premium and interest thrown into the next pay-day—soon the account multiplies, and with it the honour dwindles—your NAME circulates from hand to hand on the back of doubtful paper —your name, which in all money transactions, should grow higher and higher each year you live, falling down every month like the shares in a swindling speculation. You begin by what you call trusting a friend, that is, aiding him to self-destruction —buying him arsenic to clear his complexion,—you end by dragging all near you into your own abyss, as a drowning man would clutch at his own brother. Lionel Haughton, the saddest expression I ever saw in your father's face was when —when—but you shall hear the story."

"No, sir; spare me. Since you so insist on it, I will give the promise—it is enough; and my father—"

"Was as honourable as you when he first signed his name to a friend's bill; and, perhaps, promised to do so no more as reluctantly as you do. You had better let me say on; if I stop now you will forget all about it by this day twelvemonth; if I go on you will never forget. There are other examples besides your father. I am about to name one."

Lionel resigned himself to the operation, throwing his handkerchief over his face as if he had taken chloroform.

"When I was young," resumed the Colonel, "I chanced to make acquaintance with a man of infinite whim and humour; fascinating as Darrell himself, though in a very different way. We called him Willy —you know the kind of man one calls by his Christian name, cordially abbreviated—that kind of man seems never to be quite grown up; and, therefore, never rises in life. I never knew a man called Willy after the age of thirty, who did not come to a melancholy end! Willy was the natural son of a rich, helter-skelter, cleverish, maddish, stylish, raffish, four-in-hand Baronet, by a celebrated French actress. The title is extinct now, and so, I believe, is that genius of stylish, raffish, four-in-hand Baronet. —Sir Julian Losely—"

"Losely!" echoed Lionel.

"Yes? do you know the name?"

"I never heard it till yesterday. I want to tell you what I did hear then —but after your story—go on."

"Sir Julian Losely (Willy's father) lived with the French lady as his wife, and reared Willy in his house, with as much pride and fondness as if he intended him for his heir. The poor boy, I suspect, got but little

regular education; though, of course, he spoke his French mother's tongue like a native; and, thanks also perhaps to his mother, he had an extraordinary talent for mimicry and acting. His father was passionately fond of private theatricals, and Willy had early practice in that line. I once saw him act Falstaff in a country-house, and I doubt if Quin could have acted it better. Well, when Willy was still a mere boy, he lost his mother, the actress. Sir Julian married—had a legitimate daughter—died intestate—and the daughter, of course, had the personal property, which was not much; the heir-at-law got the land, and poor Willy nothing. But Willy was an universal favourite with his father's old friends—wild fellows like Sir Julian himself: amongst them there were two cousins, with large country houses, sporting men, and bachelors. They shared Willy between them, and quarrelled which should have the most of him. So he grew up to be man, with no settled provision, but always welcome, not only to the two cousins, but at every house in which, like Milton's lark, 'he came to startle the dull night'—the most amusing companion!—a famous shot—a capital horseman—knew the ways of all animals, fishes, and birds; I verily believe he could have coaxed a pug-dog to point, and an owl to sing. Void of all malice, up to all fun. Imagine how much people would court, and how little they would do for, a Willy of that sort. Do I bore you?"

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested."

"One thing a Willy, if a Willy could be wise, ought to do for himself—keep single. A wedded Willy is in a false position. My Willy wedded—for love too—an amiable girl, I believe—(I never saw her; it was long afterwards that I knew Willy)—but as poor as himself. The friends and relatives then said—'This is serious; something *must* be done for Willy.' It was easy to say, 'something must be done,' and monstrous difficult to do it. While the relations were consulting, his half-sister, the Baronet's lawful daughter, died, unmarried; and though she had ignored him in life, left him £2000. 'I have hit it now,' cried one of the cousins, 'Willy is fond of a country life. I will let him have a farm on a nominal rent, his £2000 will stock it; and his farm, which is surrounded by woods, will be a capital hunting meet. As long as I live Willy shall be mounted.'

"Willy took the farm, and astonished his friends by attending to it. It was just beginning to answer when his wife died, leaving him only one child—a boy; and her death made him so melancholy that he could no longer attend to his farm. He threw it up, invested the proceeds as a capital, and lived on the interest as a gentleman at large. He travelled over Europe for some time—chiefly on foot—came back, having recovered his spirits—resumed his old desultory purposeless life at different country houses; and at one of those houses I and Charles Haughton met him. Here I pause, to state that Will Losely at that time impressed me with the idea that he was a thoroughly honest man. Though he certainly was no formalist—though he had lived with wild sets of convivial scrape-graces—though, out of sheer high spirits, he would now and then make conventional Proprieties laugh at their own long faces; yet, I should have said, that Bayard himself—and Bayard was no saint—could not have been more incapable of a disloyal, rascally, shabby action. Nay, in the plain matter of integrity, his ideas may be called refined, almost Quixotic. If asked to give or to lend, Willy's hand was in his pocket in an instant; but though thrown among rich men—careless as himself—Willy never put his hand into their pockets, never borrowed, never owed. He would accept hospitality—make frank use of your table, your horses, your dogs—but your money, no! He repaid all he took from the host by rendering himself the pleasantest guest that host ever entertained. Poor Willy! I think I see his quaint smile brimming over with sly sport! The sound of his voice was like a cry of 'half holiday' in a school-room. He dishonest! I should as soon have suspected the noonday sun of being a dark lantern! I remember, when he

and I were walking home from wild-duck shooting in advance of our companions, a short conversation between us that touched me greatly, for it showed that, under all his levity, there were sound sense and right feeling. I asked him about his son, then a boy at school. 'Why, as it was the Christmas vacation, he had refused our host's suggestion to let the lad come down there?' 'Ah,' said he, 'don't fancy that I will lead my son to grow up a scatterbrained good-for-nought like his father. His society is the joy of my life; whenever I have enough in my pockets to afford myself that joy, I go and hire a quiet lodging close by his school, to have him with me from Saturday till Monday all to myself—where he never hears wild fellows call me 'Willy,' and ask me to mimic. I had hoped to have spent this vacation with him in that way, but his school bill was higher than usual, and after paying it, I had not a guinea to spare—obliged to come here where they lodge and feed me for nothing; the boy's uncle on the mother's side—a respectable man in business—kindly takes him home for the holidays; but did not ask me, because his wife—and I don't blame her—thinks I'm too wild for a city clerk's sober household.'

"I asked Will Losely what he meant to do with his son, and hinted that I might get the boy a commission in the army without purchase.

"'No,' said Willy, 'I know what it is to set up for a gentleman on the capital of a beggar. It is to be a shuttlecock between discontent and temptation. I would not have my lost wife's son waste his life as I have done. He would be more spoiled, too, than I have been. The handsomest boy you ever saw—and bold as a lion. Once in that set'—(pointing over his shoulders towards some of our sporting comrades, whose loud laughter every now and then reached our ears)—'once in that set he would never be out of it—fit for nothing. I swore to his mother on her death-bed that I would bring him up to avoid my errors—that he should be no hanger-on and led-Captain! Swore to her that he should be reared according to his real station—the station of his mother's kin—(*I* have no station)—and if I can but see him an honest British trader—respectable, upright, equal to the highest—because no rich man's dependent, and no poor man's jest—my ambition will be satisfied. And now you understand, sir, why my boy is not here.' You would say a father who spoke thus had a man's honest stuff in him. Eh, Lionel!"

"Yes, and a true gentleman's heart, too!"

"So I thought; yet I fancied I knew the world! After that conversation I quitted our host's roof, and only once or twice afterwards, at country houses, met William Losely again. To say truth, his chief patrons and friends were not exactly in my set. But your father continued to see Willy pretty often. They took a great fancy to each other. Charlie, you know, was jovial—fond of private theatricals, too; in short, they became great allies. Some years after, as ill luck would have it, Charles Haughton, while selling off his Middlesex property, was in immediate want of £1200. He could get it on a bill, but not without security. His bills were already rather down in the market, and he had already exhausted most of the friends whose security was esteemed by accommodators any better than his own. In an evil hour he had learned that poor Willy had just £1500 out upon mortgage; and the money lender, who was lawyer for the property on which the mortgage was, knew it too. It was on the interest of this £1500 that Willy lived, having spent the rest of his little capital in settling his son as a clerk in a first-rate commercial house. Charles Haughton went down to shoot at the house where Willy was a guest—shot with him—drank with him—talked with him—proved to him, no doubt, that long before the three months were over the Middlesex property would be sold; the bill taken up, Willy might trust to his honour. Willy did trust. Like you, my dear Lionel, he had not the moral courage to say 'No.' Your father, I am certain, meant to repay him; your father never in cold blood meant to defraud any human being; but—your father gambled! A debt of honor at

*piquet* preceded the claim of a bill discounter. The £1200 were forestalled — your father was penniless. The money lender came upon Willy. Sure that Charles Haughton would yet redeem his promise, Willy renewed the bill another three months on usurious terms; those months over, he came to town to find your father hiding between four walls, unable to stir out for fear of arrest. Willy had no option but to pay the money; and when your father knew that it was so paid, and that the usury had swallowed up the whole of Willy's little capital, then, I say, I saw upon Charles Haughton's once radiant face, the saddest expression I ever saw on mortal man's. And sure I am that all the joys your father ever knew as a man of pleasure, were not worth the agony and remorse of that moment. I respect your emotion, Lionel, but you begin as your father began; and if I had not told you this story you might have ended as your father ended."

Lionel's face remained covered, and it was only by choking gasps that he interrupted the Colonel's narrative. "Certainly," resumed Alban Morley in a reflective tone— "Certainly that villain — I mean William Losely, for villain he afterwards proved to be—had the sweetest, most forgiving temper! He might have gone about to his kinsman and friends denouncing Charles Haughton, and saying by what solemn promises he had been undone. But no! such a story just at that moment would have crushed Charles Haughton's last chance of ever holding up his head again, and Charles told me (for it was through Charles that I knew the tale) that Willy's parting words to him were, 'Do not fret, Charlie—after all, my boy is now settled in life, and I am a cat with nine lives, and should fall on my legs if thrown out of a garret window. Don't fret.' So he kept the secret, and told the money lender to hold his tongue. Poor Willy! I never asked a rich friend to lend me money but once in my life. It was then. I went to Guy Darrell, who was in full practice, and said to him, 'Lend me one thousand pounds. I may never repay you.' 'Five thousand pounds if you like it,' said he. 'One will do.' I took the money, and sent it to Willy. And he returned it, writing word that 'Providence had been very kind to him; he had just been appointed to a capital place, with a magnificent salary. The cat had fallen on its legs.' He bade me comfort Haughton with that news. The money went back into Darrell's pocket, and perhaps wandered thence to Charles Haughton's creditors. Now for the appointment. At the country house to which Willy had returned destitute, he had met a stranger (no relation), who said to him, "You live with these people—shoot their game—break in their horses—see to their farms — and they give you nothing! You are no longer very young — you should lay by your little income, and add to it. Live with me, and I will give you £300 a-year. I am parting with my steward—take his place, be my friend.' William Losely of course closed with the proposition. This gentleman, whose name was Gunston, I had known slightly in former times—(people say I know everybody)—a soured, bilious, melancholy, indolent, misanthropical old bachelor. With a magnificent place universally admired, and a large estate universally envied, he lived much alone, ruminating on the bitterness of life and the nothingness of worldly blessings. Meeting Willy at the country house to which, by some predestined relaxation of misanthropy, he had been decoyed — for the first time for years Mr. Gunston was heard to laugh. He said to himself, 'Here is a man who actually amuses me.' William Losely contrived to give the misanthrope a new zest of existence; and when he found that business could be made pleasant, the rich man conceived an interest in his own house, gardens, property. For the sake of William's merry companionship, he would even ride over his farms, and actually carried a gun. Meanwhile, the property, I am told, was really well managed. Ah! that fellow Willy was a born genius, and could have managed everybody's affairs except his own. I heard of all this with pleasure—(people say I hear everything.

—when one day a sporting man seizes me by the button at Tattersall's—'Do you know the news? Will Losely is in prison on a charge of robbing his employer.'"

"Robbing! incredible!" exclaimed Lionel.

"My dear Lionel, it was after hearing that news that I established as invariable my grand maxim, *Nil admirari*—never to be astonished at anything!"

"But of course he was innocent?"

"On the contrary, he confessed, was committed; pleaded guilty, and was transported! People who knew Willy said that Gunston ought to have declined to drag him before a magistrate, or, at the subsequent trial, have abstained from giving evidence against him; that Willy had been till then a faithful steward; the whole proceeds of the estate had passed through his hands; he might, in transactions for timber, have cheated undetected to twice the amount of the alleged robbery; it must have been a momentary aberration of reason; the rich man should have let him off. But I side with the rich man. His last belief in his species was annihilated. He must have been inexorable. He could never be amused, never be interested again. He *was* inexorable and—vindictive."

"But what were the facts?—what was the evidence?"

"Very little came out on the trial; because, in pleading guilty, the court had merely to consider the evidence which had sufficed to commit him. The trial was scarcely noticed in the London papers. William Losely was not like a man known about town. His fame was confined to those who resorted to old-fashioned country houses, chiefly single men, for the sake of sport. But stay. I felt such an interest in the case, that I made an abstract or *precis*, not only of all that appeared, but all that I could learn of its leading circumstances. 'Tis a habit of mine, whenever any of my acquaintances embroil themselves with the Crown—" The Colonel rose, unlocked a small glazed bookcase, selected from the contents a MS. volume, re-seated himself, turned the pages, found the place sought, and reading from it, resumed his narrative. "'One evening Mr. Gunston came to William Losely's private apartment. Losely had two or three rooms appropriated to himself in one side of the house, which was built in a quadrangle round a courtyard. When Losely opened his door to Mr. Gunston's knock, it struck Mr. Gunston that his manner seemed confused. After some talk on general subjects, Losely said that he had occasion to go to London next morning for a few days on private business of his own. This annoyed Mr. Gunston. He observed that Losely's absence just then would be inconvenient. He reminded him that a tradesman, who lived at a distance, was coming over the next day to be paid for a vinery he had lately erected, and on the charge for which there was a dispute. Could not Losely at least stay to settle it? Losely replied, 'that he had already, by correspondence, adjusted the dispute, having suggested deductions which the tradesman had agreed to, and that Mr. Gunston would only have to give a cheque for the balance—viz. £270.' Thereon Mr. Gunston remarked, 'If you were not in the habit of paying my bills for me out of what you receive, you would know that I seldom give cheques. I certainly shall not give one now, for I have the money in the house.' Losely observed, 'that is a bad habit of yours keeping large sums in your own house. You may be robbed.' Gunston answered, 'Safer than lodging large sums in a country bank. Country banks break. My grandfather lost £1000 by the failure of a country bank; and my father, therefore, always took his payments in cash, remitting them to London from time to time as he went thither himself. I do the same, and I have never been robbed of a farthing that I know of. Who would rob a great house like this, full of men-servants?' 'That's true,' said Losely; 'so if you are sure you have as much by you, you will pay the bill, and have done with it. I shall be back before Sparks the builder comes to be paid for the new barns to the home farm—that will be £600; but I shall be taking money for timber next week. He can be paid out of that.' GUNSTON.—'No,

I will pay Sparks, too, out of what I have in my bureau; and the timber merchant can pay his debt into my London banker's. Losely. — 'Do you mean that you have enough for both these bills actually in the house?' Gunston.—'Certainly, in the bureau in my study. I don't know how much I've got. It may be £1500—it may be £1700. I have not counted; I am such a bad man of business; but I am sure it is more than £1400.' Losely made some jocular observation to the effect that if Gunston never kept an account of what he had, he could never tell whether he was robbed, and, therefore, never would be robbed; since, according to Othello,

'He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.'

After that, Losely became absent in manner, and seemed impatient to get rid of Mr. Gunston, hinting that he had the labour-book to look over, and some orders to write out for the bailiff, and that he should start early the next morning.'"

Here the Colonel looked up from his MS., and said episodically, "Perhaps you will fancy that these dialogues are invented by me after the fashion of the ancient historians? Not so. I give you the report of what passed, as Gunston repeated it *verbatim;* and I suspect that his memory was pretty accurate. Well (here Alban returned to his MS.), 'Gunston left Willy, and went into his own study, where he took tea by himself. When his valet brought it in, he told the man that Mr. Losely was going to town early the next morning, and ordered the servant to see himself that coffee was served to Mr. Losely before he went. The servant observed 'that Mr. Losely had seemed much out of sorts lately, and that it was perhaps some unpleasant affair connected with the gentleman who had come to see him two days before.' Gunston had not heard of such a visit. Losely had not mentioned it. When the servant retired, Gunston, thinking over Losely's quotation respecting his money, resolved to ascertain what he had in his bureau. He opened it, examined the drawers, and found, stowed away in different places at different times, a larger sum than he had supposed—gold and notes to the amount of £1975, of which nearly £300 were in sovereigns. He smoothed the notes carefully; and, for want of other occupation, and with the view of showing Losely that he could profit by a hint, he entered the numbers of the notes in his pocket-book, placed them all together in one drawer with the gold, re-locked his bureau, and went shortly afterwards to bed. The next day (Losely having gone in the morning) the tradesman came to be paid for the vinery. Gunston went to his bureau, took out his notes, and found £250 were gone. He could hardly believe his senses. Had he made a mistake in counting? No. There was his pocket-book, the missing notes entered duly therein. Then he re-counted the sovereigns. 142 were gone of them—nearly £400 in all had been abstracted. He refused at first to admit suspicion of Losely; but, on interrogating his servants, the valet deposed, that he was disturbed about two o'clock in the morning by the bark of the house-dog, which was let loose of a night within the front courtyard of the house. Not apprehending robbers, but fearing the dog might also disturb his master, he got out of his window (being on the ground floor) to pacify the animal that he then saw, in the opposite angle of the building, a light moving along the casement of the passage between Losely's rooms and Mr. Gunston's study. Surprised at this at such an hour, he approached this part of the building, and saw the light very faintly through the chinks in the shutters of the study. The passage windows had no shutters, being old-fashioned stone mullions. He waited by the wall a few minutes, when the light again re-appeared in the passage; and he saw a figure in a cloak, which, being in a peculiar colour, he recognised at once as Losely's, pass rapidly along; but before the figure had got half through the passage, the light was extinguished, and the servant could see no more. But so positive was he, from his recognition of the cloak, that the man was Losely, that he ceased to feel alarm or surprise

thinking, on reflection, that Losely, sitting up later than usual to transact business before his departure, might have gone into his employer's study for any book or paper which he might have left there. The dog began barking again, and seemed anxious to get out of the courtyard to which he was confined; but the servant gradually appeased him—went to bed, and somewhat overslept himself. When he awoke, he hastened to take the coffee into Losely's room, but Losely was gone. Here there was another suspicious circumstance. It had been a question how the bureau had been opened, the key being safe in Gunston's possession, and there being no sign of force. The lock was one of those rude old-fashioned ones which are very easily picked, but to which a modern key does not readily fit. In the passage there was found a long nail crooked at the end; and that nail, the superintendent of the police (who had been summoned) had the wit to apply to the lock of the bureau, and it unlocked and re-locked it easily. It was clear that whoever had so shaped the nail could not have used such an instrument for the first time, and must be a practised picklock. That, one would suppose at first, might exonerate Losely; but he was so clever a fellow at all mechanical contrivances, that, coupled with the place of finding, the nail made greatly against him; and still more so, when some nails precisely similar were found on the chimney-piece of an inner room in his apartment, a room between that in which he had received Gunston and his bed-chamber, and used by him both as study and workshop. The nails, indeed, which were very long and narrow, with a Gothic ornamental head, were at once recognised by the carpenter on the estate as having been made according to Losely's directions, for a garden bench to be placed in Gunston's favourite walk, Gunston having remarked, some days before, that he should like a seat there, and Losely having undertaken to make one from a design by Pugin. Still both to believe in Losely's guilt, Gunston went to London with the police superintendent, the valet, and the neighbouring attorney. They had no difficulty in finding Losely; he was at his son's lodgings in the City, near the commercial house in which the son was a clerk. On being told of the robbery, he seemed at first unaffectedly surprised, evincing no fear. He was asked whether he had gone into the study about two o'clock in the morning? He said, "No; why should I?' The valet exclaimed, 'But I saw you—I knew you by that old gray cloak, with the red lining. Why, there it is now—on that chair yonder. I'll swear it is the same.' Losely then began to tremble visibly, and grew extremely pale. A question was next put to him as to the nail but he seemed quite stupefied, muttering—'Good heavens! the cloak—you mean to say you saw that cloak?' They searched his person—found on him some sovereigns, silver and one bank-note for five pounds. The number on that bank-note corresponded with a number in Gunston's pocket-book. He was asked to say where he got that five-pound note. He refused to answer, Gunston said,—'It is one of the notes stolen from me!' Losely cried fiercely, 'Take care what you say. How do you know?' Gunston replied,—'I took an account of the numbers of my notes on leaving your room. Here is the memorandum in my pocket-book—see—' Losely looked, and fell back as if shot. Losely's brother-in-law was in the room at the time, and he exclaimed, —'Oh, William! you can't be guilty. You are the honestest fellow in the world. There must be some mistake, gentlemen. Where did you get the note, William—say?'

"'Losely made no answer, but seemed lost in thought or stupefaction. 'I will go for your son, William—perhaps he may help to explain.' Losely then seemed to wake up. 'My son! what! would you expose me before my son? he's gone into the country, as you know. What has he to do with it? I took the notes—there—I have confessed—Have done with it,'—or words to that effect.'

"Nothing more of importance," said the Colonel, turning over the leaves of his MS., "except to account for the

crime. And here we come back to the money-lender. You remember the valet said that a gentleman had called on Losely two days before the robbery. This proved to be the identical bill-discounter to whom Losely had paid away his fortune. This person deposed that Losely had written to him some days before, stating that he wanted to borrow two or three hundred pounds, which he could repay by instalments out of his salary. What would be the terms? The money-lender having occasion to be in the neighbourhood, called to discuss the matter in person, and to ask if Losely could not get some other person to join in security—suggesting his brother-in-law. Losely replied that it was a favour he would never ask any one; that his brother-in-law had no pecuniary means beyond his salary as a senior-clerk; and, supposing that he (Losely) lost his place, which he might any day, if Gunston were displeased with him—how then could he be sure that his debt would not fall on the security? Upon which the money-lender remarked that the precarious nature of his income was the very reason why a security was wanted. And Losely answered, 'Ay; but you know that you incur that risk, and charge accordingly. Between you and me the debt and the hazard are mere matter of business, but between me and my security it would be a matter of honour.' Finally the money-lender agreed to find the sum required, though asking very high terms. Losely said he would consider, and let him know. There the conversation ended. But Gunston inquired 'if Losely had ever had dealings with the money-lender before, and for what purpose it was likely he would want the money now;' and the money-lender answered 'that probably Losely had some sporting or gaming speculations on the sly, for that it was to pay a gambling debt that he had joined Captain Haughton in a bill for £1200.' And Gunston afterwards told a friend of mine that this it was that decided him to appear as a witness at the trial; and you will observe that if Gunston had kept away, there would have been no evidence sufficient to insure conviction. But Gunston considered that the man who could gamble away his whole fortune must be incorrigible, and that Losely, having concealed from him that he had become destitute by such transactions, must have been more than a mere security in a joint bill with Captain Haughton. Gunston could never have understood such an inconsistency in human nature, that the same man who threw open his bureau should have become responsible to the amount of his fortune for a debt of which he had not shared the discredit, and still less that such a man should, in case he had been so generously imprudent, have concealed his loss out of delicate tenderness for the character of the man to whom he owed his ruin. Therefore, in short, Gunston looked on the dishonest steward, not as a man tempted by a sudden impulse in some moment of distress, at which a previous life was belied, but as a confirmed dissimulating sharper, to whom public justice allowed no mercy. And thus, Lionel, William Losely was prosecuted, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. By pleading guilty, the term was probably much shorter than it otherwise would have been."

Lionel continued too agitated for words. The Colonel, not seeming to heed his emotions, again ran his eye over the MS.

"I observe here that there are some queries entered as to the evidence against Losely. The solicitor whom, when I heard of his arrest, I engaged and sent down to the place on his behalf—"

"You did! Heaven reward you!" sobbed out Lionel. "But my father!—where was he?"

"Then?—in his grave."

Lionel breathed a deep sigh, as of thankfulness.

"The lawyer, I say—a sharp fellow—was of opinion that if Losely had refused to plead guilty, he could have got him off in spite of his first confession — turned the suspicion against some one else: In the passage where the nail was picked up there was a door into the park. That door was found unbolted in the inside the next morning; a thief might therefore have thus entered, and passed at once into the study. The

nail was discovered close by that door; the thief might have dropped it on putting out his light, which, by the valet's account, he must have done, when he was near the door in question, and required the light no more. Another circumstance in Losely's favour. Just outside the door, near a laurel-bush, was found the fag-end of one of those small rose-coloured wax-lights which are often placed in lucifer match-boxes. If this had been used by the thief, it would seem as if, extinguishing the light before he stepped into the air, he very naturally jerked away the morsel of taper left, when, in the next moment, he was out of the house. But Losely would not have gone out of the house; nor was he nor any one about the premises, ever known to make use of that kind of taper, which would rather appertain to the fashionable fopperies of a London dandy. You will have observed, too, the valet had not seen the thief's face. His testimony rested solely on the colours of a cloak, which, on cross-examination, might have gone for nothing. The dog had barked before the light was seen. It was not the light that made him bark. He wished to get out of the courtyard; that looked as if there were some stranger in the grounds beyond. Following up this clue, the lawyer ascertained that a strange man had been seen in the park towards the grey of the evening, walking up in the direction of the house. And here comes the strong point. At the railway station, about five miles from Mr. Gunston's, a strange man had arrived just in time to take his place in the night train from the north towards London, stopping there at four o'clock in the morning. The station-master remembered the stranger buying the ticket, but did not remark his appearance. The porter did, however, so far notice him as he hurried into a first-class carriage, that he said afterwards to the station-master, 'Why, that gentleman has a grey cloak just like Mr. Losely's. If he had not been thinner and taller, I should have thought it was Mr. Losely.' Well, Losely went to the same station the next morning, taking an early train, going thither on foot, with his carpet-bag in his hand; and both the porter and station-master declared that he had no cloak on him at the time; and as he got into a second-class carriage, the porter even said to him, "Tis a sharp morning, sir; I'm afraid you'll be cold.' Furthermore, as to the purpose for which Losely had wished to borrow of the money-lender, his brother-in-law stated that Losely's son had been extravagant, had contracted debts, and was even hiding from his creditors in a county town, at which William Losely had stopped for a few hours on his way to London. He knew the young man's employer had written kindly to Losely several days before, lamenting the son's extravagance; intimating that unless his debts were discharged, he must lose the situation in which otherwise he might soon rise to competence, for that he was quick and sharp; and that it was impossible not to feel indulgent towards him, he was so lively and so good-looking. The trader added that he would forbear to dismiss the young man as long he could. It was on the receipt of that latter that Losely had entered into communication with the money-lender, whom he had come to town to seek, and to whose house he was actually going at the very hour of Gunston's arrival. But why borrow of the money-lender, if he had just stolen more money than he had any need to borrow?

"The most damning fact against Losely, by the discovery in his possession of the £5 note, of which Mr. Gunston deposed to have taken the number, was certainly hard to get over; still an ingenious lawyer might have thrown doubt on Gunston's testimony—a man confessedly so careless might have mistaken the number, &c. The lawyer went, with these hints for defence, to see Losely himself in prison; but Losely declined his help—became very angry—said that he would rather suffer death itself than have suspicion transferred to some innocent man; and that, as to the cloak, it had been inside his carpet bag. So you see, bad as he was, there was something inconsistently honourable left in him still. Poor Willy! he would not even subpœna any of his old friends as to his general character. But even if he had, what could the Court do since

he pleaded guilty? And now dismiss that subject, it begins to pain me extremely. You were to speak to me about some one of the same name when my story was concluded. What is it?"

"I am so confused," faltered Lionel, still quivering with emotion, "that I can scarcely answer you—scarcely recollect myself. But—but—while you were describing this poor William Losely, his talent for mimicry and acting I could not help thinking that I had seen him." Lionel proceeded to speak of Gentleman Waife. "Can that be the man!"

Alban shook his head incredulously. He thought it so like a romantic youth to detect imaginary resemblances.

"No," said he, "my dear boy. My William Losely could never become a strolling player in a village fair. Besides, I have good reason to believe that Willy is well off; probably made money in the colony by some lucky hit: for when do you say you saw your stroller? Five years ago? Well, not very long before that date—perhaps a year or two—less than two years I am sure—this eccentric rascal sent Mr. Gunston, the man who had transported him, £100! Gunston, you must know, feeling more than ever bored and hipped when he lost Willy, tried to divert himself by becoming director in some railway company. The company proved a bubble; all turned their indignation on the one rich man who could pay where others cheated. Gunston was ruined—purse and character—fled to Calais; and there, less than seven years ago, when in great distress, he received from poor Willy a kind, affectionate, forgiving, letter, and £100. I have this from Gunston's nearest relation, to whom he told it, crying like a child. Willy gave no address; but it is clear that at the time he must have been too well off to turn mountebank at your miserable exhibition. Poor, dear, rascally, infamous, big-hearted Willy," burst out the Colonel. "I wish to Heaven he had only robbed me!"

"Sir," said Lionel, "rely upon it, that man you describe never robbed any one—'tis impossible."

"No—very possible!—human nature," said Alban Morley. "And after all, he really owed Gunston that £100. For out of the sum stolen, Gunston received anonymously, even before the trial, all the missing notes, minus about that £100; and Willy, therefore, owed Gunston the money, but not, perhaps, the kind, forgiving letter. Pass on—quick—the subject is worse than the gout. You have heard before the name of Losely—possible. There are many members of the old Barnet family: but when or where did you hear it?"

"I will tell you; the man who holds the bill (ah, the word sickens me,) reminded me when he called that I had seen him at my mother's house—a chance acquaintance of hers—professed great regard for me—great admiration for Mr. Darrell—and then surprised me by asking if I had never heard Mr. Darrell speak of Mr. Jasper Losely."

"Jasper!" said the Colonel; "Jasper!—well, go on."

"When I answered 'No,' Mr. Poole (that is his name) shook his head and muttered—'A sad affair—very bad business—I could do Mr. Darrell a great service if he would let me;' and then went on talking what seemed to me impertinent gibberish about 'family exposures' and 'poverty making men desperate,' and 'better compromise matters;' and finally wound up by begging me, 'if I loved Mr. Darrell, and wished to guard him from very great annoyance and suffering, to persuade him to give Mr. Poole an interview.' Then he talked about his own character in the City, and so forth, and entreating me 'not to think of paying him till quite convenient; that he would keep the bill in his desk; nobody should know of it; too happy to do me a favour'—laid his card on the table, and went away. Tell me, should I say anything to Mr. Darrell about this or not?"

"Certainly not till I have seen Mr. Poole myself. You have the money to pay him about you? Give it to me, with Mr. Poole's address; I will call and settle the matter. Just ring the bell." (To the servant, entering) —"Order my horse round." Then, when they were again alone, turning

to Lionel abruptly, laying one hand on his shoulder, with the other grasping his hand warmly, cordially — "Young man," said Alban Morley, "I love you—I am interested in you —who would not be? I have gone through this story; put myself positively to pain—which I hate—solely for your good. You see what usury and money-lenders bring men to. Look me in the face! Do you feel now that you would have 'the moral courage' you before doubted of? Have you done with such things for ever?"

"For ever, so help me Heaven! The lesson has been cruel, but I do thank and bless you for it."

"I knew you would. Mark this! never treat money affairs with levity —MONEY IS CHARACTER! Stop. I have bared a father's fault to a son. It was necessary — or even in his grave those faults might have revived in you. Now, I add this, if Charles Haughton—like you, handsome, high-spirited, favoured by men, spoiled by women—if Charles Haughton, on entering life, could have seen, in the mirror I have held up to you, the consequences of pledging the morrow to pay for to-day, Charles Haughton would have been shocked as you are, cured as you will be. Humbled by your own first error, be lenient to all his. Take up his life where I first knew it; when his heart was loyal, his lips truthful. Raze out the interval; imagine that he gave birth to you in order to replace the leaves of existence we thus blot out and tear away. In every error avoided say—'Thus the father warns the son;' in every honourable action, or hard self-sacrifice, say—'Thus the son pays a father's debt.'"

Lionel, clasping his hands together, raised his eyes streaming with tears, as if uttering inly a vow to Heaven. The Colonel bowed his soldier crest with religious reverence, and glided from the room noiselessly!

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BLOOD.

BLOOD is a mighty river of Life, the mysterious centre of chemical and vital actions as wonderful as they are indispensable, soliciting our attention no less by the many problems it presents to speculative ingenuity, than by the many practical conclusions to which those speculations lead. It is a torrent impetuously rushing through every part of the body, carried by an elaborate network of vessels, which, in the course of the twelvemonths, convey to the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds' weight of nutritive material, and convey from the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds' weight of waste. At every moment of our lives there is nearly ten pounds of this fluid rushing in one continuous throbbing stream, from the heart through the great arteries, which branch and branch like a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they subdivide, till they are invisible to the naked eye, and then they are called capillaries (hair-like vessels), although they are no more to be compared in calibre with hairs than hairs are with cables. These vessels form a network finer than the finest lace—so fine, indeed, that if we pierce the surface at almost any part with the point of a needle, we open one of them, and let out its blood. In these vessels the blood yields some of its nutrient materials, and receives in exchange some of the wasted products of tissue; thus modified, the stream continues its rapid course backwards to the heart, through a system of veins, which commence in the myriad capillaries that form the termination of the arteries. The veins, instead of subdividing like the arteries, become gradually less and less numerous, their twigs entering branches, and the branches trunks, till they reach the heart. No sooner has the blood poured into the heart from the veins, then it rushes through the lungs, and from them back again to the heart and arteries, thus completing the circle, or *circulation*.

This wondrous stream, ceaselessly

circulating, occupies the very centre of the vital organism, midway between the functions of Nutrition and the functions of Excretion, feeding and stimulating the organs into activity, and removing from them all their useless material. In its torrent upwards of forty different substances are hurried along: it carries gases, it carries salts—it even carries metals and soaps! Millions of organised cells float in its liquid; and of these cells which by some are considered to be organic entities, twenty millions are said to die at every pulse of the heart, to be replaced by other millions. The iron which it washes onwards can be separated. Professor Bérard used to exhibit a lump of it in his lecture-room — nay, one ingenious Frenchman has suggested that coins should be struck from the metal extracted from the blood of great men. Let no one suggest that we should wash our hands with the soap extracted from a similar source!

Although to the naked eye the blood appears as a homogeneous fluid, having a colour more or less scarlet, the microscope assures us that it is a fluid which carries certain solid bodies of definite shape and size—so definite, indeed, that a mere stain, no matter where, will, to the experienced eye, betray whether it be the blood of a mammal, a bird, a reptile, or a fish. Prick your finger with a needle, place the drop on the glass slide under your microscope, cover it with a thin glass, and look. You will be surprised, perhaps, to observe that the blood which had so deep a tint of scarlet in the mass, is of a pale reddish yellow, now that it is spread out on the slide; whereupon you conclude that the depth of tint arose from the dense aggregation of those yellow *discs*, which you observe scattered about, some of them adherent together, and presenting the appearance of piles of half-sovereigns. It is these "floating solids" of the blood upon which your attention must now be fixed. They are variously named *Blood-corpuscles*, *Blood-globules*, *Blood-cells*, and *Blood-discs*. It is a pity that one term is not finally adopted; and blood-discs seems on the whole the best, as being descriptive, without involving any hypothesis. Meanwhile, as physiologists use all these terms, the reader must be prepared to meet with all in this paper.

The first person who saw the blood-discs was undoubtedly Swammerdamm, in 1658; but as his observations were not published for many years afterwards, and as in Science priority can only rightly be awarded to him who first publishes, the title of discoverer is given to Malpighi, who saw and described them in the blood of a hedgehog in 1661. He saw them, but did not understand them. They appeared to him to be only globules of fat. The commencement of accurate knowledge dates from Leewenhoek, who in 1673, detected them in human blood. "These particles," he says elsewhere, "are so minute, that one hundred of them placed side by side would not equal the diameter of a common grain of sand; consequently, a grain of sand is above a million times the size of one such globule."* We have now the exact measurement of these discs, which was not possible in his day. Extending his observations, Leewenhoek found that in birds and fishes, as well as in quadrupeds, the colour of the blood was due to these discs. He seems to have been puzzled by the fact, that in fishes the discs are not round, but oval; and he at first attributed this to the compression exercised by the vessels. It is instructive to hear him confess that he could not persuade himself "that the natural shape of the particles of blood in fishes was an oval; for inasmuch as the spherical seemed to me the more perfect form."† He was too good an observer, however, to permit such metaphysical conceptions long to mask the truth, and accordingly, he described and figured the blood-discs in the fish as oval‡.

It is to Hewson that science is

* LEEWENHOEK: *Select Works*, i. 89.

† Ibid., ii. 233.

‡ In the larva of the *Ephemeron* are the blood-discs as nearly as possible circular-shaped.

ndebted for the most accurate and xhaustive investigation of the blood vhich has been made from 1770 lown to our own time; and it has been even asserted by one whose vord is an authority,* that Hewson's vorks contain the germ of all the liscoveries made in our own day. There is something at once painful and instructive in the fact, that, after he publication of researches so pre-ise and important as those of Leew-enhoek and Hewson, the whole sub-ect should have been suffered for nany years to lapse into ignorant neglect; and instead of any progress being made, we find the most emi-nent physiologists at the beginning of the present century (Richerand and Majendie, for example) denying positively that the blood-discs ex-sted, or that the microscope could tell us anything about them.† Never-theless, there is not an amateur of the present day who is not familiar with them. Science has carefully registered the exact measurements and form of these discs, in upwards of five hundred different species of animals! Contempt of microscopic research seriously retarded the pro-gress of Physiology; it has its paral-lel in a similar contempt, inspired by the great Linnæus respecting the application of the microscope to Botany; and as the physiologists of this century have had to rediscover what was known to Leewenhoek and Hewson, so also have the botanists had to rediscover what was familiar to Malpighi.

There must assuredly be some re-lation between the *form and size* of these discs and their *function;* but what that relation is, no one has yet made out. In general, the larger discs are found in the less advanced organisms: that is to say, they are larger in the embryo than in the adult, larger in birds than in mam-mals, larger in reptiles and fishes than in birds. But they are largest of all in the Triton and Proteus, which as reptiles are exceptions to the rule. Nor can the rule be taken absolutely, even within those limits we have named, since although rep-tiles are less advanced in organisa-tion than mammals, and have larger discs, it is not the least advanced among the mammals that have the largest discs;—for instance, the rumi-nants are less advanced than the quadrumana, yet among mammals the ruminants have the smallest discs; and in man they are as large as in rodents.‡

The structure of these bodies is necessarily difficult of study. Leewen-hoek, and others, observed that in the discs of the fish and reptile there is always a central spot, which ap-pears dark, or clear, according as it is viewed by transmitted, or reflected, light. This appearance was inter-preted as indicating a perforation in the discs, which would consequently imply that they were like quoits. But Hewson settled this doubt by proving the central spot to be a solid nucleus, which he saw escaping from its envelope, to float free in the liquid—an observation subsequently confirmed. It is worthy of remark that this nucleus is seen with diffi-culty when the blood is newly drawn from a vessel, although it speedily becomes distinct, especially if a little water be added. This has led Valen-tin, Wagner, Henle, Donders and Moleschott to the conclusion that the nucleus is *not* present normally, but arises from internal coagulation on exposure to the air: a conclusion rejected by Mayer and Kölliker, the former averring that he has *seen* the nucleus while the blood-discs were still circulating in the capillaries of a young frog's foot. We have not our-selves been able to see this in the

* MILNE EDWARDS: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l'Anat. Comp.*, i. 44. The works of HEWSON have been edited, and in a very valuable manner, by Mr. GULLIVER, for the "Sydenham Society."

† MILNE EDWARDS notices a similar denial made by M. GIACOMINI at the Pisa Congress of scientific men in 1839—a denial which pretended to be based on origi-nal investigations.

‡ In man their diameter varies between $\frac{1}{4000}$ and $\frac{1}{2500}$ of an inch; and their average thickness is $\frac{1}{12,000}$ of an inch. Vierordt estimates that in about $\frac{6}{100}$ of a cubic inch there are as many as 5,055,000 of these discs.

large discs of the Triton, and know not if Mayer's observation has been confirmed by any other microscopist. But there are other grounds on which we should be disposed to accept the fact of the nucleus being normally present, and not simply the result of coagulation: the chief of these, is, that in the embryo of a mammal we discover nuclei in the discs, whereas in the adult animal no nuclei are discoverable, even after long exposure to the air; and the philosophic zoologist well knows in how many minute particulars the *embryonic* state of the higher animals represents the *permanent* state of the lower. In the discs of all adult mammalia the nucleus is absent; what has sometimes been mistaken for it is simply a central depression of the disc, which gives it the form of a bi-concave lens. Nevertheless, although the nucleus is absent in the adult, it is present in the embryo; and I have seen it in the blood of a young kitten.*

There are other bodies in the blood beside these, and they are known as the *colourless corpuscles*, which consist of two, if not three, different kinds. The true colourless corpuscle (and it will be convenient to confine the term disc, or cell, to the *red* corpuscle) is much larger than the disc, and seems to be a round vesicle containing a number of spherical granules imbedded in a gelatinous substance. This corpuscle has the property of spontaneous expansion and contraction, which forcibly reminds the observer of the contractions and expansions manifested by that singular microscopic animalcule, the *Amœba*, probably the very simplest of all organic beings. The Amœba is a single cell: it has no "organs" whatever, but crawls along the surface by extemporising an arm or a leg out of its elastic substance, which arm or leg is speedily drawn in again, and fresh prolongations are thrown out: thus, as you watch it, you perceive it assuming an endless succession of forms, justifying the name of Proteus originally bestowed on it. So in the Amœba is the colourless blood-corpuscle, that many observers have not hesitated to adopt the opinion that these corpuscles are actually animalcules, and that our blood is a select vivarium; an opinion which is not very tenable, and is far from necessary for the purpose of explanation. We may admit, and the point is of profound philosophic interest, that the blood-corpuscles are *analogous* to the Amœbæ, without admitting them to be parasites. Considering the wondrous uniformity in the organic creation, considering how Life seems every where to manifest itself under forms which through endless varieties preserve an uniformity not less marvellous—so few and simple seem to be the laws of organic combination—there is nothing at all improbable in the idea that as the Amœba is the starting-point of the animal *series*, an analogous form may also be the starting-point of the animal *tissues*. The blood is, we know, the source from which the tissues draw their substance; the corpuscles seem to be the embryonic forms of the blood-discs in vertebrata, and constitute the only blood-cells of the invertebrata; we may therefore regard the development of the tissues as beginning, not indeed in an Amœba, but in a form *analogous* to that of the Amœba. We are further disposed to this point of view by finding that not only is the blood of the invertebrata (*i. e.* of forms which may be regarded as embryonic in reference to the higher animals) principally constituted by these Amœba-like cells,† but that the very substance of the fresh-water polype *sometimes* breaks up into several dis-

* Mr. Wharton Jones, one of our best investigators, says that the blood of the elephant and the horse contains a few of these nucleated discs. Nasse has seen them in the blood of pregnant women, and Mr. Busk found one in that of a man. Kölliker disputes the accuracy of these observations, and thinks that in each case the nucleus was produced by some alteration of the contents. At any rate, the presence of nucleated discs is the indication of physiological inferiority, and we may perhaps find them in certain cases of disease.

† They have been seen in mollusca, crustacea, and insects. Last autumn I saw [illegible] beautiful transparent *Corethra* larva.

tinct cells, which can in no respect be distinguished from Amœbæ.* This view seems also borne out in another direction; for, following Auerbach's directions, I have been lately accustomed to obtain Amœbæ when I wanted them, by simply exposing organic tissues, in a state of decomposition, to the prolonged influence of sunlight and water; and as far as careful experiments could warrant a conclusion, the conclusion was that these Amœbæ were the products of a *re*composition of the *de*composing matter and not the products of ova or spores. This is, however, open to question.

The corpuscles are not numerous in healthy human blood, and play but a secondary part, unless we assume, with many physiologists, that they are the early stage of the red discs. Professor Draper speaks unhesitatingly to this effect. He says there are three periods in the history of our blood-cells. Those of the first period originate simultaneously with, or even previously to, the heart —these are the embryonal cells, they are colourless and nucleated. By a process of internal deliquescence, they are developed into the cells of the second period, which are red, nucleated, and oval, like the normal cells of reptiles. The cells of the third period replace these, "the transition being clearly connected with the production of lymph and chyle corpuscles." This change takes place at the close of the second month of fœtal life; and from henceforwards no change is observable; the cells continue to be red, bi-concave, non-nucleated, and circular.

"The cell of the first period is therefore spherical, white, and nucleated; that of the second, red, disc-shaped, and nucleated; that of the third, red, disc-shaped, bi-concave, and non-nucleated. The promoidal cell advances to development in different orders of living beings. The blood of the invertebrated animals contains coarse granule-cells, which pass forward to the condition of fine granule-cells, and reach the utmost perfection they are there to attain in the colourless nucleated cell of the first period of man. In oviparous vertebrated animals, the development is carried a step further, the red nucleated cell arising, and in them it stops at this, the second period. In mammals the third stage is reached in the red non-nucleated disc, which is therefore the most perfect form."†

The resemblance here indicated between the transitory forms of the blood in the higher animals and the permanent forms of the blood in the lower animals, points at a hidden law of organic combination which will perhaps one day be detected, and which will effect for Biology as much as the law of definite proportions has effected for Chemistry. No one can have studied the development of animals, without being profoundly impressed with the conviction that there is something deeper than coincidence in the recurrence of those forms, however transitory, which characterise the permanent condition of some animals simple in organisation.

The colourless corpuscles are found by Moleschott to be far more numerous in children than in adults. The difference between the blood of youth, manhood, and old age, is but trifling; yet there is a continual decrease with age. Women, in normal conditions, have fewer corpuscles than men; but during pregnancy, and other periods, the quantity increases, without, however, reaching that in the blood of children. Albuminous food increases the quantity.‡

After making ourselves acquainted with these blood-cells and their history, which even the amateur may do with pleasure and profit, we shall have to meet the question — *Is the blood alive?* — a question often debated, and not without its interest to

* Sometimes, but often not; so that the phenomenon probably depends on the state of the animal. Ecker describes a "contractile substance" in the Hydra, which he likens to the Amœba, but his figures do not at all resemble the contractile cells which I saw, and which, indeed, were so like Amœbæ, as to make me believe at first that the Polype had swallowed them.

† Draper: *Human Physiology*, p. 115.

‡ *Wiener Med. Wochenschrift*, 1854. No. 8.

the speculative mind. Harvey* held the blood to be the "primigenial and principal part, because that in and from it the fountain of motion and pulsation is derived; also because the animal heat or vital spirit is first radicated and implanted, and the soule takes up her mansion in it." We see here the influence of the ancient philosophy. Harvey further declares, "Life consists in the blood (as we read in Holy Scripture), because in it the Life and Soule do first dawn and last set. . . . The blood is the genital part, the fountain of Life, *primum vivens, ultimum moriens.*"

Harvey's views were taken up with modification, and argued earnestly by Hunter, in his celebrated work *On the Blood.* It is more than twenty years since we read that work, and not having it now at hand, we can give no exposition of its views. The constant objection urged against Hunter by his contemporaries and successors, was the inability to conceive a *living liquid;* but Milne Edwards meets this by saying that it is not the *liquid* which is alive, but the *cells* floating in that liquid, and these he regards as organisms. The reader must feel that the discussion of such a question cannot be brought to an issue, unless preceded by an accurate definition of the terms employed. What is meant by the blood being alive? If it be meant that an organic structure, having a specific composition, and passing through a definite cycle of changes, such as birth, growth, development, and death, can truly be said to *live,* then blood, which manifests these cardinal phenomena of life, must be pronounced to be alive. This, however, no one would think of denying. But if it be meant that blood has an independent vitality, unlike the vitality of any other tissue, a vitality which can be manifested apart from the organism, the opinion seems to us wholly untenable. Blood is vital, and has vital properties; but so has every tissue of the body, and in no sense can we attribute to it independent life.

Let us now turn from the floating solids of the blood to the plasma in which they float—from the cells to the serum. As the blood circulates in the vessels, we see that there is nothing solid in it but the discs and corpuscles; yet no sooner does it pour from the vessels, than part of the liquid itself becomes converted into a trembling jelly, from which a yellow fluid slowly separates. The jelly-like mass has many of the red discs imbedded in it, and is called the *clot*; the yellow fluid is the *serum*; the whole process is called the *coagulation.* The general phenomenon was known to the ancients — indeed it could not have escaped observation; but we must descend as far down as the seventeenth century before meeting with a physiologist who had more than this general knowledge; and there we meet with Malpighi, who washed the clot free from all the red disc, and found that the white substance which then remained was of a distinctly fibrous texture. Borelli, at the same epoch, declared that this substance was liquid in the blood, and coagulated spontaneously when the blood was drawn from the veins. This opinion is now universal. Ruysch discovered that by whipping the blood as it poured out, the whipping-rods were covered with a mass of white elastic filaments, exactly similar to the substance obtained by washing the red disc from the clot. This substance, the only one among those contained in the blood which has the property of spontaneous coagulation, has, since the days of Fourcroy, been named *fibrine;* and, until recently, it has been held to be identical with the substance of muscular tissue: thus the formation of muscles seemed easily explicable, as the spontaneous coagulation of the fibrine, to those theorists who delight in simplifying organic processes, and who are apt to accept a phrase as an explanation. We now know that the fibrine with blood is *not* the same substance as the fibrine of muscle, and this latter is therefore called *musculine* or *syntonin.*

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* HARVEY: *Anatomical Exercitations concerning the Generation of Living Creatures*, ... c. 51, p. 276.

...DS: *Leçons*, i. 115. MALPIGHI: *Opera Omnia*, 1666, p. 123.

Why is the fibrine not coagulated *in* the blood-vessels, seeing how rapidly it coagulates out of them? Professor Draper thinks that "nothing more takes place in blood, which has been drawn into a cup, than would have taken place had it remained in the body. In either case the fibrine would have been equally coagulated. The entrapping of the cells is a mere accident. The hourly demand for fibrine amounts to sixty-two grains; a simple arithmetical calculation will show that the entire mass of the blood would be exhausted of all the fibrine it contains in about four hours, so that the solidification of the fibrine must be taking place at just as rapid a rate in the system as after it has been withdrawn. No clot forms in the blood-vessels, because the fibrine is picked out by the muscular tissues for their nourishment as fast as it is presented, nor would any clot form in the cup if we could by any means remove the fibrine granules as fast as they solidified." This ingenious hypothesis rests entirely on the assumption that the fibrine is momently picked out by the muscular tissues; an assumption which seems to us more than questionable, for if the plasma of the muscles be examined—*i.e.*, that part of the blood which has passed through the walls of the vessels for the nutrition of the muscles—no coagulated fibrine will be found there; whereas, in almost every case of the escape of serum into one of the cavities, or into the substance of a tissue, the fibrine is found coagulated. Against the hypothesis let the following facts suffice: In the blood of starving men, and in that of men suffering from inflammatory fever, the amount of fibrine is increased; so that instead of fibrine being picked out from the blood to nourish the muscles, it seems to be thrown into the blood from the waste of the tissues. Further—the blood, under certain circumstances, will not coagulate at all; yet the fibrine is not picked out.

"Morgagni," says Dr. Richardson, "had described the blood as quite fluid after death in only four instances; all these were cases in which death ensued from slow arrest of the respiration. Drs. Peters, Goldsmith, and Moses, three American physicians, have published a report on the appearance of the blood in twenty cases of death resulting from the excessive use of ardent spirits. In every case the blood was fluid and dark, was of a cherry-juice appearance, and showed no tendency to coagulate. Majendie produced a fluid state by injecting putrid matters into the veins of animals. In deaths from the narcotic poisons, from delirium tremens, typhoid fever, and yellow fever, the blood is generally described as thin and uncoagulable. Dr. John Davy found the blood fluid and uncoagulable on exposure in cases of drowning, hanging, suffocation from the fumes of burning charcoal and effusion of blood into the pulmonary air-cells."*.

Dr. Richardson also states a fact quite inexplicable at present, namely, that not only is the blood drawn by a leech uncoagulable, but that the bite of the leech seems to affect even the blood which remains in the bitten vessels, since the blood continues to flow much longer from the wound than from a wound made by the lancet; and this can only be because the wound is not closed by coagulation. Dr. Richardson sums up his numerous experimental results in the following propositions: — The power of coagulation is reduced in proportion to the reduction of the temperature, and is accelerated in proportion to the elevation of temperature. Blood may be frozen, and it will then remain uncoagulated; but on being thawed, and exposed to a higher temperature, the process of coagulation begins. Water produces no effect, unless it be added in excess, when it retards coagulation. Any fluid denser than blood retards coagulation. Free exposure to air quickens coagulation, so also does exposure *in vacuo*. Exclusion from the air retards it. Agitation in the open air quickens, in a closed vessel retards, coagulation.†

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* Richardson. *The Cause of the Coagulation of the Blood*; 1858, p. 34.

† Ibid., p. 228.

We may put our question in another form, and instead of asking, why the blood does not coagulate in the vessels? ask, why it coagulates at all? The question has frequently been put, and answered in very contradictory terms. In the form in which it is often put, it seems to us not less idle than to ask why roses have thorns, why the cohesion of iron is greater than that of clay, or why stupid querists are not entertaining companions? Fibrine coagulates, because it is the property of fibrine to coagulate, and would always do so spontaneously, were there not some obstacle present. We may study the conditions which assist, and the conditions which arrest this tendency, but it is hopeless to inquire into the cause of the tendency.

It is certain that the blood would remain fluid were there no fibrine present; but this fibrine has a spontaneous tendency to coagulate, which can only be prevented by the presence of some solvent. What is that solvent? The researches of Dr. Richardson satisfactorily establish some points which go very far towards a demonstration of the true cause, namely, the presence of ammonia in the blood. He shows, in the first place, that ammonia *does* preserve the fluidity of the blood, if it be present in quantities amounting to 1 in 8000 parts of blood containing 2.2 per thousand of fibrine. He shows, in the second place, that the blood does normally contain this volatile alkali, which is rapidly given off during coagulation. And he shows, moreover, that the causes which *retard* coagulation are causes which *obstruct* the evolution of ammonia, whereas the causes which *favour* the evolution of ammonia *accelerate* the process of coagulation. Finally, he shows that if the vapour arising from blood be caught in a vessel, and then passed through another mass of blood, the coagulation of this second mass is suspended. The numerous and ingenious experiments by which Dr. Richardson has established these important propositions must be sought in his work, which gained the Astley Cooper prize.

There still remain some difficulties, however, which are not cleared up by this hypothesis. We do not see how it accounts for the blood remaining fluid, even after exposure to the air, in cases of death by drowning and hanging. It would be necessary that Dr. Richardson should show either that hanging caused a complete removal of the fibrine, or that it prevented the evolution of ammonia on exposure to the air. Until one of these points is proved, the difficulty will remain. In some researches into the history of the blood in the animal series, I found the blood of many species of Mollusca quite incapable of coagulation; but whether this depends on the absence of fibrine, or on the presence of any solvent, not so volatile, was undetermined.

Hunter declared that the blood of men and animals killed by lightning did not coagulate. The assertion has been often repeated; yet from the experiments of Scudamore and Milne Edwards, we are forced to reject the idea; the latter has repeatedly killed birds by an electric discharge, and found their blood as coagulable as that of other birds. He adds, however, that "in certain cases the blood is evidently less coagulable in individuals struck by lightning: and this peculiarity is observed in connection with a remarkable cadaveric rigidity, so that I am led to think it may depend on the solidification of a portion of the fibrine in the capillaries, rather than on the transformation of that substance into one not coagulable. This rigidity is sometimes so great in those struck by lightning, that the corpse remains standing in the position in which it was struck."

Before concluding our description of the blood, we must glance at its chemical composition; for if the microscope reveals it to be far from a homogeneous fluid, chemical analysis further assures us that it contains water, salts, sugars, fats, and albuminates. In spite, however, of numberless analyses made with the greatest care, our present knowledge is only approximative; the excessive difficulty of making an unexceptionable analysis being acknowledged by all who have attempted it. We know tolerably well what the *elemen-*

*tary* composition is—that is to say, how many atoms of carbon, hydrogen, &c. are included in every 1000 parts; but what the *immediate* composition is—that is to say, in what forms these atoms exist—we do not know so well. The elementary composition of ox blood, when all its water is removed, is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Carbon, | 519.60 |
| Hydrogen, | 71.70 |
| Nitrogen, | 150.70 |
| Oxygen, | 213.90 |
| Ashes, | 44.20 |
| | 1,000.00 |

The following may be taken as the most approximative table of the substances which form the immediate composition of human blood:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Water, | | 784.00 |
| Albumen, | | 70.00 |
| Fibrine, | | 2.20 |
| Cells | Globulin, | 123.50 |
| | Hæmatin, | 7.50 |
| Fats, | Cholesterine, | 0.08 |
| | Cerebrine, | 0.40 |
| | Seroline, | 0.02 |
| | Oleic and margaric acid, Volatile and odorous fatty acid, Fat containing phosphorus, | 0.80 |
| Salts, | Chloride of sodium, | 3.60 |
| | Chloride of potassium, | 0.36 |
| | Tribasic phosphate of soda, | 0.20 |
| | Carbonate of soda, | 0.84 |
| | Sulphate of soda, | 0.28 |
| | Phosphates of lime and magnesia, | 0.25 |
| | Oxide and phosphate of iron, | 0.50 |
| Extract, salivary matter, urea, colouring matter of bile, accidental substances, | | 5.47 |
| | | 1,000.00 |

In this table sugar is omitted, yet we know that sugar, in varying quantities, always exists in the blood quitting the liver, where it is formed from albuminous matters, and is also generally found in blood at other parts of the organism; but, because this sugar rapidly undergoes transformation into other substances, its amount cannot be estimated.

But, granting that Chemistry had succeeded in making a perfect analysis, we should still have to bear in mind that all the constituents vary in different individuals, and in different states of the same individual. The blood of no two men is precisely similar; the blood of the same man is not precisely similar in disease to what it was in health, or at different epochs of life. The iron which circulates in the veins of the embryo, is more abundant than the iron in the veins of the mother; and this quantity declines after birth, to augment again at puberty. The fats vary, in different individuals, from 1.4 to 3.3 in 1000. The blood-cells vary with the varying health. The albumen fluctuates from 60 to 70 parts in 1000, the proportion being greater during digestion. The fibrine, usually amounting to about three in a 1000, may rise as high as 7½, or fall as low as 1.

Such are the chief points ascertained respecting the blood in general. We must now call attention to the different *kinds* of blood in the different parts of the circulation; for although we speak of "the blood" as if it were always one and the same thing, it is, in truth, a system of various fluids, a confluence of streams, each more or less differing from the other. The first grand division is familiar to all men—namely, that of venous and arterial blood; the former being dark purple,—"black blood," as it is called—the latter bright scarlet. To many it will seem that this is but a distinction of colour—a distinction so easily effaced, that no sooner does the dark blood come in contact with the atmosphere than it brightens into scarlet. The distinction of colour is, however, the sign of an important difference; for if venous blood be injected into the arteries of an animal, it produces paralysis; if into the arteries going to the brain, it produces syncope and death. Yet arterial blood thus injected will revive an animal suffering from loss of blood. Between the two fluids, therefore, a profound difference exists; and yet the venous blood has only to pass through the lungs in an atmosphere not overcharged with carbonic acid, and at once it becomes transformed into a nutrient sustaining fluid. Wherefore? Analysis of the two detects but trifling variations in their solids, the most notable of which is

the larger amount of red discs and the smaller amount of fibrine in venous blood. But in their gases an important difference is detected. In both there are nitrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, and ammonia, either free, or combined so feebly that they are easily disengaged. The quantity of nitrogen is much the same in both; that of ammonia probably does not vary, but the oxygen and carbonic acid vary considerably. Indeed, there is a notion current in popular works that venous blood contains carbonic acid, and arterial blood oxygen — that being the difference between the two fluids. But every physiologist knows that both fluids contain large amounts of both gases, the difference being only in the relative amounts contained in each. The experiments of Magnus were for a long while held to be conclusive of the opinion that arterial blood contained absolutely *more* carbonic acid than venous blood, although in relation to the amount of oxygen, the amount was less; that, in short, it contained more of both gases, but the larger proportion of oxygen gave it its distinction. Recent investigations have considerably shaken this conclusion, but they leave unaltered one result—namely, that arterial blood contains a large amount of carbonic acid, and a still larger amount of oxygen.

Where does the oxygen come from? The atmosphere. Where does the carbonic acid come from? The tissues. The blood which flows *to* the tissues is scarlet, but in the capillaries it parts with some of its oxygen; and as it flows *from* the tissues it is dark, and will become scarlet again on its passage through the lungs. When we know that arterial blood contains carbonic acid as well as oxygen, the idea suggests itself, that on parting with some of this oxygen it might assume the dark colour, owing simply to the carbonic acid retained; but this idea is set aside by the fact that unless an *exchange* take place, no oxygen will be liberated. The carbonic acid is proved to be the product of the vital activity of the tissues, and as such is taken up by the blood in exchange for its oxygen; for if the nerves which supply a limb be cut, and vital activity be thus arrested, the current of blood will not be darkened; precisely as it will not be brightened in its passage through the lungs, if there be a surplus of carbonic acid in the air. The experiments of Bruch* are very instructive on this point. He found that blood saturated with oxygen became darker in *vacuo*, while blood saturated with carbonic acid did not change colour.

What causes the change of colour when venous blood is submitted to oxygen? Formerly it was held to be due to the iron in the discs; but the iron may be removed without this removal affecting the phenomenon: so that the opinion now held is that the change of colour is due solely to the difference in the *form* of the discs, which become *brighter* as they become more *concave*, and *darker* as they become more *convex*. Oxygen renders them concave, carbonic acid renders them convex.

Arterial blood is everywhere the same: it is one stream perpetually flowing off into smaller streams, but always the same fluid in its minutest rills as in its larger currents. Not so venous blood. *That* is a confluence of many currents, each one bringing with it something from the soil in which it arises; the streams issuing out of the muscles bring substances unlike those issuing out of the nervous centres; the blood which hurries out of the intestine contains substances unlike those which hurry out of the liver. The waste of all the organs has to be carried away by the vessels of the organs. Wondrously does the complex machine work its many purposes: the roaring loom of Life is never for a moment still, weaving and weaving,

> "Geburt und Grab,
> Ein ewiges Meer,
> Ein wechselnd Weben,
> Ein glühend Leben."†

Difficult it is for us to realise to

* Siebold ü. Kölliker: *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, iv. 273.

† *Faust.* "Birth and the grave, an eternal ocean, a changing motion, a glowing life."

ourselves the fact of this incessant torrent of confluent streams coursing through every part of our bodies, carrying fresh fuel to feed the mighty flame of life, and removing all the ashes which the flame has left. Sudden agitation, setting the heart into more impetuous movement, may make us aware that it is throbbing ceaselessly; or we may feel it beating when the hand is accidentally resting on it during the calm hours of repose; but even then, when the fact of the heart's beating obtrudes itself on consciousness, we do not mentally pursue the current as it quits the heart to distribute itself even to the remotest part of the body, and thence to return once more—we do not follow its devious paths, and think of all the mysterious actions which attend its course. If for a moment we could with the bodily eye see into the frame of man, as with the microscope we see into the transparent frames of some simpler animals, what a spectacle would be unveiled! Through one complex system of vessels we should see a leaping torrent of blood, carried into the depths, and over the surfaces of all the organs, at the rapid rate of one foot in every second, and carried from the depths and surfaces through another system of vessels, back again to the heart: yet in spite of the countless channels and the crowded complexity of the tissue, nowhere should we detect any confusion, nowhere any failure. Such a spectacle as this is unveiled to the mental eye alone, and we cannot contemplate it, even in thought, without a thrill.

It is a natural question, and often asked, but difficult to answer, What *quantity* of blood circulates every minute in our bodies? The many estimates which have been made need not here be given: only those of Lehmann, Weber, and Bischoff now command general attention. Lehmann says that his friend Weber aided him in determining the quantity of blood in two decapitated criminals. The quantity which escaped was thus estimated: Water was injected into the vessels of the trunk and head, until the fluid, escaping from the veins, had only a pale red or yellow colour. The quantity of blood remaining in the body was then calculated by instituting a comparison between the solid residue of this pale red aqueous fluid and that of the blood which first escaped. The living body of one of the criminals weighed 60,140 grammes,* after decapitation 54,600 grammes, consequently 5,540 grammes of blood had escaped; 28.560 grammes of this blood yielded 5.36 of solid residue; 60.5 grammes of sanguineous water, collected after the injection, yielded 3.724 of solid substances. There were collected 6050 grammes of the sanguineous water that returned from the veins, and these contained 37.24 of solid residue, which corresponds to 1,980 grammes of blood. The estimate, therefore, turns out as follows: 5,540 grammes escaped after decapitation, and 1,980 remained in the body, thus making 7,520 grammes; in other words, the weight of the whole blood was to that of the body nearly in the ratio of 1 to 8. It is obvious from the account of the experiment that only an approximation could be arrived at. And Bischoff's more recent investigations on the body of a criminal, carefully weighed before and after decapitation, lead to the conclusion that the blood amounted to 9¼ lb., or *exactly one-fourteenth of the whole body.*† This nearly corresponds with his former investigations, which gave the weight as one-thirteenth of the whole body. If we say ten pounds for an adult healthy man, we shall probably be as near the mark as possible. The quantity, however, necessarily varies in different persons, and seems from some calculations to be greater in women than in men. In the seal its quantity is enormous, surpassing that of all other animals, man included.

In former days, blood-letting was one of the "heroic arms" of medical practice; and it is sometimes almost appalling to read of the exploits of practitioners. Haller mentions the

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* A *Gramme* is somewhat more than 15 *grains.*

† See his Memoir in SIEBOLD ü KÖLLIKER: *Zeitschrift*, ix. 72.

case of a hysterical woman who was bled one thousand and twenty times in the space of nineteen years; and a girl at Pisa is said to have been bled once a-day, or once every other day, during several years. A third case he mentions of a young man who lost seventy-five pounds of blood in ten days; so that if we reckon ten pounds as the utmost which the body contains at any given period, it is clear that this young man's loss must have been repaired almost immediately. In truth, the blood is incessantly being abstracted and replaced during the ordinary processes of life. Were is not continually renewed, it would soon vanish altogether, like water disappearing in sand. The hungry tissues momently snatch at its materials as it hurries through them, and the active absorbents momently pour fresh materials into it.

In contemplating the loss of blood from wounds or hæmorrhage, and in noting how the vital powers ebb as the blood flows out, we are naturally led to ask whether the peril may not be avoided by pouring in fresh blood. The idea of *transfusion* is indeed very ancient. But the ancients, in spite of their facile credulity as to the effect of any physiological experiments, were in no condition to make the experiment. They were too unacquainted with physiology, and with the art of experiment, to know how to set about transfusion. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century had a preparation been made for such a trial. The experiments of Boyle, Graaf, and Fracassati, on the injection of various substances into the veins of animals, were crowned by those of Lower, who, in 1665, injected blood into the veins of a dog. Two years later a bolder attempt was made on man. A French mathematician, Denis, assisted by a surgeon, having repeated with success the experiments of Lower, resolved to extend the new idea. It was difficult to get a human patient on whom the plan could be tried; but one evening a madman arrived in Paris quite naked, and he was daringly seized by Denis as the fitting subject for the new experiment. Eight ounces of calf's blood were transfused into his veins. That night he slept well. The experiment was repeated on the ceeding day; he slept quietly, awoke sane!

Great was the sensation pro by this success. Lower and were emboldened to repeat it don. They found a healthy willing to have some blood from him, and replaced by that sheep. He felt the warm pouring in, and declared it pleasant that they might repeat experiment. The tidings flew Europe. In Italy and Germany plan was repeated, and it now as if transfusion would become more of the "heroic arms" of cine. These hopes were soon The patient on whom Denis operated again went mad, was treated with transfusion, and during the operation. The son Swedish minister, who had be nefited by one transfusion, per after a second. A third death assigned to a similar cause; April 1668 the Parliament of made it criminal to attempt fusion, except with the consent of Faculty of Paris. Thus the thing fell into discredit, to be again in our own day, and placed at last on a scientific basis.

It will immediately occur to physiologist who reads the account of these experiments, that transfusion was effected on the supposition the blood of all quadrupeds was same, and that it was indifferent whether a man received the blood another man, or of a sheep or This supposition was altogether neous. The more rigorous investigations of the moderns have established that only the blood of animals of the same species can be transfused in large quantities without fatal results. The blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog; the blood of a sheep is poison in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting man. From this it follows, that when transfusion is practised on human beings, human blood must be employed; and so employed, the practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy. Blundell has the glory of having revived and re-

dicated this practice,* and he has seen his idea amply confirmed. Bérard cites fifteen distinct cases of hœmorrhage in which transfusion has saved life.†

Seeing that blood has thus a power of reanimating the failing body, it is natural we should inquire to which element of the blood this is due—to the cells or the plasma? We know that it is only necessary to withdraw blood from a part, or prevent its access by a ligature round the arteries, and the part gradually loses all its vital properties; but even after the rigour of the muscles announces death, we have only to readmit the blood by removing the ligature, and the vitality will be restored. Now it has been ascertained that the plasma of the blood, deprived of its cells and fibrine, has no reanimating power when injected, being in fact not more effective than so much warm water. It has also been ascertained that blood, deprived of its fibrine only, produces the same effect as pure blood, whereby it appears that as neither the plasma nor the fibrine possesses the vivifying power, that power must belong to the cells. This is a great step gained, but the restless spirit of inquiry cannot content itself with such a gain, and it asks, what gives to the blood-cells this specific power? Let us see the answer that can be made to such a question.

We know that the cells carry the oxygen, either in slight combinations or free, as in vesicles. We know this, because we find that the plasma is unable to absorb much more than one per cent of its volume of oxygen, whereas the blood, containing cells, absorbs from ten to thirteen times that amount. The change of colour they exhibit as they take up or give out oxygen, and the fact that, if they are placed in a vessel containing air, they absorb oxygen from that air, whereas the plasma does nothing of the kind, are proofs of the cells being the transporters of oxygen. But this is not all. The experiments of M. Brown-Séquard establish the important fact that it is to the oxygen carried by these cells that we must attribute their *nutritive* agency, and to the carbonic acid carried by them that we must attribute their *stimulating* agency.‡ Blood has two offices: it furnishes the tissues with their pabulum, and it stimulates them into activity. Unless the tissues be endowed with certain vital properties they cannot be stimulated into activity; and when stimulated, this activity brings about a destruction, which must be repaired. If stimulus be applied without equivalent nutrition, the force is soon exhausted. This double office the blood performs, according to M. Brown-Séquard, chiefly through the oxygen, as the agent of nutrition, and of carbonic acid, as the agent of excitation. Without accepting his conclusions in all their absoluteness, we may accept thus much of them, for we see him operating on dead animals, or dead parts of animals, by means of *venous* blood charged with oxygen, and producing therewith precisely the same effects as with *arterial* blood; and we see him showing that arterial blood, charged with carbonic acid, acts precisely as venous blood. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious, that the difference between the two fluids is simply owing to the difference in their amounts of oxygen. He takes the blood from a dog's vein, and the blood from its artery, whips both till the fibrine be extracted, and till both have become equally scarlet from the absorption of oxygen. He then injects one of these fluids into the right femoral artery of a dead rabbit, in which the rigidity of death has set in for ten minutes, and the other fluid into the left femoral artery. The result is precisely similar in both limbs, namely, in about five minutes both recover their muscular irritability, which they both retain for twenty minutes. Repeating this experiment with blood drawn from vein and ar-

* Blundell: "Experiments on the Transfusion of Blood," *Medico-Chirur. Trans.* 1818, p. 56.

† Bérard: *Cours de Physiol.* iii. 220. It is from this work and the *Leçons* of Milne Edwards that all the details on this subject in the text have been taken.

‡ Brown-Sequard: *Journal de la Physiologie*, 1858, i. 91.

tery, but charged with carbonic acid instead of oxygen, he finds a similar result as to the *exciting* power. Having thus made clear to himself that, as respects nutrition and excitation, there is no other difference between arterial and venous blood than is assignable to their differences in the amount of oxygen and carbonic acid contained in each; that venous blood, charged with oxygen, acts precisely as arterial blood; and that arterial blood, charged with carbonic acid, acts precisely as venous blood, M. Brown-Séquard proceeds with his demonstration, that unless the blood be highly oxygenated it has *no* power of nourishing the tissues; and unless it be highly carbonised, it has *no* power of stimulating them. We cannot here afford sufficient space to give any account of the experiments by which these conclusions are reached, and must refer the curious reader to the memoir itself.* But as the idea of the stimulating power of the blood residing chiefly in the carbonic acid, will be novel and startling to most physiological readers, it may be useful to mention one of the experiments. A rabbit was suffocated; and, as usual in such cases, the intestine exhibited very powerful disorderly movements. Into a coil of this agitated intestine he injected some *venous* blood highly *oxygenated*. Immediately the movement ceased. He then injected *arterial* blood highly *carbonised*, and the movements were at once resumed. Again he injected oxygenated blood, and again the movements ceased, to appear on the second injection of carbonised blood. "It is possible," he says, "to produce two conditions of the organism essentially different, one of which consists in the presence of a greater amount of oxygen than usual, both in the venous and in the arterial blood, the other of which consists in the presence of an excess of carbonic acid in both fluids. In the first of these conditions, life ceases in spite of the extreme energy of the vital properties, simply because the stimulating power of the blood is insufficient. In the other of these conditions, the stimulating power, being excessive, causes an activity which is soon spent because it cannot be reproduced."

Even should we accept to the ... the ingenious hypothesis just propounded, we must guard against exaggeration of its application. Oxygen may be the one chief condition for that exchange between the blood and the tissues which constitutes Nutrition, and without a due supply of oxygen Nutrition may be brought to a stand-still; but we shall greatly err if we suppose that oxidation itself the process of Nutrition, or that the cells are the sole agents in it. Albumen, the fats, and the salts which the tissues draw from the blood are not drawn from the cells, but from the plasma. It is, therefore, quite possible, indeed M. Séquard's experiments render it eminently probable, that the blood-cells, by their oxygen, furnish the indispensable condition of Nutrition, the *pabulum* being furnished by the blood-plasma. It is also probable that the cells, by their carbonic acid, furnish the condition of nervous and muscular excitement: so that arterial blood, containing more than its usual amount of carbonic acid, causes an excess of stimulating over the repairing processes. This will account for the greater cerebral excitement succeeded by languor consequent on exposure to the vitiated atmosphere of a theatre, a ball-room, or a lecture-room.

Such is the wondrous fluid we name Blood, and such its properties as far as Science hitherto has learned them. Before quitting our subject it will be desirable to say a few words respecting the relation it bears to Nutrition, since that relation is not generally understood. Every one knows that all the tissues are nourished by the blood. But in what way is this effected? Blood in itself, is perfectly incapable of nourishing the tissues—so incapable that if it be poured on them from the rupture of a vessel, it hinders nutrition and acts like a foreign substance. Accordingly, we see it rigorously excluded from them, shut up in a system of closed vessels; but as it rushes along these vessels, *certain of its elements ooze through the delicate ...*

* *Journal de la Physiologie*, i. 95.

the vessels, and furnish *a plasma om which the tissues are elaborat-*. In exchange, certain products waste are taken up by the blood, d carried to the organs of excre-on. An image may render the pro-ss memorable. The body is like a ty intersected by a vast network of nals, such as Venice or Amster-m; these canals are laden with rges which carry to each house the eat, vegetables, and groceries need-for daily use; and while the food thus presented at each door, the nal receives all the sewage of the ouses. One house will take one nd of meat, and another house an-her kind, while a third will let the eat pass, and take only vegetables. ut as the original stock of food was nited, it is obvious that the de-ands of each house necessarily affect ie supplies of the others. This is hat occurs in Nutrition: the mus-es demand one set of principles, the erves a second, the bones a third, id each will draw from the blood iose which it needs, allowing the thers for which it has no need to ass on.

This leads us to notice a luminous onception, attributed by Mr. Paget o Treviranus, but really due to Cas-ar Friedrich Wolff, whose doctrine f epigenesis reposes on it; namely, hat "each single part of the body, n respect of its nutrition, stands to he whole body in the relation of a ecreting organ." Mr. Paget has illus-rated this idea with his accustomed elicity.* Every part of the body aking from the blood those sub-tances which it needs, acts as an ex-retory organ, inasmuch as it re-noves that which, if retained, would e injurious to the nutrition of the est of the body. Thus the polypes xcrete large quantities of calcareous nd silicious earths: in the polypes which have no stony skeleton, these earths are absolutely and utterly ex-creted; but in those which have a skeleton, they are, though retained within the body, yet as truly excreted from the nutritive fluid and the other parts as if they had been thrown out and washed away. In the same man-ner, our bones excrete the phosphates from our blood. The hair in its con-stant growth not only serves its pur-poses as hair, but also as a source of removal from the blood of the various constituents which form hair. "And this excretion office appears in some instances to be the only one by which the hair serves the purpose of the individuals; as, for example, in the fœtus. Thus in the fœtus of the seals, that take the water as soon as they are born, and, I believe, in those of many other mammals, though re-moved from all those conditions against which hair protects, yet a perfect coat of hair is formed within the uterus, and before, or very short-ly after birth, this is shed, and is re-placed by another coat of wholly different colour, the growth of which began within the uterus. Surely in these cases it is only as an excretion, or chiefly as such, that this first growth of hair serves to the advan-tage of the individual." Mr. Paget also applies this principle to the ex-planation of the rudimental hair which exists all over our bodies, and to that of many other rudimental organs, which subserve no function whatever. He also, without appa-rently being aware of Wolff's ideas on this point, applies it to the expla-nation of the embryonic phases. "For if it be influential when all the or-gans are fully formed," he says, "and are only growing or maintaining themselves, much more will it be so when the several organs are success-sively forming. At this time, as each nascent organ takes from the nutri-tive material its appropriate consti-tuents, it will co-operate with the gradual self-development of the blood, to induce in it that condition which is essential, or most favourable, to the formation of the organs next in order to be developed." This prin-ciple further enables us to understand how the existence of certain mate-rials in the blood may determine the formation of structures in which these materials are to be incorporated; and it enables us to understand the "con-stitutional disturbance," or general state of ill health, which arises from some local disturbance, such as a cold in the head; for, "if each part in its

* PAGET: *Lectures on Surgical Pathology*, i. 24, *et seq.*

normal nutrition is an excreting organ to the rest, then cessation or perversion of nutrition in one, must, through definite changes in the blood, affect the nutrition of the rest." How evidently the special condition of the organism determines the growth or decrease of certain organs, may best be seen in the sudden development of the beard and the voice as puberty approaches. Birds in the pairing season acquire their most brilliant plumage, and express the tumult of their emotions in perpetual song. Stags at the same epoch develop their antlers, and make the forest ring with their hoarse barking. Mr. Paget justly says — "When two or more organs are thus manifestly connected in nutrition, and not connected in the exercise of any external office, their connection is because each of them is partly formed of materials left in the blood on the formation of the other."*

Does not this throw a new light upon the blood? and do you not therein catch a glimpse of many processes before entirely obscure? It assures us that the blood is not "flowing flesh"—*la chair coulante*—as Bordeu called it, to the great delight of his successors; nor is it even liquid food. It is an organic structure, incessantly passing through changes, which changes are the conditions of all development and activity. The Food and Drink which we take become subjected to a complicated series of digestive processes. The liquid product of Digestion is carried into the blood-stream, undergoing various changes in its route. It is now blood; but other changes supervene before this blood is fitted for the nourishment of the tissues; and then certain elements pass from it through the walls of the capillaries to be finally assimilated by the tissues. In the simpler animals, the liquid product of digestion is itself the immediate agent of Nutrition, and does not pass through the intermediate stage of blood. It escapes from the digestive canal into the general substance of the body, which it permeates and nourishes much in the way that the blood-plasma nourishes the substance of the more complex animals. But in the simplest animals there is not even this approach to blood. There is no liquid product of digestion, for there is no digestion at all, the water in which these animals live carrying organic matter in solution; *this* permeates the substance, and is assimilated: thus the water play the part of both carrying the food, and carrying away the waste.†

Let the speculative eye traverse the marvellous scale of created beings upwards, from the simplest to the most complex, and it will observe that Assimilation first takes place by direct relation of the organism with the surrounding medium; next arrives the interposition of agents which prepare the food for the various effects it has to produce, and instead of relying on organic substances in solution, the organism is seen receiving nutriment from other organisms; finally is seen the operation of still more complicated agencies which impress on the digested food still higher characters, converting it into blood. This blood is retained in a system of vessels everywhere closed. Yet, in spite of the absence of mouths or pores, it is distributed impartially to the most distant parts of the organism, and it is distributed according to the momentary requirements of each part, so that when an organ is called upon to put forth increased energy, there is always an increase of food sent to supply that energy. If the stomach has been quiescent for hours while the brain has been active, the regulating power of the circulation has adapted the supply of blood to each organ; and no sooner will the stomach be called upon to exert itself, than an abundant supply of blood will instantly be directed to it. This simple and beautiful law in the animal economy should warn men against the vicious habit of studying at or shortly after meals, or of tasking the brain when the stomach is also tasked.

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* PAGET, p. 32.

† This was shown at length in a former number of Maga, June 1857.

## RELIGIOUS MEMOIRS.

THERE are few things so strange, arbitrary, and unaccountable, as that amount of common liking and regard which we call popularity. Sometimes it answers to the touch of real genius, with a unanimity and readiness which, for the moment, might prompt us to believe in its decision as the true and infallible test of reputation; but ere we have had time to do more than observe the instinctive and universal impulse of this recognition, the popular fancy has gone mad after some silly wonder, or raised to its highest honours some superficial and worthless production, which we should have supposed incapable of moving to any sentiment whatever any single human mind. Nothing can possibly be more puzzling than this strange perversity. The applauding clamour of the *vox populi*—let disappointed men say what they will—is, after all, the culmination and apotheosis of fame. Yet the same clamour rushes with unreasoning lavishness after books and persons which have no more claim to fame, than has the smallest newspaper critic who professes to dispense it. In the world of books one has but to glance over the title pages of those which bear the honours of many editions, to perceive the extraordinary freaks of this popularity, which bestows upon the most frivolous and commonplace performances applause as great as that with which it celebrates the most eminent works of genius. This fantastic uncertainty leaves us totally unable either to receive or to deny the authority of a popular success. It may be bravely won and honestly deserved—a triumph of real and genuine art; or it may be a haphazard "hit," which it is impossible to give any reason for, and at which authors and readers are alike astonished; but so purely unaccountable are the vaticinations of this oracle, that no one is justified in making a general conclusion as to the worth or worthlessness of its verdict. It is folly to say, on the one hand, that the highest productions of genius are unappreciated by the multitude; and it is still greater folly, on the other, to make success an infallible proof of desert. The decisions of the popular tribunal of literary criticism, are not at all unlike the decisions of that jury which regulated its verdicts on the purely impartial principle of alternation, and said guilty and not guilty time about, with a noble indifference to such small matters as facts or evidence. If we are disappointed of the verdict ourselves, we cannot console our mortification by the thought that it is always in the wrong, and never justly rewards a generous ambition: but that it is perfectly capricious, unreasoning, and unexplainable; that it is simply impossible to form any conclusion beforehand as to what its judgment may be; and that, often right, it still preserves a delightful independence, and keeps resolutely clear of the imputation of being always so, nobody acquainted with modern literature or opinions ever deny.

It is impossible to avoid thinking this, when one contemplates the enormous amount of *good* books current and popular at the present time—we might add of *bad* books also—for the religious and the irreligious are almost equally independent of those ordinary qualities which achieve the rewards and honours of literature. But we will not compare the penny novels, disreputable and unfragrant, with those trim octavos and duodecimos which throng the tables of religious publishers, and pass by the thousands into homes of respectability. These pious volumes are, for the most part, as excellent in intention as they are important in subject—they are, indeed, only too much bent upon the universal edification of their audience, and are reluctant to record the merest passing incident without weighing it down with the heavy overbalance of a spiritual lesson. When we say pious volumes, we beg that no one will suppose we mean to imply the faintest approach

to a scoff. Their piety is the only genuine quality in the great mass of these publications; and we must presume it is for that sole sake that many really prefer, and many more think it right to receive, works which have scarcely a claim to be called literature, save the mere fact that they have been written and are printed. Their piety alone might induce us to pass over without comment the other imperfections of this class of writing; but we cannot suppose that it is any real advantage to the religious community to put up with these publications, out of tenderness for the sentiment of godliness which is presumed to pervade them. This has been, perhaps, done too much already. We have been afraid to incur the reproach of a want of spiritual appreciation, and a general dislike to religious writings, and so have been obliged to swallow the endless repetition, and flat and unnatural representations of life, conveyed to us in books which nothing but their piety could have entitled to a moment's consideration. This is rather hard upon the unfortunate critic: he reads, because he respects the religious feeling of the writer; he condemns, because human nature cannot stand the manner of the performance; and he is immediately set down as a profane person, who cannot be supposed to appreciate the true beauty of holiness. Perhaps this hard dealing is one of the reasons why the common mass of religious literature is so destitute of ordinary literary qualities—for men who love the matter have been afraid to incur the odium of criticising the manner of those productions, and the censorship has been left to hands indifferent, and passed by with a sneer or a laugh according to the temper of the moment. Yet it is impossible to overestimate the importance of this kind of writing. For one thing, it conveys to many a totally erroneous idea of religious people, and of the effects of personal godliness, which is a great misfortune; and it cannot fail to depreciate the cultivation, refinement, and good taste which we fondly expect must accompany our outside progress and increasing comfort; for there is no class of books so largely sold and universally possessed. The most famous fictions of the day are in less demand than those pieces of religious biography of which, were the name struck out, one might read a page without being able to tell where one terminated and another began; for neither Thackeray nor Dickens can count half as many editions as has fallen to the lot, for example, of the *Memorials of Captain Hedley*—a little volume fully representing the character of its kind. We do not approach this subject with any contempt or levity—far from it—we speak sadly, knowing that we shall be obliged to condemn one of hundreds of better people than we applaud and love; yet it does seem so strange an enigma why the greatest subjects in the world should be treated with the poorest language, why lives which, in the living, are noble, generous, and above price, should become, in the telling, so tiresome and tedious; and why aptitudes, great enough to convert private applause into general popularity, should be pleased to have it so—that we cannot refrain from inquiring why and how this strange paradox is. We beg to premise, however, in the first place, that we entirely leave out of legitimate sermons and all the discussions of all the authorised teachers of all the churches. What we have to deal with is specially the crowd of pious memoirs, the floating light (or heavy) literature of the religious world.

Memoirs of pure minds, of noble lives, of hearts warm with all the fervour and sunshine of the Gospel—let us do homage to those great saints, those virgin confessors, those true soldiers of our Lord. It is no reproach to them that friends make merchandise of their devout letters, their pious sayings, and the sacred life which they lived with God—a life that an unwise love beguiles its grief by making into talk, and throws irreverently open, the innermost sanctuary of their souls. They are the greatest sufferers by the operation. Yet it is wonderful to perceive with what ease all features of human individuality can be obliterated from the record which professes to tell us how one and another, real men and

women, people who left positive mortal footsteps in the soil they trod, and tangible good works behind them, lived and died. It is by no means an overstrain of the fact to say, that one might go on reading half-a-dozen such memoirs at once, and but for the difference of name, and perhaps the distinction of here and there a personal pronoun, would be quite unable to find out which was the young soldier in the midst of his regiment, and which the humble Sunday-school teacher dwelling at home. How this can be done, and by what extraordinary effort of skill it is possible to veil every glimmer of the natural man, and reduce so many diverse characters, circumstances, and dispositions, to one flat unrounded hieroglyph of piety, seems of itself sufficiently remarkable. Yet it *is* done with astonishing success and oft-repeated frequency. Religious sentiments, pious aspirations, devout thoughts, must, one would suppose, be differently developed in different minds; and to every human creature there belongs some certain thread of individuality to distinguish him from the rest of the world. Notwithstanding, volume grows upon volume, and "Life" after "Life" fills the shelves of the religious publisher. Each among the crowd contains a dim memorial of some one who was excellent in his generation, each is written with the sincere intention and the honest vanity of doing good, and each supposes itself to carry the most weighty lessons, and to set forth a model to mankind. Let us not pronounce a hasty judgment. People buy, by the million, those well-intentioned publications—it is to be supposed that people also read them—yet in face of those facts it is mortifying to confess that an unaccustomed reader loses himself in those wildernesses of words, and finds nothing but tedium and vexation in books which, if they truly did what they undertake to do, should be safe companions and counsellors for every one, examples of all the manifold and unlimitable diversities of the Christian and the human life.

But it is perhaps not so difficult after all to understand the failure of this class of writing. It is unfortunate that a high impulse should have so poor a result. Yet we can perfectly well understand how it is that the young convert, in the early flush of his devotion, looking about for something by which he may prove his gratitude to God and his benevolence towards his neighbour, finds few methods so fascinating, and with so ready an appearance of "doing good," as this of literature. Nothing is more common than to find, at the outset of the Christian life, a dedication of "myself, my *pen*, my tongue," &c., to the service of God. One cannot well dedicate what one has never received, and Christians are not inevitably endowed with pens for this high purpose, nor with tongues either, for that matter. But talk is the great faculty of this age—an aptitude for conversation and a fluent power of words are so common that they are not remarkable in any way, and certainly are by no means a criterion of mental capacity. But before one has learned to be content with holding fast to God's service through common life and common days, which is harder work than writing books—while it yet appears impossible to throw aside all friends and duties on the instant, and throw one's self into missionary labours, or some heroic enterprise of Christian zeal and self-sacrifice—then the flattering suggestion of literature relieves the eager soul of the newly-awakened champion. Here is a class bigger and more accessible than the classes of a Sabbath school; here is an opportunity for instructing, it may be, the whole world; and the new disciple rushes into print, thoroughly satisfied of his own longing to "do good," and anxious to testify aloud to every one within his reach the gratitude and love which fill his own soul. Who can blame the desire? who should criticise the endeavour? But the drawback unfortunately is, that devotion will not create genius, nor anything resembling it, and that even the passionate sincerity and earnestness which give force to the humblest Christian's personal protest against evil or exhortation to good, does not brighten the cold pages of the book; where cold eyes find only words without meaning,

and a profusion of abstract statements without any living thread of interest to bind them into one.

This suggestion of doing good by writing is consequently a very unfortunate one for literature. The person to whom it is suggested having really nothing to say by nature, can never by any chance forget himself and his purpose, or fall into any spontaneous and liberal effusion of what may be in him. What he says arises out of a manufacturing process, perfectly conscientious and admirably well-intentioned, but still artificial; and books without number are the result—stories in which the incidents of the ancient romance are adapted to modern edification—where the personages have great downfalls into poverty, in order that they may be evangelised in their low estate, and thereafter raised into ineffable goodness and grandeur, to be examples to the world—children's books, in which the hapless little souls are instructed that to do a piece of childish kindness to an old woman, is to "do good," encouraged to ask themselves in their baby meditations, "What good can I do to-day?" and taught how to do it accordingly—and greatest of all in biographies and memoirs, a few of which we mean shortly to submit to the consideration of our readers.

The few which we have selected, are, however, wanting in the great distinguishing feature of their class, which might indeed be called the literature of the deathbed. "Don't be a good boy, Jack—they all die!" says one of Mr. Leech's schoolboys; and indeed it would seem very true, were we to take for criterion the multitudinous examples offered to us. It does seem a very strange view of human existence which makes death its chief feature, and slumps up the events of a man's lifetime in a few pages, while it devotes chapters to the sayings of his deathbed. Perhaps it is less strange when the subject is a child, for there must always be something touching in the conjunction of that great stern presence of death with those little tender saintly blossoms, who have little more than this solemn event in their short history, and whose pathetic infant godliness is not to be thought of unmoved. But men have other things to do in the world besides dying, and it is not the true office of religion to throw a fictitious importance over the latest step of nature. It is only a very limited experience which can persuade itself that the manner of death is any real test of Christianity. Many men have died well who have not lived well; many a soul has been able to make a dignified and solemn departure, which has but a poor account to give of its mortal course before. All this is so commonly and visibly true that everybody knows it; yet our advertising-lists are still full of memoirs of the lives which ought to be called by a truer name — Memoirs of the Deaths of Departed Christians; and tender friends can find nothing better to put into the hands of young people, by way of attracting them to a life of religion, than volumes which trace with painful minuteness the progress of disease and weakness, and culminate in death. Why should this be? Patience, devotion, and a tender acquiescence in the will of the great Father, are at all times profitable to us; but Heaven knows how many times there are in a man's life when it is far harder for him to acquiesce in God's will than at that last time, when often the tired spirit, spite of all the shrinkings of nature, is glad to go. Death is not a religious act, nor a meritorious sacrifice. The Gospel was not given simply to teach us how to die; and why the religious life should be fostered by stories of deathbeds, and the greatest spiritual influence be exercised by the last and weakest hours of existence, is, when one thinks of it, a very extraordinary human improvement upon God's manner of teaching, which is not by death, but by life.

But we have no intention of entering into those sad hospitals of literature, or pausing by the deathbeds, where every one whose hour has come finds that "to die is gain." This is not, we repeat it, the manner in which God teaches us. There are no deathbeds in the Scriptures. There is, however, in the common mind, a singular amount of curiosity about dying people—a strange curi-

osity, conscious to its very heart of its own certain encounter, by-and-by, with the same struggle. It is to this instinct, doubtless, that the literature of the deathbed addresses itself, and we have no right to complain that it should do so. What we do complain of is, that this should be supposed a subject essentially religious and edifying—that it should be the standard and prevailing theme in all devout books which are personal and not theological, and that we should be required to accept it as the special ground of the spiritual-minded and pious: were it so, life would be only, after all, a huge mistake; and the best thing we could wish for any one, after we had made sure of his safe conversion, would be a lingering illness and a happy death. We are not quite sure even that practical means to bring about this end might not be justifiable. Why should Christian people be permitted to live through long years of commonplace duty and labor—years which can be summed up in a few syllables—when the real interest and moral lesson of their lives lies lingering in the last half-dozen days or hours before they die?

Yet this is the conclusion to which we are inevitably brought, if we take for our authority the prevailing tone of religious memoirs. These works are not intended for our amusement, but for our instruction; and to people labouring in the hard midway of human existence, come for edification narratives of early death and painful sickness, and the experiences of tender young Christians dying upon the threshold of life, and totally unacquainted with it — giving the magnitude of vices to their own sins of temper and thought, and finding out persecutions and trials where nobody but themselves would have suspected such to exist. Is life, then, really an irreligious and material necessity, which we must shuffle through as we best can, and in which nothing but death and preparations for it are worth considering? Are all the hard and heavy problems of this existence to be set aside as vulgar realities, unworthy any care or consideration, and our toilsome days only to be instructed and consoled by the dying utterances of youth and inexperience, entirely unacquainted with our sorrows, and unable to understand them? Happy are they who accomplish thus happily their course in this world—who are discharged of their warfare at no harder a price than so much personal suffering, and to whom the joyful expectation of another life makes glad the end of this! But how should they, laying aside their virgin armour almost unassailed, and innocently unwitting of the temptations and struggles of maturer life, be guides and examples to men who perhaps will never be permitted a single day's security in the retirement of a sick-room, but must live and die in the heat and commotion of the actual world? The contrast is strange enough even to think of it; and what shall we say to the youthful penitence which calls itself the chief of sinners, and makes mysterious allusions to the sins of its early past as if these were too black and dismal to be named? What can we say? Far be it from us to imply that the deepest and most painful sentiment of nature—the consciousness of that discord and estrangement from God — that fatal want of harmony with all His will and word which belongs to our race — is not vividly felt by those gentle young saints whose holy lives and deaths are recorded for our instruction. But the mysterious sins and dreadful self-accusations are but a more solemn fashion of those half-conscious heroics and sublimities of youth, which in other forms we are all acquainted with. So are the persecutions which consist in a comrade's joke, or a family attack upon the growing gravity of the young martyr. We smile at the magniloquence of youthful genius unappreciated, and youthful susceptibility affronted. Why, then, should we be afraid to smile at the same heroical exaggeration when it clings, a natural folly not to be too hardly censured, to the white robes of youthful devotion? Among the inspired writers of the New Testament it is only Paul who accuses himself as those tender converts do. Peter and John were doubtless as devout and faithful, and felt their own sinfulness as deeply; but Peter and John, who were never

openly opposed to the cause of their Master, do not find it necessary to proclaim themselves the chief of sinners. We trust nobody will be shocked by the words; but we cannot class those mysterious self-accusations as anything else than another development of that vanity of youth which does not like to be behind in anything, but prefers extremity to moderation even in sin.

Are we to be supposed profane opponents of godliness and enemies to religion because we say so much? We trust not so; and we would earnestly recommend any one who, with an anxious desire to do good, thinks no way of doing it so ready and accessible as the works of religious biography, to refer, before beginning, to the great standard of Christian authority, the Word of God. *There*, there are no dying words, no vague self-reproaches, no history of sick-rooms. Dorcas, had she lived within the limits of this century, would have had one big volume at least to record her good words and works: but Dorcas does not utter a single syllable in the Scriptures; neither do Aquila and Priscilla, though they took in strangers to their Christian household, and taught the teachers of the faith; neither do all those voiceless people whom the apostles remember by name; and from beginning to ending of the sacred volume there is no martyrology—there are no death-beds; and dying utterances, save those of One, and One only, are excluded from the inspired record. It is true that we might strive in vain to emulate the Divine simplicity of the narrative of Scripture, and that indeed life itself has become too artificial for such picturesque and living brevity as forms the outer garb of inspiration; but compositions which have no warrant nor example in the Bible, and which are indeed formed on an entirely contrary model, should have no legitimate claim to be exempted from criticism because they are supposed to be pious and edifying, and belong to the modern economy of religion.

As for that extraordinary fashion of professional affection and bereavement, which proves itself by the process of making dead husbands and wives, or dead sons and [illegible] into books, one cannot help [illegible] it as a standing offence [illegible] tural feeling, as well as [illegible] smaller matter—against [illegible] There are people living [illegible] survived to execute [illegible] after this fashion. Heaven [illegible] all remaining friends from [illegible] undertaker-touch of those [illegible] ising fingers! To have to [illegible] the consciousness of an [illegible] this description taking notes, [illegible] hard indeed.

Memoir-writing is, however, [illegible] cult work at the best, or at least [illegible] so, looking at the result. Been poets, lives of statesmen, stories soldiers, crowd after each other [illegible] all our libraries; sketches made [illegible] a hundred different points of [illegible] and with as many diverse ob[illegible] but amid all these varieties of th[illegible] of biography, where is the man [illegible] does not shudder at the thought coming in his own turn under murderous knife? A real life [illegible] nestly and modestly represented history which is individual with being petty, is a thing which we [illegible] for vainly, and which the multitude of failures would make it seem almost impossible to attain. For a human life is generally a very illogical performance, take it from beginning to end; it is seldom an epic, and [illegible] never an antithesis, and before it can be made to back out any foregone conclusion, or prove any formal argument, must suffer such violence as in most instances denudes it of all individual grace. Fact is tolerably sure ground, but it is far too meagre for the taste of the time, and for the exigencies of book-making; and it is a rare gift which qualifies a writer to represent the *mind* of another man without a bias and colour from his own—a very rare gift, seldom to be met with; whereas biographies are written by the thousand. They line our walls in multitudinous ranks—great men and small men, heroes who belong to the whole world, and notabilities of little private circles more pretentious than the heroes: but big and little of them, they are mostly men of Nineveh, flat figures scored into the plaster, with perhaps only such a primitive and simple

ded approach to perspective as is be found in the fifth leg of King nacherib's winged lions. The por- it clings to the paper with most lesirable tenacity; it is one of those ck profiles which cunning artists nt to cut out with scissors—it is a man.

In this respect it is not religious erature alone which is at fault—the ne want of character and identity common. Religious literature, wever, distinguishes itself by a re daring deficiency of literary ill than any other branch of the craft n venture on, and takes its stand- int with a more arbitrary deter- nation to see everything from that ew, and to adapt everything it finds its own good purpose. It would impossible to find a better example this peculiarity than in a little lume lately published, which pro- sses to be a *Biographical Sketch of ir Henry Havelock*,* and which has en published with as much preci- itation as a linendraper's circular, nd certainly suggests an impulse ot much different from that of the orthy shopkeeper, who makes a asty *coup* to forestall and anticipate is rival in the trade, and to take rst advantage of a sudden novelty. All this island, in every inch of its pace, and heart of its people, has ingled with anxiety, with triumph, nd at last with bitter unavailing egret and disappointment, that he who had won such honours should never return to receive them, at hear- ng of the name which stands upon his smug and complacent title-page. Sir Henry Havelock! he who won like an old banneret of chivalry, but, like a modern public servant, never lived to wear, that knightly title and reward which none ever more gallantly deserved — he who only paused upon his march to fight a battle, and only fought to clear the road for his onward march, and did both impossible achievements for the rescue of the perishing—he who did not live to hear how a whole country traced his steps with tears and cries, and an anxiety as breath- less as if every man in his band had been a son or a brother; but did live—a better thing—to know that his work was accomplished, and the blood of his soldiers, and his own noble life, were not spent in vain. It is this man, in the climax of honours and lamentations, while his name is still in every mouth, yet be- fore there can be time for such a record as might possibly preserve his memory with becoming dignity, that the religious trade rushes in to biographise and sell so many editions of. A book is coming by-and-by, we are informed, which will be the real Life of Havelock. In the mean time, before that can be ready, why should the universal interest run to waste, and be suffered to pass without im- provement? so the sheets fly through the press, and the volumes through the country. It may not be any great honour to Havelock, or a just tribute to his memory, but there can be little doubt that it is a sharp and successful stroke of business, honour- able to the energy and promptitude of the trade.

The book itself is a meagre thread of history made up by letters, reflec- tions, and hortatory remarks, begin- ning with extracts from a record of facts concerning his birth, birthplace, and relations, drawn up by General Havelock himself, and continuing on, through the ordinary routine of a soldier's life, up to that famous fight- ing march which concluded in a blaze of glory the brave old soldier's career. We must, however, do Mr. Brock the justice to say that this anticipatory Life is done uneasily, as if under ex- ternal pressure. The manner is forced and full of constraint, the matter hastily chucked together, and the result, we have little doubt, as un- satisfactory to the author as it must be to his readers. Where was the need for all this precipitancy?—the siege and the release of Lucknow— the last campaign of Havelock, are not a nine days' wonder, to be used up and evaporated on the moment— would not be so, at least, if the art of bookmaking would but let them, alone a little, and suffer these won- derful events to take their due place in history, instead of ringing them into our ears with an unceasing re-

* *Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock*, by the Rev. W. Brock. London: Nisbet & Co.

petition, which by-and-by, doubtless, will disgust us with the very names of Havelock and Lucknow. We believe this is the great secret of the evanescence of modern reputation. No sooner is a great achievement known, than packs of hungry pens rush on it and after it, hunting the unfortunate heroism into unspeakable tedium and weariness. We can conceive no reason whatever why a respectable Dissenting clergyman should have found it his duty to make up the brave General, who happened to belong to his "denomination," into crown octavo upon so short a notice. The public could not have been in any great degree injured by waiting a few months longer for a less furtive and more legitimate memoir; and certainly this haste to catch the first gust of popularity, common as it is among those unfortunate hacks of literature who, having nothing of their own to hope success from, eagerly seize upon every successive topic of popular interest, does not become a publication which professes to set forth "the religious character of the deceased General," and to be written "in deference to a very generally expressed desire." Is, then, the religious character of a man that part of him which can be most easily detached from his life, and may be treated most hastily and superficially? Are examples of godliness so few and so extraordinary that the lesson must be snatched on the instant, before the sod has been well laid down, or the reverent dews of heaven had time to fall over the good man's grave? or are we to conclude all other motives secondary to the impulse of supplying the market instantly while the demand is at its height? We are grieved to suppose that the last shows most reasonable symptoms of being the true inducement, and still more so to be obliged to believe that the portion of the world which, for want of a better name, is called the religious public, runs just as eagerly after a novelty, and hunts up a new lesson with the same enthusiasm, as another portion of the public, not religious, pursues a new opera. No one can object that the life of Havelock, or of any other good man, should point the moral of a sermon, or bring public enthusiasm to the aid of a personal address; but that love of excitement, which must have something new to occupy it, and which surrounds the ministers and teachers of religion with the flattering urgency of "a generally expressed desire," ought to have its just title, and no more. It is not piety which burns after these new incitements; it is curiosity, love of novelty, the very same frivolous sentiments which animate lovers of pleasure; and it is scarcely fair to the latter to condemn their busy running to and fro in pursuit of new sensations, and to call the same impulse, when allied to the title and profession of religion, by any nobler name.

General Havelock was born at Bishop-Wearmouth, educated in the Charterhouse, and originally intended for the Law; but yielding, as he himself says, "to the military propensities of my race," entered the army at the close of the Peninsular War, and was sent to India, where he remained, taking part in most of the fighting then in progress, for the most part of his soldierly life. In Burmah and Affghanistan, in the contests with the Sikhs, through battles, leaguers, and marches innumerable, he led a hard-fighting life of it for more than thirty years, and might, so far as human appearances go, have died, as he lived, a highly honourable, but not distinguished veteran, but for the horrible *chance* as people say, of this Indian mutiny. Nobody knew, as it would appear, up to the moment of his showing it, what daring and indomitable courage was in this Baptist soldier, who, for a lifetime back, had been holding prayer-meetings in his regiment, and making "saints" of his men. That he was a brave man, and did his duty, everybody allowed; but had he died two years sooner, no one could have supposed what amount of undeveloped force lay in his modest grave. This is perhaps the most wonderful lesson that ever was drawn from soldier's life — how a man may live till he is sixty, brave but not remarkable, yet at last die gloriously, the hero of such a fiery, rapid, breathless campaign as might

e opened the career of some glori-
young conqueror, invincible in
first ardour, and genius, and
th. A strange lesson, and not
encouraging one—showing how
d himself does not treat the lives
his servants as so many allegories
draw "lessons" from, but brings
ut, perhaps, the greatest issue of
ir existence in the strangest, most
onsequent, unexpected way, and
ves the weightiest act of their
es so near the end, that one feels
instinctive involuntary start of
xious wonder, as if, another mo-
nt delayed, Providence would have
en too late. A brave man does
t live and die in order that some
e may improve his fortunes into
memoir, and young men's societies
aw lessons from it; but if there
ere such an intention in the life of
avelock, what a strange, startling,
accountable problem for a young
irit! To have it in him for sixty
ars, and yet to work through all
at time without means or power
show it forth—to wait for the
our and the opportunity until just
e verge and extent of the common
fe of man. But Providence takes
o pains to sort and arrange, and
ake portable for us, such a lesson
s this. What can any one make of
t? It is not a logical human crea-
ion, set and balanced and made the
nost of, but one of those grand, in-
complete, broken-off works of God
which point silently, with a mean-
ng above words, to the life beyond,
where these fragments shall be put
together, and all things fulfilled.

There are, however, nothing but lessons in this little volume. Havelock's own letters—fatherly, husband-like, and always pious, in which lie all the interest of the book—cannot be simply left to tell their own story, but must be dooketed, and labelled, and put up in bundles, to prove this thing or the other thing. He cannot even acknowledge in an address to his soldiers, as any good man and leader would, "the blessing of God on a most righteous cause," but his biographer must put it in Italics, and direct everybody's attention to the simple thanksgiving. Let us quote a few examples, in which it is quite worth notice, the ingenuity with which the historian opens out, and expands into half a page of writing, the plain and pious expression of his hero's heart. Take, for instance, the first which comes to our hand. Havelock has written home to inform his wife of his appointment as Brigadier-General, "to relieve Cawnpore, where Sir Hugh Wheeler is threatened, and to support Lucknow;" and ends his letter thus, as it was to be supposed he would, "May God give me wisdom and strength to fulfill the expectations of Government, and restore tranquillity in the disturbed provinces"—a most simple as doubtless it was a most sincere prayer, and one which certainly does not seem to require any comment, or even any particular remark. Mr. Brock, however, thinks otherwise. Afraid, perhaps, that its naturalness and simplicity might make his readers pass it without sufficient notice, he paraphrases it thus:—

"In this spirit of religiousness did he set out on his last eventful campaign, He knew what confidence was placed in him. He was aware of his competency for the undertaking. He held gratefully in mind the courage and sagacity of many of his older comrades. Various considerations cheered him, though the enterprise was hazardous; but 'tranquillity in the disturbed provinces would be secured only through Divine interposition.' 'Wisdom and strength' adequate to the extremity could be obtained from God alone. Hence he prepared to leave for Allahabad as seeing Him who is invisible. He would go in the strength of the Lord. The Divine sovereignty had ordered his return when his services were urgently required. In the Divine faithfulness and power he would implicitly put his trust. The work had been given him to do; the Lord graciously helping him, it should be done."

Now, we have heard often enough a text of Scripture deluged and lost in words after this fashion, but what was there in General Havelock's sober and simple aspiration to call for such a commentary? The writer, however, goes on ticketing and labelling every natural sentiment, every expression of thankfulness, every Christian sympathy which the old soldier unconsciously expresses

because they are in him, but all of which, as if their existence had never been suspected before, his historian feels bound to search out and call the public attention to. He proceeds after the following fashion:—

"While writing his dispatch, with all that had just occurred pressing forcibly upon his mind, Havelock thus recognises the Author and Giver of his success—'*Cawnpore Cantonment, July* 17.—By the blessing of God, I re-captured this place yesterday,'" &c. Again: "Havelock's account of those successive engagements to the circle at Bonn has a significant mention of the courage of his eldest son, and a reference to his youngest brother [whose youngest brother?] which will be deemed pleasant evidence of his habitual recollections of home." "In this confidential dispatch of the undemonstrative warrior, the reader will not fail to remark his sympathy for the hardships and sufferings of the private soldier." "In the foregoing and succeeding communications Havelock's specifications of domestic incidents will be noticed." "The deep emotions of the husband and father are expressed with much force and significance in the letter which succeeds;"—

and so on and on, till there are no more letters to be indexed and discriminated for the dull public which does not know, until it is told by authority, the meaning of what it reads. Poor General Havelock! he writes letters worthy of a tender heart and a devout soul—letters of a man living and not indifferent to life, the head of a family which loved him; but they all become proofs of certain qualities and sentiments, each one demonstrative of one little bit of his character which his biographer seems to think may be unbound and separated into pieces like a bundle of sticks, in the hands of Mr. Brock. But it happens, unfortunately for this style of writing that a man with life in him, whose whole frame moves together spontaneously and with natural harmony, is an object much more pleasant to look upon than a man on springs, however cunningly constructed; though it is possible the latter might be made the more instructive of the two, so far as anatomy is concerned. No one desires to find "evidence" of such and such a moral quality formally adduced to prove the same, in the life of a man of whom already the world knows something, and of whom it is worth anybody's while to write a memoir. Would that biographers in general, and, above all, the composers of religious biography, could but understand the charm and power of everything which is spontaneous! There is no such spell in all the tricks of composition, in all the expedients of literary ingenuity. That which comes warm and simple from one man's heart goes glowing into the hearts of other men, with a force of nature which art cannot touch; but when art (should it even be of better quality than the present) sets itself to construct a bridge of access between the two—to introduce the one patronisingly to the other, and point out to the hearers the speaker's meaning, alas for the issue! Christianity, devoutness, and true religion are not indigenous in the human soul, but it is the most grievous error to suppose them unnatural. The waters are changed and purified at the fountain-head; but it is not necessary in consequence that they should hereafter run in iron pipes and artificial aqueducts, instead of the natural channel, picturesque with all the inequalities of nature which God made for them before sin was. Christian art—which we presume *may* mean something else than Gothic architecture severely pointed—is indeed wholly against the system of breaking up a living person into abstract bits of qualities. On the contrary, following the great model, which has Inspiration, a higher soul than art, for its guidance, we should be disposed to say, much unlike the writer of this biography, that the genius of Christian portrait-painting was to show how livingly and truly all these qualities made one man.

Recent events have rubbed the rust and moss off that old character of soldier which we were almost beginning to forget. All the modern devices of education, all the flux and increase of superior knowledge, have not produced a nobler development of that old perennial unadvancing humanity which, with every circumstance external changed, is to-day as

it was in the days of Hebrew David or heathen Homer, and in whose perverse and wonderful nature the stern urgency and stress of physical opposition, the assault of fiery trials, cruelties, sufferings, and deaths, have even produced signs the most incontestable of a higher birth and a more noble power. War is terrible; but war has taught ourselves, when peace, with all its sweetness and prosperities, had almost persuaded us to the contrary, that there are things in the world less endurable than even the hardest agonies of nature. Civilisation and safety had been saying otherwise for years; and these quiet years had so surrounded us with alleviations and solaces, so persuaded us that there must be a cure for everything, that the common heart began to feel death, disease, and calamity, evils intolerable, and not to be borne. But the war has taught us all a harder lesson; the war roused us up—us who cannot hear of a shipwreck or a railway accident without taking refuge from our horror at the sight of pain, in finding somebody to blame as the cause—to the length of bearing voluntarily such loss of life and happiness, such rending of hearts and sacrifice of men, as had never been known before in the experience of this generation. We have learned how to send forth out of our careful homes the very flower and blossom of our race, at desperate peril of never beholding again what it was the delight of our eyes to see, and sending them forth, with tears and prayers, but never with a grudge, into the midst of those old rude primitive agonies of humanity, the battle, and murder, and sudden death, against which we have been so long wont to pray—have learned by the act that pain, after all, was not the one thing to be avoided, and death was not the chief of evils. Theories and thoughts do not educate so certainly as things do; it is easy enough to resign everything in indignation for national integrity and honour, but it was not so easy to send the boys out of our hearts to dismal hospitals and deadly trenches, which even the mothers and the wives learned to do without grudging as they wept. Somehow it seems as though human nature could never show its bravest till it stood among the deadliest foes of its existence, holding its own superior part, as it must always do when driven to the uttermost, by itself, without a single secondary help. That old ideal of courage and simplicity, highest in all the forces of manhood, yet most like a child of all other men, which war has restored to our personal acquaintance, and which is the universal conception of a soldier, shows plainly enough the universal natural appreciation we have of the results of such a practical and primitive collision between a man and the great adversaries of his nature. To go out in the face of death, and hold one's own against all its bitterness, for that spiritual and intangible something which a plain British soul calls by the modest name of Duty, is a thing impossible to conceive of without a quickening of one's heart. The superficial opinion of untroubled times is sapient about the bloody trade, the wild passions, the hired slayers of war; but through all these shines the gallant old imagination, brave, honourable, devout, and single-minded, the ideal knight and soldier, the Bayard of the heart. He who must meet without shrinking every evil thing which oppresses nature—he whose limbs may be frozen, whose brain may be scorched, whom fatigue, want, toil, and hardship may all assault, but must never subdue — he who must bear his arms and hold on his march, after every faculty of his frame is exhausted, and only will and courage and a stout heart carries him on — he who must rush upon his death with a cheer, and rest upon the horrible field without a tear wept over him, or a friend at hand—and who does all this with the calmness not of a stoic, but of a hero; he may be but a nameless one among many, a heavy-witted and unremarkable individual, yet he is at once the simplest and the most wonderful instance of that triumph of spirit over flesh which is the grand and peculiar privilege of humanity.

And perhaps it is this purely practical contest, in which and through which he must live his life, which makes us associate a certain simple

profound, unquestioning—if one might use the word, even unreasoning—piety, with the highest ideal of a soldier. We require no speculation at his hands; he has little leisure for it. But thrown, as he is, out of all our peaceful confidence in external and secondary agencies into the far older and deeper consciousness of that life and death which lie absolutely in the hand of God, it is natural that the tone of his faith should take a literal plainness and urgency, which minds with more leisure to think, and less occasion to do, can rarely attain. Who can help recognising this pure thread of individuality, descending from the Knights of the San Grail, from Bayard and Roland, a manly, noble, touching strain of that faith which believes "like a little child," down to the Uncle Toby of Sterne, and the still purer impersonation of Roland Oaxton? Only fiction, excellent reader—imaginary personages every one—for few people care to know more fact of Roland than is told in that saddest of love-tales, which even Rhine tourists cannot make vulgar; or of Bayard, save that he was the *sans peur et sans reproche*, a repetition of whose praise has been the highest fame for every knightly soul since his time. Yet though they are fictitious, so true and so tender is the imagination, that it remains triumphant over all memoirs and biographies, the real soldierly ideal and type of man.

Is it a sinful act to speak of these creations of poetic fancy in the same breath with General Havelock, or with that younger and less distinguished victim of religious life-writing, a brave young Christian soul, but a much-injured man, Hedley Vicars, whose fate it has been to run through some hundred thousand copies, and to give a new impetus and vigour to the art of biography, so far as its model department is concerned? We are bound to confess we do not think so. Havelock, too, has the *sans peur et sans reproche* which is better than the cross of the Bath; and we have not the remotest doubt that the young soldier whose name we class with his, was pricking gallantly upon the road to that same distinction. No one can read of the steady Christian efforts of General Havelock, of those prayer-meetings and instructions, and that devout supervision of his men, which was made his commander, in an emergency, "call out Havelock's saints" as the special portion of his force known to be never incapable of always ready—without a respect admiration, only shadowed by wish that, if it had been possible noble old soldier could have had strain of victory more like the session, and a hymn out of a conventional "Selection" to sing with men. One must not be too particular about the hymn—though one may be permitted to wish that Havelock had been so fortunate as to be born Scotsman, if for no other reason that he might have celebrated triumphs in those true Psalms, Saxon and pure Hebrew, which have found refuge in the Scottish church and might give a fit utterance to their rugged nobleness, for a soldier's song of battle. But it is impossible not to recognise in all these labours in Havelock's life-long efforts, the eager devotion of the young to cars to every work of charity and mercy within his reach, the practical development natural to the piety of men trained to the most practical of professions, and fighting their way against no metaphysical difficulties but through tangible evil. One can perceive this by inference in their biographies—but the biographers have no idea of exalting that characteristic and high peculiarity. On the contrary, what Mr. Brock wishes to show of the General, and what the remarkable lady who writes the *Memorials of Hedley Vicars* does succeed in showing of her young hero, is, that they could talk and write in that style of religiousness which obliterates all personality, and could spin out pious sentiments and wishes by the yard, skilfully keeping back behind the veil every sign of an individual speaker. General Havelock lived to be an old man, experienced and acquainted with life. If ever he did write vague letters of general piety, age had taught him that words were not his vocation. General advice to everybody, and big conclusions about everything, do not lie in the way of

nature and disciplined men. Therefore there is but a meagre proportion of this kind of letter-writing, which has to be made the most of, and extended by judicious paraphrase in Mr. Brock's biographical sketch. But it is very different with the younger soldier. Oddly enough, when one thinks of it, it is people who die young, and have no experience, who are most lavish of their admonitions to the world. It is your young heroes who are at once most ready to offer, and have the strongest belief in, the efficacy of advice, and who speak their word, in season and out of season, with a conscientious eagerness most worthy of honour, but which is scarcely so wise as it is brave. How far "Christian experience" can be detached and separated from human experience, it seems hard to determine; but when one hears perhaps of a young invalid, in the very earliest stage of life, whose blossom has been nipped by sickness; or of a young man on the threshold of the world, whom no miraculous decree of Providence has divested of the natural exuberance of youth, as "an experienced Christian," one wonders whether this strange reversal of nature is indeed a fundamental arrangement of Christianity, and whether experience in spiritual, can indeed be totally divided from experience in actual life. But however that may be, it is very certain and apparent that it is the young, and not the old Christians, who do the greater part of the talk and letter-writing which form the bulk of religious memoirs.

Hedley Vicars was, we have not the slightest doubt, an admirable young fellow, worthy of all praise and honour — good, high-minded, brave, a true soldier and Christian — but he was young. In the fervour of his early faith he wrote letters from which, as printed, it would be perfectly impossible to predicate who or what he was; and these letters, with the feeblest thread of story linking them together, form the *Memorials*, which are in the hundred and fiftieth thousand, or some such uncountable number. From the first few pages, which show him as a rather naughty and mischievous boy, to the conclusion, when the young leader shouts to his men, "Now, 97th, up on your pins and at them!" there is not one personal feature of identity in the whole volume; and but for that morsel of familiar slang, which throws a pathetic unexpected light for a moment upon the valiant young English gentleman rushing into the agony of battle, with no grandiloquent address upon his lips, but only those common words, touched with the humour of his class and time, we should have closed the book with no more emotion than if it had been but a piece of mechanism adapted for writing letters, which, by some strange chance, had come to an end upon those fatal slopes of the East. We have no wish to meddle with these letters themselves; what a good man writes out of the fulness of his heart to his own pious friends, is a thing with which general criticism has nothing to do, and which never ought to have been put under its eye. We could easily select, as we had once thought of doing, chance passages from these, and from the letters of half-a-dozen other memoirs, feeling confident that no one unacquainted with them beforehand, nor, indeed, many who had studied them carefully, could have distinguished one from another; but we forbear, lest any one should suppose that we have any wish to treat contemptuously or throw ridicule upon words, however often repeated, however like each other, which have been the true expression of a pious heart. We may regret that these words are so many, and the meaning so little varied. We might almost be inclined to say that, not after this fashion, in such a superabundance and overflow of talk, do the deepest emotions of the heart usually express themselves. We may be allowed to suppose that in this, as in everything else in the world, there is a fashion and received manner, which people fall into unconsciously; but we cannot either blame or criticise letters which we can well understand the mother, the sisters, the devout women who have followed their young hero's course with prayers too deep for words, weeping over with hearts which break with the fulness of sorrow and of

comfort. Too deep for words! if we could add a single syllable of exception to such letters as those of Hedley Vicars, it would be this: there are so many of those floats of expression which cannot go down into the depths, but must keep to the surface, that one loses sight of the reality which must and ought to remain below.

Our quarrel, however, is not with Hedley Vicars, but with the compiler of his Life. It is written, this lady says, to refute "those who, in the face of examples to the contrary, still maintain that entire devotion of the heart to God must withdraw a man from many of the active duties of life; and who would be prepared to concede that, in making a good Christian, you may spoil a good soldier." And to encourage "young Englishmen who have more of Christ's religion in their hearts than they have ever avowed in their lives," "to emulate the noble example of a Christian soldier." An admirable motive; but how this can be done by printing some scores of pious letters, in which there is very little about the active duties of life, and still less about the necessities of the profession, seems rather hard to see. What the book does prove is, that the young soldier was full of charity and good works, and had a pen fluent to write of sacred things; that he visited soldiers in the hospitals, read to them, and taught them, is to be gathered from the narrative, but that he made large use of those sentences which begin with "May we," or "Oh!" and end in a note of admiration, is the chief fact proved by his Life. Are young Englishmen to test their love of religion, the genuineness of their devotion, and the true nature of their faith, by their ability to write or speak after the model of these letters? Is it by practising a like exuberance of pious words, that the lads are to emulate this Christian soldier? Is it the beginning lesson of Christianity to enable every one who embraces it heartily, not to be taught, but to teach? This may be the modern lesson most familiar to the religious public, but it is surely not the essence of the gospel.

Let us suppose this book put into the hands of a young man beginning life, to whom those usages of pious talk were unfamiliar, and who had no associations of reverence with them. We cannot tell—it is almost impossible to predict certainly beforehand how anything will affect anybody; but the reasonable presumption seems to be, and we confess it is likewise our own feeling, that the reader, in such circumstances, who takes up this volume respectfully, with no wish to scoff at it, yet with no special prejudice in its favour, must pause, staggered and puzzled, ere he is half-way through. Is it indispensable, before one dare hope one's self a Christian, to be like this model of Christianity? is it a necessary process of grace in the heart, to convert one's home letters into vague addresses, as abstract as if the family there were the members of a missionary association or a prayer-meeting? Must all the personal outbreaks of the heart be rubbed out by such diluted repetitions of a text, or ejaculations over one's own shortcomings! What is the young soldier—conscious of a gay exuberance of spirit which he cannot subdue, yet with a manful meaning to make his life worth living, whose heart has begun to yearn after the unseen, yet who scarcely knows the way—to make of this book when it comes into his hands! He is told that religion is not inconsistent with enjoyment, and that the Christian life expands everything that is lovely and of good report in the natural existence, and he receives as proof of this welcome intelligence the letters of Hedley Vicars! It is possible that no alchemy in the world could wring such letters as these out of himself; it is probable that he feels no vocation at present to teach or testify, that he is shy of disclosing to any one the hunger in his heart, and that the lesson he wants is, how to be, and not how to declare himself a Christian. What is this youth's impression likely to be of the faith which he longs for without yet knowing it, when some pious friend puts into his hand the little volume where Hedley Vicars' letters, enthusiastically approved and received as the type of youthful piety,

e presented to him as a model and ample for his own *life?*

Life is one thing and talk is entely another; how long are we to ve pious aspirations in the foreound, and all the origin and issue them expressed in a few faint es behind? There are very many ople who will never put their asrations upon paper, nor tell anydy who or what they pray for,—ople who could neither quote hymns r write ejaculatory letters — and t *may* be Christians; since Christiany is not a thing either of living or of lking, but, far simpler and harder, f life.

It is strange to see, however, how ese publications hold fast by the ncient eighteenth-century idea of eligion as a thing associated with loom and incompatible with cheerlness, and how they do their enеavour, while denying the same in ords, to prove that insane figment. We are perpetually assured that no ne who ever saw this Christian's adiant face, or that happy domestic ircle, could ever venture again to say hat religion is a gloomy thing; and aving said so, biographer after iographer lapses into that dreary vaste of letters, and takes especial are that the social cheer of the circle hey instance, or the smile upon the ndividual face, shall be thoroughly oncealed from us under the blank all of paper, which is all we get for life. Who believes that religion is loomy? Who does not know in his eart, with a certainty beyond demonstration, that the good man is and must be the happy man, and that there is no such certain crown and seal of earthly content as the love and the hope of heaven? But if anything could persuade us to think so, it would be the argument of lives cut down into correspondence, or nicely picked out in choice bits and fragments labelled with the names of certain qualities. For ourselves, we cannot but think the defence and apology as impertinent as it is useless. Who save a religious writer, dares to say that there is any popular prejudice against religion? The boldest pen of profane literature can only venture on abusing pretences of piety, and knows that a word against true faith itself makes an end of him at once and for ever; and even caricaturists, who deal in hypocrites and Pharisees, must be very wary of their ways, and take good heed that they do not step across that fastidious and fanciful line of defence which some people call only good taste, but which surrounds, in the most common fancy, the footsteps of true Christians. We do not believe there is a man, even in the lowest paths of literature, who dare imagine for fear of his audience, what is said complacently with the perfect consent of his, by Mr. Brock. "Havelock," this gentleman imforms, "maintained that he was not degrading his intellectual nature when he became a follower of Christ —he was not deteriorating his moral nature when he sought to have fellowship with the sufferings of Christ. To those, indeed, who were willing to converse on the subject, he showed that never were men more mistaken if they imagined they must sacrifice their mental manhood in order to have faith in the Redeemer, or if they supposed that they must cease to employ their minds the moment they exercised faith in the Son of God." Who supposes any such thing, can Mr. Brock tell us? or if the thought should linger in the corners of some reluctant heart, who is bold enough to express it? We have heard all our lives defences of religion against these imaginary assaults, but we are bound to confess that the assaults themselves have never come under our observation. The peculiarities of pious people have given, and perhaps always will give, various points of vantage to the wit of the world, but the greatest scoffer against puritanism, or pietism, never ventures to affront his audience by an insinuation that those *manners* which he caricatures are part of the necessary *matter* of Christianity. It is only through the apologies of religious writers that we find out this accusation; and those apologies which tell us in a few hurried words that the hero was none the worse nor the sadder for his Christianity—that "godliness had neither made him a sentimentalist nor a dolt," and that life was pleasant to him now as heretofore; and then hasten from that

view of the subject, as if life was rather an inferior matter, not worth speaking of, produce before us, as fruits of his religion, this deluge of pious superficial exclamations, and the much speaking of those prayers and penitences—are indeed the only real arguments we ever heard of in favour of their own statement, that piety is associated with gloom. It is safer for a man to believe that people who share the same nature feel somewhat as he does, than that he alone is enlightened and the whole world lies in darkness. Every man, certainly, whom one meets is not a Christian; but every man, one time or another, has felt something of want and deficiency aching at his heart, and *knows*, though he may neither acknowledge it nor act upon the knowledge, that the faith of God does not bring melancholy, but is the inspiration of true life. Yet if anything could persuade us of so inhuman and unnatural a statement, it would be to see how good people take their pleasure sadly at deathbeds and in sick-rooms how the lighter literature of religion is almost all elegiac, and how death itself holds something like a professional place in the agencies of modern piety. One of the heroes of this class of books — we believe Hedley Vicars himself—laments the time when he lived without a thought of a deathbed and a day of judgment. This was a young man, and a soldier. Was there no inducement so strong as thoughts of a deathbed to make a Christian of him? Was it a consideration of how to die, and not the love of Christ constraining—a force more mighty than a thousand deaths, which turned the face of this young saint towards heaven? Let nobody believe so unworthy an imagination; but while this fashion of religiousness continues — while the living particulars of life are ignored and kept in the background, and all the details of death commemorated with a hard fidelity, it is difficult to avoid thinking that, were it within the possibilities of human belief, religious literature *might* indeed convince us that religion was a system of heaviness and gloom.

It is no such thing, as we all know it is not an ordeal of preparation for death inevitable, but the most living inspiration of all life; and if any one is daunted by the reading of those *Memorials* which commemorate young saints, let us beg them to remember that everything human has had its fashion, and that this is but the superficial mannerism of the time. Letters as same and tame and unindividual as though they were extracts from indifferent sermons—the strange barter of prayers which seems in some circles a matter of easy arrangement, a kind of friendly bargain — "God bless you for your letter, and also for your prayers, which I value more than I can express. As but a poor return, while I live you shall have mine;" and all those extraordinary technicalities of a pious life, which if we did not know to the contrary we should be half disposed to call profane, are in reality but a mask to the existence which they profess to reveal. Good works and Christian charities, as true as pure religion can make them, lie under all this babble of ill-advised but well-meaning words and ridicule, however the production may tempt it, is a weapon which we would be grieved to remember we had ever used against the originators of the same. At the same time we cannot but contemplate with sadness the singular aspect of this branch of literature; it is popular beyond all parallel: critics frown upon the books and sneer at them, but the public gives golden laurels to salve the scratches made by the critics and buys up by the thousand these trim little octavoes, where works of higher pretence drop into circulation only one by one. Yet it is impossible not to perceive that this class of writing, magnanimously indifferent to natural truth, is like nothing else in earth or heaven, and specially is as far different and widely distinct from the lives and words of the Scriptures as it is possible to imagine. From whence does it spring, and why is its popularity? We give up the riddle to more ingenious imaginations; it is quite beyond any solution of ours.

## THE FIRST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS AFTER THE FALL OF DELHI.

*(Continued from our January Number.)*

"Don't you hear the General say
Up, brave boys, and march away!"
—*Camp Song.*

In writing the description of the part taken by the 1st Bengal Fusiliers in the operations before and at the capture of Delhi, I avoided, as much as possible, making mention of other corps; and where their gallant acts are introduced, it was more in allusion to, than as a chronicle of, their brave deeds. This I did intentionally, because it was so very difficult to obtain accurate information; and also, because I did not wish to trench on others who were anxious to record the acts of brave men who were personally known to them, and of whom they could write more fully than I possibly could.

In the following narrative I may probably, in some slight degree, deviate from this, since these reasons did not exist, or if so, in a very much less degree, as on moving out into the district, the Fusiliers then forming the chief European portion of the column, and the officers of this small force were all personally acquainted with one another.

For some time rumour had been busy; and the report went that Summul Khan, with a considerable portion of mutineers, consisting of a choice body of cavalry, with the whole of the Joudpore Legion, several Sepoys, and a force of some thousands of untrained rebels, with a battery of six guns, was about Kanoude, a large town about sixty miles west of Delhi. To quiet the district, and, if possible, bring these men to action, a force was sent out under Brigadier Showers, which did good service, and after some hard marching, returned to division headquarters, without having, however, been able to learn any particulars regarding the rebel army. This force captured three strongholds of the enemy, in which were many guns, and treasure said to amount to L.70,000 sterling.

On the return of this brigade, another force was sent out to the west, having the same object in view. This column was placed under Colonel Gerrard, who had succeeded to the command of the 1st Fusiliers; and with him went "the old dirty-shirts."

We moved out of Delhi, and from the tents pitched near the Cashmere Gate, on the 9th November 1857, but only to get clear of the city, and to be in readiness for the march on the morrow, and therefore encamped on the glacis near the Ajmere Gate. Next morning we made a start, marching a short distance beyond the Kootub, where we halted. On the 11th we marched to Gurgong, and the next morning on to Pultowlee, through eighteen miles of sand —a most trying march for men and animals; indeed, this loose sand continued to offer a serious impediment during the succeeding marches, trying alike to men and cattle. The nights were cold; and though the air remained cool during the day in the shade, the sun always became unpleasantly hot about 9 A.M.

From Pultowlee we marched to Rewarree, where is a strong fort, which had been already occupied by the column under Brigadier Showers. It was taken without opposition, which was so far fortunate, for the defence of these places consists chiefly of a thick mud wall or bank, upon which cannon can make little or no impression, with a deep ditch. Within are well-built buildings. Both time and men would be lost in taking such posts, particularly as they are for the most part supplied with heavy guns. Here the Carabineers (two squadrons) joined us, having marched from Meerut, about eighty-eight miles, in four days. We were very glad to see the blue tunics, the prospect of a fight becoming more distinct.

From Rewarree we marched to Nemboot, where there was a most

unpleasant encamping-ground; we were located among sand-hills, and the slightest breeze covered bed, table, and papers with dust. We were not sorry to march next morning to Kanoude, where we met Stafford* with irregular cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Thus our force was efficiently increased, no disagreeable occurrence when near an enemy who were greatly elated by a success they had gained over the Jeypore Rajah's army, which, though greatly superior in men and guns, had been most soundly thrashed. These Jeypore men are most arrant cowards, and quite dreaded the mutineers, accounting for their cowardice by explaining that the enemy was particularly dreadful, because they had a terrible gun which threw "grapp." The fort of Kanoude is very strong, with three lines of defence, and a fair proportion of artillery, mostly serviceable, though some of the guns were certainly more valuable from their antiquity than from any effect they were likely to produce upon an enemy. This place surrendered to a party of the Carabineers who were out with Brigadier Showers. The ditch is about thirty feet deep, very perpendicular; and the scarp, being formed of light sandy earth, would have presented a serious obstacle to a storming party, as ladders could not be used with much advantage, from the great depth of the ditch. The place, however, is commanded by some sand-hills within short cannon-range. Had Captain Dalgetty been there, he would have recommended "a sconce upon those same hills."

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"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets—God defend the right!"
*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Our intelligence department was so admirably managed by Mr. Ford, C.S., who accompanied the force as commissioner, that when we reached Kanoude, we had little reason to doubt that an action would be fought on the 16th. In fact, we felt quite familiar with the ideas and intentions of the enemy. It was said that they had moved out to meet us, and were fully prepared to die like men, having put on their grave-clothes, so as to be prepared for the worst; and we, on our part, were quite ready to gratify them. On the morning of the 16th, then, at 1 A.M., the force marched almost unencumbered, and fully prepared for the fight; all sick and weakly men being left in the fort, together with those impediments to locomotion in India,—bazar and baggage. Still, though comparatively free, no sooner did the guns attempt to move through the city *en route* to Narnoul, than a very serious obstacle was discovered. the angle at one turn of the narrow street was so acute that great delay was experienced in getting the artillery past. Then, again, the sandy road seemed more sandy than ever, so that we were constantly halted to enable the heavy guns to keep pace with the infantry. All this caused great loss of time—so much so, that though the distance from Kanoude to Narnoul was but fourteen miles, it was 11 A.M. before we reached a village somewhat more than two miles distant from this last place. Thus ten hours were spent in getting over twelve miles of road, and the men were greatly fatigued. Just as you, Mr. Ebony, go and walk over the loose shingle at Portobello for ten consecutive hours, and I think that you won't feel much disposed to fight even your bitterest enemy. Yet so little can man see what is best, that while grumbling at it the event showed that this very delay was the most advantageous circumstance which could possibly have occurred. It was thus: The village which we reached at 11 A.M. was a strongly-built place, the houses being mostly stone and mortar, situated immediately under a hill about four hundred feet high, part of a ridge extending some miles to the south-east. In front were low walls, admirable defences for infantry. Separated from the village about two hundred yards was a large tank

* I forgot in my previous narrative to mention that Stafford commanded the 1st Fusiliers in Delhi for some hours (after the fall of Jacob and Greville), when the regiment was repulsed from the lane, and till Colonel Burn came up.

with steep banks, standing much above the level of the surrounding plain, within which infantry might also have been most advantageously placed. To the left, again, was uneven ground, where, however, cavalry could act tolerably, but the whole front was admirably adapted to that arm, and in horse the enemy was particularly strong. Between the tank and village ran the road by which we were advancing, and guns placed in either or both of those positions would have swept our column. Will it be believed, the enemy held this strong position early on the 16th, but as the morning advanced, and no Feringhees were seen, they left it! Such, however, was the case, and thus ultimately the battle was fought on ground much more advantageous to us. In fact, were a battle-field to be selected throughout India, probably not one could be chosen offering a more equal arena for opposing armies.

At the village of Narnoul we halted for a short space, and the men were having the grog served out, and eating the small store of food carried by each, when a slight cloud of dust was seen to rise over a gentle swell of the ground to the left in front. At once all are in motion. The Carabineers go to the right, next the Guide cavalry; afterwards move on a wing of the 7th Sikh infantry, next six light-artillery guns; in the centre stand the 1st Fusiliers and heavy eighteens, then a company of the Guide infantry and the 23d Sikh infantry; again four light Sikh guns, still to the left irregular horse, and lastly the Mooltanee cavalry complete this line. The entire force may be estimated at 2500. On they move, Gerrard in front, surrounded by his staff, conspicuous in his red coat, and left breast covered with decorations. There they move, well ordered and arranged, each man in his rank as on parade. It was a glorious sight — the blue sky — the still bluer distant hills, those nearer, brown and bare—the partly-wooded plain—the distant town, indistinctly seen—the yellow sand soon to be tinged with red, over which the troops move so silently; no wonder if the pulse of young and old quickens, and thoughts for an instant revert to other hills far away.

But what is that cloud? See how it has risen—too red for smoke! and there seems to be a horseman stealing from its edge, as it comes moving over the rise in front. Ah! there goes a vidette. He was one of the Guides, an upright rider with a firm seat, and fine cast of countenance for a fighting man, by name Shah Pussund Khan. On he goes, cantering quietly, as if for a pleasant morning-ride; now he halts, rides a little to the right and left, and seems as though he saw enough to enable him to bring a correct report. Something now strikes the ground near him, and raises a little cloud of dust. Ah! here he comes back without any hurry, and says his say. In the mean time numerous horsemen could be seen at the edge of the dust moving across our front from left to right; and about this time bang goes the first gun of the enemy—high, high! None hurt, God be thanked! Again and again;—ah! there some of our brave artillery are down, and that grape was fearfully close to the Carabineers. But now begin our little pounders to reply, three to one of the enemy, so quickly are they worked. There goes the grape, crashing amongst their horse, and at last outspeak the eighteens and nice little 8-inch howitzer (Gillespie's pets) in voice of thunder. Surely if niggers funk at noise, those fellows must be in an awful state. But what is going on to the right? Ah! there go the Carabineers and Guides. What a charge of horse! how the dust rises, and now the two clouds mingle; the enemy charging down to meet our men, and nothing can be seen for dust except a strange sparkling in the air.

Yes, the enemy's horse moved down most undauntedly, and met the Guides in full career. The tulwar alone is used, and expert must be the sabreur who comes back scathless. The charge was commenced by Mahomed Khan Ressildar, a man who has gained for himself the "Order of Merit," and who, seeing a warrior ride out ahead of the enemy, at once advanced to meet him. On they dash—bright flash the sabres—they pass, and one traitor has gone

to his account. "Shabash—*hurrah!*" —shout the Guides as they gallop forward, led by Kennedy, who this day proved himself the worthy son of a worthy sire. The Carabineers are now at work, sweeping up, a wall of horse under Wardlaw; on they go, with a momentum sufficient to break all before them, and do so, for the enemy evidently don't like such customers in such a line, and so avoid them as much as they are able, paying more attention to the Guides.

There is no doubt that these horsemen of the enemy fought most desperately. To give an instance: one, an old man, came furiously at Kennedy, who, having just received a cut over the back of the bridle-hand from the falling sword of one of the enemy he had disposed of, was unable to guide his horse with that readiness so necessary in a tournament of this nature; however, he managed to turn his horse's head in the proper direction, and, giving the old fellow a right-hander, unhorsed him. Up jumped the Sowar without a moment's hesitation, and followed, running after Kennedy, grinding his teeth with rage. Kennedy coolly turned in his saddle and told him to be quick; but seeing a Carabineer coming up from behind, he called on the heavy to do the needful. He, I believe, knocked the old man down with the hilt of his sword.

This was a most gallant charge, and any cavalier who rode therein has reason to be proud. I went over the ground that evening, and found thirty foemen cloven with the sword.

Having driven back or cut up the enemy, our horse did not pause for an instant, but, wheeling round, are swooping on the enemy's artillery, and in almost the time it takes me to write, the gunners who were brave enough to stand were cut down. The cavalry moved on, however, without spiking the guns; and before the 1st Fusiliers had advanced to them, the enemy returned and fired two rounds of grape, by which one officer, Lieut. Wallace, and three men of that regiment, were wounded, and Private Griffin killed. The guns were then retaken by the Fusiliers, without further opposition, except in being fired on as above stated.

While the right and centre ha thus advanced, the left had likewise moved forward. In the first instance the Mooltanees, commanded by Li had attempted to get round the rid of hills upon our left, but finding it would occupy too much time, an moreover, would leave them isolate if they succeeded, they returned, a advanced in line to within 200 yar of the enemy. They were then order to charge: they did not as a bod however, show that determined reso lution so much to be desired, n withstanding the noble example s by their brave commander, who, w those immediately under his com mand, was soon in the midst of th foe. Lieutenant Humphrey, Field E gineer, who this day acted as aide-c camp to Gerrard, on joining the men on the left, and finding the hesitation at coming to conclusion with the enemy to exist, in order t encourage them rode ahead, an single-handed, was quickly in contac with the rebel horse; then the Moo tanees charged, and a sharp contes ensued. The brave Humphrey wa however, cut down, receiving a seve wound in his right arm, one slig one on the left side of the body, wh a third entirely divided his leath helmet and thick turban which cover it, fortunately without injuring h head. The advance of the Mooltanee saved him from death, and he ha since recovered from his injuries.

One of the Fusiliers was here i ecstasies at the deeds of an officer, a he described him, "dressed in whit sir, who wears his boots outside h trousers: by the powers, sir, I never see'd anything like him; he rode rig at those fellows who have big mus kets on big camels, and, by George if he didn't cut down four of them. I believe this officer to have been Lieutenant Pearse. Lieutenant Mo ney's horse was here hit by a shot from the enemy; he was acting as brigade-major, and also adjutant to his corps, the 1st Fusiliers.

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All now was confusion among the mutineers, who retired in disarra through the gardens and broke ground to the left, in full retreat upon their camp. During our pur suit, a feat was performed by the

horse-artillery, which seemed to us so surprising that I record it, though to the non-military it may appear less deserving of notice than how men and horses of that distinguished arm dash into fire, and how they do their devoir. We in India look upon bravery in action and precision of fire as necessary "belongings" to our artillery; but what we now saw was to us much more astonishing. On turning up from the left, the artillery got into a ploughed field, which was separated from the road by a mud wall fully three feet high. At this Dawe's troop, this day commanded by Captain Cookworthy, rode at full gallop. On they come—over go the leaders nicely both together, next follow the centre pair, and lastly the wheelers take the leap; then, with a sort of a kick and a bump, over goes the gun on to the hard road. The Fusiliers were so delighted that they gave a willing cheer, while the Sikhs, who witnessed the feat, said nothing for some time, but looked on with open mouths and eyes, and at last "truly that is wonderful" burst from their lips spontaneously. "How could you possibly manage that?" asked a Fusilier, addressing one of the 'Ubiques." "Why, it's the speed as does it; but, Lor' bless you, *that* is nothing!"

It was in following up this success that our brave commandant was shot. He was, as he had been during the whole action, too much in front, and being, with the exception of Captain Osborn (late 45th Regiment, Native Infantry), his orderly officer, the only one dressed in red, these two formed most striking objects for the enemy's marksmen. The troops had advanced up to a nullah with partially-wooded banks, and it was near the edge of this that Colonel Gerrard was seated on his white Arab. Lieutenant Hogg of the Commissariat Department, acting as orderly officer, had just returned to Gerrard, and saw a man coolly fire at the colonel from beneath the bank. He mentioned the circumstance to Gerrard, and entreated him to move back. Gerrard said, "Oh! never mind—I'll do so directly, but I must see what is going on now." Again the miscreant fired, and with more effect, for the brave officer was shot right through the body, the ball at the same time smashing his wrist. He died in about two hours.

The troops meanwhile were moving on to the left across the nullah, to a tank in immediate proximity to the enemy's camp. This had formerly been a native fort, square, with bastions at the corners, the curtains and bastions being formed of earth dug out of the centre, which was now full of water: within the enclosure were a few pucka buildings. The original earthwork had crumbled down, and what was once a wall is only now a steep bank. Through one of the faces an embrasure had been cut, and from a gun there placed a fire was kept up on our advancing column. The Fusiliers at once charged and took the place, and, following up the enemy, entered their camp, where there was another gun, which was also taken; still pursuing, they were moving to the left, when about this time Captain Caulfield (late 3d Regiment, Native Infantry) was informed that he had succeeded to the command of the force, and Lieutenant M'Farlane therefore commanded the 1st Fusiliers. The regiment was then ordered to the right to protect our artillery, it being reported that a large force was advancing upon our right flank; and although these were the Jeypore and Joudpore troops under the Rajah of the first-named district, said to be friendly, yet their actions had proved the alliance to be of little value, leading them to take rather a neutral than an active part in affairs, so that we could hardly trust them as friends, especially as it was rumoured the Rajah himself had no confidence or trust in his own men. On leaving the camp and serai, the enemy came down on Lind's cavalry, who, being unsupported, were unable to bring off or spike the two guns; and the Fusiliers had not moved more than 600 yards when the enemy returned, and in a short time retook the guns, and commenced firing on our left flank. By this fire one man was most severely wounded, and Lieutenant Ellis was struck by a grape-shot, which fortunately turned

upon the handkerchief in his breast. An elephant was also struck and knocked over by a six-pounder shot: the ball did not seem to penetrate the skin of the brute, which was, however, rendered useless. Lieutenant Warner, with two companies, was then ordered to retake these two guns, which he did without difficulty. The Fusiliers were now within musket-shot of the serai, which was a strong square pucka building, having gates on two sides: near one of these the enemy had a gun, from which they continued to fire, though with but little effect, and which was almost silenced by our musketry. Here the Fusiliers were halted for some time, our guns firing on the building. Lieutenant Ward (11th Native Infantry), serving with the Guides, moving on the right, entered the town with some of his men, and occupied houses near the serai. Ascending one of these, he saw that the place was nearly deserted, and, communicating the information, our men were ordered to advance, which they did, taking the place without experiencing any real opposition, though one of the Fusiliers greatly distinguished himself. From where Lieutenant Ward was, he could see three of the enemy: as he looked, he saw one of the Fusiliers ascend the wall. Slowly he came on, but determinedly. Suddenly the report of firearms was heard, followed by a single discharge. As the smoke cleared, the Fusilier was seen alone, having shot one, bayoneted another, and knocked down the third of the enemy, whom he slew with his own sword. The European who did this was MacGoveran, who, it is to be lamented, should ever "put poison in his mouth to steal away his brains;" but we hope that one who acted so well on this day will remember that, to be a good soldier, a man must be as steady in quarters as he has proved himself brave in action.

Thus the fight of Narnoul concluded. We were entire masters of the field, had taken eight guns, the camp of the enemy, and the serai. Next morning I met one of the 1st coming up from the town. "Well," said I, "is there anything going on?" "Oh, yes; there is breakfast going on, and all the men are in the best of spirits." On the day of the fight Mr. Ford, the commissioner, had a very narrow escape. He had ascended a part of the ridge to ascertain the position of the enemy, and had dismounted to take a steady look at them, when a small party of horse charged down, and were nearly upon him before he had time to mount. He, however, managed to get into his saddle, and, having a good horse, he was soon out of danger. Shortly after, moving to the front, he reached a mosque, and being observed, the enemy opened fire upon that building, first on one side, then on the other: so hot was the fire, that it was quite impossible for him to leave it until our advance forced the enemy to retire, when Mr. Ford once more found himself at liberty.

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"But whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses, when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by real terror."—*Rambler.*

We halted the next day, parties of cavalry being sent out to ascertain the direction taken by the enemy. This was found to be to the south-east, towards the Alwa Rajah's district. On the 19th November we moved in the direction taken by the rebels, but saw nothing of them. The march was long and tedious, though the country was not unpleasing, the ranges of rocky hills breaking the usual level of the plain. Within the last thirty years, lions have been killed in these parts, but the race now seems extinct. On these long marches the standard subject of conversation, of course, was Delhi, and the hardships undergone; but it is surprising how little privation is thought of when once passed. Now the constant watch—the perpetual preparation for fight—the poisoned state of the air—the deadly ball—all are lightly laughed at; even the Delhi fever was looked on as a joke, and the constant nausea considered rather a good thing, as causing a saving of food. One plague was always spoken of seriously—the flies. No one even living in a pastrycook's shop at home can form an estimate of this plague—bad to all, but to the

sick and wounded terrible; for servants could not be obtained in sufficient numbers to drive them away; and though the sick had veils, yet in the restless sleep of sickness these were apt to be thrown aside—then woe betide the sufferer. I have known these pests deposit their eggs in the mouth, nose, and other outlets of the body, where sores quickly formed, filled with a multitude of "fellow-lodgers" in the frail tenement of the soul. At night we had a respite from these, mosquitoes regularly relieving guard. Then the stink of that camp! surely many a tall fellow was laid low by stink the most "foul and palpable." We came to the conclusion that dead Pandy is decidedly strong, camel stronger, but monkey worse than all! The *ne plus ultra* of all that is abominable is monkey! I remember Lieutenant Woodcock and myself walking in Delhi shortly after it was taken; we passed many dead niggers, exceedingly high, but we at last came to a monkey — there was nothing for it but to bolt. However, we resumed our course, and at last arrived at the place where Woodcock was hit, which occurred in the lane up which the 1st were checked. "Yes, it was here I fell," said W., "and, strange to say, the feeling I experienced was one of rage at being hit—killed, as I thought, for I was struck full in the chest. There I lay, bleeding much. Just then, that young lad Wavell (late 45th Native Infantry) came up, and behaved like a brave fellow, for he lifted me up, and though the grape and bullets were falling round us so thickly that I entreated him to leave me to die (believing myself mortally wounded), yet he never for an instant hesitated, but got me to a place of safety."

The subject turned upon the services rendered by the different arms and departments. All were in admiration of the Commissariat arrangements: the credit due to officers in this department was exceedingly great. Not only were supplies of necessaries always obtainable, but they were abundant and cheap. In fact, I believe that grain was cheaper in the Delhi camp than at Umballa last year; and those who know the native character will duly estimate the effect of this simple fact upon the minds of the natives. It was a perpetual advertisement of our superiority, a standing illustration of our being thorough *bundobust kurnay wallahs* — that is, "good managers," men of foresight, and farseers. This must have made a profound impression upon natives of all classes and opinions.

After the siege was over, I took a quiet walk with Caulfield over the then deserted batteries, and, mounting the Observatory, looked at the whole front of the enemy's late position—a sight which did much to give us a correct idea of the ability and energy of our Artillery and Engineer officers—the plan of the attack so good, its execution so perfect, and this too with such slender means. In all the enemy's batteries were the remains of smashed artillery, showing how accurate had been our fire even at such great distances, while most of the guns still serviceable had marks of having been hit by our shot. Truly the mortality among the Pandies and their artillery must have been fearful. I can hardly fancy how they continued to work their guns, and their having done so shows that the natives are not so wanting in courage as some would wish to make out. Many officers informed me that they had seen single men amongst these mutineers stand out alone, and move on to meet the European soldier. One instance I will mention: After we had got into the city, and had just cleared out the church, Lieutenant Woodcock, who was near the building, saw a Sepoy and Fusilier advance to meet each other. Both had muskets loaded, and when still about thirty yards distant, they both fired, but without effect. The mutineer then advanced with clubbed musket upon his antagonist, who quietly stood with his piece at the charge. The Pandy made a sweep with the butt of his gun at the Fusilier's head, which he avoided, and the next instant the Pandy was run through. However, as not one of the 1st Fusiliers was wounded by a Pandy's bayonet during the whole of the Delhi campaign, we can hardly be wrong in coming to the conclusion

that the Sepoy is no admirer of close fighting. Thus we chatted and gave vent to our thoughts as we moved along the road, when suddenly we were greatly disgusted at seeing flames arise from a peaceful roadside village, caused, we felt sure, by some of the plundering followers of our camp. Captain Caulfield was greatly annoyed, and at once ordered a party to secure the delinquents. Hardly had they started when a fearful explosion showed that the poor peaceful cultivators kept their powder dry, and that they had, for *quiet* people, a most liberal supply of the article, intended, no doubt, for sporting purposes.

We continued our march on to Mundun, and from thence to Rewarree on the 20th, where we struck into the road by which we had marched out from Delhi. After two days' halt we reached Pultowlee; and while here Lieutenant-Colonel Seaton, C.B., joined us, he having been appointed to succeed Colonel Gerrard in the command of the 1st Fusiliers, and also of the column. We were quite glad to see how a visit to the hills had restored the gallant colonel to health, and how entirely he seemed to have recovered from the effects of his wounds. From this we proceeded by easy marches to Delhi, which we reached on the 29th November.

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"Prepare your generals,
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something must be done immediately."
—*Julius Cæsar.*

We were only in Delhi a few hours when we knew that work still remained to be done, and this time we did not much relish that marked out for us; for of all the duty it is the lot of a soldier to perform, that of escort to a large convoy is undoubtedly the most distasteful, there being but little credit to be obtained, while, if any accident should occur, blame is sure to fall heavily. Now the train we had to protect was composed of a "lot of sundries" for the use of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's army, extending from a cook-boy upwards to an elephant, and no end of carts laden with tents, baggage, and ammunition, &c. &c. The whole convoy, it was estimated, would occupy seventeen miles of road. Ah! what a delightful prospect of rearguards, what agreeable remarks sure to be made to officers on duty, because Gopy, gharree (carter), by jamming his cart with that of Gopaul, has kept this procession four hours beyond time. Altogether we were somewhat of the artilleryman's opinion, who thus feelingly expressed himself regarding the corps: "Hang me, I wouldn't be in that 1st Fusiliers for anything. They always have the hard work; and the only consolation to them is that they somehow manage to do it. Well, whatever the work was in this instance, we felt sure, having Seaton, that it would be done, and well done. The plan he adopted was so simple that I will venture to give it as a "receipt," to be followed by any commandant who may be similarly situated. We may state the question thus:—Given, a small force to protect a large convoy. That is the question. This sum is worked out by rule of sword as follows: Whenever an enemy is near the line of your road, drop your convoy, push on, and cut him up, taking his guns as a matter of course. On our march down, this rule was thrice applied, and the whole of this tremendous convoy protected, without a single article being captured by the enemy, or plundered by *friendly* villagers.

We marched from Delhi at two A.M. on the 9th December, moving through the city, and over the bridge of boats, and along the trunk-road, which we found to be in capital repair; in fact, from not having been cut up by traffic during the late rains, it was hard and smooth as one of the best macadamised roads in England. Strange to say, after marching for a few miles the hardness of the surface seemed to distress the men more than the sand in which they had been lately walking.

We marched next morning to Secundrabad—a tolerably large native town, which we found had been plundered and burnt by the natives: for it must not be at all fancied that during the late *emeute*, the people of Hindustan have united with the simple view of driving the English

rom their country. Many had a nuch more pleasant object in view; ınd it was that of helping themselves o property, to whomsoever it might ɔelong, always provided that such night be obtained without incurring ɔersonal risk. Where they could ;et a good fat Buneah,* he was plun-lered without the slightest hesita-ion; and in fact, at this very town, he following new mode of extracting upees was practised by mutineers ınd parties of armed peasants upon he wealthy, as I was informed by ɔeople of the place. The persons ıspected of being guilty of having noney, had one or two hooks in-erted under the shoulder-blades, or ıther tender part. He was then ɔitched into a well, and allowed to ink for about half a minute, and hen drawn up by a rope attached to he hooks. Did he still prove re-ractory, the operation was repeated; ɔut I am told that it is never neces-ary to continue this very long, the nost obstinate Buneah yielding ra-ɔidly to the treatment. In sober ruth, these men have practised greater horrors upon each other than hey have upon us; but whilst ɔur sufferings are patent to the world, few will ever know what the ɔeople of this country have suffered luring the last year. We marched he next morning to Koorjah, and, ɔy the regular route to Allyghur, ɔeing joined by a small party of the ɔth Lancers, under Captain Head of hat corps. On reaching Allyghur, ve found the fort to have been put n thorough repair, so far as the de-ences went, and that it was held by ı party of the 8d Bengal Europeans ınd some Sikhs, under command of Major Eld, late 9th Native Infan-ry. Here we halted a day; and ıearing that there was a large force ɔf the enemy within a short distance, nade every preparation for action, eaving the convoy, with all sick, ınd heavy baggage, under the pro-ection of the guns of the fort, if not n it, and marched on the 13th to Jellallee. On the 14th we moved to Jungehree, which we reached at ıbout 8 A.M., passing Farquhar's force of Belochees and European artillery, encamped a little off to the right of the road: these had arrived the day previous. Crossing the Kali Nuddee, our tents were pitched about a mile and a half beyond Farquhar, in some rhuhar fields; and the day being fine—"another fine sunshiny day!"—with rather a strong breeze blowing, it was impossible to see any distance; for, from the soil being a light sand, the slightest wind is sufficient in dry weather to raise a cloud of dust which completely obscures the view. Moreover, the rhuhar was then about three feet high. Most of the officers had breakfasted, and the men were about to sit down to their morning meal, when the well-known alarm sounding from our bugles called all to their posts. Not one of us had the smallest idea that we were to be attacked by the enemy, whom we hoped to have met on the morrow. However, there was no mistaking the familiar notes; and, as I said, officers and men were out in an instant. We were formed up, the 1st Fusiliers and a hundred men of the 3d Bengal Europeans, who accompanied us from Allyghur, in the centre, with the Sikhs and cavalry on our flanks, the Carabineers and Lancers on our right, and Hodson's Horse on the left, with the light guns in front, the heavies being brought up from the rear as quickly as possible. In this order we advanced on to the right of the road leading to Khassgunge, and were not long in doubt as to the whereabouts of the enemy, for our guns were quickly engaged with those of the mutineers. These replied but feebly to our fire; and it soon became obvious that the movement which they seemed to be making to our right, instead of being, as was expected, one of attack, was really a retreat; and it became necessary to move the cavalry on rapidly, to prevent the enemy carrying off their guns. Captain Wardlaw, who this day commanded the Carabineers, had received directions to use his discretion as to the time when it would be most advantageous to charge. Thinking the time had arrived, he advanced boldly upon the enemy's

* A corn-chandler, or petty trader in grain.

battery. On went the cavalry, but were received by showers of grape from the guns, and by musketry from the infantry, who were posted behind low sand hillocks. Nothing but death stopped the charge of our horse, who, dashing on, captured the guns, and sabred the gunners and infantry. The whole affair took less time in execution than I do in writing. Yet, in that short space, three out of five officers of the brave Carabineers and four men were killed, and eleven men wounded; while Captain Head, who commanded the small party of Lancers charging with the Carabineers, was also most dangerously wounded, two men of the latter corps being killed and four wounded.*

Hodson on the right was, meanwhile, off after the flying foe, who were pursued and cut up for miles by his Irregulars, whose red caps and redder swords will long be remembered by the enemy. I saw Hodson's sword, on his return, with three most ominous notches in it, and blood to the hilt. Even in the pursuit the rebels were dangerous, for the casualties amounted to twenty-three among Hodson's Horse.

Our infantry never fired a shot, and could hardly have seen an enemy, their retreat being so sudden, and to us unexpected. In fact, we were afterwards informed, and there is every reason to believe the information true, that having heard of Farquhar's small force, the enemy had advanced in expectation of cutting it up, and were quite taken by surprise at finding themselves in presence of a column of whose arrival they had not the smallest idea. Thus, having gained an easy victory, we returned to camp at about half-past 2 P.M.; and though we could not but feel sad at the serious loss among our gallant cavalry, more particularly at losing such a soldier as Wardlaw, yet at least we had the satisfaction of knowing they died in a glorious cause, and that they had been well avenged. The cavalry captured all the enemy's guns—one nine-pounder and two sixes—all Government property, and in good order. That gallant officer, Light, of the Artillery, charged this day with the Carabineers, and said that he never saw men ride better to, or work their guns with more determination, than the rebels. Major Farquhar deserved great credit for the rapidity with which he brought up his men into action. Had the enemy really made a stand, the Seelochees and artillery under his command would have arrived quite in time to have shared in the fight.

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"Pandy, your coat is very fine,
Your belt is full of riches;
But then, you know, your heart is in
The bottom of your breeches."—*Anon.*

Next morning we marched to Khassgunge, where the townspeople seemed to rejoice at our arrival, and told us that the enemy had retreated with great precipitance through this place. On the 16th we moved to Surhawur, where some of the enemy's cavalry were found, and cut up. Many of the disaffected also here paid the penalty of their crimes. While halted, we heard the morning gun of the enemy, followed by five or six other discharges. These latter seemingly came from the north-east, but it was difficult to be certain from what point the sound proceeded. On the 17th we marched towards Puttialee, and when within about two miles, just at sunrise whilst passing through a village we were informed that the rebels were still in their camp, and were determined to fight, but that they had only four small guns. Just outside this village we halted. Our men had their "morning," and the troops were then disposed so as to be ready for the work—Hodson's Horse, the Artillery and Carabineers on the right; the 1st Fusiliers, with one hundred of the 3d Europeans in the centre; and on the left, Stafford's Sikhs and some of Wyld's Rifles: again, on the left of all, some artillery, and the heavy guns in rear.

Moving on in this order, the artillery being pushed to the front, we reached the top of the slope lead-

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* Sandford, attached to the Carabineers, was one of the two officers who escaped, so that really only one officer of that regiment, Lieutenant Russell, came out of this charge.

ng down to Puttialee. The ground n front is open, but the view somewhat confined by the crops of rhuhar; and the morning being hazy, it was difficult to see distant objects distinctly. The town is tolerably extensive, the houses being detached and surrounded by gardens, particularly to the right, the fences enclosing them being formed by steep mud banks, mostly fringed with grass some eight or nine feet high. The whole place is well wooded.

The enemy were drawn up immediately in front of the town, and the gardens on our right were partially occupied by their troops. To the left of the road a shallow ditch had been dug, seemingly intended to protect infantry. Some time before our centre reached the top of the ridge the rebels opened on our advanced parties of cavalry from eight guns, and very shortly afterwards our artillery began to reply, our infantry being halted until some impression was made by our fire. This artillery combat might have continued, perhaps, thirty minutes, when the word to advance was given. On we move, and, to our surprise, without receiving a shot from the enemy, whose guns, we found, on reaching their position, had been captured by Colonel Seaton, who led the staff and horse-artillery, with some few of Hodson's Horse. In fact, seeing the enemy wavering, this bold charge, led by Seaton, decided matters so far as the guns were concerned. All was not over, however, for Hodson, wisely avoiding the gardens and town, kept upon the right flank of the now receating enemy, and, still moving on, when the open country was gained plunged into the flying crowd, and then came the scene of retribution. The "hour and the men" were there, and bloody were the horsemen's swords when they returned from a seven miles' pursuit. The Carabineers, Lancers, Artillery, and Irregulars, all were satisfied with this morning's work. It was estimated that six hundred of the foe were slain. In the meanwhile the infantry swept through the town and gardens, starting Pandies from under straw, out of ditches, and even finding a few in trees. Thus we went on until the place was thoroughly cleared. On reaching the open country, the ground was marked out and the camp formed. It was then found that we had captured thirteen guns, much ammunition, and lost but one man of Hodson's Irregulars. Not a European was killed, and only three were wounded.

When the bugle sounded our advance upon the town, our surgeon, who had formed our hospital about two hundred yards to the right of the column, rode up, and asked one of the men if any one had been injured. "O yes," said one of the Fusiliers, "only Jamieson has been hit through the *pouch*." "Poor fellow," observed the doctor, "what struck him?" "A round shot," was the answer. "A round shot through the paunch!" exclaimed the surgeon, not catching the word; "why, the man must be killed outright; where is he?" "There, to be sure," was the reply. The doctor, most anxious to see this interesting case, hurried to Jamieson, No. 4 Company, and then found that it was only the cartouch-pouch which had been torn from his back by a twelve-pounder shot, without injuring him in the least.

Next day we halted. The attack on this place was singularly well-timed, as, from letters found, I was informed that orders had arrived the evening before, directing the rebel force to fall back upon Futtehghur; and I learnt from villagers that several elephants with baggage had passed along the road the night before the battle, *en route* to that place. Had we been a day later, our birds would have been off. This accounted for our finding so very little baggage and no treasure.

All the country people were heartily glad to get rid of their Sepoy *friends*, and rejoiced to see us again. Going out as I did some distance from camp, I was invariably treated with civility, milk being brought out for the sahib, and the best shooting in the place shown, quite in the good old style. Of course, my acquaintances expected to be remunerated; it was not "all love," neither was it from fear, some calling at my tent the next day, and wishing to show me fresh ground.

On the 19th we moved back to the

camp formerly occupied by the enemy (the distance might be two short miles); but it became necessary, as news was brought in that a considerable number of rebels were going to attack us. What they could intend surpasses conjecture, unless they believed that we had met with a reverse. However, no sooner did they find a small body of our Irregulars were observing them, than they made a bolt of it, not even stopping to eat their already cooked dinners, or having the civility to ask us to partake, though we were most anxious to "cut in." Our friends never paused until they were across the Kali Nuddee, and over this stream we were not to cross.

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"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."—*Hudibras.*

On the 21st December we marched to Surhawur, on our return, moving gradually down to Mynpoorie, where we heard that a force had been got together by Tej Singh (*Anglicè*, The Sharp Lion), the rajah of that place. Though there were Sepoys with his army, if army it is to be called, the greater number were seemingly composed of the idle and idly disposed, of whom any number may be collected in India upon the shortest notice. Knowing this, we hardly expected them to await our attack; and we were therefore agreeably surprised when, on the morning of the 27th, we were informed that this force still held together, and was determined to fight. Moreover, the Rajah, Tej Singh, though very drunk, was too much interested with his young ladies to think of moving, and he had told his chief adviser to go and be ——, when that respectable individual ventured to suggest the advisability of his running away. The information obtained by Colonel Seaton, through Mr. Cox, C.S., who attended the force as commissioner, was so good, that he had his plan of action arranged long before we saw the enemy. They, expecting us to march down the high-road, were drawn up for battle on either side of it, with their guns pointing down the line upon which they calculated that we should advance. Instead of obliging them, however, in this respect, we were ordered to leave the road about four miles from Mynpoorie, and march by a country pathway running parallel to the high-road, and perhaps a mile distant from it. We advanced in column, but so as to be able, on the instant, to face the enemy by a simple deployment. Having thus moved on for about a mile and a half, the enemy's guns began to fire upon our advanced parties of our cavalry, and now the artillery was pushed on to advance to cut the enemy off from the town, and also to take them in flank, should they venture to stand. In the same direction moved the Carabineers and a few Lancers, Hodson's Horse keeping to the left, and rather facing the enemy. The fire from their guns continued whilst this manœuvre was being executed, our infantry keeping steadily upon the move. At last our guns opened; two rounds are fired; there is an explosion from where the enemy are, among the trees yonder; and the cry now is "They are off—they are off!" Away go the cavalry in pursuit, helter-skelter. We, in the meanwhile, advance upon the town, which is entered without the firing of a shot. Finally we reached the palace itself, where —ahem!!—we discovered a foundry, with moulds for guns, all perfect, one old six-pounder, and a double-barrel gun, not a bad sort of a weapon for ducks, had it been only safe, "which it was not." Thus terminated the *battle* of Mynpoorie, in which we did not lose a single man killed, and in which two only of Hodson's Horse were wounded. Counting the double-barrel as two, nine pieces of artillery were taken—one a beautiful 8-inch howitzer, seemingly lately received from Futtehghur. This gun was never fired, as, from the ground being very sandy, they were unable to get it round to bear upon us from the direction in which it was first placed, when we did not advance, as they anticipated, by the high-road; we found it standing, loaded with a terrific charge of grape.

The enemy probably lost two hundred, but they scattered so entirely upon the "sauve qui peut" principle, and so many women were mixed up with them, that it was found impossible to square accounts with the men in the manner most wished.

After remaining in the palace about

an hour, the main body countermarched to the old cantonment, near which place we encamped. At Mynpoorie we halted four days, changing ground once. We found the church at this station not so much injured as might have been expected, though the woodwork, pews, &c., had been removed as far as practicable. This tends to confirm a story we heard regarding the rebels. It was, that, having brought a gun to bear upon the building, and being unable to hit it, the gunners put down their bad shooting to some evil spirit who had taken up his abode within, and who turned aside their shot. In consequence, the firing was discontinued, lest some evil should befall the impious beings who ventured to fire at a "bhoot" (wicked spirit). On the 31st we marched to Bewur, our movement in this direction being expedited by intelligence brought in by some of Hodson's men, to the effect that a party who had gone out with Hodson had been cut up. The affair happened thus: We were aware, of course, that the Commander-in-Chief was moving up country, and were very anxious to open communication with him. When, therefore, reports came in, all agreeing that his Excellency's camp was only thirty miles distant, it was considered advisable to permit Captain Hodson, eager, as usual, to be foremost, to go forward with a party of his cavalry. About a hundred of the Sikhs went with Hodson to Bewur. Here he left part of them, and only took on some twenty men. Lieutenant M'Dowell, his second in command, accompanied him. On reaching Chibramow he found that the chief, instead of being there, was still some fifteen or twenty miles distant. It was impossible to move the men on—their horses were too tired; he therefore left them, and proceeded onward with M'Dowell. Late at night, news was brought into our camp that the Sowars thus left by Hodson had been surprised and cut up, and the village of Chibramow was of course in the hands of the enemy. Knowing that Hodson would return at once, and was sure to pass through this village, we were all most anxious upon his account, not for friendship's sake alone—though he is, I am proud to say, a Fusilier—but also for the loss the service would sustain in one so thoroughly proved, and who had done such good service to the State; we thought of him and M'Dowell quietly caught, all unsuspecting and unprepared! Yet what could be done? The force was ordered to march two hours earlier, and instead of halting at Sultangunge, as was first proposed, we moved on to Bewur. On the road, a little before daylight, a note was received from Hodson, informing Colonel Seaton that he was safe; and I am sure not one among us but felt much better when the good news was communicated by the colonel. The manner of his avoiding the danger was this: After leaving his men at Chibramow, he went on with M'Dowell to the chief's camp, had his interview, and was returning, when, about five miles from Chibramow, a man called to him from the side of the road, and told him that, when he passed the village in the morning, two thousand of the enemy were about to enter the place from the opposite side. These, supposing Hodson's small party of horse to be merely an advance-guard of our force, had at once retired, and concealed themselves in some gardens off the road. Afterwards learning, through spies they sent, how matters really stood, they had come down on the place, cut up all they met, both villagers and Sowars, and rushed on to the ford, so as to secure the road to Futtehghur. These men were evidently a party of rebels retiring before Walpole's force. Hodson, hearing this, was upon his guard, and avoided the place, distinctly hearing the hum of the enemy's camp as he walked his horse upon the soft sand by the roadside. Thus he came in safe, but slightly tired by a ride of some hundred miles. This was the second time that Hodson opened a communication between two armies. The first, it will be remembered, was between the Meerut and Umballa forces, shortly after the breaking out of the mutiny—an enterprise more full of danger than this last, which proved so perilous. The man who gave the timely information to Hodson was a Brahmin, to whom he had shown kindness that morning.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."
"Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings."
—*King Richard III.*

At Bewur we halted, waiting some days for the convoy, escorted by Wales's Horse. The followers of this enormous convoy, notwithstanding repeated orders and constant floggings, administered most unsparingly, by the Brigadier's direction, to all plunderers, still continued to give great trouble and annoyance. At least, I gather that such was the case from the conversation I overheard one evening. I was walking with Captain Osborn in the cool of the day, when a stout oily native came up to complain of the damage he had sustained. Oily peasant, with a low bow: "Sahib, I have had my corn trampled down by camels, and my sugar-cane eaten by the riders of camels; what can your slave do?"—Captain O. "How unfortunate! Do you know who stole the wood out of the dâk bungalow hard by?"—Dirty villager: "Oh! dear no, I don't know; haven't the slightest idea."—Captain O. "Well, your village does happen to be very close to the bungalow; but, of course, it could not be you who burnt and sacked it—of course not: tell me, is your father alive?"—"Yes."—Captain O. "And your grandfather?"—Oily peasant: "No."—Captain O. "You may perhaps remember that venerable individual?"—"Oh! dear, yes," was the reply.—Captain O. "Did he, or did your father, ever tell you, or did you ever see your crops injured as you say that they have been this year?"—Distressed savage: "No, never before, protector of the poor."—Captain O. "Well, *this* is the reward of mutiny. Your brothers and friends the Sepoys have brought this upon you, and this unsettled state of the country is merely a specimen of what their government would be; now, go home, and think over all this." Brigadier Walpole's column marched into Bewur on the 4th January 1858, and on the following day we proceeded to Futtehghur, pulling up half-way at Mahomedabad, hoping to share in the attack upon the former city, the Commander-in-Chief being about to move upon it from the south. There was, however, no stand made at Futtehghur the enemy having retired across the river, wanting the pluck to face the Chief's force after their defeat at Rhodahgunge.

On the 6th we marched into Futtehghur, and encamped a short distance from the army, of which we formed an integral part, under the personal command of the Commander-in-Chief. Here we had the pleasure of seeing the Highlanders "a sicht gude for sair een." Equally refreshing was it to see the Naval Brigade, the former, however, being *the* object of attraction to the natives who were most curious to know if "it was some other England that they came from, as they spoke another language." Besides this, they were anxious to know if "the Highland gentlemen in their hurry to come out had not forgotten their trousers." The sailors, not understanding the prejudices of caste, rather surprised the natives by interrupting their meals with, "I say Johnny, how do you sell your cakes?" and of course receiving no answer, taking up a chupatie (pancake), and throwing down what they call a halfpenny in payment, thus spoiling the man's meal; for no native would think of eating what remained of chupatie which had been touched by an European.

Our men seemed to fraternise most with the Rifles, at least *I judge* so from the following. Private Burke is brought in much bruised. "What, Pat, how have you been hurt?"—"Why, a drunken beast of an elephant knocked me down, and then dunched me with his head." "All that is singular. Are you quite sure that you were not drunk yourself?"—"Certain, but the two Rifles with me were in an awful state." "I dare say, but I never heard of an intoxicated elephant before."—"At any rate, your honour, the driver, who ought to know, said that the beast had been drinking." Inquiry here ceased. Paddy was quite *too strong* in mother-wit.

The Commander-in-Chief here reviewed us, and was pleased to speak of the corps in the most complimentary way, particularly remarking that "their having abstained from

plunder was most gratifying to him." The appearance of the remnant of the old 1st was also considered satisfactory by our distinguished leader.

We changed camp, moving from the cantonment to the new American missionary church; and while here, our leader, Colonel Seaton, C.B., was promoted to a brigadier's command. We were very sorry to lose one who may truly be marked as fortunate — fortune in his case secured by judgment in action. His plan of attack was always good, and the way in which the commander's head saved the lives of the men is sufficiently proved by the list of the casualties in three actions. These, indeed, were victories—victories won rather by the general than by the soldier. Captain Cunliffe succeeded to the command.

Here, dear reader, we halted for some time, and from this place I propose, in another paper, to travel with you to Cawnpore, thence across the Ganges to Lucknow, a name only second to that of Delhi in point of interest. My next, then, shall be from the banks of the Goomtee.

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THE COST OF WHIG GOVERNMENT.

My Dear Ebony, — When this reaches you, if it should reach you in time for your next publication, I have no doubt that the Whigs will be in full retreat after their late curish onslaught, less humiliated by shame than frantic with disappointment at their failure to recover office. Some ten days ago, judging from the jubilation of their supporters, and the arrogant braggery of that portion of the press which is content to worship the undeviating pluck of Palmerston, the straightforward policy of Lord John Russell, and the high rectitude of Clanricarde, an uninitiated stranger must have believed that the knell of the Derby Administration had sounded, and that Downing Street would forthwith be occupied by that same section of politicians which the House of Commons so lately hurled from power, because the honour of the nation was not safe in their miserable hands. Had the interests at stake been less momentous, I should have derived no small amusement from remarking the daily downfall of the mercury in the self-registering scale of assurance — the gradual subsidence of the swashbuckler bullying of Bobadil, into the detected impotency of Parolles—the humiliating change in the tone of the hack orators, whom the Whigs put forward in debate, from indignant denunciation of their opponents, to a whimpering protest of their own purity of motive—the sinking of the war-note of defiance, and the substitution of the penitential psalm. But this is no jesting matter. It is an impudent attempt on the part of a selfish, grasping, and unpatriotic faction to perpetuate a rule of which the country has declared itself to be weary; which has already cost a most lamentable expenditure of blood and treasure; which is directly antagonistic to wise, useful, and economical government; which has lowered our influence abroad, and which has bred disaffection at home.

They say, however, that they are certain of a majority; and some of their satellites, who pretend to extraordinary skill in computing votes, assert that it will be a large one. A fico for their prophecies, say I! Were they assured of victory, we should have had none of this blustering and bragging, which reminds me forcibly of the hideous shouting in a Chinese regiment on the eve of running away. It seems to me a clear proof that they are by no means confident of the pluck and constancy of their followers, many of whom dread a dissolution quite as much as they dread the foul fiend, and will do nothing to provoke a catastrophe so injurious to their pockets, and so fatal to their aspirations after senatorial renown. With that awful prospect before them, the rank and file of the Liberals, who cannot expect even a chance of looting, are desperately unwilling to move, and it was for the purpose of deceiving them that the Cambridge-House conspirators have

invented the monstrous figment of such an ascertained majority, as must render all idea of a dissolution impracticable. I will tell you why I call it a monstrous figment. Making every allowance for party ties, and inclinations, and strong entreaties, and unscrupulous misrepresentations, I refuse to believe that a majority of the British House of Commons will sanction such an iniquitous measure as the proposed wholesale confiscation of the land-rights of the people of Oude. I am aware that every means will be used to prevent that issue from being raised; but in reality there is none other worth consideration. The question is between the substance of the proclamation by Lord Canning, and the substance of the dispatch by the Ministry which censures it. The one proposal is to confiscate without trial; the other to regard property as inviolable, except where it has been forfeited by crime. *That* is the issue before Parliament — the only issue which is understood by the British people, or which will be understood by the civilised world— and I cannot think so basely of my countrymen as to believe that for *any* motive, much less for the mere aggrandisement of a faction, they will decide in direct opposition to justice and humanity, or sanction a most flagrant violation of the common law of nations. I refuse to believe that the great Liberal party are mere puppets to the will of a selfish junto of greedy Centurions, who, having held council in their tent, and divided the prospective spoil, can step forth, and desire the phalanx to do their bidding, without even the ceremony of an explanation. I am satisfied that there are men among that party who would spurn such contemptible dictation; and I expect that, ere this debate is over, some of them will make open proclamation of their independence. If the case is to be decided on the merits, I have no fear whatever as to the result; and that it should be otherwise decided, appears to me incomprehensible.

At the very worst, the result must be a dissolution of Parliament, a result for which I, certainly, am not anxious; for a general political contest is at no time palatable to the country. But if the Liberals are weak enough to play the game of the grasping Whigs, and to embarrass the Ministry on a great question like this, vitally affecting the whole future policy to be pursued in India, such a step may be absolutely necessary. I desire it not, but I do not fear it. It may not be a probable, but it certainly is a possible contingency; and that being the case, a word or two suggested by the present state of parties, may not be out of season. I wish that such matters were more frequently discussed. There is a great deal of independent feeling in the country, which might be roused to activity were it properly appealed to; and you may rely upon it, that, at the present day, independence of thought is the thing most imperatively required. You may consider it a dubious compliment, when I state my conviction that the high position which Maga has always maintained is quite, as now, owing to her high independent attitude, as to the talent exhibited in advocating her views. And as the independence of Members of Parliament can only be secured by an independent exercise of the franchise, let me say a word or two upon that topic, before passing to what is the more immediate subject of my letter.

Every elector throughout the three kingdoms will do well to consider, and that most seriously, and apart from personal motives, what may be the effect of his vote upon the future government of this country—not as regards the predominance of this party or of that, of Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston, or any other leader — but as sending to Parliament honest men, who will estimate measures simply as they may tend to the public good, and support statesmen only so long as they minister to the public advantage.

It may appear strange that it should be necessary at the present day to insist upon the importance of a thoroughly conscientious discharge of the electoral function; but the truth is, that in a vast number of cases, men who are not regular and interested partisans, vote, or abstain

from voting, rather from habit, connection, friendship, persuasion, or seduction, than from a clear sense of duty, or deep impression of responsibility. They regard their individual votes as of very little consequence, and labouring under this delusion, they constantly fall victims to those political crimps, who, at all elections, are as busy as recruiting-sergeants at a country-fair. They agree to vote for Mr. So-and-so, because he is a pleasant person, a respectable citizen, a responsible man, and one who pays his way, without reflecting that he has notoriously sold himself to do the bidding of a particular party, represented by a particular leader; and that his sole sense of honour is to redeem that engagement, even though his conscience should warn him that, in so doing, he is sacrificing the interests of the nation. Others, again, are induced to give their support to a candidate, of whose antecedents they know nothing, because he is a smart clever fellow, with considerable power of slack-jaw, and a vehement denouncer of abuses. Alack! before he has been a month in the House of Commons, that promising young patriot will have tasted of Achan's accursed thing, and be found as obedient to the whip of Hayter as ever was clown at Astley's to the gentle flagellation of Widdicombe. Imposture, my beloved Ebony, is of no one particular party. I have seen ere now, a gentleman present himself to a somewhat divided constituency as a Liberal-Conservative, or Piebald, and gain support from either side, on account of his ingenious adjustment of colours. Afterwards I have seen that identical individual expose himself to sale and become the slave of the highest bidder, as calmly as if the human market at St. Stephen's were one whit more creditable than that of Constantinople. Verily he was entitled to a fair price, for he sold not only himself, but every elector who was fool enough to believe in his integrity.

But the grand delusion of the day, and that which ought in every way to be exposed, is the monstrous figment of the Whigs, that there exists or has existed for some time back a United Liberal Party. I can believe in the existence of the Sea serpent or the Kraken, in Prester John, in the Wandering Jew, in the reality of the Golden Fleece, or the Apples of the Hesperides—in anything strange, wonderful, remote, or unlikely—but my swallow is much too limited to let down this Liberal party! Wherever there is a party, there must according to my understanding of the term, be some common bond, some general tie, some definite aim, some intelligible purpose. All the members of it must agree to do something, or to abstain from something; they must have unity of action, else they are no party at all. Fancy a boat's crew, one half of whom shall be pulling, and the other half backing water—call ye that a united party? Is it a sign of union among them that they hate and despise each other, wrangle, revile, and accuse each other of all manner of villany, fraud, subterfuge, deceit, meanness, imposture, and swindling? Where was the union when the Radicals, with such hearty good-will, and such genuine exertion of toe, kicked the Whigs out of office, howling and discomfited, no latter than the month of February? Have they since apologised, contritely and in tears for having subjected their beloved friends of the Whig section of the United Liberal Party to such ignominious punishment? Have they tendered any healing diachylum, or fomentation, for the fundamental bruise? Have they listened to the witching words of old Mr. Ellice, who, to the intense amusement of the public, kept stumping about the pavement so industriously for the purpose of patching up differences? Are they willing, like the sagacious and self-denying Horseman, to put on Whig harness; though, unlike him, without any distinct understanding as to the supply of oats? What amount of love—or let me rather say, of respect, which should be more than love—prevails among you, O ye of the Liberal United Party, even at the present hour? Can worse be said of a man, or of a body of men who call themselves statesmen, than that they are actuated by faction, not by principle—that, under the pretext of public duty, they are conspiring

for their selfish aggrandisement, or, to use direct words, for place and pay—that they are paltering with the welfare of the empire to insure the defeat of their opponents? Yet such are the charges that have been broadly preferred against the Whigs, acting for the nonce under the guidance of Lords Palmerston and John Russell, by Messrs Roebuck and Bright, by Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, all of them Liberals, and conspicuous members of that heterogeneous alliance, which the Whigs would fain have us to believe is still in maintenance and active operation.

Why do I refer to these things? Simply because, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, you will hear the Whigs shouting in the marketplace, as clearly as I now hear the cuckoos of the hill-side, that the LIBERAL CAUSE is in danger; and that all Liberals must unite to aid them in overthrowing the Derby Administration. Possibly you may think that they will hardly have the audacity, after their recent exposure, to try that dodge again. I know them better. They have become so used to the pillory, that they have lost all sense of the disgrace attending it: they are as impervious to shame as the most inveterate gang of thimblers. They know that the cry has been effectual to serve their purpose in the days which have gone by; and they will try it on still, just as an itinerant performer on the barrel-organ keeps grinding away, though almost every vestige of a tune has departed from the instrument. For a quarter of a century that cry, the LIBERAL CAUSE, has found them in meat and drink—yea, in clothing and spending-money—has equipped and provided for, at the public cost, no end of Dowbs and similar innocents, who have been nurtured with the Whig manna—has given them fresh strength when exhausted and broken down—has never failed to find a new supply of dupes—has been the happiest imposture that stands recorded in the annals of political roguery. When the Hebrew salesman in despair abandons the cry of "Clo'," then, but not till then, will the Whig desist from his sleeve the LIBERAL CAUSE. After all, under present circumstances, I great doubt whether he could invest better, for the Whig stock in trade very scanty, miserably threadbare somewhat unclean, and in no manner of way alluring.

I do not expect that this exceedingly stale device will impose upon any large section of electors, or that a regular Whig, known as such by headmark, will profit much at the hustings by calling on the constituencies to rally for the Liberal cause. But there is a peculiarity in the Whig mode of recruiting, which seems to me to have escaped general observation, although it has proved most advantageous for their purposes, and has tended, more than anything else, to prolong that delusion to which I have just adverted. I am informed that it has been practised more systematically in Scotland than in England, but of this you must judge for yourself. If it be so, I should be inclined to question the truth of that adage which assigns to the Scot a larger portion of shrewdness than is supposed to be gifted to his southern neighbour.

Though the Whigs make a regular practice of claiming the Liberal support for every candidate of their own section whom they may bring forward, they by no means recognise the obligation of recipocity in the case of an independent candidate. If he is a new man, they denounce his intrusion as an unprincipled attempt to break up the Liberal party. If he has previously sat for the borough, and comes for re-election, they start against him some titled Whig whippersnapper, whose family—God save the mark—have a vested right of representation. There are, however, some places which they cannot occupy by direct adherents, because the electors have had too long and too intimate a knowledge of Whiggery to tolerate it when undisguised, and will not submit to the degradation of being misrepresented by some unfledged Phipps or Elliot. To all outward appearance, these are fortalices not to be carried by assault, or won by dexterous management. The bulk

of the electors are hard-visaged, hard-headed men, with strong reforming notions, and but small respect for the aristocracy. They are not to be won over in the mass by becks and bows and wreathed smiles—they are proof even against the fascinations of the Whig Calypsos and Circes, whose electioneering exploits are amongst the fondest traditions of the party—they are not tractable to balls, cannot be bribed by venison, and are indeed about as impenetrable a set as ever taxed the ingenuity of a Treasury agent. But there is always one weak point by which the tempter can creep in. Boroughs have corporations, and the majority of every corporation consists of drones who have a keen appetite for honey. Gradually there has arisen between the members of the corporation and the Secretary of the Treasury, or some knowing subordinate, a substantial good understanding. The stimulating effect of Government patronage has been felt and appreciated; and the magnanimous common-council-man who, with Roman fortitude, has devoted Bill to the excise, and Tommy to the post-office of his country, begins to appreciate the value of the axiom that virtue has its own reward. Presently our friend in London begins to manifest some curiosity as to the political state of the borough. He has heard that Mr. Rubbles the builder, who is a stiff Cobdenite, intends to offer himself as a candidate on the next vacancy. He has nothing whatever to say against Rubbles, who doubtless is an excellent person; still it does strike him that he, Rubbles, is not quite the style of man who ought to represent so important a borough as Quashington; nor can he hold out the hope that, in the event of his return, matters can be adjusted so smoothly and pleasantly as before, between her Majesty's Government under the auspices of Lord Viscount Palmerston, and the common-council-men of Quashington, in whose welfare and prosperity the noble Viscount has always taken so deep and marked an interest. The friends of Mr. Rubbles really should interfere; for the conduct of an extensive business is manifestly quite incompatible with the occupancy of a seat in Parliament. Will Mr. Jobloon be kind enough to speak privately on the subject to Mr. Rubbles? On this hint Jobloon speaks, but presently finds that he has caught a regular Tartar; for Rubbles, having gained an inkling that the Government officials have been interfering in what certainly is no business of theirs, swears, by lath and plaster—as the Scythians swore by fire and sword—that he will see the whole gang of them, including Jobloon and the noble Viscount, at the bottom of the pit of Erebus before he will surrender the cherished object of his ambition.

This causes a decided coolness, amounting almost to frigidity, between the two worthy burghers, who had hitherto been fast friends, and who had consumed together as many tumblers of brandy-and-water as would have sufficed for the computation of the Christian era. Jobloon privately expresses his opinion to a select auditory, that Rubbles is a conceited ass, who esteems himself wiser than his neighbours; Rubbles, with equal truth, denounces Jobloon as a political castaway. The demon of discord, having elbowed his way so far, now takes open possession of Quashington. The citizens are divided in opinion and sentiment. Some would willingly support Rubbles, were Rubbles other than he is. They admire his independent attitude and burly scorn of imposture; but they are not sure whether, after all, he is likely to cut a great figure as a Parliament man. For Rubbles has an awkward habit of perverting the Queen's English, and makes wild work with his polysyllables. Also, in the act of delivery, he demeans himself like a demoniac, with so much froth and fury and frantic gesticulation, that it is by no means safe, and at all times exceedingly unpleasant, to act as his bottle-holder. But were he as great a master of oratory as either Mr. Vernon Smith or Sir Charles Wood, poor Rubbles would be still liable to the objection which lies at the bottom of the heart of every elector—namely, that at best he is a simple tradesman like themselves, not very much richer, or more

learned, or wiser than his fellows, and that his pretensions to represent them in Parliament savour of consummate impudence. No better judge of human nature ever lived than our venerable preceptor Æsop; and is it not written in his pages how the jack-daw that availed itself of the peacock's feathers was instantly surrounded, insulted, and persecuted by its tribe?

It is understood that, in the event of a dissolution, the sitting member for Quashington, Mr. Pettitoe, is to retire. It is full time. Immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, Pettitoe dropt into Quashington like an aerolite, and buried himself so deeply in the soil thereof, that he never could be dislodged. His politics are nominally Liberal, but of an uncertain kind. He called himself a Philosophic Whig, voted on all great occasions with his party, and is supposed to occupy his leisure with the construction of ballot-boxes on an improved principle. But he is now old, deaf, obtuse, and somewhat quarrelsome; and it is evident to all men that he cannot last for another session. Rubbles is alone in the field; shall we shout huzza for Rubbles?

Not yet. In the warmth of his honest heart, and with a great splutter of indignation, Rubbles has made himself conspicuous by denouncing the Palmerstonian policy as regards China, and at a public meeting has made some observations the reverse of complimentary to Sir John Bowring. He had much better have held his tongue. Down come the tidings of dissolution, and down comes a stout elderly gentleman, who forthwith waits upon Mr. Jobloon, introduces himself as Mr. Chopstick, a retired China merchant in affluent circumstances, who proposes to stand for Quashington on independent Liberal principles. He is the bearer of a note of introduction, which, when unfolded by the trembling hands of Jobloon, discloses the well-known initials attached to the magic words "All right;"—a firman equal in potency to any that ever bore the signature of the Commander of the Faithful. Next morning Quashington is placarded with the address of Mr. Chopstick, an uncompromising Liberal, ready to go for the ballot, annual parliaments, household suffrage, separation of Church and State, reduction of the army, abolition of diplomatic establishments, and every other kind of social and political reform—tied to no ministry, jealous of cabinets, distrustful of statesmen, but determined upon one point—to support that glorious and truly British policy of universal interference, of which Lord Palmerston is so distinguished a champion, and which has made the name of England so beloved from the rising to the setting of the sun. Against such a candidate as this, whose purse is supposed to be quite as long as his arm, and who has the reputation of having realized rather more than a million from contraband dealings in opium, what chance has Rubbles? None. One by one his friends, following the example of the treacherous Jobloon, fall away from him. Chopstick is elected member for Quashington by an immense majority; and has ever since maintained his character for uncompromising liberality—only somehow or other, he is always found voting for the Whigs.

I should like very much to know how many Chopsticks there are at this moment in the ranks of the Liberal party. They are by no means easily detected, because it is an understood thing that they are not to have office; unless indeed, when the extreme exclusiveness of the Whigs has excited such general dissatisfaction, that, for appearance sake, it is absolutely necessary to introduce some new blood. On such occasions it is sometimes deemed expedient to call in a Chopstick, on the distinct understanding, however, that he is to resign without murmuring, as soon as it may be prudent to reinforce the Whig family connection. But usually they are expected to content themselves with pickings of patronage, which go a great way indeed to strengthen their individual interest, and which are always cited as splendid instances of Whig liberality. Of all modern political inventions, the institutions of this sacred order of the Chopstick may be considered the most useful. Without them

Whiggery would long ago have gone to a dishonoured grave; for the creed of the Whigs is not a popular one, nor do they understand the art of enlisting the public sympathy. But when the Whigs proper are in disgrace, then the Chopsticks stand forth as their vindicators and apologists, admitting indeed their faults, bewailing their backslidings, but urging all Liberals to give them a fresh trial and a new lease of confidence, as the only means of making good defence against the common enemy, by which obnoxious tilte they invariably designate the Conservatives.

It was by means of the Chopsticks that the Whigs hoped the other day to succeed in their desperate attempt to overthrow Lord Derby's administration; and you may depend upon it that the movement was not made without due consideration, and a strong conviction of its importance at this particular time. Under ordinary circumstances, and acting upon the usual system of tactics, the Whigs would hardly have ventured so soon to join issue with their opponents; indeed, it might have been presumed that they were not in a state to do so, as rancour, jealousy, and disunion were notoriously in their camp, and the serious feud between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell was not even in the course of accommodation. The risk of failure was evidently great; and the consequences of failure could not be otherwise than disastrous. Nor was the *casus belli* by any means such as a long-sighted politician would have selected from choice. It was clearly impossible to have vindicated Lord Canning's confiscatory proclamation on the grounds of humanity or justice, whatever kind of argument might have been advanced in favour of its policy; and yet, unless unqualified approval could be given to the terms of the proclamation, how could the censure passed upon that proclamation by her Majesty's Government be condemned? All this must have been foreseen, noted, and discussed before the arrangements for the assault were made.

Why then did the Whigs resolve, under such unfavourable circumstances, to risk an attack—why was a reconciliation so hastily patched up between the sulky chieftains—why was Cambridge House made the scene of a clandestine conspiracy? To me the explanation appears quite simple. It has been the policy of the Whigs for many years to denounce the Conservatives as bigoted obstructives, enemies to reform, opponents of retrenchment and economy, friends of tyranny, and so forth; and to disseminate the notion that the liberties of the people were not safe in the hands of a Tory government. They knew too well the practical value of the word "Liberal"—though in their case a word only, without any real significance—to allow it to be applied to any other party: and they have found apt organs in the press to propagate the gross delusion. If the Conservatives actually were what the Whigs represent them to be, their accession to power would excite no such convulsive struggles as mark the political history of the years 1852 and 1858. It would rather be hailed, by all but habitual placemen, as a fortunate interregnum, useful for the consolidation of the Liberal phalanx, for promoting harmony, adjusting differences, and preparing for a new course of legislation. If the tenor of Conservative government is unpopular, illiberal, or oppressive, surely the best way of guarding against the possibility of the reconstruction of such a government would be, to let the people of Great Britain have some real experience of the evil? If the influences of Whiggery are so wholesome, and those of Toryism so baleful, why shrink from the practical demonstration? Are you afraid, Messieurs the Whigs? Yes, terrified to your inmost souls.

You collected your forces, arranged your Chopsticks, and made this most foolish and futile assault upon the Ministry—not because you anticipated any danger to India from their manly and upright assertion of the principles of truth and justice—not because you were especially concerned for the mortification which so merited a rebuke might inflict upon your friend Lord Canning—but because you saw that they were commending themselves to the country by steady perseverance in that policy

which they had openly announced, that promise was followed up by performance, and that the independent Liberals, whom you never were able to win over by flattery or cajolement, were already drawing a contrast between their earnestness and activity, and your pretence and inefficiency. You were aware that, with each successive month, they would gain golden opinions from all sorts of men, the more readily because you had so often disgracefully abused the credulity of the public. You saw them bringing forward practical measures of reform which you might long ago have carried, had you given to the public interests that amount of thought and care which you lavished on your party manœuvres; and you determined, if possible, to cut short that course of useful and popular legislation, because it furnished so severe a commentary on your own apathetic career. Worse than all, you saw that the honour of the nation and the rights of British citizens, which you and your high-spirited leader had allowed to be tarnished and infringed with hardly the semblance of a protest, were at once triumphantly vindicated by the activity and determination of the Conservative government; that the captives whom you had allowed to pine in the Neapolitan dungeon, exposed to moral and physical persecution so severe, that even reason gave way beneath its pressure, were set free; and you could not but feel how miserable in the eyes of Europe was the position which you had assumed, compared with that of your successors!

Excuse, my dear Ebony, this apostrophe to the Whigs. I do not often converse with them; but when I do, I like to have it out. They cannot possibly take offence at my plain speech, because the same thing or something very like it, has been repeated to them in the House of Commons, by various of their old allies, several times in the course of the last fortnight. For my part, I wish that it could be repeated throughout the length and breadth of the land; so that the people might cease to be mere dupes of words, and set themselves diligently to inquire what are those Liberal principles about which we have heard so much. I ought rather to say, what is Liberal practice—for principles, heaven knows, are easily come by, and there is no great difficulty in enunciating them.

By way of affording a small contribution towards the stock of material necessary for such an inquiry, I would entreat the attention of the ratepayers of the three kingdoms to the price which has been paid, or rather the debt which has been incurred, for the maintenance of a so-called Liberal Government, from the year 1852 downwards. It will be remembered that in that year Lord Derby resolved to take the sense of the country, through the legitimate means of a dissolution of Parliament, on the vexed question of Free Trade, binding himself and his followers to abide by the decision, so that one great element of internal dispute might finally be set at rest. The result, as every one anticipated, was in favour of Free Trade; and from that moment the strife, which had lasted for well-nigh seven years, was terminated. But on that question, Lord Derby, as minister, had sustained no defeat. He did not assume office for the purpose of reimposing the sliding-scale of duties upon corn, or for making any alteration in the fiscal system which had been adopted. On the contrary, his ministry was partly composed of men who professed their adherence to the commercial principle then recognised and in operation, and who were avowedly adverse to a change. When the new Parliament met, it became obvious that the Ministry were not to be allowed even the formality of a trial. They had been condemned, and were to be ousted, not for anything they proposed to do, but on account of conscientious convictions which many of them held upon a question then at rest, and never to be disturbed—convictions which, be it remembered, had, but a very few years before, been expressed by the more prominent of their antagonists. And ousted they were upon the Budget, in consequence of that well-known coalition of the Whigs with the adherents of the late Sir Robert Peel, who pre-

sently proceeded to make a distribution of the spoil.

The first effect of the change of Ministry was the outbreak of the Russian war. That this calamitous event arose directly from that political movement which made Lord Aberdeen Premier of Great Britain, is incontestably proved by the correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour, who has detailed the conversation of the Emperor Nicholas with a minuteness which leaves no possible room for doubt. The death of the great Duke of Wellington, which happened in the autumn of 1852, the removal of Lord Derby from power, and the restoration to office of the Liberal party, whose diplomatic weakness and faint-hearted policy he thoroughly understood and appreciated, seemed to the Czar to present to his ambition precisely that opportunity for carrying into effect his designs against Turkey, which he had long sighed for in vain. Still he might have been checked before the sword was actually drawn, and the irrevocable step taken, had Britain then possessed a Foreign Minister capable of expressing, in clear, strenuous, and unmistakable language, the sentiments of the country, without disguise and without circumlocution. But, unfortunately for us all, the conduct of the Foreign Office was then intrusted to Lord John Russell, who, enchanted with the opportunity of drawing up a state-paper upon a subject so momentous, and desirous of showing his complete master of style, concocted a minute so weak, so frivolous, and so overloaded with absolutely fulsome compliment, that the Czar may be pardoned for having failed to comprehend its tenor, or rather for having regarded it as a mere formal protest, the substance of which bore about the same proportion to its verbiage that Falstaff's modicum of bread did to his intolerable deal of sack. We have heard recently some severe strictures passed upon Lord Ellenborough's style of composition; and if we are to accept this document by Lord John Russell as a model and masterpiece, undoubtedly there is some foundation for the criticism. But in sober earnest, what is the worth or value of a despatch, minute, or document of any kind, unless it conveys to the recipient the distinct views of the man who sends it? Certain forms there may be, or formalities of expression, which, being sanctioned by long usage, may find their way into diplomatic intercourse, but never surely to such an extent as to obscure the actual meaning. I do not blame Lord John Russell for this. I have read a good many of his compositions as matters of duty, and I am deliberately of opinion that he never was at any time capable of writing a good despatch. There is an inherent feebleness in his style, arising, as it appears to me, from a perpetual straining after elegance, and a fastidiousness in the choice of words which must ever disqualify him from producing a clear, masterly, and convincing paper; and on this occasion the unwonted excitement of addressing an emperor by proxy, seems to have thrown him into such a state of bewilderment that he wrote even worse than usual. The parties really to blame were his colleagues, who allowed him to select and occupy a situation, the duties of which he was not fitted, either from talent or experience, to discharge; and they can plead for this no other excuse than the want of cohesion, mutual respect, and authority in a Cabinet formed out of such discordant materials.

I will not do the Whigs the wrong to aver, that by any overt act of theirs they provoked the Russian war. They can, upon occasion, bluster loud enough, and utter brave words, after the manner of ancient Pistol at the bridge; but they are seldom over anxious to come to conclusions with Fluellen. Nor do I believe that it was with the will of Lord Aberdeen that we were ultimately forced into hostilities. But I consider their advent to power at that time as having been a great national misfortune, inasmuch as it led the Czar to believe that the time had come when he might seize with impunity on the territory of the "sick man," establish himself at Constantinople, and set the rest of Europe at defiance. He believed that between the new British Minis-

try and the Emperor of the French there could be no cordiality or genuine alliance, and he reckoned upon that reciprocal coldness as a main element of success. What followed, therefore, is a matter of detail, now in the possession of history. As far as regards the conduct of the war the new Ministry had nothing to boast of; and when it was broken up, to make way for a pure Whig Administration, there was neither sound of exuberant joy nor of deep lamenting in the streets. Finally, Sebastopol fell; our troops were withdrawn from the Crimea; and we were left to count at leisure the cost of a barren and even dubious victory.

Still it was some consolation to reflect that the war was at last over, and that the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed. Closed? Alas, the yawning bi-valves were standing as wide open as before! To its unspeakable astonishment, and, be it added, deep disgust, the British nation was now informed that it was at war with Persia, for what reason, or on what pretext, or for what motive, no man living could tell. Yes, there was one living man who might have given us the information had he been so minded—Palmerston the plucky, who by this time had been called to the Premiership. But with that reserve which is considered the highest diplomatic accomplishment, the jaunty Viscount declined to give explicit revelations; it was in fact a little pet war of his own, for which of course he was responsible; and that responsibility being admitted, why should he be annoyed with questions? Down to the present moment, Ebony, I profess to you that the origin of that same Persian war is to me the profoundest of mysteries. Something I remember to have heard or read about the wife or other female relation of an interpreter, but of her wrongs I have not the slightest knowledge. Grievous surely they must have been to justify the armed interference of Great Britain in the cause of an Helen or Briseis—as grievous at least as those of Don Pacifico, for whose fractured crockery and injured furniture Lord Palmerston, on a previous occasion, imperilled the peace of Europe. But we might pass over this same Persian war as a mere bagatelle, costing probably but a few insignificant millions, were it not for the fearful consequences to which, in connection with another most ill-judged enterprise, it led. That enterprise, which is far too honourable a name for such an act of folly, you will remember once divine to be the abortive hostilities with China.

Don't be afraid that I am about to go into particulars. I am as sick of the "lorcha" business as you or any other man can be, and it certainly is not worth while, at this time of day, to comment upon the conduct of Bowring. Besides, Bowring is clearly entitled to plead absolution, and to insist that the whole responsibility shall rest upon the shoulders of his spiritual superior Palmerston, who has openly accepted the burden. In like manner it is quite possible that the Viscount may refer to the result of the last general election as a proof of the acquiescence of the nation in his policy; and it would be very shabby to deny him the benefit of such a plea. But this much, at least, I shall unhesitatingly aver, that the nation at large neither sought nor desired to have any kind of quarrel with China; and that the acts of Lord Palmerston were not the result of any pressure from without. Thus, then, we were landed in a third war with the overgrown Celestial Empire, which we certainly do not wish to conquer, and could not hold if it were conquered.

The armament destined for China was just leaving our shores when the Indian mutiny broke out. It is not for me to attempt an elaborate examination of the causes which led to that fearful and sanguinary revolt. Years probably must elapse before these are accurately known, and before we can discover the real source and nature of the influences which were brought to bear upon the Sepoys—whence arose their disaffection, and by what means and artifices it was swelled into mutiny. But it has already been stated by some intimately acquainted with Indian affairs, that the outbreak was materially hastened by the Persian

war, and by the knowledge that Great Britain was otherwise engaged in Asiatic hostilities. Undoubtedly such are the very occasions which would be selected for revolt or rising; and it is hardly possible to suppose that the men who planned that extensive mutiny—for planned it undoubtedly was—did not calculate on the advantage which might accrue to them from the necessity imposed upon England of carrying on war elsewhere. In the January number of the Magazine (article, "The Poorbeah Mutiny") there is quoted a proclamation, found in the captured tent of the Shahzahad commander, after the rout of the Persians at Mohumrah, which clearly proves that the Sepoy conspiracy was part of a grand Oriental movement against the British power. Such being the disposition, the opportunity only was wanting, and that opportunity was given by the intermeddling policy of Palmerston and his colleagues with regard to Persia and China. All our reverses in the East are traceable to Whig misgovernment. Who will deny that the responsibility of the Affghan war, with its heavy disaster, which first destroyed our prestige in the East, by showing that England was not always invincible, rests with the Whig Lord Auckland? And how was Lord Auckland appointed? I answer, by the Whigs in 1835, through the dirtiest job that ever soiled even their contaminated fingers. Lord Heytesbury, a man of the most undoubted ability and character, was appointed Governor-General of India by the Court of Directors, and the appointment was approved of by the King, on 5th of February of the above year. His outfit was made, but he had not sailed when in April the Whigs came into power; and almost the earliest step which they took was to revoke the appointment of Lord Heytesbury, for which purpose they were obliged to procure a warrant under the sign-manual. Against a proceeding so monstrous and unprecedented the Court of Directors remonstrated, stating their decided conviction that the vital interests of India would be sacrificed, if the appointments of Governors should be made subservient to political objects in this country, and if the local authorities were led to understand that tenure of office abroad was dependent upon the duration of an Administration at home. They might as well have remonstrated with the winds. The Whigs, though not more greedy then than now, were more shameless. They were determined that such a prize as that of the Governorship of India should not be lost to their family connection; and they CONFISCATED (for that is the proper word) Lord Heytesbury's appointment, and gave it to Lord Auckland—a most evil gift for him, poor man; far better had he remained in his pristine obscurity, than been handed down to posterity as the most unfortunate and incompetent of proconsuls!

But I really need not dwell longer upon such topics. I have brought them forward in the hope that those who call themselves economical reformers, and who are sincerely anxious, as I am also, that the vast burdens imposed upon the people of this country should be diminished rather than augmented, will turn their attention to and deliberately consider the cost of a Whig Government. I shall not venture to say, as a demonstrable proposition, that had Lord Derby not been factiously removed from office in 1852, the peace of Europe would have been preserved, or the Eastern outbreaks prevented. It is not for fallible man to hazard conjectures as to what "might have been," under circumstances different from what they really were. We can only look to circumstances which have emerged, and to their results. But even in that circumscribed range, I would ask the Liberals to consider whether the One hundred and fifty extra millions, beyond our ordinary charges, which we have expended during the last six years, is not a very large price to pay for the benefit of a Whig Government, against which the Liberals are constantly rebelling on account of its unexampled exclusiveness? Retrench, economise, cut down, and pare as you please—far more than a generation must pass away before you can replace that one hundred and fifty millions, which, I say, you directly owe to Whig government. Take all that

the Whigs have done for you, for mankind, for liberty, for truth, for honour, and estimate it as largely as a Jew would estimate a jewel which he desires to sell, and tell me if that will cover a tithe, or a twentieth, or a hundredth part of that monstrous additional burden which fell upon you, imposed by the hands of those men who wish to be the gods of your idolatry? Why, gentlemen of the economical school, you are not half so wise in your generation as the negroes of the coast of Dongola. If they find that the fetishes to whom they have prayed, send them not rain but pestilence and drought, they seize on the ugly lumps of feather, and cast them in the fire. You have put up a Whig fetish; and you have prayed to it very pertinaciously; and you see what answer you have gotten to your prayers; and yet there you are kneeling!

I break off. I have just received the telegraphic account of the close of the debate; and I recommend it to the earnest attention of my countrymen. I see no cause for exultation. That truth and justice should be preferred to falsehood and spoliation, need excite no higher feeling than that of satisfaction; and, indeed, it would be deplorable were it otherwise. But I am gratified to know that faction, henceforward, will receive no countenance from purely independent men, by whatever name they may call themselves; and I do rejoice that the hypocritical Whigs, who concocted this mean conspiracy, and who insulted the honest Liberals by assuming that they would accede to their unprincipled scheme, have been detected and unmasked. I am thankful even for their lack of courage. The brave bold end of Catiline, warring to the death for his treason, has in some sort saved his memory. What shall we say of those pitiful-hearted conspirators, who—after having wagered so much, and bragged so much, and having called heaven and earth to witness the purity of their motives, and the integrity of their hearts, and their devotion to the constitution, and every other adjuration which stands as a commonplace in the Whig catalogue of rhetoric—gave in, without daring a division? Ah, cravens! ah, capons! could ye not have concealed the white feather! No party movement—no political intrigue—no organised combination. So the have asserted, and will assert; men like Bethel and Wood, whose antecedents (in their own estimation though I take leave even to doubt that are favourable to such a supposition will protest it, as confidently as a smuggler will swear to a contraband keg of Geneva. Assert away, gentlemen! If the report of the Parliamentary proceedings, contained in the daily prints, be correct, you fail to impress even the House of Commons with a high notion of your disinterested patriotism. And when you next attempt a similar assault, let the nominal leader of the forlorn hope be more cautiously warned as to appearances. It certainly looks odd that Mr. Cardwell, who had undertaken the duty of bringing forward the resolution without any concert with a party, but solely from a sense of justice, should have exposed himself to observation, by taking at the last moment deliberate counsel with the expectant Whig chiefs, as to the withdrawal of his motion. But I protest to you, on my conscience, that I am almost sorry for Mr. Cardwell. A more humiliating position cannot be conceived than that of the small boy attached to a gang of burglars, whose duty it is to enter the house and admit the talle cracksman. There he stands in the dusk contemplating the premises and revolving in his precocious mind various schemes of invasion. Two courses seem open to him. He can either wriggle himself in by the pantry window, or he can descend by the chimney, or he can creep up by the sewer. The latter seems to him the most commodious method of access, so he dives like a rat into the drain. His confederates listen at the orifice. For a time they hear no sound; but at last there is a roar and gush of waters, and poor pickled Neddy is whirled forth in such a plight, that none of his pals, not even the gentleman with a chronic cold in his head, will vouchsafe to extend to him a finger.

Ever, my dear Ebony, yours,

ROUND ROBIN.

## MAY-DAY.

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear."

"YES,—call me early—not very early, but earlier than usual—say seven sharp"—were my last words over-night to Tom Summers, my single retainer—almost as good as a mother to me, for he fed me with a spoon for three weeks when I was recovering, against all rule, and in spite of doctor's prophecies, from the jungle-fever. Tom showed no mark of surprise at this unusual order—he never is surprised at anything—but presented me with my dressing-gown and slippers, put the spills and the cigar-case within easy reach, and silently departed.

Six months ago I landed from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's good ship Canopus, fourteen days from Alexandria, and stepped once more upon the shore of old England, which I left before I was eighteen. How many years ago was that? No matter. Possibly I may have matrimonial views, and if so, the quieter we keep that subject the better. People are not to judge of me by my looks; an Indian sun soon spoils our roses and lilies, and the important cares of the civil service have traced, I see, a few wrinkles; in fact my *personnel* is that, no doubt, of a man who has seen some work, and may be, as they say, "any age." Few people in this country will remember me well enough to be very exact about dates. In heart, at all events, I never was younger. Once more I tread my native land! The very thought gives me new vigour. It's not my native land though, after all, for I was born at Benares, in cantonments. Still, I'm an Englishman, I hope; I should like to hear any man call me a Hindoo. It's not my fault if I was unfairly robbed of my birthright; how could I help my father's being a lieutenant-colonel in the Bengal army?

However, here I am, and here I hope to end my days. I mean fully to enjoy myself now, and make up for lost time. Of my younger experiences of English life, I confess I have no very distinct recollection; they seem to me rather dream-like. As to the English winters, which are supposed to be so trying to Anglo-Indians, I have no complaints to make. Good sea-coal fires, and well-built rooms, and plenty of exercise, have kept me in admirable health and spirits; and now the spring is coming on, and these last few days in April have been so pleasant, on the whole, that I look forward with intense enjoyment to that golden time of year that poets sing of—

"The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom."

And to-morrow is May-day! and I haven't seen a May-day in England for—well, never mind how many years!

I am a poet naturally. I don't mean that I write poetry, unless it may be unconsciously, as some clever people write prose. What I mean is, I have the poetical temperament strongly. The sentiments, the imagination, the enthusiasm of the poet are mine; the muses gave me everything of the bard but his harp and voice. I am one of those

——"poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration."

This, again, may not be my fault. The gift might have been complete under more favourable circumstances. "Poeta nascitur; collector fit." That was my case: nature formed me for a poet; family interest with John Company made me a collector. The two vocations were incompatible: I felt it from the first; how could any man be poetical at Ghazeepoor? Homer himself would have failed to compose (except it were his catalogue of ships) amidst those eternal accounts and returns. Still, poetry was always my solace and delight; and above all others, my favourite poets were those who sing of the sweet rural pastoral life of England. I ought to have been born in Arcadia; but failing that, the next

best thing, I take it, must be an English country life, especially in spring-time..

I don't remember much about the springs in England in my boyish days: all seasons seemed pretty much the same to me then; and from eleven to eighteen—which was the limit of my early English life—one hardly pays much attention to the beauties of nature. One spring, I remember, I had the measles; and when I first went out as a convalescent, had to wear a great-coat, to my great disgust, and walk up and down under a south wall for a week, for fear of the east wind. Another year I was at school, where we had the hooping-cough, about a dozen of us, and were shut up all the bright May-days in what they called the sick-room, where we used to set our backs against the wall and cough at each other. However, measles and hooping-cough are hardly likely to come again at my time of life; and as to the east wind, that, I fancy, was a mere old-fashioned prejudice: however it may pinch the southerns, according to our modern poets, to an Englishman it is rather congenial than otherwise—"stirs the Viking's blood" within him; and an Englishman I feel myself, every inch of me. I quite long for an east wind; that is, now the spring is coming on, for in winter time, of course, any kind of wind feels rather chilly.

I have been freshening up my recollections this evening, over my last cheroot, of all that our poets have sung under the inspiration of this lovely season. It was scarcely needed, for I have it almost all by heart. From Chaucer and Spenser to Tennyson and Leigh Hunt, all are old friends; but it has been a labour of love. I have read again—it may be for the twentieth time—Washington Irving's delightful sketch. It was always one of my waking dreams, amidst the base realities of pale ale and punkahs at Ghazeepoor, to have one day a Bracebridge Hall of my own, and instead of those grinning and mercenary niggers, to see the round fresh faces of country youths and maidens—my own attached ancestral tenantry—attached, at all events, to the estate, for they could hardly take much hereditary interest in me as a new purchaser—dancing round the May-pole. And the Queen of the May! Many a measure have I footed with her already in fancy, in anticipation. Yet I don't remember that my feelings were so enthusiastic in my younger days in England, when I conclude I might have found a May-queen to dance with had I been so minded. "Men come to their meridian," it has been said, "at various periods of their life." The romance of my nature must have ripened comparatively late. However, to-morrow I may give it free scope, and see at last, and enjoy, May-day in England. I had an invitation to go down to-day to Coventry, where my old friend Cropper of the Heavies has just arrived with his regiment after a severe campaign at Aldershott, to dine with him and meet two or three pleasant fellows we both knew in India. It would have been a very jolly meeting, I have no doubt; but this May-day in the country is a little treat which I have so long set my heart upon, that I could not have stood the disappointment, so I wrote a note to plead in excuse an unavoidable engagement. It would never have done to have opened my heart as to the real state of the case to Cropper, who, though a thorough good fellow, was always terribly prosaic, and would have given the mess a laugh at my expense. I had an idea at first of taking out my little marquee, with Tom Sumner and a few necessaries, and a book or two by way of company, and spending the whole day in the woods, returning by moonlight in the evening; but Northamptonshire is not a wooded land county; and Tom, who is very practical, reminds me there is no moon "to speak of." So I have contented myself with desiring him to call me pretty early, not to lose the freshness of the morning, at any rate.

I may premise that I am not, from choice, an early riser. In India, of course, one is driven to it for health's sake; but I always made up my mind, when I came home, to enjoy, as a matter of right, those delightful morning snoozes which I remember among other stolen pleasures of my

oyhood. My pastors and masters hen had always hard work to make ne turn out in the morning. It was n vain that they quoted to me the ood old adage, "the early bird atches the worm:" that, as a shrewd chool-fellow, who was equally lazy ut more philosophical, used to rgue, must be in a great measure he worm's fault for being up so arly. It may be one reason why ew worms or other tit-bits of luck n life have fallen to the share of ither of us. In the matter of early ising, then, I am a poet rather in heory than practice; but to-morrow nust be an exception. It must be what as children we used to call a ong day; and I think I shall throw ny record of it, for my future grati- ication, into the form of a journal. shall carry my writing-case up- tairs to-night, for I should like to ot down my feelings fresh as they ise. I saw it suggested somewhere he other day, as it struck me very ruly, that men's finest fancies gene- ally escape them for want of being ecorded at the moment.

*May 1st*, 1858, 7 A.M.—Tom Sum- ners at the door with hot-water. I xpected to have been already up vhen he came, but had forgotten to eave the window-curtains undrawn s I intended; but, after a yawn or wo, I started up in bed. "Is it even o'clock, Tom?"

"Exactly, sir," said Tom, proceed- ng to let in the daylight.

"What sort of a morning is it, Tom?—genial, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "rather genial—sharpish frost last night."

[Tom, I should observe, is used to hese little bursts of unintentional oetry on my part; and though he has othing of the poet in his own com- osition, is never startled or puzzled y anything of the sort. He had the eputation in Bengal of being quite a inguist; for if a native had addressed im in any one of the ninety-nine ialects of India Proper, Tom would ave replied to him in good round nidland English, as if he understood very word perfectly, and expected he native to understand him; and with the help of some dozen words of the country *patois*—the names of common objects—it was wonderful how he made them really understand all he wanted. Many a youngster who was supposed to have got up his Hindostani, was glad to make use of Tom as interpreter. Of his own language he considered himself a perfect master: he might not always attach the same meaning to the words that you did, but he did attach his own meaning; and if you differed from him on that point, why that—as I believe Tom would have confessed had he been closely ques- tioned—did not, by any means, prove to his satisfaction that you were right and he was wrong. It came to much the same in the end, Tom would observe on such occasions, and so it generally did. You couldn't confuse Tom Summers, whether you addressed him in the last modern slang or the high romantic. More than once I tried him with a speech out of Shakespeare by way of orders in the morning. He always inter- preted it in his own manner of boots or breakfast; went his way without a smile or a question; said "Yes, sir," and brought me what I wanted.]

"Frost, Tom!" I exclaimed; "nonsense; only a little hoar on the windows, I suppose. It's going to be a warm day, I can see. I shall be up directly. Reach me that book from the chair before you go down."

Dear quaint old Herrick—here I marked down the place;

> "Get up, get up for shame; the blooming morn——

Really I think one enjoys this kind of poetry in bed more than anywhere. After all, we know the imagination is everything in such matters. "If my soul is free," and so on, as Lovelace has it, what matter where the body is?—better in bed than in prison, at any rate. But how glorious this is—

> "Get up, sweet sing-abed, and see
> The dew bespangling herb and tree!"

Plainly, to enter into the spirit of this, one *must* be in bed; otherwise it don't apply. I shall lie abed and finish this, at all events. I daresay old Herrick was in bed when he wrote it:—

> "Come, my Corinna; come, let's go a-Maying."

Well, but I have no Corinna; that makes an hour's difference at least, in the starting. There's no such desperate hurry when you keep no one waiting. But I am wasting all the best part of this May morning; a little resolution, and I am out of bed.

The water had got cold, and I had to summon Tom again, who, from past experience, was prepared for the difficulty, and reappeared instantaneously with a second jug. He saw this time that I was going to stir in earnest.

"What will you please to wear, sir?"

"Put me out a pair of white drills, Tom, and a light waistcoat; I expect we shall have the warm weather set in now."

8 A.M.—Up at last—delightful morning; sun quite pleasant. Let me open the window and breathe "the balmy airs of spring." Hallo! —that comes of setting looking-glasses on a window-sill: a sudden gust (my bedroom is very exposed) came in and upset it. "Zephyr with Aurora playing" indeed! Rather rough in his play, perhaps—ha, ha! Never mind—nothing like a fresh breeze. Not such a warm morning as I thought; but then it's very early yet—time enough still for a walk before breakfast.

9 A.M.—I have been for my walk, but not very far. The country is uninteresting just around my house: but I mean to go for a long ramble after breakfast. Found a capital fire in the library when I came in. It's wonderful how one enjoys a fire in the morning at all seasons of the year. N.B.—Went and changed those drill trousers when I came in. I doubt whether it's *ever* prudent in this country—especially if a man has any hereditary disposition to rheumatism, as I have—to wear linen indispensables.

10 A.M.—Enjoying my breakfast amazingly. Nothing like a spring morning's walk to give one a healthy appetite! Feel the better for it already; only the fresh air, and this immense fire they have made up—quite unnecessary this time of year—has made me so lazy that I don't feel inclined to stir again just yet. Let's see what there is in the Times this morning. No Indian news—never is any now. Can't think what makes them so long in putting down this mutiny: slow coaches, I do say. "Terrific hailstorm" in Kent yesterday: hailstorms are not very common, I fancy, in April. Increase in weekly bills of mortality: deaths from catarrh, 939; bronchitis, 750; inflammation of the lungs—dear me, people are so careless—was prudent not to wear those drills. Nothing worth reading in the paper. I shall light a cheroot, and just wait for this cloud to pass over, and then set out on my rambles.

10.30.—This is delightful! Attracted to the window by the sound of sweet childish voices, and there a group of little girls singing on the lawn!—May-dancers, of course: and I daresay we shall have the May-Queen here presently. These are her maidens no doubt—scarcely as pretty as they should be—all with red noses. I can't remember when all little girls at that age used to have red noses in England. I have inquired yesterday about the May-pole, and heard there had been none in the parish for many years: so this is quite an unexpected pleasure. I must go out and welcome them. I like to encourage these good old English customs. Let me see (for I should not like to appear ignorant in these matters, and the good people here take me for half a "forriner" as it is); there should be a Robin Hood, I remember, and a Little John, and Maid Marian. Rather a dirty little girl is pointed out to me as Maid Marian; Little John, I am told, was left at home; and Robin Hood they seem to know nothing about: and the May-Queen is a doll stuck round with oranges!

11 A.M.—I wish this cloud would pass over; I don't fancy going a-Maying without a little sunshine. To confess the truth, I can't get over my disappointment about that May-Queen. Charming pictures of May-Queens, romantic descriptions of May-Queens, old rhymes and sonnets to May-Queens, to say nothing of those tender and touching lines of Tennyson, haunting me all my life—and this is the reality! A wooden doll

ith a red necklace, yellow hair, and uinting eyes, in an Elysian bower mposed of two wooden hoops, set und with oranges and faded rib-ons! It must be a children's bur-sque! All the May-Queens in orthamptonshire can't be wooden olls. It couldn't possibly be one of iem that sat for that picture in the *Illustrated London News;* it was ever such a thing as *that* which the oet saw as "the Lady of the May, et in an arbour!" Pshaw! there ust be a live original somewhere. have a good mind to ring for Tom ummers, and tell him to go and get ne a May-Queen. I'm not quite sure ow he would translate the order n his own mind, but I'm confident e'd put it into better English than hat, and produce something much nore like the real article. Stay; here comes a second procession: bah, now we shall see her, I hope. Six taller girls—this time with blue noses, and no pocket-handkerchiefs, I observe—and another wooden doll, I do declare, bigger and uglier, and an umbrella over the bower this time—it surely isn't raining? I have shut the window in disgust, and have desired Tom to dismiss them, and close the gates against all such parties for the rest of the day. I am going out—the cloud has passed, and the sun is shining brightly. Nature will not disappoint me. Her beauties are real and living; she will not mock me with this burlesque of my old dreams. Tom meets me in the passage, and actually offers me a great-coat and an umbrella. I was never so tempted to knock him down; but I remember he has no conception of what an English May is, and always grumbles because it is not as scorching here as in Bengal. Fancy going a-Maying in a greatcoat and umbrella! I decline giving any definite orders about dinner, as it's quite uncertain when I may come back. I may be tempted to prolong my ramble. A crust and a flask of sherry in my pocket makes me independent; and I have an eye to a homely rasher perhaps in the arbour of some wayside inn.

12 *o'clock, noon.* — Rather late to start to gather "May-dew" certainly; but there seems plenty of it on the grass still—rather too much in fact. I wish I had put on thicker shoes. But here we are, fairly abroad in the fields at last, and my May-day is begun in earnest. Where shall I wander?

> "Give me woodbine, scented bowers,
> Blue wreaths of the violet flowers."

I honestly confess, to my shame, I don't know a woodbine if I were to find one: violets I see there are under this bank, but I should think they were difficult things to make garlands of; at any rate that seems rather a female occupation. If Corinna were here she would make the garlands probably, and I should supply her with violets; as she is not here, it's not worth my while to try. These upland meadows are rather breezy. I almost wish now I *had* put on a greatcoat—a light one. I begin to be almost afraid that an Indian life makes one less able to appreciate these sweet English May breezes. We'll into the woods and see, as old Chaucer has it,—

> "The silver droppés hanging on the leaves."

Glorious! ha, ha! the "silver droppés" fall indeed in showers at every step, if anything too plentifully. I understand now why Tom proposed the umbrella—one could fancy he too had been reading old Herrick:

> "Fear not, the leaves will strew
> Gems in abundance upon you."

Tom has been out himself, no doubt, many a May-morning in his youth, and is provident, like an old campaigner. Positively, between the grass underneath and the boughs overhead, I believe I am getting wet through. Corinna must have worn goloshes if the "cool shades" were like this in her time. But, alas, we are getting more delicate than our ancestors; they were not so susceptible to damp; or probably May-dew, like salt-water, never gives cold; at all events, I'm determined such trifles shall not spoil my pleasure. I see a peasant in the glade before me cutting hawthorn, I declare—how charming! I shall ask him to cut me a branch to carry home;—no doubt, had I come earlier, I might have met all the youths of the village, "speed-

ing to the greenwood to fetchen home May;"—let me accost him.

"So, my friend, you're cutting hawthorn this May-morning, are you?"

"Ay, I be cutting this 'ere 'edge; and precious dry work it is, master."

Now, I should not have fancied it *very* dry work myself; however, these sturdy country swains don't mind the dewdrops evidently. (I put this down honestly as my first impression; afterwards a suspicion entered my mind that his remark had some reference to beer; and that the sixpence I gave him for my branch of May would be expended in that liquor.)

"You don't consider this *very* warm for a May-morning, do you?" said I, thinking again about my greatcoat, and anxious to find some excuse for my chilliness.

"Well, you see, master, it's about the sort of weather as we looks for this time o' year—blackthorn winter we calls it in these parts."

Winter? winter in May, "the gladdest time of all the glad new year!" What can he mean? Blackthorn winter, he certainly said; but these peasants are given to strong metaphorical language. They are poetical, too, in their way. So I wish him good morning, and take Tennyson out of my pocket—even he feels rather damp—and sit down under this hedge, for the sun has come out again now, and the birds are singing merrily, and I have found a dry stone, and got my back to the wind, and turned up my coat collar, and lighted my little meerschaum, after some trouble with the fusees (but they always *are* damp), and altogether have made myself pretty comfortable. It is now exactly

12.50 P.M.—Obliged to shut up Tennyson, the wind blows the leaves about so. Always thought it a mistake trying to read out of doors. Nature's book is the only true study in her immediate presence. She mildly rebukes us for inattention. I will confine myself to contemplation and my meerschaum. Eh! what can this be? *hail*, positively and actually! hail in May! What an extraordinary phenomenon! I'm almost glad I came out though, for had I stayed in the house I might have missed the opportunity of observing it. No one would hardly believe this at Gandish poor. I shall write at once to my friend, the editor of the *Beaconsfield Sentinel*, and give him a paragraph about it; only that the interest of the thing will have rather evaporated before it reaches him, and it would scarcely be worth while to telegraph. I fancy this hedge was rather thicker than this, but it must soon be over, and I don't mind if I can but keep myself warm in. If I ever did put my thoughts about May-day into verse, I think I certainly should put *that* first in the catalogue of enjoyments.

1.20.—Hungry. The hail is over. Crust of bread rather moist, with a tastes of—phosphorus, I fancy, from the fusees which were in the same pocket. They have got loose, I see. But the sherry is all right. That's more like the sort of May-dew, after all.

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I did not record any more of my impressions at the time, for my note-book had got wet, and my fingers were chilly. It was a great regret that I cut short my rustication, but hailstorms and wet feet were not incidents for which the poets seem to have made no provision, and I felt glad that I had no Corinna with me, for if there is a sight I detest in creation, it is a lady holding up a draggle-tailed dress. As I turned the last corner in my path homewards I saw a figure following me at a distance which I recognised as Tom Summers; though the moment he turned round, he evidently tried to hide himself in the hedgerow. I laughed to myself—poor Tom, I thought, he has been a-Maying, no doubt; I'll be bound *he* has a Corinna somewhere about, for he is not such a confirmed old bachelor as his master; I won't look round again for fear of spoiling sport; and I do hope they won't catch cold. On reaching my own door, however, or rather before I reached it, I was met with a welcome that startled me considerably. Mrs. Bunce, my excellent cook and housekeeper, must never doubt her affection for me after this, though she will never learn to make an eatable curry—for Mrs. Bunce, with another female domestic in her rear, was standing in the

n porch, and rushed forward to
t me with clasped hands and
s of agitation, and if I had not
tily stepped back, I verily believe
uld have precipitated her little
nd person into my arms. I in-
ictively avoided this embarrass-
nt, however, and then Mrs. Bunce
ned round and overwhelmed Mary,
follower, with tearful caresses.

'O blessed be goodness, Mary
ır, he's come back again! Oh,
.nkful providence it is, sir, you're
ne home safe! Oh, the haggenies
me and all of us has been in, sir!
come in, come in, master, and
n't ye think no more of it, now
n't ye!"

I was so thunderstruck by such
unaccountable greeting, that Mrs.
ince had it all her own way for
ne moments, only interrupted by
occasional sob from the calmer
ıry. When I could find breath, I
ked—I fear not in complimentary
ıguage—what on the earth was
e matter—murder, robbery, what
ıs it?

"O, begging your pardon over and
er again, sir; but my feelings is
me over me, and I couldn't a-bear
ıe thought! O blessed be Tom
ummers, for ever and ever, amen!"

"What's the matter, woman?
hat's all this about, Mary?—
ere, Tom," said I, as that worthy
ıddenly made his appearance by a
ypath out of the shrubbery,—"What
ıe devil do these women mean?"
r I was losing my temper fast.

"Oh, don't let him, Tom, don't let
im!" screamed Mrs. Bunce.

"Never mind them women, sir,"
aid Tom, touching his hat respect-
ılly, "they knows no better. You
et away, Mrs. Bunce; get along
vith you, Mary. Now, sir, I'm sure
ou're wet through, and we'll have
ome dry things for you in no time."

"Wet," said I, "what if I am
vet; is that what these women are
creaming about?"

"Bless ye, sir, women will scream
t anythink, or nothink, just as
ikely; come along in, sir—do."

It was raining pretty sharply, and
thought the mystery would be at
east as easily solved in the house
ıs out of it; so I walked into the
ibrary in considerable bewilderment,
whither Tom, to my surprise, fol-
lowed me.

"Now just tell me in five words
what all this row is about, Tom, and
then get me a little brandy." In
fact, I was beginning to shiver. It
was enough to make any man shiver,
to have two women attacking him
in that fashion.

Tom eyed me very oddly, instead
of moving with his usual quickness
and taciturnity. "How do you feel
yourself now, sir?" said he.

"Feel myself, you ass!" said I;
"get me the brandy—I feel cold,
that's all."

Tom left the room very slowly,
and soon I heard a whispering in
the passage. I'm not apt to be a
listener, but they should have gone
further off.

"How do he seem now, poor
dear?" said Mrs. Bunce.

"Well," said Tom, "I think he's
been and repented."

"Blessed be gracious!" said Mrs.
Bunce, "I do hope he has. How
pale he do look, Tom!"

"Pale! I believe you," said Tom;
"white as putty."

"And what a hawful look about
the eyes! I seed it once afore with
him." (This last voice must have
been Mary's.)

"He wants brandy," said Tom.

"Oh, dear Tom, don't ye let him
have none!"

"Don't he wish he may get it,"
said Tom; "anyways afore the doc-
tor comes."

The doctor!—The absurd truth
flashed upon me—they must think
me insane!—It was too ridiculous,
and I burst into uncontrollable
laughter. There was a scuffle as of
women's garments in the passage,
and I fancy Mary must have taken to
flight.

"Hark at him now!" said Tom
solemnly.

"Hawful!" said Mrs. Bunce.

"That's one of the very worsest
signs: I'd a deal rather he cursed
and swore; it's more natural."

"An't you afraid of him, Tom?"

"Not I." (Tom's contemptuous
tone was rather mortifying.)—"He's
very 'armless." (I had a great mind
to go out and knock him down.)
"The gardner's in the back passage,

in case," continued my faithful follower; "but I knows how to manage him." (It was perhaps as well that I had restrained my righteous indignation.)

But it was high time to put an end to this conference in some way. I was cold and wet, and wanted dry clothes, and my brandy-and-water. So I opened the door quietly, and called Tom; Mrs. Bunce disappearing with a faint scream. "Now, Tom," said I, "you have some sense, I believe: listen to me. I want to go upstairs to dress; get my things aired, and bring me a little brandy-and-water up to my room, hot, but not strong; and tell Mrs. Bunce to get me some soup, or something of that kind, directly." I suppose the quiet tone in which I spoke satisfied Tom that I had no intention of doing any very violent act just at present, and he followed me to my dressing room without remark or remonstrance. What I was most anxious about was, to disabuse his mind of this nonsensical idea before the arrival of the country surgeon, for whom I concluded they had already sent, in order to spare myself, if possible, such a ridiculous interview and explanation as I must look forward to if he were announced, as I now every moment expected. The coolness and propriety with which I carried on the business of changing my wet clothes relaxed Tom's scruples, I suppose, so far, that he did bring me the brandy-and-water—very weak; and having achieved this little triumph, I began by degrees to improve my position, until at last I extracted from him—he was too honest to be a good diplomatist—the whole secret of the household suspicions. Tom himself had been the innocent author of them all. First, he said, I had talked "very comical like," both last night and this morning. I had given way, as I have confessed, to some little poetical ardour of expression. Well, Tom had noticed that once or twice before, and didn't think much of it. Then I had sat up very late last night, making my will, as Tom afterwards understood, and writing my last dying speech and confession in letters to my friends. (This unfortunate journal!) And I was writing again the first thing this morn[ing] reading my Bible in bed. [I] Bible exactly, Tom, I am [sor]say; but never mind. As [I] called early, and went out [in] cold and wet, and wouldn't [ta]no greatcoat, and said, "never [mind] about dinner."—"After that [Mr.] Mrs. Bunce agreed, sir, as you [were] surely going to do summat rash, shall see him brought home [on a] shutter,' says Mrs. Bunce; 'I [don't] I shall," says she. Her husband, sir, was a painter, and fell off a [lad]der, and he was brought home [on a] shutter; and them sort of [things] affects her, poor woman. 'And,' says she, 'he'd never had gone [out] out ordering dinner, if he'd a [thought] to come back.' That's what [scared] her mind most, you see, sir, and [unna]tural like; what scared me [was] was the old razor."

"Razor!" said I, "what [the] what on earth can you mean?"

"This here, sir," taking out of [his] pocket my old travelling compan[ion] of many years, between which [and] my skin there seemed to exist a [mu]tual affection and understanding: [the] any attempt to operate with [new] and smarter implements was always resented with great irritation on [the] chin's part, as an unwarrantable [lib]erty and indignity. "This here, sir," said Tom, "as I just picked [out] pocket of in the hall; gentlemen don't commonly take their razors with them out a walking." [Not] easily circumstantial evidence to hang a man! I had noticed my poor old friend to be getting rather shaky in the joints, had carried him down stairs, wrapped him up carefully in paper with my own hands, intending to take him myself to be tenderly repaired next time I went into the town, and, I concluded, had slipped him into my coat-pocket unconsciously that morning. "Well," continued Tom, "my mind misguv me all along this morning; them little May-pole girls said you spoke to them very queer-like, and said something about the queen; you know, sir, when gentlemen like you is a-going out o' their minds, they allus thinks the queen or one of the princesses is in love with 'em; so, when you went out muttering to yourself, with your hook

in your pocket, I didn't like the looks of it no ways; so thinks I, I'll just run up-stairs and see whether master's took his pistols with him: no, I finds the pistols in their places all right. Next I thinks of the razors; and I thought I should ha' dropt when I missed the old black un out of his case, for I know'd you'd used him a-dressing; so I runs down stairs, and opens my mind to Mrs. Bunce, and she says, 'Tom, I know'd it; he'll come home on a shutter,' says she then. 'Mrs. Bunce,' says I, 'shall I go arter him?' 'Tom,' says she, 'it's a Christian duty.' So I follys you, sir, unbeknownst to you, all the time you was out, and when I sees you sit down on that stone by the hedge-side, now, says I to myself, here he's a-going to do it; and I was close on t'other side the hedge, ready to jump over; and thankful I was when I see'd the pipe come out o' that coat-pocket, instead of the razor: he an't a-going to suicide himself just yet, thinks I, or he'd never think it worth while to light a pipe; so I sits myself down, sir, and watches you. He seems to take his smoke quite natural, says I to myself, beginning to feel easier in my mind, and wishing as I'd some baccy myself; but bless his poor wits, there he sits with a bunch of thorn in his hat, and a mess of flowers in his lap, a-playing with, like the poor mad woman in the play; let's get him home safe, and then we'll take care of him: he's never rightly got over that fever at Barrackpoor. But I hope, sir, as you'll forgive me," continued Tom; "I do believe now it was only my fancy, arter all: gentlefolks's ways be different from us common-folks's, I know, and they read such a deal, and talk so out o' the common—"

"That it's hard to tell, sometimes, whether they are in their senses or out of them—eh, Tom?" I finished his sentence for him out of compassion, for poor Tom was evidently embarrassed by his attempts at apology.

Absurdly annoying as the whole affair was, it was impossible for me to be angry long; I ought, perhaps, rather to have felt gratified at such a display of zealous attachment on the part of my household; but no man feels it a personal compliment when his friend's devotion shows itself in the form of *de lunatico inquirendo*. Having succeeded in convincing Tom Summers, at all events, of my present sanity, I sent him down stairs to calm the emotions of his fellow-servants, and despatch a messenger to countermand the Doctor. All outward traces of the late commotion in my establishment soon disappeared, except that Mary, when next we met on the stairs, turned away her head, as if rather ashamed of herself, and Mrs. Bunce gave way to a pious ejaculation or two upon entering my presence for orders. Yet I suspect I remained under secret domestic surveillance for some days; and the women, I am convinced, looked upon me for some weeks as a reformed lunatic, saved by the interposition of Tom Summers, and kept in order mainly by his constant superintendence. It had the effect, at all events, of checking Mrs. Bunce's propensity to bother me with all the gossip of the village, and of improving my dinners for a time. I was evidently, in her estimation, a person to have my little infirmities humoured, and by no means to be irritated by any kind of contradiction. It is a terrible humiliation though, to live in such a prosaic age, that a man can't go to the woods alone, on May-day morning, without being taken for a lunatic, and to feel that one's English blood has so degenerated that the enjoyment of one of nature's holidays threatens one with rheumatism!

However, May-day was not over; and as I sat, by my library fire, imbibing a basin of excellent mullagatawny, a peace-offering from Mrs. Bunce, and congratulating myself that I was not at that moment camped out, as I might have been, half-a-dozen miles from home, had I carried out the first promptings of my enthusiasm, I remembered my friend Cropper's invitation, and found there would be plenty of time still to catch the 4.40 train for Coventry, which would land me at the barracks quite early enough to join his party at dinner. My preparations were soon made. Any reviving suspicions which might have been started in Tom Summers' mind were satisfied by the announcement that he was to go with me. Indeed,

the fact of "going down to dine with Major Cropper, Tom," was quite enough to convince him that I was of sound mind at present, that officer being well known to him, in times past, as an admirable judge of horses, and therefore, in his estimation, fully qualified to act as a "guide, philosopher, and friend," in the most delicate moral questions.

The train brought me to Coventry too soon by more than an hour for the mess dinner; nevertheless I made my way at once to my friend's quarters, having my feelings harassed on my passage through the streets by a dreadful exhibition called a "Jack-in-the-green," performed by imitation chimney-sweeps, with half-blacked faces of villanous expression (how different from dear Elia's "innocent blacknesses!"). I came upon Cropper in the barrack-yard arm-in-arm with a stranger, as I thought at the moment; for a deep scar across the face, and a slight limp in the walk, made it difficult at first to recognise my schoolfellow of early days, and companion for some years in later life, Charley Dixon of the —— Bengal cavalry: a better fellow, or a finer soldier, never breathed.

"'Gad, here he is, after all," shouted Cropper, on seeing me; "here he is, Charley, come to the post after all —knew he couldn't resist us!"

I hardly made him any answer, for I was busy in trying to make out his companion.

"Why, Damon, old boy, don't you know me?" said Dixon, holding out both hands.

I hope I greeted him cordially. I am sure I did; but I should have been glad if he had left off calling me Damon; I had allowed some of my friends (my *intimate* friends) to amuse themselves, in convivial hours, by adopting this sportive name. They were pleased to think it suggestive of my Arcadian tastes, and Charley rested his fame as a classical scholar upon this single reminiscence of his Virgil. It seems scarcely respectful now, to a man of my age and position; but let it pass.

When the first flood of question and answer was over, Dixon telling me that his blackguards had all galloped off to Delhi, leaving him, as little tokens of gratitude, a sabre cut across the cheek, and a bullet through the thigh—and after I had got over a rather lame explanation that my "unavoidable engagement in the country" had released me sooner than I expected—"We've half an hour yet, Cropper," said Charley, "let's take him to see the May Queen."

A May-Queen in Coventry, of all places in the world!—some vile burlesque again, I thought. I did not want to betray either my disappointment of the morning, or my ignorance of modern English customs; but I suppose my enthusiasm on these matters had rather abated, for I remember, though I said at once, "By all means," I added, "is it far?"

"Close by; not two hundred yards."

"The greatest beauty you ever saw," said Charley.

It must be a real one this time, my two friends were not likely to care for dolls or oranges.

"Indeed?"—my curiosity, at least, was reviving.

"You'll say so when you see her; puts me in mind of poor Rosalie—you remember Rosalie?"

Had he a sister of that name? and did she die? I ran it over rapidly in my mind, but hopelessly. I have the most wretched memory for names and dates. Did I remember Rosalie? Was it somebody we had both flirted with somewhere? Or had he married since I saw him last, and had his wife run away? I was expected to remember Rosalie—that much was clear; so, putting a bold face upon it, I replied in a tone that might express either tender regret or sympathetic admiration—"Oh, yes, very well, indeed."

"Faith," said Charley, "it's more than I gave him credit for."

I felt more and more confused—what on earth did Dixon mean? Why shouldn't I remember Rosalie? was I so notoriously unimpressible and hard-hearted? I didn't remember her, at all events—that made it more provoking. I felt I must put a stop to these reminiscences. "How did you find her out?" I hastily asked.

"Find her out? Oh, Taylor of the Blues first told me of her; he was

Weedon, and liked her, all but
ge: however, he was wrong
that; she's not more than nine,
w."
sn't she really?" said I, getting
sted.
'll show you her mouth in a
te." Cropper opened a stable-
"There she is, the beauty!
p, now, I call her, at a hundred;
bought her this morning, so
rley and I christened her May-
en. Now, doesn't she put you
mind of Rosalie?—look at her
hand."
was so fairly taken aback that I
not even presence of mind enough
keep my own counsel. "Bless
!" I exclaimed, "it's a mare!"
hey both burst into a roar of
ghter. "Of course it is," said
irley. "Well done, old Damon!
expected 'May-queen' to be a
se!"
expected nothing of the kind;
t I didn't tell them so. I might
ve guessed there was but one sub-
t upon which Cropper was likely
be enthusiastic. No wonder I
'nt remember Rosalie; who ever
to remember four-legged brutes by
eir Christian names? but to think
of finding my May-Queen at last in a barrack-stable!

We soon adjourned to the mess-room, and thence to Cropper's quarters, and spent such an evening as only old friends can spend together, who meet after long parting. If I may be allowed a last quotation from Tennyson—slightly altered—

> "Our joyous memories did not shun
> The foaming grape of Eastern France."

Even Cropper admitted that, when explained to him, to be real poetry. We found the true Arcadia in Coventry barracks.

And I have laid down a few rules for my private guidance in keeping festival on May 1, 1859, which I recommend to the consideration of my friends and the public generally:—

1. Don't be called early.
2. Put on your warmest clothes.
3. If you take a walk, choose a turnpike road, or a well-beaten foot-path.
4. Keep up a blazing fire.
5. Ask two or three old friends to dinner.

And then you will be sure to spend —as I did eventually—a very pleasant English May-day.

## THE DEFEAT OF THE FACTIONS.

### THE WHIGS *versus* OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE Factions have made their grand attack,—and have failed notably. They held their field-day at the expense of our Indian Empire and the British Constitution; and now, thoroughly beaten and humiliated, they stand self-condemned at the bar of the country.

It is a strange retrospect, that of the last few weeks. We know not whether to be most amazed at the unblushing audacity of the Factions —at the judicial blindness which tempted them to base their grand attack upon a quicksand—or at the tremendous overthrow and unredeemable disaster which have overtaken them. It has been a month without a parallel in our parliamentary annals. The men who betrayed the honour of their country before they were ejected from office three months ago, have now, in their efforts to get back, madly sought to degrade the British Parliament in the eyes of Europe, as well as to rock to its basis the whole fabric of British power in the East. Alas, that while revolting every honest mind, and disgusting the feelings of the general public at home, the Cambridge-House Faction should have also furnished the Absolutist Governments of the Continent with fresh arguments against free institutions, and done their best to render government of any kind amongst us impossible. The attack which has so fatally recoiled upon themselves was only a culmination of the factious policy which they have acted upon ever since the accession of Lord Derby's Government. It was nothing in the eyes of that faction that Lord Derby's was the strongest and only united party in the House. They and their journals ceaselessly taunted the Government with weakness, because it could not command an absolute party-majority in the Commons,—although it was notorious that the Whigs themselves could still less muster any such majority. What was simply a necessity of the times, they imputed as a heinous fault to the Ministry. Lord Derby had not sought office: he took it simply because working of our parliamentary system had left no other party to form its own in a position to carry on the government. He did not desire it himself—he did not seek to be in the country. He knew that he was not what is called a powerful Government, but it was more powerful than any other that could be formed. That should have sufficed with parties, and that certainly sufficed in the estimation of the country. For the rest, Lord Derby relied on the integrity of principle and ability of administration to secure for his Government that constitutional support which even the most daring Ministry might hesitate to withhold.

But the ousted factions were not to be appeased. Ravening for office, and seeing that if they did not recover their places immediately, they would have to share them with others, the Whigs did not scruple to make their country's extremity their special opportunity. It is a just boast of the Conservatives that they have never withheld a constitutional support from any Liberal Ministry,—that they have never when in opposition refused their votes to a measure which they supported when in office, for the sake of embarrassing their rivals. Again and again did they support Lord Palmerston's Ministry when placed in jeopardy by the factions of the Liberal party. It was their votes that gave him large majorities on the County Franchise, the Ballot, Church-Rates, and others on many most important questions of foreign politics; and without their support on such occasions his Cabinet never could have gone on. But all this was forgotten by the thankless Whigs as soon as they found themselves once more in the "outer shade" of the Opposition benches. A Whig out of office is a miserable being,—and not least so in his own eyes! Bred in the notion that office

ertains to them as if by right indeasible, the various branches of the reat Whig Tree could not bear to e the goodly offices of the Treaury filled by Conservatives, while many "promising young men" their own party were thrown le on the town, and their veteran iefs sat growling at each other in rookes's or the Reform. So, from ie first hour of the new Ministry's tering upon office, the "official" Whigs, who clung to Palmerston as ie most likely chief to lead them ack to office, have rested neither ay nor night in inventing manœures to bring the Ministry into discreit, or in hatching plots to overthrow . They resolved to stick at nothing —and they have kept their resolve. Witness their conduct on Mr. Monell's motion with respect to the admison of cadets to Woolwich, when ie members of the late Ministry ither staid away or voted against ertain regulations which they themelves had enacted only a few weeks efore they left office! On the Churchates question they acted in similar ashion; and, still more shamelessly, hey repeated the same tactics on Mr. ocke King's motion for lowering he County franchise!—which consequently, instead of being rejected as sual, has this year been allowed for he first time to obtain a success.

Such are the Whigs when in opposition. Hitherto the country has een too blind in their reckless facousness when out of office, or too orgetful of it; but this time the mits of endurance have been overassed, and by a large section even f the Liberal party the recent lace-hunting of the Whigs will either be forgotten nor forgiven. The country, too, will remember it. Whig faction has gone its full length, nd is producing a reaction against tself. For the last three months, so nscrupulous have been the tactics of he Opposition, the British House of Commons has well-nigh been brought lown to the level of the defunct Chambers of France, or the cabaloving Cortes of Spain. Everything —from the government of India to he Woolwich regulations—has been legraded to the purposes of faction; nd in their last desperate rally, the ex-Ministerialists have not scrupled to imperil the very existence of our Eastern empire, and cover with everlasting shame the principles of British rule. Mr. Cardwell's motion will have assigned to it a most miserable notoriety. Political history fails to supply a parallel to it. Faction, indeed, has never at any time been quite dead; but in the present instance, the spirit of faction has been as strong as at any time during the last century, while the interests imperilled by it are of greater magnitude than ever before. Fox's India Bill is still remembered as a synonym for Whig jobbery and self-seeking of old. But the India of that day was but an atom of the gigantic empire which now owns our sway; and if the British nation swept from their places the men who then wished to make the Indian Government a mere appanage of party, how much heavier judgment will not the country now pronounce upon those who have trifled with our Indian Empire when it is twenty times larger, and who have been ready to imperil its very existence for the meanest purposes of party?

Never before, indeed, has faction wrested to its purposes a more momentous subject, or a more critical time. For a year past our stately empire in the East has been rocking to its base under the pressure of a gigantic military revolt, backed by a most widespread disaffection in certain provinces. England, though not exempt from the possibility of being attacked at their own gates, drained herself of every spare regiment, and has almost exhausted her powers of recruitment, in order to rescue her cherished empire. Nevertheless, when the Conservative Ministers took their post at the helm of affairs, it was hard to say whether the crisis of the storm were not still to come. Delhi had fallen, but the army which defended it had escaped. Oude, studded with its two hundred and fifty mud-forts, and with every large building of its palatial capital converted into a fortress, was one vast camp of the foe. Gwalior, Bundelcund, and Rajpootana, with all the places of strength from Kotah to Calpee, were held by the enemy's forces. All Rohilcund was in arms, and from

Bareilly, as his headquarters, a leader of the rebels had organised a government, and was exercising the powers of royalty. Nearly all our available troops were already in India; and, whatever popular opinion might complacently imagine, good judges of military affairs knew that our Indian army was numerically inadequate for the work before it. The hot season was at hand,—deaths in the hospital, and on the march, would be double those in actual battle,—before autumn, despite Sir Colin's care of his men, our army would be reduced to a few skeleton battalions; and how were we to replace it by a new one? Political, not less than military, considerations showed the gravity of the crisis. Every month the revolt continued, the natives were learning their own strength; every month, from all quarters of India, their eyes turned more and more to the standards of revolt kept flying in central Hindostan; the war for "religion and independence" was becoming common talk from Cashmere to Ceylon,—and what but disaffection could spread with it? Moreover, isolated as is the position of our Indian empire, the perils to which it is exposed are not all internal. If the revolt be not crushed in the second campaign, said Mr. Disraeli ten months ago, we shall find another enemy than the rebels in the field against us. That second campaign had begun when the new Ministry entered upon their duties, and what did the archives of office tell them? Like all the world, they knew of the circumstances which connected Persia with the first plans of the revolt; probably they knew much more. They knew also what their predecessors dared not acknowledge, that, turning to account our present helplessness, Persia refuses to implement the treaty which she concluded with us, and still maintains her suzerainté over Herat; and that our ambassador at Teheran would have again struck his flag and withdrawn, but for instructions from home, desiring him to temporise, as we were not strong enough to assert our rights! What did all this suggest? Plainly, that if the Sepoy revolt were not crushed in this campaign, the end of the year might see the Russians at Herat, and the Persians, Affghans, and mountain-tribes swarming down the passes to the Indus. In the face of such a contingency, who could answer for the continued fidelity of the Sikhs, guarantee that our Indian army would not crumble to pieces under the disintegrating forces of internal revolt and external attack?

The supreme object to be aimed at in our Indian policy, therefore, plainly was, to get the rebellion suppressed as fast as possible, lest by delay the danger might outgrow our means of meeting it. Moreover, policy as well as justice required that the means of suppression to be employed should not, by their over-severity, be such as to perpetuate rancour towards us on the part of the natives, and sow the seeds of future revolts. Lord Ellenborough, the new Indian Minister, was prepared to act upon these principles. No statesman was better fitted to cope with the crisis. Unquestioned genius and grasp of thought were in him combined with an unsurpassed knowledge of Indian affairs, and an eye for military strategy which the ordinary general might envy. Chivalrous and generous in spirit, it was known that he would heartily co-operate with and support to the utmost every officer in the rightful discharge of duty; bold, self-reliant, and of the highest moral courage, he would not tolerate that the policy of the Government should be thwarted by subordinates, nor permit any one, however high in station, to do the wrong thing unchallenged. At the beginning of March, when the Earl anew became President of the Board of Control, Sir Colin Campbell was advancing upon Lucknow,—which city it could hardly be doubted would soon be in possession of our troops. But Oude would thereafter remain to be subdued; its whole population was in arms against us; and everything depended upon our manner of dealing with them, whether these formidable levies would lay down their arms peaceably, or continue despairingly in a contest that would convert Oude into "a sea of fire," and perilously protract the war. In these circumstances, on the 14th March Lord Ellenborough sent off to

Governor-General a despatch counselling that the people of Oude be dealt with on the principles of clemency and generosity. "Wherever open resistance shall have ceased," he said, "it will be prudent, in awarding punishment, rather to follow the practice which prevails after the conquest of a country which has defended itself to the last extremity, than that which may perhaps be lawfully adopted after the suppression of mutiny and rebellion." "Crimes," observed the despatch, "have been committed against us, which it would be a crime to forgive," and "such acts are always to be exempted from forgiveness or mitigation of punishment as have exceeded the license of legitimate hostilities;" but with these exceptions Lord Canning was exhorted "to act towards the people with generosity as well as justice. Acting in this spirit," concluded the despatch, "you may rely upon our unqualified support." Though forwarded through the Secret Committee, this despatch was made public in this country, in compliance with an order of Parliament, and both its publication and its contents met the approbation of all parties. Besides the general feeling of the expediency as well as justice of exercising moderation towards the vanquished, it was felt that the population of Oude were entitled in a peculiar degree to forbearance. The policy of our annexation of Oude was a moot point, upon which some of our ablest statesmen disagreed; and it was also known to those conversant with Indian affairs that, since the annexation, the land-settlement in that province had been carried out in so arbitrary and rigorous a manner as to have occasioned great exasperation on the part of the landowners. They knew also that the annexation of that kingdom, whether justifiable or not, had, by the distrust it begat in the mind of the natives, contributed to produce the present revolt. The Rev. Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, who has collated the opinions of "natives of rank and influence, who are not ill-affected towards us, but have ever assisted us materially in our recent difficulties," states this decidedly. In recently setting forth the causes of the existing widespread disaffection to our rule, he gives special prominence to our violation of "hereditary interests invested in the land or the land-revenue," and also to the annexation of Oude. This latter proceeding is pointedly levelled at in his statement of the grievances complained of by the natives, as follow:—"3. The annexation and suppression of native states, not as the result of war and conquest, which would be intelligible to all, but in times of peace, and under the operation of principles which to natives appear either incomprehensible or unjust; such as the concealment, in one case [that of Oude], of the fact that a treaty, signed by the native prince and our Governor-General, had not been ratified in England; and the deposition of a sovereign who is alleged to have done us no wrong, and who, if confessedly cruel, vicious, and unjust, was so not towards our subjects, but his own—a proceeding which, however warranted on grounds of general philanthropy, does violence to native ideas, and fills the minds of remaining chiefs with feelings of painful uncertainty, suspicion, and distrust." It is important to note this; for some of our M.P.'s, in their ignorance of India, seem to think, with Lord John Russell, that the legality of our right to annex Oude was undreamt of in India, and would be heard of for the first time on the publication *in extenso* of Lord Ellenborough's despatch of 26th April! On the contrary, as Dr. Duff and all men conversant with India know, our whole proceedings towards Oude are familiar to the better class of natives everywhere, and even by those friendly to us, are bitterly criticised.

Since the revolt commenced, Lord Canning had always evinced a leaning to the side of clemency; and it was with a desire to strengthen his hands in this course, and enable him to overcome "obstructions from those who, maddened by the scenes they have witnessed, desire to substitute their own policy for that of the Government," that Lord Ellenborough's despatch was written. When made public in this country, no one doubted

that it would be welcomed with most cordial approval by Lord Canning; or if a few did doubt, they at least kept their reasons for doing so to themselves. When such was the case, Lord Ellenborough's surprise and regret may be imagined when not three weeks after writing those instructions, the Indian mail brought him (April 12) the copy of a proclamation about to be issued by the Governor-General to the people of Oude, announcing a general confiscation of all the land-property in that kingdom! With the exception of six Zemindars who had remained faithful to us, the Governor-General proclaimed that "*the proprietary right in the soil of the province is* CONFISCATED *to the British Government.*" "To those talookdars, chiefs, and landlords, with their followers," it was added, "who shall [upon these terms] make immediate submission, their lives and honour shall be safe, provided that their hands are unstained with English blood murderously shed." In other words, with the exception of six men who had remained friendly to us, and of such others as could prove the same, and to whom it was certainly no generosity to leave what was their own, the whole rights of the people of Oude, both high and low, in the soil of their country were declared confiscated; and all that was promised to them was "their lives and *honour*"—that is to say, they would not be transported or put in jail. The terms of the proclamation were perfectly explicit; but, as if to put beyond even a shadow of doubt the sweeping nature of the contemplated confiscation, the instructions for its issue stated that it "is addressed to the chiefs *and inhabitants* of Oude." It was an awful proclamation. There are no less than 40,000 actual landholders amongst the 5,000,000 inhabitants in Oude: so that this edict of confiscation was equal in severity to one which should confiscate the land-property of 240,000 persons amongst the population of our own Isles! Never before, in the whole world, has Conquest attempted such wholesale spoliation. Not even the Dark Ages of Europe furnish a precedent for so sweeping a measure of confiscation. The annals of India have nothing similar to show. Flood after flood of war and conquest has passed over the Indian peninsula—revolution after revolution has changed its dynasties—race after race, despot after despot, have risen in turn, and extended their sway over the surrounding states—but the proprietary rights in the soil have remained in the mass untouched. Hitherto the viceroys of England have followed a similar course. Wellesley, Ellenborough, and Dalhousie, under whose rule our Indian Empire has been most largely augmented, never issued a proclamation in which private rights and property were not respected. In Scinde, while striking down the treacherous rulers, who had attacked the British Resident immediately after the conclusion of a treaty of peace, Ellenborough and Napier confirmed to every man his property; and that has been the secret of our strength in Scinde, and of the permanent tranquillity of that province. When Gwalior rebelled, and was reconquered, Ellenborough left every private right intact. In the settlement of the Punjaub similar principles were acted upon by Dalhousie and Lawrence. Some of the Sikh chiefs, indeed, drew the revenues of certain villages in return for maintaining a quota of troops for the Crown; and when we took the entire maintenance of the military establishment upon our own shoulders, these revenues of course lapsed to the State. Even in these cases great forbearance was shown, and most of the holders of *jaghires* were allowed to retain their revenues in life-tenure; and in all other respects the proprietary rights of the people were preserved with scrupulous care. Unfortunately at the very moment Oude was passing into our hands, Lord Dalhousie was compelled by ill health to return home: and under the less able and experienced rule of his successor, errors and injustice were committed in the re-settlement of Oude, which left in that province seeds of bitter enmity very unlike the contentment and satisfaction which have never ceased to prevail among the people of Scinde and the Punjaub. Sound policy, as

well as justice, dictated that we should avail ourselves of the present opportunity to rectify these errors, if we wished Oude to become tranquil and contented like our other provinces. At all events, we owed forbearance to the people. But Lord Canning thought otherwise, and, far from seeking to redress former errors or wrongs, his proclamation annihilated at once the whole rights of the people in the soil of their country. In Oude, as in most parts of India, every school and mosque and other religious or charitable establishment, is endowed and supported by revenues derived from the land; yet the terms of this confiscation were so sweeping that they included not only the property of the talookdars and also of the small landholders, of whom there are many in Oude, but the possessions of the village communities and the entire religious property of the country. And this at the very time we were seeking to convince the natives that we did not desire to destroy their religion, or make them proselytes by force.

It was impossible for Lord Ellenborough to acquiesce in the issuing of such a proclamation. It was directly opposed both to the terms and to the spirit of the despatch which he had forwarded to India on the 24th March. It moreover appeared to him, as it must to all, that such a proclamation, issued whilst the entire population of Oude was in arms against us, could not fail to drive them to desperation. In his own words, "he saw it would make Oude a *sea of fire*." Lord Canning's conduct was inexplicable, it was so opposed to all his previous clemency. At the outbreak of the revolt, when a stern vigour was most excusable, we saw him issuing proclamations of studied moderation; yet now he had become bitterly uncompromising at the very time when compromise was most plainly called for. He had been clement at first, when he had to deal with the bloodthirsty mutineers; he had become persecuting now, when dealing with ordinary foes like the people of Oude. To add to the singularity of Lord Canning's course, no explanation or communication from his Lordship of any kind appeared accompanying the copy of the document sent home,—nor for ten weeks afterwards did any letter from the Governor-General reach Ministers. In these circumstances—and seeing that an error fraught with fearful consequences was about to be committed—Lord Ellenborough, after considering the matter with his colleagues, wrote a reply, expressing his "apprehension that *this decree, pronouncing the disinherison of a people, will throw difficulties almost insurmountable in the way of the re-establishment of peace.*" He reminded Lord Canning that the circumstances attending our annexation of Oude, the recentness of that annexation, and the hardships felt by the landholders, "from our summary settlement of the revenue," which had deprived them of "what they deemed to be their property," gave to the hostilities in Oude "rather the character of legitimate war than of rebellion;" but that, notwithstanding, his Lordship's proposed proclamation made the people of Oude "the objects of a penalty exceeding in extent and in severity almost any which has been recorded in history as inflicted upon a subdued nation." Therefore, concluded the despatch, in words that will be esteemed memorable, "We desire that you will mitigate in practice the stringent severity of the decree of confiscation you have issued against the landholders of Oude. We desire to see the British authority in India rest upon the willing obedience of a contented people. There cannot be contentment where there is general confiscation. Government cannot long be maintained by any force in a country where the whole people is rendered hostile by a sense of wrong; and if it were possible so to maintain it, it would not be a consummation to be desired." The despatch was written, and signed on the 19th April. On the 23d, Sir Erskine Perry rose in the House of Commons, and asked if instructions had been sent out enjoining the issuing of an amnesty to Oude,—adding, amidst the cheers of the Opposition, that unless such an amnesty were promulgated, our possession of India would not be worth six months' purchase. The answer

of course was in the affirmative, and the despatch of 24th March was tabled. By the mail on the 26th, the despatch censuring the proclamation was finally sent off,—having been forwarded through the Secret Committee, as its predecessor of 24th March had been, by which means also much time was saved in its transmission to India.

So April ended and May began. The next event was one which has an important bearing upon what followed, for it shows how entirely Lord Ellenborough's views in regard to Oude are supported by those formally announced by the Court of Directors. On the 5th May, that body drew up instructions to Lord Canning how to act towards the people of Oude,—and what did they say? Lord Ellenborough's despatch of 24th March had been made public by an order of Parliament, and the Court of Directors inform Lord Canning "that in the sentiments expressed by that despatch we *entirely concur*. You are exhorted to temper justice with mercy, and, except in cases of extreme criminality, to *grant an amnesty to the vanquished*." To enforce these instructions, they reminded the Governor-General (very much as Lord Ellenborough had done) of "the special considerations of justice and of policy" by which he ought to be moved in dealing with the people of Oude,—adding: "You would be justified, therefore, in dealing with them as you would with a foreign enemy, and in ceasing to consider them objects of punishment after they have once laid down their arms." Even with respect to the "great talookdars"—the "feudal barons" of the Palmerstonian vocabulary—the Court of Directors enjoin as follows:—

"Whilst [by disarming them] you are depriving this influential and once dangerous class of people of their power of openly resisting your authority, you will, we have no doubt, exert yourselves by every possible means to reconcile them to British rule, and *encourage them, by liberal arrangements made in accordance with ancient usages, to become industrious agriculturists;* and to employ in the cultivation of the soil the men who, as armed retainers, have so long wasted the substance of their masters, and desolated the land."

The despatch thus concludes:—

"Having thus endeavoured to reassure the great landholders, you will proceed to consider, in the same spirit of toleration and forbearance, the condition of the great body of the people. . . . You will be especially careful, in the readjustment of the fiscal system of the province, to avoid the imposition of unaccustomed taxes, whether of a general or of a local character, pressing heavily upon the industrial resources, and affecting the daily comforts of the people. . . . . At such a time we should endeavour to conciliate the people by wise concessions, and to do nothing to encourage the belief that the British Government is more covetous of revenue than the native ruler whom it has supplanted."

It will be observed that, in this important exposition of their views, the Court of Directors not only entirely approve, but go considerably beyond, the principles of moderation enjoined in Lord Ellenborough's despatch of 24th March, and in accordance with which his reply to the confiscatory proclamation was framed. They even enjoin that the opportunity of the readjustment of the fiscal system should be taken advantage of to redress any errors committed in our first summary settlement of the province—of which Lord Canning himself, as well as Sir James Outram, confesses there were too many. Little indeed, did the Court of Directors imagine that, instead of this wise and moderate policy, there had already been published at Lucknow a proclamation confiscating to the British Government the entire soil of Oude! On the 28th February (as we now find from one of the letters suppressed by Mr. V. Smith) the Governor-General acknowledged that the "talookdars and landowners" are "men who owe us nothing, and who think themselves, not *unreasonably*, wronged by us." Could it be conceived by any one that in little more than a fortnight afterwards he should treat them as outlaws to whom nothing was to be spared but their lives?

Yet such proved to be the fact. At the very hour the East India Directors were returning home after framing this clement despatch, an Indian mail was arriving in Lon-

don; the next day there appeared in the *Times*, embodied in its correspondent's letter from the seat of war, the actual text of a proclamation which had been issued at Lucknow, disinheriting by confiscation, all the 5,000,000 inhabitants of Oude! The proclamation, said Mr. Russell, whose letter was dated 24th March, "was issued, I think, on the evening after the Kaiserbagh fell into our hands"—*i. e.*, on 15th March (it was dated the 14th)—and the orders were that it should be "posted in the streets, and, as far as possible, distributed in the provinces." After giving the proclamation, Mr. Russell went on to describe the present temper of the people as such that, if it continue, "years must elapse before this vast city can be left without a strong British garrison." Still more strongly he adds:

"If this temper become permanent and extensively prevalent we may be called upon to solve the tremendous problem whether England is strong enough to govern by force of military despotism the 150,000,000 or 160,000,000 human beings committed to her charge. My own impression is that there is no foreign Power whatever could maintain an army in India without the aid of a considerable portion of the population. We could not march a mile without their assistance. Unless we quadrupled the numbers of our soldiers we could not do the mere non-combatant portion of the work of an army, without striking a blow in the field, and the day will be fraught with danger to us which brings the native the knowledge of his strength in that species of warfare for which he alone is suited, predatory, harassing guerilla. Any measures which have a tendency to drive the people to adopt such a mode of warfare are much to be deprecated, and are, in fact, conducive to the enemy's success. The Moulvie Shahjee and Khan Bahadoor Khan have shown that they comprehend their strength and our weakness, and we should be fools indeed if we played their game. If clemency be compatible with justice and policy too, let us not be ashamed of being animated by a quality which is one of the grandest characteristics of heroes, of conquerors, and of mighty empires, and which posterity admires more than the valour by which opportunity for its exercise was won."

The same letter contained the following warning:—

"Keen observers detect a gathering cloud in the North-west. The Sikhs talk loudly, I am told. They say, 'We have done all the hard fighting—*we* took the Kaiserbagh.' . . . As at Delhi, they say, 'We fought against you formerly; now we fight for you. Perhaps some day we shall fight against you once more.' There must always be a sufficient force to prevent the danger of a sudden outbreak on the part of this fierce and fickle soldiery, and 1000 men per month, which is the amount of reinforcements promised us, will scarcely keep this army even at its present inadequate strength."

In an editorial article on the same day, the *Times* supported the views expressed by its correspondent in the following terms:—

"We have done quite enough for reputation and conquest; it is time we did a little more for pacification. . . . . All the authorities concur in affirming that we might come to terms with the inhabitants without any trouble at all. Neither landholders nor people, even in Oude, have any objection to our rule or supremacy; but *the former class desire a satisfactory tenure of their estates*, and the latter look for assurance and protection, . . . . . It would well become the Government to recommend in its next despatches a greater discrimination in the infliction of punishment at the seat of war. From all accounts it would appear that the authorities, military and civil—especially the civil—do not err on the side of lenity."

The course which the "leading journal" thus, on the 6th May, so strenuously recommended the Government to adopt "in its next despatches," had, as we have seen, already been acted upon six weeks before in Lord Ellenborough's despatch of 24th March; and if the Conservatives had obtained the seals of office a month sooner, it is plain that Lord Canning's disastrous proclamation would never have been issued to discredit our rule and obstruct our arms in the East.

The appearance of the proclamation in the *Times*, accompanied by the statements of its Lucknow correspondent, and its own editorial remarks, naturally produced a great sensation among the political circles of London; and that same Thursday afternoon, as soon as the House met, Mr. Bright put a series of searching ques-

tions to the Secretary to the Board of Control, desiring to be informed whether the Government had suggested that proclamation, whether they had sent out any decision with respect to it, what they thought of it, and what they meant to do in the matter,—adding, that "the Government must agree with him that a question of this importance should be very distinctly and clearly answered." Thus appealed to, Mr. Baillie (who, on seeing the proclamation in the papers, had asked his chief what answer he should give if questioned on the point) replied, that a despatch had been sent out in answer, and that it would be laid on the table of the House. Not content even with this answer, Mr. Bright again rose, and appealed to the Government to state at once the purport of the reply which they had sent, and which was to be tabled next day: upon which Mr. Disraeli stated, that the Government entirely disapproved of the proclamation. In the Upper House, half an hour later, Lord Ellenborough was questioned on the subject by Lord Granville, and made a similar reply; and next day (Friday) the despatch condemnatory of Lord Canning's proclamation (of which we have already given the substance and leading passages) was produced in both Houses. At a Cabinet meeting held that day at four o'clock, immediately before the Houses met, it was agreed not to publish the argumentative passages of the despatch, in which the peculiar circumstances connected with the annexation of Oude were adduced to show that the people of that country ought not to be treated like the other rebels, and that wholesale confiscation in their case was peculiarly unjustifiable. The despatch accordingly appeared with these passages excised in the copy tabled in the Lords; but in the Commons, which met somewhat earlier, the despatch had been laid on the table *in extenso*, before the instructions to the contrary were received.

The announcement that the Government disapproved of the proclamation had been received in the House with loud cheering; and when Lord Ellenborough's despatch was produced, the Palmerstonians appeared taken aback, and, without contesting its merits, complained loudly that the Government had produced it in order to gain popularity. They felt that the policy of the late Ministry and its Governor-General had received a most damaging blow, and in the first blush of their mortification, they maintained that the Government had prompted Mr. Bright to put his questions, in order that they might have an excuse for producing the despatch—a statement wholly contrary to truth, and which Mr. Bright (in his speech, on 20th May) scornfully contradicted. Quickly recovering themselves, however—as will be seen afterwards how "private" information had placed them on the alert—they took up the cry that, before censuring Lord Canning's proclamation, the Government ought to have waited for his "explanations" of it (as if it did not tell its meaning only too plainly!) and ought not to have consented to let Parliament see their reply, because it was "cruel" to the Governor-General, would weaken his hands, and (to such lengths did their factious imaginations carry them) obstruct the success of Sir Colin and our brave troops! On Saturday (the 8th) the *Times*, in defiance of what it had said only two days before, commenced a series of virulent attacks upon the conduct and policy of the Government, which, like a cannonade, was designed to cover the muttering and aid the assault of the Palmerstonian legions. Lord John Russell falling into the trap, became willing to co-operate with his rival the ex-Premier; some of the Peelites were likewise favourable to the attack; and the Whigs went about in great glee at the notion of a "reunion" of the shattered Liberal party, which promised to reopen to them the gates of their paradise, Downing Street. Six days in the week were not enough for all their scheming and cabals; and so—"the better day the better deed!"—the Factions assembled at Lord Palmerston's residence, Cambridge House, to have a grand field-day on Sunday the 9th! At that meeting it was arranged that a vote of censure

should be moved against the Ministry, and that this duty should be entrusted to Lord Shaftesbury in the Upper House, and to Mr. Cardwell in the Lower. The pious son-in-law of Lord Palmerston, whose zeal for Sabbath-observance is known in all the churches, ought to have been considerably shocked to become the mouthpiece and ostensible leader of this Sunday cabal. Ten days afterwards (the 19th), when presiding at a meeting for the conversion of the Turks, 'the noble lord," we find it reported, 'commenced by giving a spiritual application to the circumstance of the Derby Day; he said that while a great horse-race was being run on that day, they were engaged in running the Christian's race." We wonder in what style his lordship would have "improved" the meeting at Cambridge House, where, when others were at church, his father-in-law's adherents met to concoct the schemes and put up the vows of faction!

On Tuesday the 11th, accordingly, after an indefinite announcement on the preceding day, Lord Shaftesbury tabled the terms of his motion in the House of Lords. Although redundantly enveloped in words, in order to make it loom large in the public eye, and render it suitable for taking on the character of a "vote of censure" which was superimposed on it, the only charge against the Government adventured on in the motion was that of having given '*premature* publication" to the Despatch. This was a very small charge certainly; but, after consultation, it was agreed that this was all that there was the least chance of getting the Peers to affirm; and a mere show of a majority in the Lords—on any point however trivial—would serve the purpose of the Factions, whose main strength lay in the Lower House. Discerning at a glance their tactics, Lord Ellenborough resolved to baffle them. As the promise to table the despatch, when it was asked for, was given on his own responsibility, and as some of his colleagues did not approve of that step, the noble earl, with the chivalrous resolution so characteristic of him, at once, and without apprising his colleagues, tendered his resignation to her Majesty. And next day (the 13th), to the dismay of the chiefs of the plot, and the surprise of the whole House, he announced that he had voluntarily demitted his place in the Ministry. "I did so," he said, after alluding to the momentous character of the interest at issue, "because I am determined that this question shall be freed from personal feeling, and shall proceed upon the *merits*." The Opposition had resolved to make the vote turn upon a trivial point of form in the production of the despatch, and to assail the Ministry, through him, for having acted harshly to Lord Canning; but by sacrificing himself, the noble Earl at once knocked away both these pretexts, for with himself alone lay the responsibility for the "premature publication,"—and also, if, through him Lord Canning had been harshly dealt with, his own resignation was certainly ample atonement. He saw that a momentous question of Indian Government, a question involving the very stability of our Indian empire, was about to be debated on a false issue; and to prevent this, he nobly laid down his high office—an office dear to him, because there he felt he was in the right place, and could bring the aid of his masterly intellect and generous heart to right our mighty Eastern empire when reeling under the heaviest storm that ever overswept a State. Had his colleagues been apprised of his intention, the Chancellor of the Exchequer told the House of Commons, they would have "unanimously opposed it."[1] And it is certainly to be deplored that the contemptible tactics of a most sordid faction should—as a means of unmasking their baseness, and preventing the adoption of the ruinous policy which they advocated—have occasioned the withdrawal from office of such a statesman.

Lord Ellenborough's noble resignation had the effect he desired. It unmasked the objects, though it did not avert the grand attack of the Factions. It is the current belief in India that Lord Canning's confiscatory policy (so different from his former clemency) was the result of instructions from the Home Government. Colonel Franks says he

inferred this from what he actually heard from the lips of the Governor-General himself; and assuredly there is nothing in the mode in which Lord Palmerston and Mr. Smith dealt with the letters received by them since their withdrawal from office—and quite as little in the estimate which Mr. Smith entertains of himself, to exclude the notion that, in declaring Lord Canning had acted on "the very best advice," he meant *his* (Mr. Smith's) *own*. But many circumstances combined to instigate the Whig chiefs to an immediate attack. Mr. Bright tells, that before ever the Despatch had been heard of, it had been agreed amongst the Whig chiefs that a resolute effort should be made to oust the Ministry by hook or crook before Whitsuntide. Indeed, some journals, favoured with the confidential correspondence of the Whig ex-officials, announced *in April* that such an attempt would be made. The Palmerstonian ex-officials felt that an immediate success and return to the Treasury benches were necessary, or else their party would break up. The "independent" Liberals were every week breaking off from their old masters, and setting up as a power of themselves. Discarding Hayter's rule they had appointed "whips" of their own; and it was only too apparent to the Whig oligarchs that their political helots were about to shake off their thrall. At the memorable meeting in Committee Room No. 11, the mutiny had been openly commenced, and the flag of independence unfurled. On that occasion Mr. Headlam, from the chair, explained that "the real object of the meeting was to express the general feeling which he believed to prevail, that of late the Liberal party had not been fairly treated—that, in fact, it had rather been betrayed. He was convinced he spoke the sentiments of the meeting, when he said that office ought not to be in possession of a clique or a few families, and that a wider basis for conducting the affairs of the empire was absolutely necessary." And Mr. Baxter of Montrose had actually the incredible wickedness to affirm that "*he thought it would do the Whigs good to be out of office;* and he would not advise any step for the overthrow of the present Government." The Whigs saw clearly that something must be done; and Lord Ellenborough's Despatch was seized on as a pretext for the attack which they had already planned. At first the occasion looked highly promising. On the Thursday, when the announcement was first made that the Government disapproved of the proclamation, Sir James Graham has observed to Mr. Cardwell that if the Despatch contained "any censure on the annexation of Oude, it would be most impolitic and inexpedient." Lord John Russell, too, showed lively symptoms of indignation at the Government; the *Times* commenced its volleys; and altogether the occasion seemed most favourable for reuniting the whole Liberal party, the Peelites included, and carrying the Treasury benches by storm. The Whigs were immensely elated, but left no stone unturned to secure success. Lists of a new Ministry were handed about, with tempting blanks left to be filled as each one might imagine; and the glittering bait of office was openly held out to the two ringleaders of the revolt in Committee Room No. 11! Success was certain, the Whig leaders gave out. The idea of a Dissolution, which greatly troubled many of their followers, was scouted: "the Queen won't allow it," boldly affirmed Hayter; and besides, the majority against the Government—modestly rated at from 100 to 150—was to be so great that Lord Derby would not dare to appeal to the country! Poor plotters! what fools you have made of yourselves.

On Friday the 15th, the battle began in both Houses. And from the very outset the remarkable superiority in eloquence as well as argument on the side of the Government which characterised the whole debate, was conspicuous. The vote of censure in the Upper House was moved by Lord Shaftesbury, who was to have taken the place of Lord Clanricarde in the new Palmerston Ministry, and whose recent proceedings have certainly lessened his unsuitableness to succeed to such a predecessor. Like "pious Eneas," who carried his father on his back from Troy, pious Lord

Shaftesbury did his best, even at the risk of connecting himself with the Sunday cabal, to carry his father-in-law on his shoulders back to Downing Street. By greatly exceeding his text, he made a tolerable show of the case; but, as even a religious journal observes, his speech was "too much stuffed with protestations of his freedom from party bias, and solemn appeals to Heaven for the purity of his motives." Such protestations and appeals certainly were not unneeded, on his Lordship's part, but they cut a curious figure when subjected to the pungent rhetoric and polished quizzing of the—in this at least—inimitable Premier. But Lord Ellenborough's was the speech of the evening. Seldom has oratory produced anything equal to it. He only spoke for twenty minutes, but the effect on the House was most imposing. Parliament never witnessed anything morally grander than the position and bearing of the noble Lord, as, having thrown down office that he might speak untrammelled, he stood there pleading with earnest and flashing eloquence the cause alike of humanity and policy in our vast Indian realms. He did not stoop to the triviality and personalities of debate. He brushed aside the petty considerations of red-tape and routine. He boldly defended his policy out and out. He justified both the Despatch and its publication. Charged by his waspish and puny assailants that, before writing a despatch of censure, he ought to have waited for explanations, he replied—"My Lords, there *is* no explanation. There are some things which cannot be explained. Confiscation is one of these. It is incapable of explanation. It stands in all its naked deformity—the most cruel punishment which can ever be inflicted on a country." Blamed for allowing the Despatch to be published, he challenged the House to lift its eyes from red-tape conventionalities at home, and to read the true answer to that charge in the aspect of affairs in India. With Oude, Gwalior, Rohilcund, Bundelcund, and part of Rajpootana in arms against us —with 25,000 disarmed Sepoys on our hands, needing to be guarded by British troops,—with Calcutta itself still palpitating with panic, and with disaffection to our rule smouldering only too widely, he called upon his Peers to consider what must be the effect of launching that edict of wholesale confiscation, which struck at once at the property and religion of five millions of people. He told the House that the moment he received that proclamation, he knew what must be the result; and that he thought within himself—"I will write; and at the earliest possible moment after that proclamation is published in India, I will send my letter as an antidote, that the people may know they are to be ruled with justice and clemency." The country now feels that he was right. There could be but one remedy for Lord Canning's error,—namely, the recall of his proclamation, and the open repudiation of its principles. But Lord Ellenborough had to address men who could not see as he saw. Pugnacious Argyll and weakly-loquacious Granville followed Shaftesbury in establishing, to their own satisfaction, that the ex-Minister did not understand the proclamation, and quite misrepresented what would be its effects. The moles were judging an eagle! On a division a large majority of those present—92 to 65—voted in favour of the Government; but the other side held so many more proxies than the Ministerialists, that in this way the majority was reduced to ten. Had the debate been prolonged, and the House had time to see more clearly the principles at issue, the Ministerial majority would have been much greater; but what are we to think of the large number of Peers who, without ever hearing the case, gave their votes in proxy to the Opposition leaders? Nay, what do they *now* think of themselves? No one who was absent from that debate—no one who did not hear the speeches of Lords Derby and Ellenborough, so full of important statements and revelations, was competent to judge in the matter. There were, doubtless, not a few present on the Opposition benches who were resolved to vote against the Government whatever might be the character of their defence; but that on a question of

so much importance and speciality, twenty-five Peers should give their votes in condemnation of the Government without ever compearing, shows how remorselessly faction was at work in the British Senate.

In the House of Commons, fortunately, the debate was much more protracted. Had a vote been come to on the first night, as in the Lords, there cannot be a doubt that faction would have triumphed at the expense of truth, justice, and the best interests of the empire. The House has to thank time and the loquacity of its members for saving it from a tremendous mistake. The motion of censure here was of a graver character than that in the Lords; for the Cambridge-House faction counted upon easy and certain success in the Commons. Nevertheless the nature of their case was such as did not admit of being fairly put upon trial. They had recourse, therefore, to the manœuvre of framing a false and unfair issue (a practice, we regret to say, becoming every year more common in Parliament), in order to facilitate their obtaining a verdict. Mr. Cardwell's resolution, which deserves to be put on record as a remarkable example of Whig chicanery, faction, and folly, was as follows:—

"That this House, whilst, in its present state of information, it abstains from expressing an opinion on the policy of any proclamation which may have been issued by the Governor-General of India, in relation to Oude, has seen with regret and serious apprehension that her Majesty's Government have addressed to the Governor-General, through a Secret Committee of the Court of Directors, a despatch, condemning in strong terms the conduct of the Governor-General, and is of opinion that such a course on the part of the Government must tend, in the present circumstances of India, to produce the most prejudicial effect, by weakening the authority of the Governor-General, and encouraging the further resistance of those who are in arms against us."

Observe, first, the chicanery here displayed. Although Ministers stated that they had authentic intelligence (though not from Lord Canning) that the proclamation had actually been issued; and although the *Times'* correspondent had sent home a copy of it as posted in the streets of Lucknow on the 15th of March; the framers of the resolution affected to consider it doubtful whether a proclamation had been issued at all. Secondly, the resolution affirms that the despatch condemned the *conduct* of the Governor-General—which was false; seeing that what the Despatch condemned was not the conduct, but only a particular act of the Governor-General—namely, his intention to confiscate all the land of Oude. Observe, also, as a specimen of Whig ignorance and malicious assumption, the prognostication of the "most prejudicial effects" to be produced by the tenor of the Despatch, especially in "encouraging the further resistance of those who are in arms against us"—whereas the very opposite is now acknowledged to be the case.

Passing from the minor dishonesties, let us note the leading features of the motion. In the House of Lords the charge against the Government was merely having published the Despatch too maturely. But Mr. Cardwell's resolution implied that the Despatch ought not to have been *published* at all—nay (2), that no despatch on the subject ought to have been written at all—and (3), expressly declares that the despatch actually written was *wrong*, and would produce injurious effects. The first two points of accusation were only affirmed by necessary implication,—as it was doubtless felt by the astute framers that they would not stand if embodied in express words. The third one was made explicitly, and yet was quite incompatible with the rest of the motion; for how, in common fairness, could the House pronounce an opinion on the Despatch if it abstained from considering the proclamation to which the Despatch was a reply? The House was requested to say that it had seen "with regret and serious apprehension" the condemnation pronounced by the Despatch on the Governor-General's proclamation; but how could the House affirm that the condemnation was wrong, without at the same time affirming that the proclamation

was right? If the House, "in its present state of information,"* was incapable of judging of the proclamation, how could it judge of the criticism on that proclamation? Glaringly absurd and unfair as this way of framing the motion was, it was nevertheless absolutely necessary; for very many of the Opposition, though quite willing to vote that the Despatch was wrong, could not face the alternative that the proclamation was right. Some, indeed, did so, like Mr. V. Smith, who said he was "ready to take issue on the proclamation of Lord Canning, who had the best advice!" So let us see precisely the document, of which Mr. Smith and some others expressly approved, and the condemnation of which *all* the Opposition speakers professed to have "seen with regret and serious apprehension." Here is all of the proclamation that contains the expression of the policy condemned by Lord Ellenborough's Despatch:—

"The Governor-General further proclaims to the people of Oude that . . . the proprietary right in the soil of the province is confiscated to the British Government, which will dispose of that right in such manner as they seem fitting. To those Talookdars, Chiefs, and Landholders, with their followers, who shall make immediate submission to the Chief Commissioners of Oude . . . the Governor-General promises that their lives and honour shall be safe . . . But as regards any further indulgence which may be extended to them, and the condition in which they may hereafter be placed, they must throw themselves upon the mercy and justice of the British Government."

Certainly that is very plain speaking; and if the House, which the Member for Oxford's motion affirmed to be in a "state of information," could not understand and express an opinion upon so very intelligible a document, it was surely unreasonable to ask it to express an opinion upon anything! To ask it to censure the Government, and not to censure *that*, was exquisitely preposterous! And now that the whole affair has ended in smoke, it may probably occur to some innocent minds, as a bright idea, that the whole thing was a grave joke of the member for Oxford, to see into how much absurdity and self-contradiction he could inveigle the House by a crafty use of words. He was so nearly succeeding, that we must either place him far above any sophist of Athens, or else rank the House of Commons, in intellectual acuteness, considerably below the *demos* of that ancient city. And as, like good Tories, we venerate the British Constitution, we trust that that honourable and august assembly will henceforth show, in a manner not over-meek, that it does not consider itself a *corpus vile* upon which such experiments may be tried.

Mr. Cardwell's tones were even more solemn than usual as he opened the grand debate in the Commons; but he made no hits, and his speech went off flatly. Indeed, he appeared to labour at times under a half-consciousness that his case was somewhat rotten, and needed to be touched gently and with circumspection lest it went to pieces in his hands. He need not have been so careful, however, for his successor on the floor knocked it to pieces at once. This was the first time the Solicitor-General, Sir Hugh Cairns, had been intrusted with so prominent a place in debate; but most admirably did he prove himself worthy of the distinction. Alike eloquent, spirited, and convincing, he led the van of the Ministerialists most gallantly; not contenting himself with standing on defence, and maintaining a "not proven," but fairly breaking the enemy's line, and doubling them up in irrecoverable rout. "My proposition is this," he said—"We make war with Kings and Governments, not with individuals. If in the course of war individuals commit crimes, they put themselves beyond the pale of that rule; but, except as to such cases, every individual is entitled to protection of life and property from the victorious nation. You might as well confiscate the lives of the con-

* "In the present state of its information," would have been the correct wording. The House itself, the motion implied, was not in a "state of *information*" at all, but in a state of deplorable ignorance. What could the scholastic Member for Oxford mean by perpetrating such an Hibernicism?

quered, as their property." This was the broad ground taken up by the Government. The eloquent speaker then quoted Vattel and other acknowledged authorities in support of this view; but still weightier, because more practical authorities were adduced as the debate proceeded. It was shown from the private as well as published Indian despatches of the Duke of Wellington, that he strongly reprobated, on any scale, the confiscatory principle now applied so sweepingly by Lord Canning. Grind the State, was his maxim, but scrupulously observe private rights. On another occasion, he wrote—"I am for the principle of amnesty, as preferable to all inferior agents: eternal enmity against every petty agent concerned against us will never answer." Sir George Clark—permanent Secretary to the Board of Control, and formerly Political Agent for the Sikh States, in which position his great influence was of invaluable service during our disasters in Affghanistan—a man who, more than any other, knows the circumstances and people of India, voluntarily wrote, as his deliberate opinion, to Lord Derby, that "the sentiments with which the Government have regarded the proclamation will right the ship; but if a different course should be persisted in, British dominion over India cannot be restored in any degree of security by means of all the European troops England can send to such a climate or to such a distance." Sir W. Napier, too, had just placed on record the course taken by his distinguished brother in Scinde, as contrasted with that adopted in the proclamation, as follows: "His policy was both fitting and liberal, the reverse of Lord Canning, and founded on a different state of affairs. One confiscates the whole property of the country, with some five or six exceptions; and the other confirmed all men in possession, with one or two exceptions for special crimes." Ellenborough in rebellious Gwalior, Hardinge in Cashmere, Dalhousie in the Punjab and Oude, and Sir H. Lawrence also in the latter country, had all acted on the principle of amnesty to the people, and of respecting the titles to land. Indeed, since ever we set foot in India, no viceroy or general had ever dreamt of adopting the principle of confiscating private property, much less of applying it in that wholesale manner by which Lord Canning was rocking to its basis the mighty empire which the genius of his predecessors had reared and transmitted to his keeping.

But faction, not reason or justice was the moving power of the opposition. They would not be convinced by reason, and persevered until finally overwhelmed by the still more imperious logic of facts. Mr. V. Smith especially distinguished himself by his readiness to maintain the proclamation *pure et simple*. But he distinguished himself most remarkably in another way. Indeed the Smith Episode in this debate was the most extraordinary, so far as we can remember, that the House of Commons has witnessed. The history of the "suppressed letter" will for ever figure among the *Causes Célèbres* of the British Parliament; but we shall only sketch it in outline, leaving to more graphic pens the task of fully portraying its extraordinary features.

On Monday the 10th May, Lord Granville — weakly loquacious as usual—when charging the Government with having censured the proclamation too hastily, enforced his otherwise untenable view by stating (what a luckless admission!) that Mr. V. Smith was in possession of a letter from Lord Canning in which the Governor-General announced his intention of forwarding "explanations" of the proclamation. The Premier, with eagle-like quickness, saw the opening, and was down upon him in a moment. "What was the date of that letter?" Lord Lansdowne replied, that the fact of it not having been communicated to the Government could be of no service to the Premier, as it had not been received until after the Government (on Thursday) had engaged to produce the Despatch. Next day, however, the aged Marquess rose to acknowledge that the letter had been received much earlier than he had said; but he still affirmed that the communication, though it might have prevented the "premature"

publication of the Despatch, could not have prevented the censure upon the Governor-General, as the Despatch bore the date of the 19th April, and the letter was only received on that day. But Lord Derby smashed this precious plea of defence likewise; for the Despatch, though dated on the 19th, was not sent off till the 26th. It ultimately turned out that the letter had arrived *by the same mail that brought the proclamation!*—that is to say, on the 12th: and if Mr. Smith did not receive it till the 19th (even though he was at a wedding at Dublin on the 15th), it is extraordinary that for a whole week so important a personage should leave his letters unlooked at. The scene now shifts to the House of Commons; where Mr. Smith, forced to confess the date of the letter (March 6th), and to give up the plea that it came too late to be of use to the Government, proceeded to defend his strange conduct by saying, that though it was addressed to him in the belief that he was still in office, its contents were not of such importance that he should communicate it to the Government." And he added, amidst the derisive cheers of the House, I read it the moment I received it to my noble friend the Member for Tiverton, to whom it did not appear, any more than to myself, that it was necessary to communicate it to the Government." This was an explanation for which certainly his "noble friend" did not thank him,—and which, moreover, only told doubly against himself; for if he thought the letter of such importance that he instantly took the advice of the ex-Premier as to what he should do with it, it was still more clearly his duty to send it to his successor at the Board of Control, and leave him to judge of its contents. It is useless to attempt to describe the scene produced in the House by these disclosures,—the yelling against Mr. Smith was awful. But the disclosures were not done. On Tuesday, fresh fuel was added to the flame by the statement of Mr. Disraeli, that the first mail from the Governor-General, after the change of Ministry was known in India, had arrived on Saturday; that it contained three "private" letters, every word of which related to public business, which showed that his Lordship was in the habit of conducting his correspondence in this manner, although not one such letter had reached the Government since they took office; and that, moreover, there were expressions in these letters which seemed to refer to statements made in other letters which they had not received. The general indignation against Mr. Smith and his "noble friend," the ex-Premier, now fairly boiled over. Hitherto Mr. Smith, though vociferously called upon again and again to do so, had refused to produce the letter—reading only a few words from it, of which more anon. But on Thursday, seeing that the feeling of the House had become irresistible, Mr. Smith absented himself, and Lord Palmerston stated that he was now prepared to read the extract in question (it was the entire letter that was demanded). That extract was as follows; but as Mr. Smith, exactly a week before then, had read what he affirmed to be the same passage of the letter, we shall print the two versions in juxtaposition:

Mr. V. Smith (13th May)—

"That private letter contained one paragraph, which stated, 'I intend to issue a Proclamation to the talookdars and landowners of Oude, which will reach you officially by the mail. I had hoped to have accompanied it with a full explanatory despatch, but more urgent business has prevented me from doing so from hour to hour.'"

Lord Palmerston (20th May)—

"Lord Canning says: 'My letter by the last mail mentioned a Proclamation which I intended to address to the talookdars and landowners of Oude. It goes to you officially by this mail. I had hoped that it would have been accompanied by an explanatory dispatch, *showing why it is in some respects so sweeping*, and in others so indulgent: but I had other things more pressing upon me in the last week. My impression is that *it is sure to be attacked* on both points. You will not of course print it until it has been acted upon. At present, it stands only as part of an instruction to Outram."

Can any one refuse to affirm, that

if the latter of these extracts be the correct one, Mr. Vernon Smith's version was a downright fraud? Though represented as a verbatim extract, not a line of it coincides with the actual letter! Lord Canning's acknowledgment that the proclamation is a "sweeping" one, and his other remarks upon it, were entirely suppressed by Mr. Smith, who nevertheless had the shameless audacity to complain that the Government should have waited for "explanations." Another mystification by Mr. Smith is, that he altered the letter so as to make it appear that it contained the first notice which he had received of the Governor-General's intention to issue a proclamation; whereas the actual words of the letter are: "My letter by the *last mail* mentioned a proclamation," &c. Constrained by these words, Lord Palmerston had also to refer to that previous letter (dated 28th Feb.), which he did as follows:—

"Lord Canning, *after having stated his opinion with regard to the course that ought to be pursued towards the mutineers*, goes on to say,—'The talookdars and landowners—men who had not eaten our salt, who owe us nothing, who think themselves not unreasonably wronged by us—are in a very different category from the mutineers. I will proclaim for them a large measure of mercy and indulgence after Lucknow is ours; but until that happens, or until Sir Colin Campbell's guns have opened on the city, I will not hold out any invitation to them. Maun Singh, and all others who have shown a disposition to come over, are encouraged to do so. More than this I cannot do. I do not believe that mortal man could issue a proclamation to mutineers, which by those in Lucknow would not be accepted as a sign of hesitation and weakness, and produce more evil than good.'"

What have we here? Why, these extracts, taken along with the other portions of the letters described but not read by Lord Palmerston, *contain Lord Canning's whole explanation of his proclamation!*—and the "explanatory dispatch," (not "full explanatory dispatch," as Mr. Smith gave it), which he regretted he had not time to send, was manifestly simply an *official* statement of the views expressed in these private letters! Another letter relating to the proclamation (dated 5th February), which was neither read nor described to the House, Mr. Smith also acknowledges to have withheld from the Government; whether or not its contents were important, we cannot tell, but those of the other two unquestionably were so. Let Parliament and the public ponder these things. We have not time to comment upon them, but surely they speak for themselves.

This little episode, too, quite explains in what manner the Whig chiefs were enabled to prepare their party for a grand attack upon the Ministry before Whitsuntide. From these "private" letters they were fully apprised of Lord Canning's intention to issue a proclamation—they knew its character, and they knew also that he expected it to be attacked. As the proclamation was to be issued on the capture of Lucknow, they knew it would be published in this country shortly before *Whitsuntide*. Hence their announcements, and hence their preparations regarding the profuse issue of the "beautiful embossed cards" which the waverers were to be won over, and at which Mr. Bright made the House laugh so heartily:—not all this a strange story?

Every day the debate continued the position of the Government improved. Conscious of the wisdom as well as patriotism of their cause, the Ministry were prepared, and at the outset half-expected, to undergo a defeat, relying with perfect confidence that a dissolution and appeal to the country would not only suffice to uphold their policy, but would give them a very great accession of strength in the House. But as the debate proceeded, it became evident that it was not they, but the Opposition, that were likely to prove in a minority. Bursting the fetters which faction had sought to impose on it, the debate rose into one of the noblest and most widely interesting ever listened to within the walls of St. Stephen's. Logic, oratory, and good management were all on the side of the Ministry. They commenced the fight, in good old style, by placing the younger officials in the van; and most

gallantly did the "Young Guard" distinguish itself. We have already spoken of the great speech of the Solicitor-General, which opened the war on the side of the Government. The Under Secretary at War followed in due time, making a sensible and effective address. Then the Attorney-General, who came out in his best style, made a brilliant rushing attack, which fairly drove his opponents, Lowe and Deasy, off the field. Next, a most formidable corps came into action on the side of the Government. These were the Independent chiefs, one and all of whom proclaimed that this was a sheer faction-fight, in which the Cambridge-House Liberals were entirely in the wrong, and announced themselves resolutely opposed to the vote of censure. Roebuck led off, in a speech most damaging to the Whig chiefs and their cause; and he was soon after followed by Sir R. Peel, whose dash and pungent eccentricity only made Sir C. Wood's tame platitudes in reply look weaker. On Thursday the excitement of the debate grew stronger than ever as John Bright rose, and with perfect good humour opened such a fire of polished irony and sturdy sense upon the Whig chiefs, their policy, and their tactics, that the whole Opposition array began to waver, and Lord John Russell was seen to lose his equanimity under the orator's scathing volleys. If Mr. Bright be one of the hardest hitters, Sir James Graham generally proves about the heaviest metal in debate; and when he, too, rose on the side of the Government, and declared that—friend as he was to Lord Canning—the proclamation was indefensible, and the despatch substantially right, and that he would have opposed Mr. Cardwell's motion even although Lord Ellenborough had not resigned, the chiefs of the Factions saw that the game was up, and that all they need think of was now to withdraw from the field. At the close of that night's debate, Mr. Cardwell announced that he was now willing to adopt Mr. Dunlop's amendment, by adding to his own motion a clause expressing the confident trust of the House that Lord Canning would act in the spirit of the Court of Directors' despatch (identical in spirit, as we have seen, with Lord Ellenborough's of 24th March), and seek to "reassure the people, and encourage and reconcile them to British rule." In other words, to Mr. Cardwell's motion condemning Lord Ellenborough's despatch, there was now to be added a clause expressing a hope that Lord Canning would just do what Lord Ellenborough had told him! Derisive laughter was the only answer from the Ministerial benches, and the crest-fallen chiefs of the Faction returned home to meditate for the night on their predicament.

A mail had arrived from India, and its contents published that Thursday, strengthened the Government more than a thousand speeches. The *Times'* correspondence from the seat of war has justly obtained such a reputation, that in all quarters it was looked for on this occasion with extraordinary eagerness; but, providentially for the Cambridge House Faction, it had miscarried. The Indian journals themselves, however, came to hand, and all these, without exception, united in condemning Lord Canning's proclamation. They interpreted it just as the Government had interpreted it—just as the people of England had interpreted it; and they predicted from it nothing but disaster. At the same time, it had become publicly known that all the military authorities in India, and those best acquainted with Oude and the Indian people generally, were strenuously opposed to Lord Canning's edict of confiscation. Sir Colin Campbell, General Mansfield, Sir James Outram, Sir John Lawrence, Colonel Franks, united in condemning it. As Chief Commissioner in Oude, and peculiarly acquainted with the province, Sir James Outram had remonstrated in the strongest terms. Objecting to the principle of the proclamation, he stated that the landholders had been "most unjustly treated under our settlement operations," and that nevertheless they had remained faithful to us until "our rule was virtually at an end." And as to the effect of the edict, he expressed his "firm conviction that as soon as the chiefs and talookdars became acquainted with the determination of

the Government to confiscate their rights, they will betake themselves at once to their domains, and prepare for a desperate and prolonged resistance;" adding that "he foresees that we are only at the commencement of a guerilla war for the extirpation, root and branch, of this class of men, which will involve the loss of thousands of Europeans by battle, disease, and exposure." At the same time the news from the seat of war apprised us that these prognostications were being sadly fulfilled. Despite our capture of Lucknow, no submissions were coming in; and Sir Colin's fine army, that was to have followed the rebels into Rohilcund, had been broken up into detached corps, most of which were toiling after flying columns of the rebels over the now burning plains of Oude. It was also known that the Governor-General had, in a high-handed way, been overruling the Commander-in Chief's plans of the campaign; and sundry other revelations of still more telling importance, were expected to be made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the great speech which he was sure to deliver. Not only had the whole case of the Opposition disappeared as if in quicksands, but the tables were fairly turned against them. Everywhere the country was proclaiming that the Ministry were entirely in the right. All that was left for the Factions was to capitulate!

We need not dwell on the events of that ever-memorable Friday the 21st. The House of Commons was crowded—crammed as perhaps it never was before. There had been a tremendous "whip" on both sides, and, summoned by electric wire, members had hurried thither from all parts of the Continent. The benches could not accommodate the members, and numbers stood on the crowded floor. Around and above, every gallery was filled with distinguished onlookers. Crowds were outside in the Palace Yard; and once, but once only, as the members assembled, the crowd was heard cheering, and in walked the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Ministerial benches were intensely excited, but radiant; the Opposition anxious, and unmistakably non-plussed. They knew they were beaten. Their case had melted away—their orators, too, were exhausted, all but Palmerston: while not a third of the debating power of the Ministerialists had been called into play—the "Old Guard" had still to make its terrible onset—and Bulwer, Gladstone, Walpole, Kelly, and Disraeli, roused to their highest efforts by the occasion, would sweep everything before them, and make the country as well as the House ring with their lofty and telling oratory. At length, after some fencing between Lord Palmerston and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of the adjournment for the holidays—in which the Ministerial leader shows he knows he has the whip-hand of his antagonist, and means to keep it—the order of the day is read for proceeding with the Vote of Censure. Mr. Clay at once rises on the Opposition benches, and makes a strong appeal to Mr. Cardwell to withdraw his motion; and no sooner has Mr. Cardwell gone through the farce of declining to do so, than a perfect chorus of "Withdraw! withdraw!" broke from the benches around him; and Liberal members rose in successive dozens imploring him not to ruin "the party" in the eyes of the country, and especially not to ruin them with their constituents, by persisting with his motion. A majority was against them—what was worse, the country was against them; and every day was still further damaging their case. To divide was ruin—to adjourn was doubly ruin. "There are 100 members here," said Mr. Bright, "who have over and over again declared—many of them in my hearing—that the motion was not a wise one, and ought not to have been brought forward." The dilemma of these unfortunates was, beyond measure, grotesque; and the highly-wrought excitement of the assembly broke forth at every little turn of the proceedings in vociferous cheers or laughter. Liberal after Liberal had appealed in vain to Mr. Cardwell, when the member for Plymouth made one desperate effort more, though every sentence drew shouts of laughter from the exulting Ministerialists. He said—

"He was sure that he was only speaking the sentiments of a large number of those hon. gentlemen who would be compelled from previous promises to vote for the motion (cheers and roars of laughter from the Ministerial benches) when he expressed a hope that the motion would be withdrawn. He said this in a spirit of frankness (renewed cheers and laughter), which he was sure the House would appreciate. He could not but believe that the avowal that many of the right hon. gentleman's friends would be placed in a most unenviable position (laughter) if his motion were pressed to a division, and the overpowering consideration of the bad effects of a dissolution to many of them (roars of laughter from the Ministerialists), would induce the right hon. gentleman to withdraw his motion."

The mutiny became general. Mr. Duncombe said "he had intended to vote for the motion, and had not disguised his opinion; but as the case stood, if Mr. Cardwell persevered in his motion, he would put on his hat and wish him 'good-night,' leaving him to the tender mercies of honourable gentlemen opposite!" At length, after much consultation held by Mr. Cardwell with Lord John Russell, Sir C. Wood, and Lord Palmerston, the latter, as leader of the routed faction, rose (confused, and with the worst grace he ever showed in his life), and joined in the appeal that Mr. Cardwell should withdraw his motion. Mr. Cardwell, of course, assented; and then came the capitulation. The motion could not be withdrawn without the permission of the House, and the Ministerialist leader was appealed to. The hour of victory had come. Like a consummate general, Disraeli, to appearance as impassive as marble, had watched every feint and move of his troubled antagonists; and now, calm and concentrated amidst his unparalleled triumph, he rose amidst deafening cheers. With a magnanimity which was true wisdom, and with admirable taste, he said that if he were only to consult party interests, he should prefer to go on with the debate, and was quite ready to divide the House on the motion; but that there were higher interests than those of party, and that to those higher interests he should bow, by giving the Opposition the permission they desired. Mr. Cardwell then, amidst tremendous cheering from the Ministerialists, moved that the vote of censure be *withdrawn!*

And so ended this memorable debate. The Factions had chosen their field of battle—had made their grand attack—had been beaten—and now lowered their flags and capitulated! Much as Lord Palmerston had been damaged both in character and in prestige by his fall from office and its causes,—low as Lord John Russell has been sinking for several years past,—both of these statesmen have now reached a lower depth still. A party too easily pardons faction in its leaders if it be united with skill and success; for then the personal interests of all are temporarily advanced, even though the chiefs reserve to themselves the *spolia opima*. But when faction is combined with incapacity, producing exposure and defeat, that is a very different matter; and we are persuaded that it will be a good while before the Liberals as a party again make themselves the tools of the "official" Whigs. Let us ask, too—and though the question be a momentous one, time forbids us to do more than put it—whether, after this extraordinary debate, the country relish the prospect of the House of Commons being intrusted with the direct government of India? We cannot conclude the narrative of these remarkable events—a narrative which, we believe, speaks trumpet-tongued its own moral—without according a meed of highest praise to Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Disraeli,—the two men to whom it is owing that such a battle for political wisdom and humanity against persecution and terrible folly, was fought at all, and that it was fought successfully. The one saved India in this matter, and the other England. Mr. Disraeli has the honour, we believe, of having from the first discerned the strength of the Ministerial position, and boldly resolved to appeal to the country rather than abandon it. And to his consummate leadership, it is mainly due that the House of Commons has been saved from committing one of the most terrible

errors, as well as delinquencies, which ignorance ever prompted, or faction inspired. But our last and best word must be reserved for Lord Ellenborough. Personal connection and the influences of distinguished circles, and still more, the factious interests of party, caused the praises of Lord Canning to be sounded throughout the recent debate with a zeal that far overshot the limits of truth. But how few the tributes to that far nobler man, who interposed to save our Indian empire from an act of insanity, and then sacrificed high and honourable office rather than allow faction to obtain a triumph at the expense alike of British honour and British dominion. Lord Canning had fallen into the greatest and most momentous error ever committed by any Viceroy of India; and instead of dealing harshly with him, Lord Ellenborough's only error was on the other side. Had he recalled Lord Canning at once, history would have said that never was Governor-General more justly displaced; and the Factions, compelled to encounter the question *purely on the merits of the rival policies*, would probably have shrunk from contesting the decision. It was on account of the noble Earl's leniency—it was just because he censured and did not recall—that the Factions were able to find a specious ground of attack; and it is deeply to be regretted that it has cost the State so dearly to repel an attack so entirely selfish and unjustifiable. England and India can ill afford to lose the services of such a man at such a juncture. "Would that we had Lenborough *here!*" is the cry of [illegible] of our best officers and soldiers India. What will they say w[illegible] they learn that he no longer even at home, and that the fac efforts of the Whig chiefs have dr from the helm of Indian adminis tion the statesman who could most to right the shaken fortune that mighty empire? Lord E borough's only fault was, that prescient mind saw things too e and too clearly for the purblind e of the Opposition. Densely ign of India and its governmental w they thought wrong was right a right wrong, until the march of ev undeceived them. Like Mr. V. Sm they esteemed Canning's procla tion wisdom, and Ellenborough's spatch folly. They maintained the latter would paralyse our so and rouse the natives against our whereas the arrival of succe mails now shows that it is the v thing our generals are calling fo that it is the only way to allay hostility excited by the edict of co fiscation,—and so far from weaken our Indian Executive, it only en a policy which, ere the published d spatch reach Calcutta, that Exec will have found itself *compelled* adopt. The stern logic of ev and the protests of almost every of mark in India, will already ha produced their effects by convinc the erring Governor-General that must either recall his unjust and pe secuting proclamation, or sacrifi both our army and our empire in a interminable war.

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